

**KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL
ANNUAL REPORT
2018-19**



Early Morning Holy Communion by Katy Weatherly, Chapel Artist-in-Residence 2018-19

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MAIN REPORTS



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REPORT OF THE CHAPLAIN

‘What song shall we sing in the world’s autumnal time?’

What shall we sing for one another in the final days in the final gathering up of all things?’

Fr Christopher Snook

The Chapel has long been sustained and animated by the *urgency* of Love. This urgency is everywhere in the ancient Collects, Epistles and Gospels for the Holy Eucharist that anchors our spiritual life. It was everywhere in the ministry of Fr Thorne, recalled in a beautiful and compelling way in the report of this year’s Chaplain’s Assistant. It is everywhere in habits and practices which have sustained us in a year of transition, carried in the very bones and flesh of people who have been formed by Fr Thorne and the spiritual life of the University. My hope is not that we seek to imitate a good thing past, but take up Love with this same urgency.

And Love is an urgent necessity. Temptations to despair and indifference are on every side in the culture. At Kings as elsewhere, many students feel isolated and trapped. As Fr Thorne reminded us in the final FYP class last year, the mission of the University is not fulfilled if we learn only to understand or even to change the world. With apologies to Karl Marx, he urged us to consider that the point is to learn to *love* the world. In the classroom, such love calls us out of isolation and into conversation with a rich history of poetry, story, art, political and social transformation, and philosophical reflection upon it all. Love also calls us in the residences and over meals in Prince Hall out of isolation and into conversation with one another in the residences and over meals in Prince Hall. And in the Chapel, love brings us face to face across the aisle with people we may not like (though I find I usually do) but upon whom we depend to complete our prayer.

The practice of praying the Psalms antiphonally at Morning and Evening Prayer has become a favourite and well-worn image of the life we live together there. One side prays one verse and then waits for the other to receive what has been said, adds to it another verse, and then sends the call to prayer back across the aisle. Fr Robert Crouse, one of the founders of the Foundation Year program, often appealed to Aristotle and to Dante to draw out the necessity and the meaning that institutions of learning are *colleges* in our tradition: communities of scholars who depend upon one another in all humility. The point is that truth, beauty and goodness are not to be had as private possessions, but discovered through one another, and honoured wherever and whenever and in whomsoever we find them. As someone said to me recently, we do not even know ourselves except through others.

Last autumn, in a brief but powerful meditation, Fr Christopher Snook asked us, ‘What song shall we sing in the world’s autumnal time? What shall we sing for one another in the final days in the final gathering up of all things?’ He was referring, of course, to the Feast of All Saints, which looks up to that final ‘harvest-home’ in which the whole creation is gathered to its Source and Fount in God. From that perspective, there is a sense in which all times are autumnal. The end of temporal things is always manifest in one way or another. But the world is autumnal in a more immediate way for many students, I find. Having been raised with the understanding that ecological disaster is coming, witnessing the failure of institutions to resist the erosion of those things that make human life worth living, finding themselves unwilling captives to social and economic forces that erase the particularities of place and person, for many students these are the

Last Days. Fr Snook's question thus has an immediacy that it might not have had even twenty years ago. In the world's autumnal time, 'what song shall we sing for one another'?

Is it possible to sing to one another a song of love in the Last Days?

At the end of this first year at Kings, this appears to me to be the essential question. Can we live in a way that is radically open to the truth about ourselves and the world we live in, 'keeping our mind in hell' in a certain way, and yet refusing to use this as an excuse to turn away from the urgency of love? Have we received something in our life together here at Kings and in the Chapel to sustain us in this way?

I have no answer to this except what I have encountered in the people whom I found living in this way when I arrived last autumn. I am deeply grateful to them and to my predecessor, Fr Gary Thorne. In him and in them I gradually see more and more how the inheritance we receive at Kings can nourish and sustain a truly human life on the other side of despair: a life which does not originate with us but in which we can share. It appears in these people, most of them students, that a life of poetry, a life of life-giving sorrow, a life of urgent love, is possible, and that such a life can cause the desert to bloom as a rose.

Close to home, some of those who have been most deeply formed by this life are moving on, as people eventually do in a school or University. At the same time, many of us are still working through grief and loss at Fr Thorne's departure at the end of last year. It would be easy for us to become anxious, inward-looking, eager to preserve familiar things just because they are familiar, and unwilling to take risks. We could do this even while we used the language of friendship. Friends can form a closed circle. It is also quite possible and even usual to use the language of friendship and neglect the love of enemies, or of those we fear, or find undeserving or unlovable. If we do this, we will betray what we have professed to love. But by God's grace and in complete dependence upon God and one another, we will not do this. Or rather we will do it again and again, fall and fail, repent, seek mercy, and then be raised up again in forgiveness to renewed vision.

It is impossible to thank all those who have made possible our life together this past year. The reports that follow will make that clear, with their record of hikes, retreats, out-trips of various kinds, discussions, and social events, not to mention a weekly round of worship led mostly by students. All the things that are chronicled in the reports take place through the generous self-giving on the part of many people, and not least the authors of those reports. This impossibility notwithstanding, I want to conclude by thanking a few by name. Think of them as a representative sample.

Our Music Director, Paul Halley, together with Nick and Vanessa and several choirs have kept before me and before us the beauty of the holy, the beauty of that good which charity wills both for itself and others. Faculty have called us to the discipline of thinking that which we may first encounter in wonder or dismay, and among them I must thank especially Fr Dr Thomas Curran, who cares for the Sunday congregation especially with the same care that he has for his students. We owe so much to Karis Tees, our Chapel Administrator, together with our Wardens, Sarah Griffin, Apol Perri and Alan Rempel. In a year of transition they have borne much of the weight of the Chaplaincy. And I owe a personal debt of gratitude for patience and forgiveness extended

to me, even when I least deserved it. Jordan Draper has been a friend with the courage to say clearly what he has seen in season and out of season. In this he represents others I cannot name, including Will Barton and Meghan Kitt.

So many this year have carried into an uncertain time with a new Chaplain the heritage of a spiritual life founded in the urgency of love. They have carried it in their very flesh and bones. We have so many to thank, and so much to be thankful for. I am deeply grateful. It is an enormous privilege to be here among you. Pray for me and for us as we look forward and prepare for the autumn and the years to come.

Fr. Ranall Ingalls+, *Chaplain*

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

The beginning of fiscal 2018/19 found us presenting *The Splendour of Venice*, featuring Monteverdi's magnum opus "Selva morale e spirituale" on April 15th at All Saints Cathedral. On May 31st those members of the choir still in the area sang for the Baccalaureate service in the Chapel.

On September 9th we held auditions, and our choral services for the term began with the Eucharist on Thursday, Sept 13th commemorating the Eve of Holy Cross Day. We held our new chorister orientation session on Friday, September 14th, with our new Chaplain giving us a taste of things to come. Sunday morning services in the Chapel resumed on September 16th with Gabriel O'Brien at the organ. Alan Rempel continued as choir organizer for these services.

On October 25th the Chapel Choir assisted Nick and me in a Foundation Year Programme evening talk on Gregorian Chant. All Saints' Eve found us at the Cathedral for our annual Evensong with the three choirs of King's Chapel, *Capella Regalis* and the Cathedral Choir. The attendance at this service continues to be surprising and gratifying. The boys of *Capella Regalis* jumped into their Hallowe'en costumes immediately following Evensong and hit the streets trick-or-treating. For All Saints' Day itself we sang the Solemn Eucharist in the Chapel and on Friday, November 2nd we sang the All Souls' Day service with Duruflé's setting of the Requiem.

All Saints week culminated in our 10th annual "For All The Saints" concert at the Cathedral on November 5th which featured Duruflé's "Requiem" with orchestra and organ. This concert drew our largest crowd for our November concert to date, and was dedicated to the memory of Joshua Barnes, former student at King's, whose parents had established a music fund to assist in purchasing scores for the Chapel Choir. The week prior to the concert was fraught with drama when we learned that our guest organist, Patrick Wedd, had fallen and broken his wrist. After a great deal of searching for replacements we decided to go the tried and true route of having Nick conduct and me play the organ. All came off well.

Remembrance Day fell on a Sunday this year, so as part of the Cathedral's 'Sundays at Four' series, the Chapel Choir joined the Cathedral Choir in an Evensong with music of remembrance.

The annual Lessons & Carols service took place on December 2nd and we concluded the sung services of term on Thursday, December 6th, the Feast of St. Nicolas. We gave three performances of "A King's Christmas", one in Lunenburg on the 15th, and two performances in Halifax on the 16th. Our narrator was Don Connolly whose presence resulted in packed houses for all three shows.

Sung services resumed for Lent Term on Thursday, January 10th in the Octave of the Epiphany. Our annual 'Winterlewd' weekend, for which the choir heads to the Martins River/Chester Basin/Lunenburg hot spots for general mayhem and merriment, had been on hiatus the previous year, due to Vanessa's decision to have a baby much earlier than we had been told. To everyone's relief (at least Wyn's) 'Winterlewd' was restored this year, and possibly the most epic hockey game in 'Winterlewd' history took place on the Saturday afternoon, with most players in shirt sleeves, and a couple (wearing figure skates) in no sleeves at all. The schedule was according to tradition – Friday dinner at Nick's (Liz, cleverly, was away); Saturday morning

rehearsal/introduction to the masterwork to be sung at the end of term (this year – the St. Matthew Passion); Saturday afternoon on the ice on Common Lake; Saturday evening elegant dinner at Meg and Paul’s (elegance courtesy of Meg); Sunday brunch at Vanessa and Shay’s, and back to Halifax.

Ash Wednesday was very late in arriving this year – well after Reading Week, on March 6th. (Those of us inclined to look ahead are anticipating a late Easter as well). As always on that day, the choir sang for the noon service in the Chapel and for the traditional Allegri-laden Evensong at the Cathedral at 5 P.M. As in previous years, this service began our Wednesdays-in-Lent-at-the-Cathedral series. This year our ‘Evenspeaks’ consisted of talks on ‘Acedia’ (or listless indifference – not to be confused with listful indifference). Since there was little consensus on how to pronounce this word, we generally didn’t mention it. Guest speakers dealing with this unmentionable subject were our President, Bill Lahey, Dr Roberta Barker and Dr Neil Robertson. The last speaker on April 10th (next fiscal year) will be Dr Dawn Brandes.

