

centre
for
christian
studies

YEAR BOOK

1970-71

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Year book time means the end of our School Year, and the beginning of another chapter to our life. For some of us, we look forward to a summer of experiences and work before coming back for our second year, and for others of us the page turns to another facet of our life's endeavor.

This past chapter of our life is looked upon with a sense of gratitude by all of us: Certain events like the Christmas Party, Summer Night, the Mock Graduation, Special invites to friend's homes, etc. Certain people, classes and ideas stand out for us as tremendous in the influence they have had upon us.

Those of us who are leaving do not do so in sadness, but in joy as we enter a new phase of our vocation (and whatever it may be) - a phase in which we now can give better leadership and service under the direction of a living God.

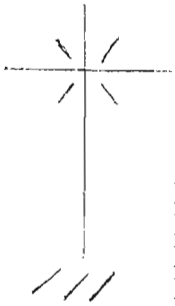
We realize now the treasures we take with us and give God thanks for the fellowship we have been privileged to share. With changing times - ideologies differ vastly, but in spite of this, it has been a great year as must every year be in a Christian Community.

To those who give so freely of their time and talents, namely, now, the Central Council, Alumni and those who help financially to make this place 'tic' - thank you and God bless you.

To the staff - it is difficult to express our gratitude. We appreciate your concern for us, your interest in all that we do, and (in spite of ourselves) your love for us. We remember with gratitude your untiring efforts for us and we know our lives are richer because we've met you.

Each of us came to The Centre for Christian Studies for different reasons. Despite our varied reasons and expectations, many of our immediate goals have been fulfilled and we have been richly blessed. And I believe one hard thing that we have had to learn while at C.C.S. is as Thomas à Kempis puts it so beautifully, "Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be." And so as each of us looks forward to this new chapter in our life we know that although God's road is all uphill, we need not tire, but rejoice that we may still keep climbing higher.

Aldeen McKay

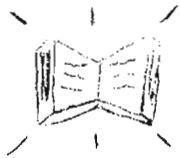
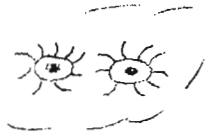


THERE ARE TWO SIDES

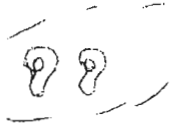


Have you given and received?
Have you known joy and been bereaved?
Have you grown, have you regressed?
Have you withheld, have you expressed?

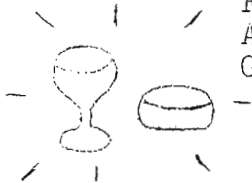
The whole of life must be deeply felt,
No matter how the cards are dealt.
Are those who give the ones who serve?
Are those who receive, those who deserve?



Each has a gift which must be shared
We trust in this we have not erred.
Our work, we have offered to you who have come
For a year or two to make this your home.



We hope we have succeeded in some small measure
For to have served you has been our pleasure.
As you leave us now to seek your fame
Go ye forth in our Lord's name.

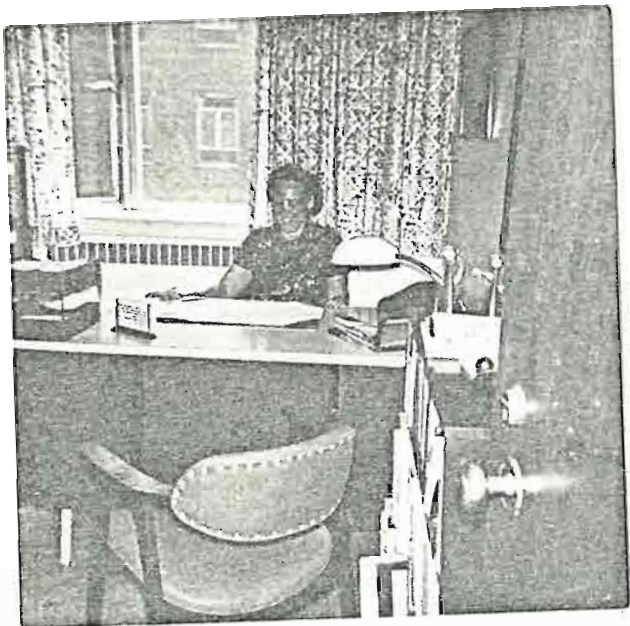


*Mary Donaldson
Blea Kennedy
Dilda Harvey*

*Peggy Scott
Lily Juckett
Anna Pearson
Kay*

*Marion A. Selman
Gladys Booth
Annie Maruse
Helen M. Peterson*

*Rose R. Lewis
Verna Taylor
Annie Hood
Elfa Davidson*



JOTTINGS

My random thoughts start with markings of Dag Hammarskjöld, in which with compelling imagery, he writes:

"With all the powers of your body concentrated in the hand on the tiller,
All the powers of your mind concentrated on the goal beyond the horizon,
You laugh as the salt spray catches your face in the second of rest
Before a new wave --
Sharing the happy freedom of the moment with those who share your responsibility,
So - in the self-forgetfulness of concentrated attention - the door opens for you into a pure living intimacy,
A shared, timeless happiness,
Conveyed by a smile,
A wave of the hand,
Thanks to those who have taught me this
Thanks to the days which have taught me this."

Eyes light up at the thought of comradeship of adventure, but adults are apt to think of it always as something happening to someone else, or to us only when we escape from the everyday.

Constant experiences of "the happy freedom of the moment" can hardly be expected. But I hope that some of the exhilaration that Dag Hammarskjöld enjoyed has been here, that there has been and is some real zest in facing the waves, and that facing the waves with a shipmate or two has brought comradeship. Working together does not mean less honesty, but more discipline, and it means that the spray, the laugh as well as the work are shared, and we are the richer.

As Hammarskjöld writes elsewhere, why torture ourselves to hurt others? We are wretchedly poor if we refuse to meet those on board as individuals who might upset our pet theories of navigation, if we won't meet them as shipmates. We will never hear of their former voyages, nor share the present, nor look with them toward the horizon.

"Life is not lost by dying! Life is lost
Minute by minute, day by dragging day,
In all the thousand, small, uncaring ways
The smooth appeasing compromises of time." (Benet)

"There is no fear in love" - "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another."

Marion Niven

SCHOOL

Hours in Life that pass,
In endledd drum of words,
In isolated community
Alone each uses his time of thought
In allotted space of reason and emotion
And wastes, or saves, or ignores
One certainty -- Time.
Taken by others, no justification
No right way to utilize
But endless hours taken
For short minutes used --
Found, as if the incentive
To endure the hours of needless noise.