This past Sunday, March 24th (The Eve of the Annunciation), Nick Halley led the King’s Chorus, joined by the boys of *Capella Regalis*, in a concert titled “Ikos” featuring music from the Eastern traditions honouring Mary. It was an extraordinary event, with a packed Cathedral (thanks to Hannah Fisher – Chorus Administrator) and a programme of profoundly moving music and texts.

The Chapel Choir is currently rehearsing the St. Matthew Passion in earnest (some choristers might say, too earnest). Because of scheduling challenges with the Symphony Nova Scotia players, we are only able to present one performance of this work at All Saints Cathedral on Sunday, April 7th. We are blessed with an astonishing lineup of soloists, including Charles Daniels as Evangelist, and are looking forward to presenting this masterpiece to a capacity crowd. Our term will end (next fiscal year) with Holy Week and the Great Vigil on April 20th followed by the Resurrection Party.

Much of fiscal 2018/19 was spent in meetings concerning the hiring of an assistant to our Chapel Music Manager, Vanessa Halley. \$15,000 for this part-time position was ultimately approved by the College’s Budget Advisory Committee in March, 2018. After two searches were conducted, we had only one applicant for the job – Hannah Fisher. Although Vanessa, the Chaplain and I were rather excited about the prospects of benefiting from Hannah’s considerable qualifications and publicity skills, Hannah’s application was rejected by the hiring committee because she is the sister of Vanessa’s sister-in-law. The committee felt this constituted some form of conflict of interest. Since it took eleven months to not hire an assistant for Vanessa, we decided to give up on further efforts on this front.

It is worth noting that several of our choir alumni are spending considerable amounts of their time and energy building music programmes at various area churches. Simon Blake (bass layclerk) is running a very effective programme at St. David’s Presbyterian Church; Karis Tees (alto layclerk and Chapel Administrator) is running the children’s choir at St. Paul’s Anglican Church; and John Bogardus (former bass choral scholar) is running the music programme at Christchurch, Dartmouth. Add to this Nick’s work with *Capella Regalis*, who sing many of the services at All Saints Cathedral, and we can sense the beginnings of a movement to repair the deteriorating quality of music in the Church. These evangelistic efforts are to be applauded and supported wherever possible.

Comparable evangelistic work needs to be done closer to home. Here at King's we offer veritable banquets on a regular basis – free to all comers. For those of us with one foot in the Revised Common Lectionary, last Sunday morning we heard these words from Isaiah.

“Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.”

“Let your soul delight in fatness!” should perhaps be our rallying cry to all and sundry. How to publicize services at King's is a mystery, but we need to figure it out. It's possible that our liturgies deserve comparable publicity efforts to our concerts.

One item of concern is the Chapel Organ which we now rent from a private individual with no guarantee for the long term. There has been discussion around purchasing a hybrid instrument (a combination of pipes and digital components), but there has been no movement on that front to date. If the individual who is kindly renting us the instrument at the moment decides to sell it, we will be left without an organ. Clearly this would seriously impact our worship at King's.

Finally, I wish to express my gratitude to our new Chaplain, Fr Ingalls, who has done an extraordinary job in taking up the charge and assuming the heavy mantel of the chaplaincy at King's. While having to learn volumes about the King's community and how it functions (or not, occasionally) Fr Ingalls has been enormously supportive, patient, and understanding.

Respectfully submitted (but acedially yours),

Paul Halley, *Director of Music*

March 25th, 2019

REPORT OF THE CHAPLAIN ASSISTANT

The King's Chorus, in its concert on the Feast of the Annunciation recently past, sang to the Mother of God, "the mystic tongs, / Who conceived in thy pure womb Christ, / Who is the living Coal." It is a striking reference to Isaiah's vision of God enthroned on the mercy seat and to the moment of that prophet's sacred vocation. One of the seraphim, having a live coal in his hand which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar, touches Isaiah's lips with the incandescent ember. This moment of purgation is coincident with his recognition of God's calling and the resolution of his will to go wherever God sends him.

Fr Ingalls has described his vocation to the King's Chapel less in terms of a calling to articulate something new to our community and more in terms of a calling to hear and uphold something which has been said, lest it should fall into silence. Perhaps no one fully appreciated at the outset how adamantly Fr Ingalls would keep to this task of listening over this first year of his charge. In retrospect, however, it can be said with some confidence that there is no better approach Fr Ingalls could have taken to the chaplaincy than that of this radical attentiveness. And no approach could have been more uncomfortable for students. It has caused students to feel and to know how they have been burned by Love's Coal.

Modern psychology acknowledges that the experience of grief is directly related to the love between the bereaved and the one lost. To the degree that we love, we make ourselves vulnerable to love's wound. Over our previous chaplain's 13-year tenure, every corner of the quad has had some connection to the Chapel. In the last sermon of the Easter Term, 2018, Fr Thorne said without exaggeration that he gave himself unreservedly as our Chaplain. To the degree that students, faculty, staff and friends have received that offering, they doubtless feel the corresponding wound. There are many ways of responding to grief: some destructive, some wholesome, but everyone whose lips have been burned by divine love at the Chapel will only know their healing by passing that love to another. The only way to cherish such a gift is to give it away.

But, if loving leads to such pain, why care in the first place? Chapel leadership have often repeated a reluctance this year to carry on doing the things the Chapel has always done simply for the sake of doing them. Unless we know the reasons for what we do, there will be nothing to recommend our frenetic activity over against an aimless lethargy. This Lent, our Chaplain has posed the question to the University as a whole: "Why care?" Fr Ingalls is bringing to our attention a disease of the soul known to ancient and to eastern Christians as "acedia." A mentality of un-caring and a forgetfulness of the reasons for things, it has also been referred to as the diabolical spirit of our time. As we approach Holy Week and the Triduum, may we catch a vision of the Reason (Λόγος) on which our humble motions and the whole created order hangs: the Love that moves the sun and all the stars.

Respectfully submitted,
Jordan Draper, *Chaplain Assistant*

REPORT OF THE CHAPEL ADMINISTRATOR

At the end of November 2018, the following letter appeared in the President's mailbox, the Chaplain's mailbox, and publicly on the Facebook page of the King's Students' Union:

To the University of King's College, and the University of King's College Chapel,

We are writing this letter to address the fact that the University Christmas Brunch is on the first day of Chanukah, and that the University has said nothing about it. This Brunch is not an isolated incident, as the University often holds extremely isolating, denominational, and Christian events without acknowledging the existence of other faiths, and which ignore the experience of students on campus. The Christmas Brunch, not even falling near Christmas Day, is branded as a Christian event for apparently no reason, and this year it explicitly erases the existence of this Jewish holiday. The University and the Chapel have missed many other non-Christian religious holidays this year, including Rosh Hashana (the Jewish new year), and Mawlid (the birthday of the prophet Mohammed). Many other very important holidays have all passed this year already, and have gone un-observed by the University and the Chapel. For the Chapel to claim to be an interfaith space is misleading and disrespectful to King's students, and prospective students. The Chapel must address the fact that it is specifically an Anglican church.

We call on the University to rename the Christmas Brunch, perhaps as the Holiday Brunch or the Solstice Brunch, and to acknowledge its complicity in the erasure of non-Christian students on campus. We ask that the Chapel stop pretending to be an interfaith space, and that the University and the Chapel commit to host more inclusive religious events.

The King's Students' Union Executive

The statement was retracted shortly afterward on 29 November, with a direct apology to Jewish students and others on campus who felt that their own diversity of perspectives and the complexity of the issues at hand had not been given space in a letter that claimed to speak on behalf of the student body. The retraction included an admittance that there had been no consultation or circulation of the statement among students prior to its release, and a future commitment to 'having discussions in a respectful and productive manner' and 'being transparent about our mistakes.'

When Jordan Draper heard about this letter for the first time, weeks after it had been sent, he suggested to the 'chapel leadership' that the students who composed this letter were 'doing our work for us.' Acknowledging that this particular letter was not representative of many students, the challenges it presents are real and cannot be retracted. For the students' courage in bringing these challenges to light, we can be grateful. Under the surface of a poorly written and poorly researched public statement, the authors of this letter thrust before our eyes a question that this campus community, especially those of us who take leadership roles in Chapel services and events, must hold before us at all times: *What is the role of a Chapel on a secular university campus?*

Why have a Chaplain, let alone a 'specifically Anglican' Chapel, when the Dons receive abundant mental health crisis training; the peer supports on campus are growing steadily; many student societies and urgent campaigns of the King's Students' Union give meaning to the activity of passionate students; the King's Theatrical Society flourishes and continues to create the context for lasting bonds and friendships; President Bill Lahey makes priorities of providing opportunities for students to encounter the natural beauty of Nova Scotia, creating needs-based bursaries for marginalized communities, and securing funding for arts programs to encourage students in their

creative pursuits; Neil Hooper and Trish Miles cultivate an athletics program that is entirely built on love of neighbour; and so many other small stories of care and compassion recur daily, unseen by the public eye. What is missing from this picture?

Nothing.

Every good that is manifest on this campus is so without the existence of the Chapel.

But King's does have a Chapel. It is local and particular to King's. And we are stuck with it. Those of us who live, work, and study on this campus are stuck with its permanent physical space, and stuck with a daily reminder of our own participation in an outdated, oppressive, 'patriarchal' institution whose norms have no relevance whatsoever to the dynamic, ever-shifting, category-defying experiences of today's students who seek their freedom in their relationships to others, in all forms of art and music, and in experiences of ecstasy and transcendence.

In the Sacristans' report you will read how on the Winter Retreat this year, Bp. Mark MacDonald (National Indigenous Bishop) sanctified the waters of Harry Lake. Before the rite, Bp. Mark told those of us gathered on the frozen lake at sunrise that the blessing of the waters *would add nothing to the lake itself*. He told us that in sanctifying the lake, he could only call forth into revelation what is always already present in nature, in the lake itself. In saying this, Bishop Mark called our attention once again to something that has been foundational for this particular community.

In his liner notes for the Chapel Choir CD, "Let Us Keep The Feast: Music for the Church Year," released in December 2013, our beloved former chaplain quotes a sermon of Fr. Robert Crouse for the Feast of the Annunciation:

The rain of grace descends: 'Hail, thou that art highly favoured; Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.' And earth rises in response: 'Be it unto me according to thy word. All is the work of grace—*sola gratia*—yet grace presupposes nature, which it heals and elevates and transfigures. As St. Thomas puts it, "Grace does not destroy nature, but perfects it.'

Earlier in the same piece, Fr Thorne writes:

the opposition of sacred/secular that informed the thinking of previous generations has largely disappeared. The contemporary secular does not despise the sacred, but rather seeks to understand the way that its own values are both anticipated and fulfilled in the deepest and best religious values of the past. . . ritual and liturgy give expression to a religious tradition that is not opposed to, but actually can be discovered within (albeit under a different guise) the secular.

We must take care, then, that the contemporary sacred does not come to despise the secular. In more immediate terms, we must take care that the worship and activities of the Chapel embrace fully the beautiful multiplicity of goods present in all corners of the campus and the particular loves that move each individual, affirming the ecstatic, the transcendent, the creative, the mutually dependent, in every seen and unseen corner of this campus.

Respectfully submitted,
Karis Tees, *Chapel Administrator*

REPORT OF THE WARDENS

Overnight at Nathan and Sarah's

This year the Chapel "Crew" spent a night camping in the field behind the home of Nathan McAllister and Sarah Romero in Milford, NS. We gathered together to collect our thoughts and hopes for the term. We celebrated Holy Communion in the morning, followed by a wonderful breakfast. Sarah and Nathan graciously hosted us (with baby Mary and the two cats) and prepared a beautiful lunch for us.

Frosh Week Concert

As in the past, in the hope of welcoming the new FYPers into the Chapel space, the Chapel hosted a concert as part of the King's Orientation Week goings-on. Hayley Ryerson ensorceled us with her lively fiddle tunes; and Old Man Luedecke, beloved Nova Scotian singer-songwriter and veteran performer in the Chapel, sent congenial melodies resounding in the Chapel's rafters. A free-will donation was accepted for the Burnside Humanities programme – Harry Critchley spoke about this program's importance.

First Eucharist of Term – Reception in President's Lodge

Our first Eucharist of term took place on the Thursday after Orientation week, and was commemorated with a lovely festal reception in the President's Lodge following the service. Marie, Beth, Hannah W. and Sarah Sharp all helped to set up the nibbles and drinks in the President's Lodge, making for a jovial time. The President, Bill, was kind enough to not only host the hungry crew, but also extended some warm words of welcome towards the new Chaplain.

Michaelmas Feast at 24 Herring Cove Rd

For the Michaelmas Feast we gathered together at 24 Herring Cove Road to eat and celebrate amidst the angels. It was our first occasion to defile the Chaplain's new home. The house was resounding with conversation and laughs.

Thanksgiving Retreat

This year's Thanksgiving retreat was a beautiful weekend at St Anne's Camp on the shores of Gibson's Lake. There were fifty-eight of us there squeezed into the dining hall – eating together in silence, listening to story and poetry, feasting together in convivial conversation. On Sunday morning there was Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at All Saints' Church across Gibson's lake – Alan coordinated music, and Karis delivered a meditation (which still echoes in my memory). Many hiked, canoed, kayaked, wandered, explored, and in various ways became acquainted with the woods and lake. Sunday evening was the Thanksgiving Feast! Joe Blackwood and Nico Fortier, the cooks for the weekend, sustained us in body, and made the kitchen into a locus of charity for the entire weekend. Jordan Draper, in concert with the Chaplain and Karis, took on much of the leadership of the retreat – we are indebted to his care and thoughtfulness. Thanks go to all those – for there are many – who shaped the retreat with their words and thoughts and prayers.

Fall Retreat

This year's Fall Retreat was directed by the conversations spurred through Laurelle LeVert's reflections on Silence, Solitude, and Hospitality. The rhythm of the weekend was marked by the

singing of the Daily Offices, and by communal meals prepared by Noah, Hannah, Hannah, and Nick. We feasted and Noah insisted we play Slap the Bag, but we also tried to question our impulses to consume. It was hard to have conversations about silence. We wondered if we could ever achieve something as divine as hospitality. We tried to carry each other and create the space needed for grief as we commemorated the violence that occurred at the Tree of Life Synagogue in Pittsburgh that weekend. In the end, we had to resort to poetry.

Remembrance Day

This year was unusual (well, one in seven) in that Remembrance Day fell on a Sunday. Since the Chapel Choir was singing an Evensong at the Cathedral that evening, the day was commemorated at King's by a simple service of sung Matins at 10:00am (with Holy Communion beforehand at 9:00) – aiming to finish by 10:49 in order to allow people to get to the nearest cenotaph for 11:00. Alan Rempel and Karis Tees organized a small choir to sing this service – the *Lux Aeterna* from the Gregorian chant mass for the dead, Psalm 46, Jubilate Deo, and the Benedicite. Members of the Halifax Rifles read out the names of the fallen; Will Barton played a bagpipe lament.

Dante Live!

In November, for Halifax Humanities 101's *Dante Live!* fundraising event, Alan Rempel, Meghan Kitt, and Megan Krempa fielded a team to perform cantos 13 through 16 of Dante's *Purgatorio*, set to plainchant and spoken voice, and with atmospheric background singing. It was, in a word, a blast – enjoyed by performers and audience both.

College Christmas

Seven or eight folks headed out to scope out a Christmas tree for College Christmas, led by Jordan, Jesse and Joey Blackwood. Jesse invited the scavengers back to his home for a warm meal following the successful chopping down of what may be the largest Christmas tree the Chapel has ever housed. Then, the evening finished with a drive out to St. Mary's Church in Crousetown for Compline, and some moments of silence at the grave of Robert Crouse. An extra car from Halifax even drove out to join the crew for Compline! Sleep was short, because early the next day, preparations for the Decorating party began bright and early. There was popcorn, eggnog, YouthNet card-making, spiced mulled-wine, and general merriment. George Cochrane and Meghan Kitt were leaders in ensuring the Chapel was properly clothed with garland and other festive decorations. The tree was another story - it took about nine people and their mightiest heave-hoing to finally budge the stump through the door! Lessons and Carols ran smoothly, with various members of the college community being asked to read the lessons of the birth of Christ. The Wardens drew straws, and Alan Rempel was the lucky reader of the Wardens' lesson.

Epiphany Party / Ingalls House Blessing

To mark the season of Epiphany, 24 Herring Cove Rd was finally blessed by Father Harris. Fr Ingalls and Shari had long awaited this occasion, and so welcomed us joyfully in their home for the feast. We shared a variety of delicious soups—but Aidan didn't know his was going to be so spicy. We spent the night catching up and looking forward to our plans for the winter term, basking in the light of emerging hopes for the new year.

Robert Darwin Crouse Memorial Lecture

This year, the Annual Father Robert Crouse Memorial Lecture was delivered by Dr. Sara MacDonald, of Huron College. Her address was titled ‘Learning to love in the novels of David Adams Richards,’ and focused largely on his book, ‘Principles to Live By.’ Afterwards, a delicious tomato soup and baguette meal, along with sherry, was enjoyed by all attendees in the Senior Common Room. We welcomed Sara and her husband, Barry, to Halifax, with a soup made by Cameron, shared at the home of the Chaplain upon their arrival.

Winter Retreat

The Winter Retreat was directed by the discussions that arose out of Dr. Susan Dodd’s addresses on Enchantment, Disenchantment, and Enchantment Never-Ending. We confronted uncertainties about the nature of a liberal arts education, and the difficulty of turning philosophy into love. Henk was our Kitchen Mama and Joey and Nico were our cooks, and many hands came together to serve all the hungry people gathered at Mersey River Chalets. Bp. Mark joined us with his son Adrian, who was hoping to catch a glimpse at life on King’s campus. Instead he witnessed our perplexed conversations as we wondered at the possibility of finding any beauty—in the world and in the texts we encounter at King’s—without betraying it. On Saturday Bishop Mark and Sue joined forces and shared their time to address the retreatants. Bp. Mark told us about four things they talk about that have stuck with him. We tried to reach the mount of some kind of truth, to realize that working and storytelling are labours of love that allow for a constant re-enchantment and rediscovery of the beauty intrinsic to everything.

Shrove Tuesday Pancake Breakfast

Shrove Tuesday at King’s was marked by the Chapel on campus, as in past years, by a pancake breakfast in the Manning Room. This year’s pancake breakfast was an intricate endeavour, aiming to be modeled on last year’s, involving traditional glutinous pancakes, gluten-free pancakes, vegan pancakes, latkes, and bacon, as well as coffee and tea. The organizational and culinary efforts of Meghan Kitt, Apol Perri, Joe Blackwood, and various others produced something on the order of scads of pancakes and latkes, all of which were eaten by a small crowd of residence students and other passers-by. Thanks also are due to Katie Merwin for lending her kitchen and utensils.

All-Night Vigil

As part of our Lenten practice this year, students kept a silent, all-night vigil at the back of the Chapel every Thursday night until Easter. We hoped to invite students of all years and other members of the college to participate. We took turns staying up for half an hour to ensure there was always someone awake through the night. We hoped to somehow gather up and enter into the suffering of the world, by disrupting our sleep and setting aside time to participate closely in the life of prayer. Part of the prayers we offered were extended intercessory prayers. We reached out to the broader communities that have touched us since September to offer their prayers for anyone who was named. The vigils provided a space for grief and silence, so they’ve described it saying, “We are in silence, darkness, and restlessness voluntarily in order to be present, by a mystery, with those who are in silence, darkness, and restlessness involuntarily.”