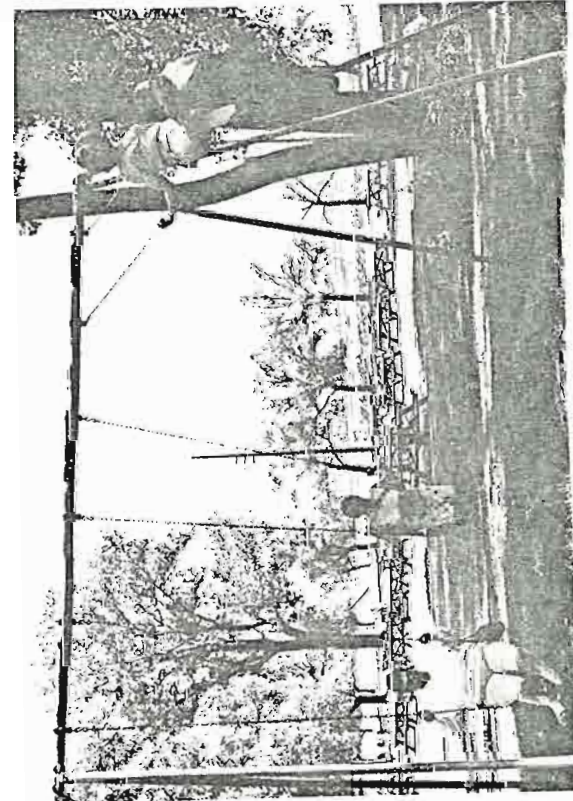
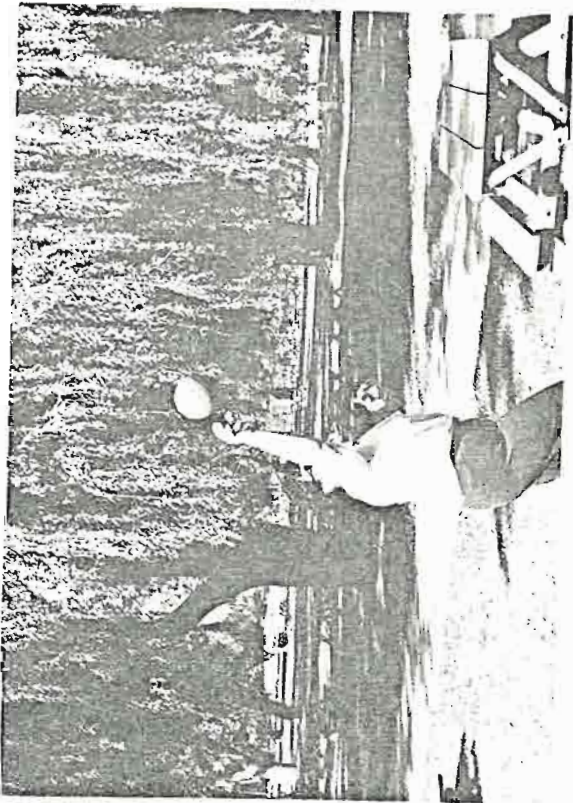
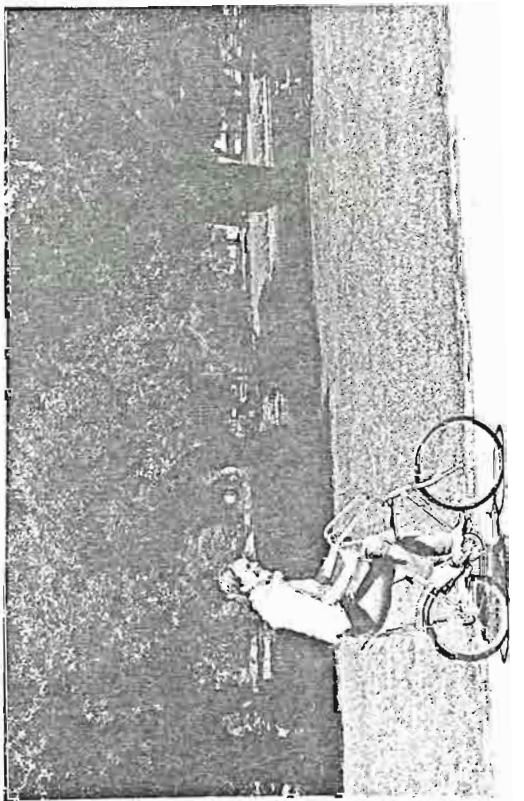
CONSCIENCE

Conscience, have I lived today as if it is my last
Have I freely walked in the light of life
Or have I waited, squandering or saving today
Waiting for usefulness and Love tomorrow
Or worse than tomorrow, the next day after that
Waited as if something would happen to change me
Waited as if today was lost, until it was lost
And then -- my conscience and I sat alone, in the noise of
 voices
In the rush of waiting, talking, walking and living
And I thought for once with my conscience
And I was frightened and I shook in the uncertainty
Of fear for wasting the only life I had
For fear of burying my gifts
And for the fear of ignoring the call
The call that the church drowns out.

VALUE, PEACE

The minutes pass in peace of God
The minutes drag in life of Man
But days and months and years fly by
And man in minutes drags his life
And scrapes away year by year
The value given, peace unknown.

Camillia LaRouche



IDEALISM or a RELISTY IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

The role of the Certified Churchman, the Deaconess, the Director of Christian Education, the Minister, the Parish Assistant and the Parish Priest as I see it. The role encompasses a vast field, and the Church worker is described as an expert in everything and also as a Jack of all Trades but master of none. He has also been given the title, in these days of specialization, of, Specialist in Morality. It is the job of the professional worker to present Christ to the people as the centre of their lives and by whose life all our actions are judged. I see the role of the Professional worker as involving the jobs of Preacher, Teacher, Enabler, Priest, Prophet, Pastor, Counselor and Administrator.