Evenspeak series at the Cathedral

The Lenten season was marked by a weekly Evensong pilgrimage to All Saints Cathedral, located on Cathedral Lane, downtown. Each Wednesday, a different member of the King’s College community was invited to deliver an address on ‘acedia’: labeled the spiritual disease of our age,

and described as the listlessness that slowly wears away love and friendship. Thanks be to President Bill Lahey, Dr. Roberta Barker, Dr. Neil Robertson, and Dr. Dawn Brandes for their reflective and poignant reflections.

Lenten Discussion Group series

On Saturday Mornings over the Lenten period, we gathered together over breakfast for a series of discussions, each diversely exploring our Lenten theme of 'Acedia'. On the first Saturday, Madelaine and Ginny led an introductory discussion to the meaning of 'acedia'; the following Saturday, Andrew Griffin led a discussion on 'acedia and inattention', guided by the thoughts of Simone Weil. To come, will be Jordan Draper's talk on Forgiveness, in a study of the Eighth Letter of Dionysius, as well as Liz King's Quiet Day on the stories of George MacDonald.

Additional Reflections from the Wardens

Sarah Griffin

This year has demanded a consideration of what moves me. By extension, I have tried, to some degree, to consider what might move others, and why we might move at all. This year, our Lenten theme has been *acedia*, referring to one of the eight 'bad thoughts' that gnaw away at love and friendship; it is the temptation towards indifference. I believe that the Chapel ought to be a place for the grieving and the joyful; the quiet respite where love doesn't leave you alone. Yet, this year, I have struggled with *acedia*; I have failed to consider *why* and *how* we live alongside one another at every step. I have ignored the lonely FYPer who slipped into the Chapel and never returned, and I have failed to convey, even to my closest friends, how much I need them. Yet even in my frustration, selfishness and impatience; in the 'too much' from the demand of love that I have routinely fail, I trust that, when moved by love, the work I have done this year is for the good, and I am loved.

During our 'Poverty Awareness Trip' to Moncton, over Reading Week, Charlie, the founder of a drop-in shelter *Humanity*, defined 'faith,' a term I didn't understand much, as the confidence that what is necessary will be provided for when the need is great. *Humanity* benefits from the generosity of community members that, by piecemeal offerings, install new lighting fixtures, donate new sleeping bags, etc., when the need becomes apparent. Perhaps, at best, this resembles something of our year in the Chapel. Different people have been attentive to others' particular needs, and given their life to serving that need. This year was graced by a series of piecemeal offerings from so many; offerings of love to one another in the way thought to be most needed. In being attentive to the needs and griefs of others in friendship, we have, as a community, made more room to be moved by love.

I owe so much, this year, to my fellow Wardens. I'd like to thank Apol for her thoughtfulness, her provocations, her concern and, most simply, her love for so many people. She has inspired me to not lose sight of each particular individual amidst the, what often seems like, overwhelming grandiosity of it all. And Alan, I'd like to thank, for his quiet persistence with choral directing, allowing 'congenial melodies' to resound the Chapel rafters weekly, his gift to me of articulate language, and his spontaneous unpredictability.

Alan Rempel

The only reason I accepted the nomination for warden (and perhaps even one reason that I was nominated in the first place) was that I knew it would be a strategic move towards the goal of destroying my sense of complacency and self-sufficiency: it would – as it did – give me responsibilities in thought and in action that I was completely unable to carry through operating in isolation. Thus I was forced by the very nature of my role as warden to allow myself to depend on others – well, long before I thought of allowing myself to do so, I found myself depending on others, despite my best intentions – on Karis and Sarah and Apol and Gabriel and Hannah and any number of others. That is to say – I hope – that I have begun to learn to bear others' burdens and let others bear mind and to thus recollect the law of Christ. Otherwise, I have attempted to allow Providence the last word.

Apolonia Perri

The first thought Fr. Ingalls preached to us in September was about the uselessness of what we do together on this campus. This year I'm learning to have the patience and attention to complete many useless things. The uselessness of these things often makes them painful to follow through. It can seem so useless to mark time with the Offices every day. But someone has to say the prayers. How useless, to sit in meetings and review agendas to prepare for moments of beauty and love that can only emerge in those particular instances. But it's important to be intentional, to be held accountable, to show up and talk through the frame of our communal vision. When I try to attend to these useless things I truly feel the movement of love.

FOUR "USELESS" THINGS:

THE HEART:

"Go within and scale the depths of your being from which your very life springs forth. At its source you will find the answer to the question" (Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*)

Why do we pray and worship together? I learned the habit of saying the Offices just this year. The Daily Offices maintain the rhythm of our communal life—they play a certain part in the pattern of friendship and prayer that sustains King's. As they've become part of the habitual shape of my day I've been learning how to be more present to prayer. Thank you for praying with and for me every day.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." (*Matthew 6:6*).

Prayer is the movement of love in the heart. It circles love around you and flows its life-giving blood through the body. In the heart, there is the place only God knows. A holy space, a most secret sanctuary which is only available to God through His mercy. So they say, "Seek and love the desert of your inner self. Turn inward and seek silence not to find God, rather so that He may find you."

I've been learning how to lose myself to that space. It leaves room for people we love, and it's a centre for attention that keeps us present to each other. The awareness of others comes from a labour of attention. Being a warden is a lesson in paying attention. How to look at people and offer them the attention that is borne of love and patience.

POETRY:

Psalm 85, 8-13: Benedixisti, Domine.

I will hearken what the LORD God will say: for he shall speak peace unto his people and to his saints, and unto them that turn their heart to him.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him: that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth springeth out of the earth; and righteousness hath looked down from heaven,

Yea, the LORD shall give what is good; and our land shall yield her increase,

Righteousness shall go before him: and shall direct his going in the way.

THEOPHANY:

“And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.” (*Col 3:15-16*).

Why do we sing and listen to the wonderful Chapel Choir together? We cannot hear the music of the spheres. I'm very clumsy when I sing. I must have been something along the lines of tone-deafness when I arrived at King's. But this year has been formidable for my musical education.

They ask, “What song shall we sing to one another, in the world's autumnal time?” and at another time, we wondered together, “How can we delight in these beautiful ruins?” There is something that persists in the decaying bliss of the life of the chapel, in the transience of this deeply rooted place. How do we pass on this love, this gift offered and given to one another? From my perspective as warden, I've come to see how together we can partake in the mystical body of Christ. Our life of friendships sets us up, each part working for the sake of the whole. We partake in our shared duties in this way. Together, we sing with gladness in our hearts.

The Song of Three Children: Benedicite, Omnia Opera.

O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify his forever. O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

Theophany is the joyous sounding praise of the love that we precede from, dwell within, and return to. It is a manifestation of love and mercy, a joyous lament. By giving thanks, we can partake in the joyous proclamation of God's mercy. We offer ourselves to each other, a humble sacrifice, as He did for us.

GRATITUDE:

“When you meet your friend on the roadside or in the market-place, let the spirit in you move your lips and direct your tongue.

Let the voice within your voice speak to the ear of his ear;

For his soul will keep the truth of your heart and the taste of the wine is remembered. When the colour is forgotten and the vessel is no more” (72, *The Prophet*)

I don't know how to put words to this mysterious place we've been called to. This year has been a breathless sprint, as I try to keep up and learn how to answer and obey this vocation. As I stumble through the hurdles of this uncanny marathon, I've been humbled every step of the way. Thank you for carrying me as you have this year. I still have much to learn. Thank you for teaching me to pay attention to the beauty of these useless things.

Respectfully submitted,

Sarah Griffin, *Senior Warden*

Alan Rempel, *Warden*

Apolonnia Perri, *Warden*

REPORT OF THE SACRISTANS

When I (Samuel) assumed the role of sacristan in April I was immediately (and rightfully) frightened by the height, breadth and depth of my new responsibilities. Above all this role has asked that I attempt imperfectly (i) to model the devotional life of this community and (ii) to cultivate shared practices of prayer amongst others, that we might truly pray in common. As the year has progressed, so many have helped to shoulder this impossible burden. Above all I must especially thank Father Ingalls and Isaac (my assistant sacristan) for their ongoing forgiveness, patience and support.

The advent of our new spiritual father and celebrant has given the year its peculiar character. Our patience has been tested as the established practices of our community have coalesced with Father Ingalls' ways of praying and leading. The tension of this negotiation has been both painful and beautiful, and has been held in love and devotion.

Regular Worship

Daily worship has continued, not without a great offering of energy on the part of many faithful officiants, servers and celebrants. Monday to Friday the sacrifice of the Mass has been offered and the hours of Morning Prayer, midday prayers and Evening Prayer kept by members of the college. Monday and Tuesday nights, the women's and men's compline choirs have led us in our night prayers. Joseph Blackwood, Sophia de Bruin, Hazel Carbonaro, Jordan Draper, Nathan Ferguson, Hannah Fisher, Isaac Grainger, Andrew Griffin, Sarah Griffin, Helen Hillis, Meghan Kitt, Samuel Landry, Cameron Lowe, Curran McConnell, Apollonia Perri, Alan Rempel, Julia-Simone Rutgers, Karis Tees and Ginny Wilmhoff regularly officiated offices. I must especially thank the Rev'd Dr Helen Ryding for celebrating a weekly midday Eucharist on Friday, for a modest but grateful congregation.

On Thursdays the college has welcomed a number of deacons and guest preachers to the Solemn Choral Eucharist, from various backgrounds: the Rev'd Dr Helen Ryding (Cathedral Church of All Saints), the Rev'd Mellanie Cohoon (Parish of New Germany), the Rev'd Nicholas Hatt (Parish of St George), the Rev'd Dr Thom Curran (Faculty in Holy Orders), the Rev'd Ray Carter (TSSF), the Rev'd Canon Chris Van Buskirk (Parish of St George, Moncton), the Rev'd Dr David Curry (Parish of Windsor, King's/Edgehill School), the Rev'd Canon Dr. John Simons (Montreal Diocesan College, retired), Archbishop Ronald Cutler, the Rev'd Christopher Snook (Faculty in Holy Orders), and the Rev'd Canon Peter Harris (Parish of St George). I must also thank our faithful guild of servers, with whom it has been a joy to pray.

During Lent, Choral Evensong has again been transferred to the Cathedral, where the chapel choir has been well received by the greater Halifax community.

The Rev'd Dr Thom Curran, Aidan Ingalls, Matthew Scott and Jonathan Downing have faithfully led the chapel's Sunday morning congregation in worship. Alan Rempel and Gabriel O'Brien have decorated the liturgy with a modest choir. On Epiphany, which happened to fall on a Sunday this year, the Chaplain celebrated a High Mass, with a full complement of services.

Major Festal Commemorations

The Octave of All Saints was a liturgical highlight of the autumn term. On the Eve of All Saints, *Capella Regalis*, the Chapel Choir and the Cathedral Church Choir sang a service of Evensong at the Cathedral Church of All Saints, co-officiated by the Very Rev'd Paul Smith and the college chaplain. Two days later, at the All Souls' Requiem Mass, our departed loved ones were recollected in Maurice Duruflé's *Requiem Op. 9*, following a brief meditation by Dr Sarah Clift upon the recent mass shooting at Tree of Life synagogue in Pittsburgh.

This year the Presentation of Christ in the Temple and the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary (commonly called 'Candlemas') has been our most elaborate festal commemoration to date. The service was held at sunrise on Harry Lake, on our winter retreat, with guest preacher Bishop Mark MacDonald, National Indigenous Bishop of the Anglican Church of Canada. Before the service, Henk and a group of fellows constructed an altar of ice and wood, from which we processed with our newly blessed candles, the choir (led by Nick Halley) singing J. Walter's decorative *Nunc Dimittis* at a station inside the Mersey River lodge. The Rev'd Mellanie Cohoon was our gracious deacon. Eleven were vested.

At the conclusion of the service, Bishop Mark hallowed the water of Harry Lake, using a rite prayed by indigenous Eastern Orthodox Christians in Alaska when their waters were threatened by industrial development. A processional cross of hewn hemlock was submerged in the lake, revealing the waters' natural sanctity. The holy water used today in our chapel worship was scooped from that icy lake.

Preparations for Holy Week, and for possible confirmations and baptisms are ongoing.

House Blessings

Three homes were blessed in Epiphanytide. The Rev'd Canon Peter Harris blessed the Ingallses' home; Father Ingalls blessed the homes of Gwen Danson and Cristalle Watson.

Retreats

Much could be said about the retreats and day-trips we share together. It has been a great joy to prepare for them with others, thoughtfully and prayerfully. I hope that in another place, they will be discussed at length. Here I will say simply that I take the worship which is offered on retreat to be a distillation and summation of all that we do there, and to be an offering of all that we are. I am grateful for each person who hallowed a vigil with their presence, offered an ikon to be venerated, chanted a Psalm, burned some incense, spoke from their heart, prayed for a friend, cried for our broken world, or reached toward what is beautiful in any way.

From the Assistant Sacristan

This year was not only my first holding a chapel office, but also my first being truly engaged in the cycle of worship here at King's. Low Mass, Evensong, trips and retreats, Friday meditations, and many other things were all new to me upon the start of this academic year. For this reason, I

had little in the way of expectations for what the role of assistant sacristan would be. Looking back, I am indescribably grateful for what has been taught to me this year and also for those who did the teaching, most notably of course, Father Ingalls and Samuel. Learning about and being responsible for maintaining the countless peculiarities that makes the King's Chapel what it is has simply been a blessing.

Respectfully submitted,
Samuel Landry, sacristan
Isaac Grainger, assistant sacristan

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

And walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God. (Ephesians 5:2)

The role of the Treasurer is as follows: counting the offering from services on Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday, getting Fr. Ingalls' signature, delivering the money to the Advancement Office, and being in communication with regular givers to make sure they have pre-labeled envelopes at the beginning of each term. This makes it seem simple, but it is a role that needs to be approached with determination.

Consistency was a challenge, especially with various health concerns causing me to miss services. Despite that, I believe the year went smoothly. I really enjoyed getting to meet people and take on the responsibility. I have also been blessed to see the immense generosity of the Chapel community and the love that abides in each person.

I am very grateful to everyone who helped keep me accountable. Thank you to Karis Tees and Sarah Griffin for teaching me the role and being willing to answer any questions. Thank you to Isaac Grainger for locking up the offering when I was not able to be there. Thank you to Paula in the Advancement Office for being so gracious with my inability to count. A special thanks to all the greeters who did the hardest task of taking up the offering. My job was a lot easier with everyone's support.

I hope to leave the incoming Treasurer with an updated list of givers for the next year, as well as advice on how to use the safe.

Respectfully submitted,
Hannah Wygiera, *Treasurer*

REPORT OF THE ALTAR GUILD PRESIDENT

This year, the Altar Guild has been halfway dormant. My greatest thanks to Jonathan Downing for his unending support. Jonathan has diligently washed and ironed the linens and laundered the cassocks, albs, surplices, and accoutrements. He also provided most of the vegetables for our Harvest Thanksgiving decorations from his farm. We have missed him while he's been offshore for most of this term.

I am very grateful to Cameron Lowe for his thoughtfulness and care in providing the flowers for the altar each week.

Thanks to George Cochrane, who appears at just the right times and saves us from ourselves. George has donated to the chapel several items for the altar of repose: the hanging presence lamp, six candle holders for the windows (which hold the 7-day version of the sanctuary lamp candles), six matching brass Georgian candlesticks, and another pair of brass candlesticks.

It is my hope to put together an *ad hoc* guild for the remainder of the term to prepare for Holy Week.

I would also like to consolidate the documents in the two Altar Guild Manual binders, and update information where necessary. Perhaps with prayer and enough pressure I will follow through on this.

If not accomplished this year, I would recommend to next year's AG president to ensure that the remaining cassocks have numbers embroidered in their collars. This year, we have discovered that the order of the cassocks is not especially helpful, but knowing the numbers of one's favourite cassocks is. This system, ideally, could also be implemented for albs and surplices.

I am grateful for the support and patience of our Sacristans, Sam and Isaac, who have carried me and this chapel when I have continually failed.

Respectfully submitted,
Meghan Kitt, *Altar Guild President*

REPORT OF THE INTERCESSOR

We do not know how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words.

-Saint Paul, Apostle of the gentiles (Romans 8:26)

Q: How many Anglicans does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Ten – one to change the bulb, and nine to protest that they liked it better the way it was.

-episcopalianhumour.com, a Website from Online

I agreed to take on the role of intercessor this year with haughty aspirations of learning how to pray... And it has certainly been a revelatory experience, but prayer is no less a mystery to me today than it was when I first set foot in the chapel five years ago. At most I can say that I have become accustomed to it; more comfortable in it, to the point where the not-knowing has become no more a hindrance than it is a help.

As I read through the reports of my predecessors (Joey Blackwood, Ben von Bredow, and Zach Hansen) looking for inspiration in writing this report, it seems the inscrutable nature of prayer—specifically our practice of intercessory prayer—has been a recurring theme. It's something that's so simple on the surface, until you begin to question it.

So I stopped questioning it.

I prayed for the names on the list, I updated the intercessions list when needed, and I let the mysteries just wash over me. Reduced to its most basic structure, that has been my role these past seven months, and that is what I did. I prayed. It doesn't need to make sense.

On the logistical side of things: there have been some changes to how the names are gathered up, and it has not gone...smoothly. I've been reminded of a joke my uncle (a man who had a great passion for denominational humour) used to tell, which I included at the top of my report. As I worked with the chaplain to figure out how best to accommodate our new intercessions book (a beautiful icon of the Theotokos written last year by Matthew Vanderkwaak—a great gift to us) I went through numerous different approaches, false starts, disappointments, failures to communicate, frustrations, and misunderstandings. Forgive me if I have let you down in some way. In past years, the book was left open for names to be written in by anybody, and I think this remains the ideal approach. However, these lists were written in a moleskine notebook & we are dealing with something quite different now. In prioritizing the care of the icon, I have been struggling to come up with solutions that do not limit accessibility in getting names on the list. I've felt at times like too much a gatekeeper, and it concerns me to think that there are names that may not appear on the list for some reason or another as a result of the new system. So I pray for the names that I don't get, too.

Please pray for me, that I may continue to pray for you.

Respectfully submitted,
Cameron Lowe, *Intercessor*

REPORT OF THE KING'S CHORUS

The 2018-19 season was the ninth in Chorus history.

Ironically, our report for the AGM last year began with the same sentence, claiming *that* was our ninth season. This has sparked some debate among the Chorus executive branch. It seems to have led to some semblance of agreement. We are still naming our *next* season (2019-20) our tenth. We have high hopes and grand plans for a celebratory season.

This past fall, the Chorus gave its fifth annual *Music for St Cecilia* concert to a massive crowd in St Mary's Basilica Cathedral, featuring Haydn's magnificent *Lord Nelson Mass*. Also featured were Parry's *I Was Glad*, Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus* and a Hildegard chant for St Cecilia – *Jesu Corona Virginum*. It was after running through this last piece in procession in the dress rehearsal that our director encountered one of the pro orchestra members, a violist, tearfully demanding that this be sung at her funeral. You just never know.

In the spring the Chorus performed what was arguably its most ambitious programme to date. With the Feast of the Annunciation celebrated simultaneously in the Western and Eastern churches on March 25th, the Chorus gave a concert titled IKOS on the eve of, with music from various Eastern Orthodox traditions and a Canadian premier of The Maestro's *Requiem for Dimitri*. This was a memorable concert. Many requests for a repeat performance, a recording, and even a tour have been fielded, rather awkwardly, by the director. It was a packed house, due to masterful marketing lead by our Administrator.

This was a particularly beautiful convergence of great music and spiritual substance, with the Chorus singing music to the God-bearer that comes *de profundis* from the Eastern Church. Among other luminaries, our Chaplain was in the bass section! So much of the Chapel community attend our concerts and help in myriad ways, thereby signifying how blessed we are by our rootedness in our physical and spiritual home. The party at Meghan Kitt's house was another example for all of free and loving hospitality.