By this I mean that the role of the Professional worker is to Proclaim publicly the message of the Gospel, the Good News that God gave His Son to save us from our sins, and that God is Love. He should show and impart the knowledge of God and the differences that this makes in a person's life. Pointing out that acceptance of Christ calls for a change in attitude. He is also in a position in which he can enable people to fulfil their calling as a Christian giving them the power and strength, which is theirs by their calling, as soon as they are able to, and will accept it. As Priests, you are spiritual guides and can help people to know God more fully. He administers the Sacraments and instructs as to the meaning and significance of the actions entailed. Usually doing this in the context of a service which is constructed so as to enable the corporate worship of God. The Prophet interprets the present events in the light of the Gospel in such a way as people may understand future directions and circumstantial reactions and therefore make decisions conscious of probable results. The Professional worker also has the care of people and therefore attempts to exemplify the love and concern that God in Christ has for His people. Together with this as a counsellor the Professional worker listens to people and helps them to put their problems into words and reflect on how they can handle them. Drawing these all together the Professional worker must be an administrator and therefore a steward over the world that God has given us.

Each individual will probably lean towards one of these areas in your ministry, depending on your particular talents. But we must have them all in mind and be part of our lives. There is a distinctive growing trend to specialized ministries and this is good for they add great value to and enhances the ministry in general.

Although this is a time of change and we can thank God that the Professional worker is no longer on the pedestal he used to have, we must still remember that we are an integral part of the community and as such will be respected even if disagreed with. The Professional worker therefore exerts quite a considerable influence on the population and must be careful not to misuse this. With the changes in society I think that many are trying to say that they no longer have this influence and so it does not matter what they do and say or how they live. I personally feel that this is a mistaken attitude and that we have a responsibility, as have all Christians, to influence the people around us to the Will of God and the good of society in general.

continued.....

This may sound old fashioned and idealistic but I believe it is what Christ taught and therefore timeless. We need something beyond ourselves to strive after and therefore an ideal is good. We are no better than the Apostles and cannot achieve these ideals just as they could not, but with Christ's help we also can strive for perfection. "You, therefore, must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Matthew 5:48.

Phyllis Lock

With over three-quarters of this two-year program as history -- there is indeed a temptation to be strictly sentimental in writing for our yearbook.

There is much about which to be sentimental-- but one cannot deny the pain -- this has not been a bed of roses -- at least if it has been the thorns have also been sharp. Perhaps the joy I've experienced during these two years is like the perfume of a rose --- somewhat elusive, but nonetheless REAL.

Although I do not entirely understand why, I no longer question the validity of having spent two years here.

In my nursing education, the R. C. sisters with whom I worked emphasized the Art, science, and spirit of nursing. Here, I have developed an even greater understanding of the Spirit of healing.

I also understand more fully why being present at the birth of a child has been and is one of my greatest joys -- here, in that warm, cuddly, responsive creature of God who seeks love (Love is a verb) is the hope of mankind.

My emotions at the Centre for Christian Studies have been many -- but since I ended last year with words from a song, I will again -- to All whom I love

--"Thank you for giving me the morning."!!

Gladys M. Hastie

For a time we have lived and worked together,
and we have been enriched.
As we separate to go in many directions,
I would like to borrow these words
as my wish to each person:

You are
 a people-maker,
Look!
 you smile
 and they come to
 life.
You frown
 - they wilt.

You pull within yourself
 - they retreat.
But
 when you aim belief at them,
 they rush forth
 from all kinds of dungeons,
 and they are
 beautiful!
You are
 a people-maker.

-- from WHEELS IN THE AIR
by William T. Joiner

Margarete Emminghaus

TALKY NIGHT IN CANADA

It's Talky Night at C.C.S. ... and as you walk in the door, you are greeted by the Talky announcers, Ward Taylor and Foster Pearson, who direct the traffic from the City Desk. "Welcome to C.C.S. ... No parking in front ... Remove your overshoes ... Sorry, she's not in ... Have a chair ... Gents downstairs ... Offices on your right ... Confessions on the left! ... Come on in ... The game is about to begin."

Now the teams are out on the ice for a brief warm-up; just time to tell you who's who ...

At centre ice, is the diminutive Principal of the C.C.S. team, big Jean (pronounced John) Niven. Jean is, of course, the leading light of this team. He combines the strength and endurance of youth with the steady ability of long experience. He made the rounds of the bush-leagues in eastern Quebec and northern Ontario before breaking into this professional league a few years ago. Niven is especially dangerous around the net and can score from any historical perspective.