This year marked a turning point for the Chorus in that the University, headed by its President, has committed itself to "not a ceiling, but at least a floor" of funding for the Chorus for the next five years. The Chorus must still raise its own funds (a significant amount each year) to put on concerts, but daily operations are made possible by this commitment from the University.

However, the main reason the Chorus survived and, in the end, thrived as it travelled through its ninth season, was its Administrator, Hannah Fisher. At the Chorus's AGM last year, already well into the spring, the small executive and harried Director gathering in the Wilson Common Room and trying to come to terms with the imminent departure of our dear Administrator (Aaron Shenkman), the spectre of a rudder-less Chorus loomed up before our eyes and the outlook was not good. Someone asked if *anyone* had expressed interest in this massive and underpaid job – of course there was not one. Hannah recklessly put her name forward, to the astonishment of all present. We voted and consented before she could re-think. Deo Gratias. Where and whether the Chorus would be at this point will forever remain a question, mercifully relegated to the shadows of institutional memory.

We look forward with baited breath to our Tenth Anniversary Season. Many thanks to the Chapel community for giving the Chorus and all its members a weekly glimpse of the *transfigured vault*.

Respectfully submitted,
Nick Halley, *Director*

REPORT OF CAPELLA REGALIS MEN & BOYS CHOIR

Capella Regalis is ‘in residence’ in both the University of King’s College Chapel and the Cathedral Church of All Saints in Halifax, rehearsing twice weekly and singing special services in the King’s Chapel, and also singing Evensongs regularly in the Cathedral as part of the Sundays at Four series. The boys also sing approximately three Sunday morning Eucharists a year in the Cathedral.

Capella Regalis activities since last year’s AGM include singing with the Chapel Choir in their performance of pieces from Monteverdi’s collection, *Selva Morale e Spirituale*, in the concert titled ‘Splendour of Venice’ in April 2018; Evensong services in May; and hosting Les Petits Chanteurs du Mont-Royal (a group of about 70 people) in Halifax for a few days of joint music-making in June. Capella Regalis – mainly CR parent Kate Therien – took on the task of finding billeting and other accommodation for the visiting choir (half were billeted, half stayed on the King’s Campus), connecting them with Musique Royale for a South Shore performance, and setting up a joint concert in the Cathedral that took place on June 29. This was the second boys choir that CR has hosted in Halifax, following on the visit of the Christ Church Cathedral Choir of Men & Boys from Ottawa the year before.

The 2018-19 season began with our annual, five-day Choir Camp for our Senior Choir choristers and Young Men, in the last week of August. Our usual haunt, St Anne’s Camp in West Dalhousie, was rendered unavailable by blue-green algae, so we packed up our knapsacks, called up the chit-chaps, and headed off to Sherbrooke Lake Camp. It was lovely. The waterfront, with massive beach and bonfire area, was remarkable and we made extensive use of it. But we all, old and young alike, agree that we’ll be back at St Anne’s this year.

In early September, we began our regular rounds of weekly rehearsals (four each week) for the Senior Choir, Probationers, and Young Men, our twice-weekly basketball games in the King’s Gym (all are welcome to join – we are always looking for more players!), and regular Evensong services. Janelle Lucyk gave individual voice lessons to the boys. In December, we made our annual trek to Windsor, Lunenburg, and Halifax for our *To Bethlehem with King’s* Christmas concerts, with particularly packed houses in Lunenburg and Halifax and funding from Arts Nova Scotia to hire the Maritime Brass Quintet for another collaboration. This month of March is proving particularly busy for the boys: In addition to three Evensongs, they sang beautifully with the King’s Chorus in March 24th’s IKOS concert and they’ll soon be joining the Chapel Choir, soloists, and orchestra for the St Matthew Passion. This is a once-in-a-lifetime experience – to get to sing the *soprano ripieno* bits of this work of staggering genius is a moment in the life of these youngsters that will return to their imaginations many times throughout the rest of their earthly pilgrimage. We are so very grateful for this opportunity – and so many others – provided by the Chapel community (including Choir), for the lads to catch glimpses of the Kingdom.

At our annual Service of Investiture in October, three boys were invested into the Senior Choir. Since then, two more boys have been promoted from the Probationers’ Programme. We now have 16 boys in the Senior Choir and it is in better shape than ever.

Much of this building is due to the training the boys receive *before* being brought up to the Senior Choir. Gabriel O’Brien (former boy chorister, now a part of the CR bass section, and Sunday

Organist for the Chapel) is doing an amazing job with the toughest of our inmates: the vertically-challenged spring chickens in the Probationers' Programme. This is a lovely development for the choir – one of its own having received the training it offers to such a degree that he can now train others. Gabriel also runs Senior Choir rehearsals when Nick is away (and is doing a superb job of it). Karis Tees has been a wonderful stand-in director of the probationers' rehearsals many times over the last couple of years.

Capella Regalis is planning to make a full-length Christmas recording in June, to be released late next fall. We are looking down the road to a particularly grand *To Bethlehem With King's 2019* show (featuring Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* with CBC's Tom Allen as a host), tours over the next few years to the west, south, and eventually, east, and various other projects including a musical production of *The Prince and the Pauper*.

Hannah Fisher has joined Nick and Vanessa on the Capella Regalis staff this year, helping in all sorts of administrative areas. The team is growing! Our thanks are due to more supporters, parents, and volunteers than could possibly be mentioned here. But we would like to thank our Cathedral Chaplain Mother Ryding, our King's Chaplain Father Ingalls and our CR Chaplain Father Thorne, keeping us in prayer from afar. Scott Beard continues to give immeasurably to the choir in his role as Librarian. Sarah Stevenson is to be thanked profusely for our website. Peter and Irene Wilkinson are indescribably wonderful, as the Chapel community well knows. Beth Boudreau helps to drive far-away choristers to rehearsals twice weekly. Paul Halley (a.k.a. Maestoso) continues to offer his volunteer services as organist, bulletin-designer, and mentor and supporter of all CR endeavours. We are blessed daily by a cloud of witnesses and are honoured to call this place home.

Respectfully submitted,
Nick Halley, *Artistic Director*
Vanessa Halley, *Manager*

REPORT OF SUNDAY MORNING HOLY COMMUNION

It has been a great honour to take responsibility for Sunday morning worship in the King's College Chapel from Sunday September 9 in 2018 until Easter Sunday, 2019. I should like to underline the profound privilege of addressing such a diverse and receptive congregation.

The congregation which attends on Sunday mornings has provided me (and others) with an opportunity to live out the fullness of Christian life (in community). This spiritual vocation has been inexpressibly deepened by the musical efforts of Gabriel O'Brien, our dutiful organist, and Alan Rempel, our choir director and chief lay Sunday operative. In particular, I also need to profoundly acknowledge the generous spirit of Aidan Ingalls, who serves as Sunday Sacristan, Jonathan Downing our service host, and Matthew Scott who prepares for Holy Communion with Morning Prayer.

Also, of course, Sunday morning worship would be unthinkable without the army of volunteers who sing in the choir and who always make visitors most welcome. By identifying the few, I wish to express my profound gratitude to the many.

We cannot put into words sufficiently our good fortune in having Fr Ranall Ingalls as our Chaplain for the first time in this academic year, 2018-2019. We are truly blessed for his presence among us and his care for all of us. It has also been a great honour to have our King's President Bill Lahey, as a member of the Sunday morning congregation.

Respectfully submitted,
The Rev'd Dr Thomas Curran, Faculty Member in Holy Orders

REPORT OF THE SUNDAY MORNING CHOIR

The Sunday Morning Choir this year has been a small but valiant group. To survive as a chorister in the SMC requires, though not much in the way of vocal skill, yet far more sheer enthusiasm than does any other choir that I have sung in – not to mention tolerance for their director's incompetence and delight in idiosyncratic sermons. More to the point, I think SMC has served, for choristers, director, and organist alike, as a safe and encouraging place for growing in musical skill and confidence, in a comparatively low-key liturgical setting. Fr Curran and the Sunday morning congregation have been tremendously encouraging and supportive – I am very grateful for this. I am extraordinarily grateful for Gabriel, whose dedication, skilful organ-playing, and – more and more – whose musical leadership have shaped and supported the choir and have been a great gift to the Sunday morning service. Finally, I must thank each person who has sung in the choir at any point in either term, for the gift they have given to me and to the Sunday morning congregation.

Respectfully submitted,
Alan Rempel, *Sunday Morning Choir Director*

REPORT OF THE SHAPE NOTE CHOIR

The Shape Note Choir's primary function is to provide a shape note hymn from the Sacred Harp (the most enduringly popular of the shape-note tunebooks, of which the Chapel owns five copies, available for anyone's perusal) at sung Evening Prayer on Fridays. Shape note is, in a narrow sense, a certain kind of musical notation (the noteheads on the page have different shapes), but really refers to a tradition of communal singing based around tunebooks such as the Sacred Harp. There is much more that could be said about shape note singing in general; in any case, the way the Shape Note Choir does it at King's is actually unusual in that the shape note hymn is made part of a worship service. The choir (though it is perhaps not right to call it a choir, since there is no system of membership – there is a small crew of regulars, but it is in principle a drop-in group) meets at 4:15 in the Radical Bay Dons' Suite to practice that week's hymn.

In the winter term, I hit upon the innovation of annotating the photocopies I distribute of each week's hymn by writing in the shape-syllables (fa, sol, la, mi) beneath each part. My hope was that this would be helpful both in rehearsal, so that there is less stumbling over the shapes for those who don't know them off by heart (i.e. almost everyone), and in the service, so that the congregation can have some clue as to what is going on when the choir is singing “fa la sol la &c.”. Many thanks to all those who have sung shape notes with me this year, and thanks especially to Hannah Fisher and Andrew Griffin for hosting us in their dons' suite.

Respectfully submitted,
Alan Rempel, *Shape-Noteist*

REPORT OF THE ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE

when you cannot pray, draw
sit in the silence where god used to be
and look at the world.

pick up a pen
and put lines on a page

when you draw, use only black ink
draw with black ink because you cannot see the light
cough up the shadows inside of you
let them sit on the page

watch the shapes that emerge

draw the buildings where people pray
draw the altars that they build

bring your drawings to your grandma
and watch her cry

sit among moving bodies
let the chaos touch the paper

walk out to the sea
feast on the day of angels
go out onto the water
sing beneath starlight

carry the cross in the bitter cold

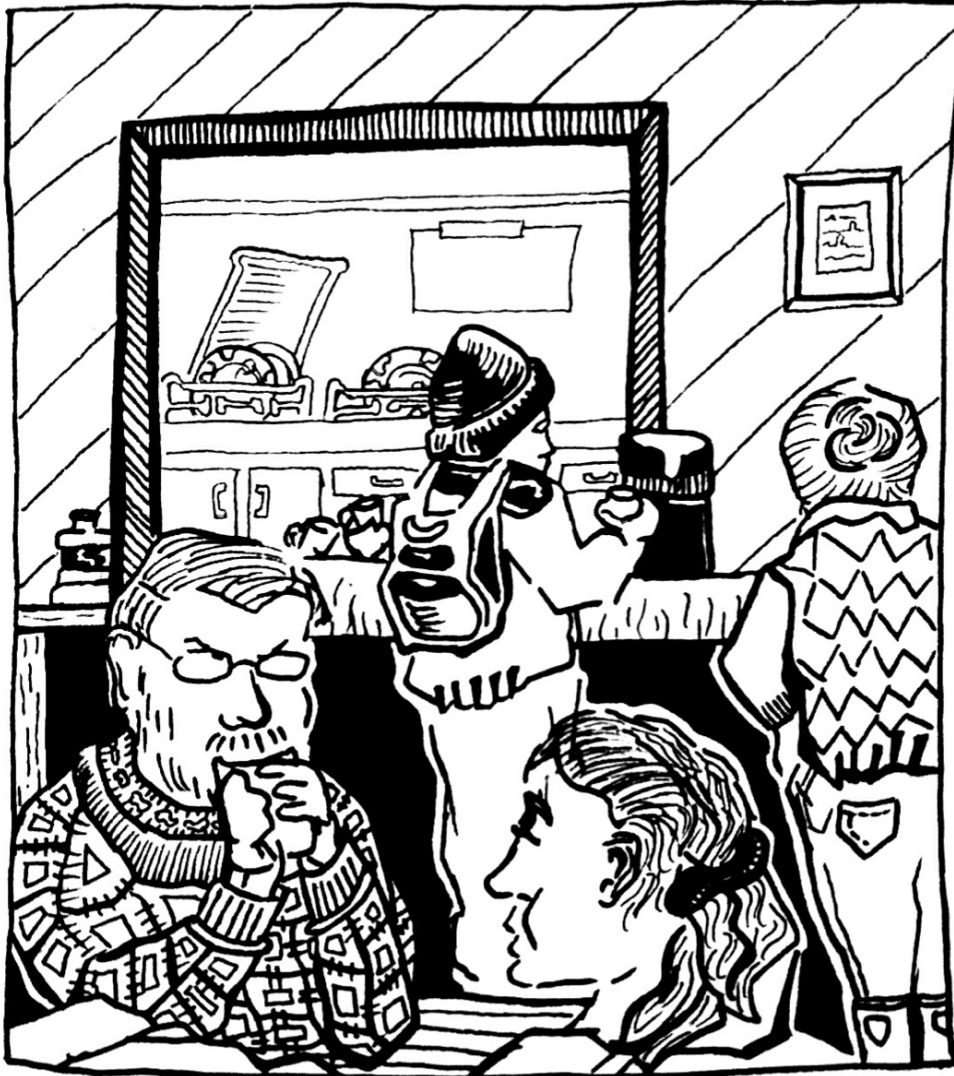
do not go looking for God
resist the urge to imagine
draw only what you see

The project that I gave myself this year was to draw the liturgical calendar—not as some abstract tradition, but as it is taken up by particular people in this particular place. What is the liturgical year? It is just a fancy word for the yearly calendar that the chapel community actively practices. The liturgical year is, in part, shaped by the natural seasons in a geographical area. For me, collectively marking these seasons has opened up new ways of relating to the land. The liturgical year is also made up of different religious seasons-- like Advent, which happens before Christmas-- and different holidays-- like All Souls Day and Easter. I have found that one of the great joys of spending time in the chapel has been discovering the many small celebrations that give shape to the year-- Michaelmas, the feast of angels; Candlemas, where we bless all the candles in the chapel; the feast of the Transfiguration, which happens during the summer; and so on and so forth. The

liturgy is also made up of events that are particular to our community: the Cape Split hike, the retreats, and the many different concerts that happen throughout the year. These are all ways of keeping time together. They are not permanent, nor are they inevitable. The liturgical year must be taken up again and again by the members of our community. As students come and go, the shape of our year will change. My drawings are usually small-- this allows me to draw quickly and, perhaps, capture something of the fleetingness that holds our community together. When my family and friends ask me what the "liturgy" is or what it is that I do in the chapel, I never really know what to say. I am not a scholar of the liturgy; I am a person who prays. I suppose that I could read a curious friend some words out of the Book of Common Prayer, but how do I explain that the liturgy is something that I participate in with my whole body? What I want to do is take them to look up at the wooden beams inside the chapel or onto the frozen lake for communion or out beneath the stars to sing compline. I don't know anything of prayer outside of particular places, but these places aren't accessible to everyone. I suppose that I could show my family and friends a calendar, but a calendar is boring and dry and doesn't really communicate the sort of friendship and community that I have found in the Chapel. How do I explain that, for me, the life of prayer is unimaginable without friends to wake me up in the morning? Besides, the liturgy doesn't just belong to the people who show up to pray at specific times. The liturgical calendar here at King's is shaped by all the members of our community-- whether they go on a yearly hike, attend a single concert, or just like to receive poems from the chapel via email. Over the past year, I have tried to capture the many different ways that we gather together as a community. I am still working on filling in some gaps and my plan is to eventually compile my drawings and a handful of poems into a little book. For the time being, I will probably just put out a couple of small booklets, so that I can share some of these drawings with the wider community. My hope is that by sharing my drawings-- which are each part of my own devotional practice-- I might be able to share something of the life of prayer and the life of community that I have received so much from over the past several years.

Respectfully submitted,
Katy Weatherly, *Artist-in-Residence*

ADDITIONAL REPORTS



*A meal in Moncton, New Brunswick with students on the Reading Week trip
See report by Henk Fisher*

KING'S STUDENTS AT NORTHWOOD

In the 2018-2019 school year, students from the King's community have continued their work of visiting shut-in residents of the Northwood Care Facilities. Returning students from last year have been joined by new students, making a total of 16 visitors at the end of the 2019 winter semester. Students have sought to make these visits a time to build relationships, a time to be present with those whose day-to-day life is often characterized by loneliness. The goal has been to cultivate friendship – a simple but ambitious goal which carries the same struggles and failures as our other relationships carry and which requires the same courage, compassion, humility, and forgiveness. At the end of the fall semester, visiting students were joined at Northwood by King's choristers and other community members to sing Christmas carols. The carolers visited several different floors and brought a "joyful noise" to the halls and rooms at Northwood. In the winter semester, students reflected together on a few selections (shared via email) from Jean Vanier's lectures in *Becoming Human*. Vanier's vision of life shared together challenged us to open ourselves both to our own "shadow areas," which trap us in darkness and chaos, and to a radically inclusive communion, which is the "to-and-fro of love." The students have given themselves freely in love, and while there has been much failure, there has also been growth and healing as we have tried to realize Vanier's claim: "We do not discover who we are, we do not reach true humanness, in a solitary state; we discover it through mutual dependency, in weakness, in learning through belonging."

Respectfully submitted,
Madelaine Wheeler, *Don of Alexandra Hall 4th Floor*

YOUTHNET TUTORING AT KING'S COLLEGE

With Sarah Griffin's guidance and continual support, Georgia Irwin and I have, over the past semester, helped to sort out the weekly logistics required to continue the YouthNet tutoring program both for this year, and, hopefully, for the year to come.

Through keeping in contact with Rozzi, we've help ensure that all 19 kids get form Joe Howe to the King's quad each Monday after school, either by car (driven by Rozzi, Sarah, Hannah Fisher, or, on some lucky occasions, a parent of one of the YouthNet kids) or by taxi (with the accompaniment of King's student). At the end of each session, after a greatly-anticipated ice cream cone and quick game of basketball or 'freeze' in the quad, the kids return to St. George's again. In keeping in dialogue with the King's tutors—a keen collection of 19 tutors, across all years of study, some of whom have been tutoring since the start of term, others since the start of the year, or, in some special cases, since the start of the program—Georgia and I try to keep everyone up to date with the program's happenings and, in the case of a tutor's absence, contact one of the many King's students who've volunteered to be on-call tutors. Each week every child always has someone waiting for them.

During each of the tutoring sessions, Georgia, along with Sarah and Rozzi, act as an extra support for the tutors and help facilitate the sharing of snacks, supplies, and work sheets. While each tutor is given the space to form a relationship with their kid on their own terms, they are never alone in their endeavours and can always ask for some extra support.

Along with helping organize the program, I've enjoyed the pleasure and privilege of being a tutor for one of the YouthNet kids. Meeting with Divine every Monday afternoon is a continual highlight of my week. For Divine, math is wonderful. Her passion for learning is remarkable and contagious, and she is as kind as she is bright. Before getting to work each kid receives a snack from Rozzi and Sarah. Divine has, on multiple occasions, insisted that the two of us share her small collection of Oreos. She asks me about my classes and marvels at my Greek textbooks when I show them to her. She reminds me why I love learning, and how that love of learning is, by extension, a love of the world. Through learning together we've develop an incomparable friendship with one another. Friendship is the YouthNet tutoring program's central aim and, in my experience, friendship is exactly what I continue to get out of it.