And at left wing, there's big Gordie Lane. Gord is having one of his best years yet in this league. And he's been around this field a long time. In fact, he spends a lot of his time educating fields. Few people know that Gordie is also a champion on the badminton court. He's an all-round athlete, and you'd better look out if you're cruising down his wing. Keep your head up and watch out for any shady deals.

Over on right wing, we have a Hull of a good player, Bobby Pogson. He's called the brunette bomber! In his spare time, Bobby Educates Christians. And often he teams up with Gordie to show the rest of the team, and fans all across the country, something about leadership. Wow ... can they lead!! ... and can they develop!! And when they feed the old puck up to big Jean, in a fancy passing play, every goalie in the league trembles!

Now then, let's look at the blue line. On defence, we have Mike Emminghaus. Mike is a relative newcomer to the C.C.S. league, this is his rookie year. But this guy's no rookie ... he's been around the league. In fact, he starred in the Church House league for several years before the C.C.S. drafted him. Just watch him stand out there and hand out those checks. And, of course, Mike has to be able to take a few checks too ... and he does. He really does!!

Also on defence is wee Bobby Shanks. He also likes to hand out checks, but he isn't nearly as good as Emminghaus at taking them. Give Shanks a good hard check, and he'll probably just hand it right on to Emminghaus. Chicken! But Bobby has a redeeming feature ... he sometimes gets involved with the offence. In fact, sometimes he gets quite offensive! And he makes end-to-end rushes, even up and down the stairs.

C.C.S. operates on the two-goalie system. Jacques Booth and Johnny Donaldson are both old-timers around this league. Sports writers everywhere guess at their ages, but they're only guessing. Back when Mr. Stanley invented the Stanley Cup, Jacques and Johnny were both veterans in the art of goaling. They can twist and turn and hit and tap and catch and sometimes even get and give some checks. Opposing teams know they won't do much scoring on those two.

For your information, you'll also see behind the C.C.S. bench the equipment manager, Stan Bellman. Stan was with the C.C.S. before there was a C.C.S.! And he really knows the ways of the league. If you want to know about the players, he's the guy to ask. They say he spends every night studying the TV replays. And of course, his staff keeps him informed about the activities and habits of the players. He looks after all the equipment, and also is responsible for food and building and just about everything.

Finally, there's the trainer and first-aider, Joe McNeely. (Trainers are always called Joe!) Joe looks after injuries, and hands out aspirins and binds up the wounded, "pouring in oil and wine." (Well ... oil, anyway!) Yes, Joe is the friend of every team player. He's always there when you need him.

Well, there's the team for you.

And now the referee has come to centre ice to drop the puck, and we're ready, for

THE BEGINNING

of the rest of the year

A LIFE TOGETHER

We learn what we live ...

If we live with criticism,
We learn to condemn.

If we live with those who act constructively,
We learn to expect Nature too can bring about change.

If we live with lack of trust,
We learn to make unwarranted assumptions.

If we live with trust,
We learn to expect the best of others.

If we live with hostility,
We learn to fight.

If we live with tolerance,
We learn to be patient.

If we live with ridicule,
We learn to be shy.

If we live with encouragement,
We learn to have confidence.

If we live with praise,
We learn to appreciate.

If we live with acceptance,
We learn to accept ourselves.

If we live with those who love,
We learn to love others.

If we live with those who love God,
We too learn to love Him.

And others live with us ...
They too are learning every day.

Ruth



REMEMBER WHO SAID,

What I want to know is, how do you marry the two?

I wonder if she knows how to fuddle-duddle?

It was freaky!

Yecch!

.....but let's not get into that now.

I'm going to mix soap with my Coffeemate.

That's harmony? That's awful!

I wonder if it might be helpful

Are you sure you don't need a rooster?

It wouldn't have happened five years ago.

Whattime izzit?

Holy cow!

I feel frumpish!

You big dumb nut!

you know.....

There's big C Christian and small c (quotes) Christian

There's something I want to tell you....

Promise?

Can you match them up?

Aldeen
Doug,
Jean,
Chris
Vic
Ruth P.

Rae
Mardie
Andrea
Doug
Camillia
Mary

May
Bev
Susannah
Cathy
Evelyn
Marion B.

-- Aldeen, Cathy, Mardie.

Joy is

the laughter of little children
the mystery of life in knowing*
extravagant trust

rejoicing in the differences among people

refreshing rain and spring sunshine
careless love

being bound together in Christ
going beyond ourselves in sharing
friendship and laughter
sharing your chocolate covered dogbone

* that we can let go in God and not hit bottom

QUOTATIONS:

Doug Shanks -- Everyone of you is a theologian by definition and no less
everyone of you is a minister with a ministry to perform.

Marion Niven -- Orthodox history as taught at the C.C.S. does not repeat
itself, but similar causes produce similar results.

Father Gregory Baum -- We can become so critical that we destroy, by
reflection, the good things that happen in our lives.

A gem:

A pupil -- Goes to school
A student -- Studies
A scholar -- thinks

I read in a book
That a man
Called Christ ...
Went about doing good.
It is very disconcerting to me
That I am so easily satisfied ...
With just going about.

STRANGE HOW I'M MADE

1. Strange
How I'm made ...
Half mystic,
and half mutt
Eyes upon the stars
My feet,
Deep in the mud ...
Both stars and mud ...
Thinking they both
Are swell.
- One moment lying,
And the next
I'd die for the truth,
One moment kind
The next as tricky
As the devil
And as cruel
As Hell.
- Queer
How a soul
Can be split up
like that ...
Part God ...
Part scalawag ...
It's queer.
It's inconvenient too.
Because you're never sure
Which part of you
Is on the job.
- Yet, other times,
When you don't care
A hoot how you behave,
When you've about decided
To let go and be
A common tramp ...
 Something in you
 Leaps up like a flame
 And all that muck
 In you is burned away;
And in a flash,
 You're tall, and clean
 and strong ...
2. It used
To get me once,
To be like that,
I used to hate myself ...
Hate life ...
My pride was hurt,
I felt I'd been
Betrayed by God
Who'd made me
Such a mess.
What was life worth
If one were flawed
Like that?
Strong, yet so weak,
Philosopher,
And fool.
Yes, once,
Because I could not be
That perfect thing I wished
I hated life.
3. But now I know
That flawed lives, too
Are good,
And serve a purpose
In God's kindly plan.
- For only those who've lied
Can feel
A liar's shame ...
And only cowards
Know the bitter blame
Cowards must face ...
And only those who've failed
Can understand the
Fear of failure
Or the burden of defeat.
4. So, through my weakness,
I possess the key
To every heart that's sad,
Or shamed, or soiled ...
And through my blunders
I've found tolerance and pity
In the place of my lost pride.
- So, God, I'm glad you made me
As I am, ... mystic and mutt
Philosopher and fool;
My eyes upon the stars,
My feet in the mud ...
For I have found
Both stars and mud
And I have learned
Flawed lives can serve you well.

- author unknown
- contributed by Gladys Booth

alive and realistic Jesus
Christian Education

PUZZLE

HELP

CHURCH PERSONNEL REQUIREMENTS
Faith
Eternity
PLEASANT VALUE!
I'm gonna quit!!!

THIS CHURCH RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL AUDIENCES

question

DIET

TODAY

SERVING

power of Christ.

So long

Miracles

WHY "WHIZ" WAY

Happiness



Wonderland

Poetry on my door

understanding

chalk it up to learning!

vital

CHRISTIANITY



A few words, ideas expressing only part of the challenge, hopes, joys, etc., of life at the Centre for Christian Studies. Once again, "Praise the Lord for all!"



Surprise

Barth
Wegeseburn

"LIFE IN CHRIST"

change

it's been good

1970-1971

THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

HAMILTON

FRERE

CHRIST

work Exercises
More Exercises

CHURCH

Sharing

ANSWERS FOR AN ALIENATED WORLD

PERFUME
DYNAMITE

Blessings

Celebrate



LAUGHING

give

Maudie

INSPIRATION

God

confusion

Worship

starvation

Mission

Page

Don't tell me that God is dead!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Aldeen wills her crying towel to Charlotte

Andy wills her jeans to Maureen

Audrey wills her bar to the budding "lawyers" of first year

Barbara wills her "Everyman's Encyclopaedia of Practical Jokes" to Camillia

Cathy wills her needles and thread to Susannah

Evelyn wills her bed to Rae

Faye wills her low-cal salad dressing to May's exercise class

Gladys wills her thermometer to Pat

Jack wills his ash tray to Mardie

Jean wills her study lamp to Mary

Ken wills his bridge cards to Bessie

Phyllis wills her Wycliffe passkey to Chris

Ralph wills his snow shovel to Elaine

Vic wills his Leslie Weatherhead books to Doug.