Georgia, Sarah Griffin, and I have, in conversation, questioned why we gather the YouthNet students on the King's campus, introduce them to a university setting, and excite them about academic life when many of them will not be able to access this space due to financial incapacilities. It is a conversation which brings equal sadness and hope as we continue to witness the intelligence and creativity these young students have to offer. Our hope comes in the form of a future plan to potentially create a scholarship at King's which specifically targets a YouthNet student (or any low income student living in Halifax). It is an ambitious goal and one we hope to see through in the next academic year.

Over the course of the past semester we have, slowly but with increasing success, had the opportunity to develop individual friendships with the each of the kids in the YouthNet program. It is our aim to continue to care for these friendships, to give them space to grow, in the following

year. We hope to continue to cultivate the YouthNet tutoring program at King's by tending to a space where students, both kids and tutors, can develop and maintain friendships with one another.

Respectfully submitted,
Sarah Sharp, *2nd year student*

CAPE SPLIT HIKE 2019

What the Cape Split Hike offers to us early in the new academic year is renewed vision. It provides a counterpoint to the logos of the lecture hall, a pilgrimage into the heart of nature itself and an opportunity to recollect the whole, from which all our attempts at mastery and understanding fall short. This year over a hundred students attended the hike, traveling together on buses, though there was a noticeable lack of first year students in comparison to other years. The day, although threatening rain at the beginning, proved to be both mild and crisp. The eucharist at the head of the split was once again a highlight of the journey and it was a joy to be able to celebrate communion at the edge of the cliff, overlooking the water, with both familiar and less familiar faces. The maritime supper at the parish of Cornwallis proved to be largely successful, and though the space was essentially at its full capacity, to eat with everybody in communion was a wonderful end to the day.

I had the privilege of acting as head cook for the hike this year, and it allowed me to peer behind the scenes into the tireless work that goes into planning and implementation of these journeys. I want to thank Karis especially for all her help and trust in me, as well as all those who assisted in cooking and other aspects of planning, who are too many to be named.

This year we also had the privilege of learning the limitations of our good intentions, intentions that, by opting to use buses as a means of transportation, sacrificed personal connection for the sake of giving more students a chance to experience and share in this good, and intentions that excluded students from our giving thanks at the end of the day, in the ‘imposition’ of compliance. These intentions were directed toward a clear good, but a partial good. The hike allowed us to recollect our own fallenness, and the partiality of our goods, which simultaneously lean toward and miss the unity of the true Good. Nevertheless, though there are clear lessons to be learned from the organization of this hike for the next year, and a demand for a review of the hike’s aims and inner workings, I believe that this renewal of vision that the hike provides—vision that resists our vain attempts at mastery, vision that resists self-grasping, vision that recollects but does not represent, the vision of our dependence upon nature and upon each other—is essential for our spiritual life and for the lives of many first year students.

Respectfully submitted,
Aidan Ingalls, *Don of Alexandra Hall 1st Floor*

READING WEEK VISIT TO ST GEORGE'S PARISH, MONCTON

Beloved Friends,

As you may know a group of us from Kings went on a trip to Moncton. The trip was titled "Poverty Awareness," a name given by our former chaplain to the previous trips our community has taken to Saint John New Brunswick, as well as to Toronto. These trips all share similar logistical themes in that we are received, hosted by and based out of a single Parish, whose Priests either attended or are familiar in some way with King's College. In this particular instance we were very graciously hosted by the parish of St George's Moncton, and more specifically by The Reverend Canon Chris VanBuskirk and The Reverend Norm Dupuis as well as Father Chris's wife Carolyn. During these trips we follow a rigorous schedule created by our Chaplain, the Chaplain assistant and the primary people who receive us. The days consist of spending time volunteering or just hanging out at various not-for-profit organizations including soup kitchens, drop in centers and overnight shelters. We also meet once or twice a day with various leaders in the community ranging from doctors, nurses, politicians, lobbyists, activists, volunteers, and leaders of organizations involved in treating the issues of Homelessness. Most meals are eaten at the soup kitchen's or provided by our Hosts. Bedtimes usually vary from midnight to 3 am depending on night time placements at shelters.

What I can say is that I believe these trips (if constructed and facilitated with great care and intention) ARE worth doing. In this specific trip I believe (or rather hope) we succeeded in encouraging both the community of St George's parish as well as the greater community in their outreach to those who live on the fringes of society. Not because of anything specifically that we did or said, but for the simple fact that we showed up.

I know that these trips have had an impact on my own AWARENESS not only of poverty in the form of homelessness, or of the horrific oppression of the welfare system, but awareness of the universal poverty that we all suffer from, which is the poverty of our souls, the hardness of our hearts, the lies we tell ourselves that ultimately destroy ourselves and the other. The lies that create the conditions in our society for the kind of poverty we encountered on this trip.

I mean to say that in these trips I have had a very quick glance at the hard scars of my heart, a glimpse at the fact that everyone has their own scars on the flesh of their heart. Due to the neglect which seems to be necessary—"toughen up and keep going!"—these wounds have healed over with scar tissue, resulting in the hardness of that flesh.

I must now constantly remind myself of this, so that I do not only feed the hatred that presents itself in each particular encounter of the other, but rather through attentiveness, and grace, begin to nurture love and forgive.

Respectfully submitted,
Henk Fisher, *Reading Week Chaplain Assistant*

MONDAY NIGHT COMPLINE CHOIR

The Women's Compline Choir meets at 8:45 on Monday evenings and leads Compline at 9:30pm. We occasionally sing an anthem after the Collects and always close with a Gregorian chant Marian Anthem in accord with the season. Members of the Women's Compline Choir this year included Meghan Kitt, Katie Cook, Maria Bartholomew, Madelaine Wheeler, Jenny Lapp, Faye Hiscock, Rozzi Curran, Cristalle Watson, Katy Weatherly, and Izzy Cout.

I am grateful to Cristalle Watson for calling attention to the absence of a report of the Women's Compline Choir in the collection of reports distributed at the AGM this year and thus drawing our attention to this piece of the pattern of prayer in the Chapel.

The first Compline service of term was held in the Quad during Orientation Week in the hopes that first-year students might encounter a strange and beautiful happening as they crossed the Quad on that first Monday evening. In hindsight, singing Compline in the quad in this way was probably more of an assault than an invitation. Still, it is my best hope that students who have themselves discovered Sung Compline to be a 'barrier-free' entryway of beauty and contemplative prayer will continue to sing Compline in this spirit and to invite others sincerely and creatively.

Members of the Women's Compline Choir will continue to sing Compline on Mondays throughout the 2019 summer.

As I am writing this report belatedly, I can also report that King's students and friends led Compline at Diocesan Synod this year at the gracious invitation of Fr Nicholas Hatt and Archdeacon Sandra Fyfe. At the close of the first day of Synod (May 23), we distributed Compline booklets among the three hundred and fifty delegates gathered around numbered tables in the McInnes Room of the Dalhousie Student Union Building. During the dinner break, I led a 20-min optional 'singing the psalms' session for Synod delegates interested in learning the psalm in preparation for the evening service. Before Compline began, Fr Nick Hatt gave a brief introduction intended to open the service up to those experiencing it for the first time, and I spoke a few words in an attempt to de-mystify (and re-mystify) antiphonal psalm-singing for those present. We sang the office all together under dim lighting with no candles, an overwhelmingly unified chorus of voices. The 'Synod Compline Choir' included: Will Barton, Aaron Shenkman, Alan Rempel, Simon Blake, Fr Nick Hatt, Fr Ranall Ingalls, Fr Mellanie Cohoon, Shannon Parker Nicolle, Hilary Allister, Katie Cook, Megan Krempa, Meghan Kitt, Kate Jordan, Katy Weatherly, Apolonia Perri, Sarah Stevenson, and Marilyn Orr (apologies for any omissions).

Respectfully submitted,
Karis Tees, *Director of the Monday Night Compline Choir*

FRIDAY EVENSONG & STUDENT MEDITATIONS

Friday Evening Prayer continued this year in the same form as in previous ones. The five o'clock service is notable for being both sung and student-led, but what defines it, for many, is the series of meditations attached to it, given by students and others whose lives are intertwined with the Chapel. These meditations have a searching quality, and generate an atmosphere of intimacy and of reflective solitude. Heartfelt thanks are due to those who have graciously shared themselves with us in whatever way they chose: interpretations of the Lessons and other texts; memories and anticipations; philosophy and poetry; and many other ways of grappling with inarticulable and elusive animi.

(Our speakers this year were Andrew Griffin, Nathan Ferguson, Sarah Griffin, Alan Rempel, Cameron Lowe, Erin Appelbe, Matthew Frise, Alison Kitt, Megan Krempa, Meghan Kitt, Ata Zargarpour, Jenny Lapp, Evangeline Freedman, Julia-Simone Rutgers, Cedric Blais, Will Barton, Jamie Whitley, Isaac Grainger, Liam Alexanian, and Nico Fortier.)

The service concludes with a hymn from *The Sacred Harp*, sung by the Shape Note Choir and those congregants brave enough to interpret unfamiliar tablature on the spot. (To encourage participation, Alan Rempel has taken to annotating the photocopies of the hymns with the names written below each note. This year the choir has also experimented with singing in the stalls rather than in the aisle, in part because of the 'non-performative' nature of the music, but has returned to singing in the aisle as this, too, seems to offer more direction and cohesion.) The contrast these wily, bridling—or unbridled?—pieces offer to the plainchant is among the highlights of the service—a sort of Appalachian-sounding sturm und drang, after our cool and glassy renditions of the psalms.

No matter how complex or unfamiliar the music, the texts, and the silences in these services, there is a simplicity and grace in their repetition. Thanks to all those who have attended, and thanks also to those who have practiced with the Shape Note Choir, even when they have been unable to attend the subsequent service.

Respectfully submitted,
Gabriele Caras, *Member of the Shape Note Choir*



*Candlemas Procession at Mersey River Chalets, February 2019
See report by the Sacristans*