- - -

An Irish Toast:

May you be in heaven a half hour before
the devil knows you're dead.

Jean Boal

- - -

Last year I wrote a little bit in the year book. This year I have decided to write a real little bit:

"I'm going to miss this place!"

March 5, 1971

Miss Kay Donaldson
Centre For Christian Studies
77 Charles Street West
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Kay:

Re: the meeting of the Sub-Committee on Evaluation of the Educational Affairs Committee to evaluate previous evaluation procedures and to provide poignant pronouncements on the present prospectus for the evaluation of program and personnel.

Peering at the papers in my postbox, perchance I pinpointed a particularly portly parcel from your personnel. Prying open the package, I discovered that plainly the pages therein pleaded that I pre-occupy myself with their perusal. Upon pondering my plight, I exhibited pallor, palpitations and paralysis. This was not permanent but progressed to a posture of pugnacity and I perceived my person pummelling its 'brest'. (A perspicuous peek at my person will explain the parentheses.) Returning to my normal phlegmatic state, I pondered the possibility that my protestations may be pathological or stem from pusillanimity. The thought pervaded that it is pretty petty to be petulant about a predominant (pandemic?) past time of pedagogy and that perhaps my passion could be put to better use elsewhere. I pondered my prime principle 'NON ILLEGITIMI CARBORUNDUM' while my practical side persuaded me that such a palover might be profitable. So, I am presently prepared to properly preview the prospectus and to pop in and provide pellucid proposals although I feel that the proper path to progress for passing prospective preachers is the purchase of a photometer.

This preamble is preparatory to the following:
Monday evening, March 22 - potty
Wednesday afternoon, March 17 - preferred

Pip pip,

Penny.

TO THE RESIDENTS

Anna, who gave us such a beautiful Communion service;

Annette, who's added "Ach du lieber Augustine" to our vocabularies;

Bev, who always has a twinkle in her eye and a spare cigareete;

Charlotte, who plays a mean piano;

Daisy, with her Qubic and Greek cards;

Gail, the card shark at bridge and rummy;

Heather, who can write a paper on the Protestant Reformation for a Roman Catholic professor and still get an "A";

Jewell, with her beautiful voice

Marion, with her unusual foot bath;

Odette, who's always able to explain the meals;

Reiko, the great all-time F.B.I. fan;

Roma, the only non-tempermental redhead we know;

Ruth, the cheerer-uper of the ailing;

Stephanie, and those handsome men;

Sylvia, Winnie and Karen, who've been with us such a short time yet added so much.

You were all part of what made
this such a great year. Many
thanks,

The C.C.S. Students.



SUMMER NIGHT

This was the September night when the returning students described their summers on mission fields, and the new students wondered if they'd ever know that much. (What have we got ourselves into? One year is so short to learn so much!) All of the second year student said how much they got from their congregations, but Phyllis was specific -- she got a cow! Chris Lawrence and Camillia LaRouche then introduced us to paper-bag skits, and Miss Bellman introduced us to her special punch, so the evening ended with fun and food.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

In mid-December, the staff, students, residents and field work supervisors met with special guests for the Annual Christmas Party. Our theme, "Every Star Shall Sing a Carol", was carried out with blue and silver decorations throughout the building. We began with juice, chips, etc. in the gym and craft room, and then moved upstairs to the dining room to find that Miss Bellman and her staff had outdone themselves. After the delicious dinner, we played games at our tables while the main common room was readied for the program. May danced, Faye read from The Little Prince, Reiko and Chris' choir sang, Dr. Norma Vincent Peal (Audrey) showed us how to counsel a couple having marital problems (Andy and Ken), Kay led us in singing our favourite Christmas carols, and the supervisors entertained with with paper-bag skits. A worship service ended this evening to remember.

RETREAT

At the Centre, the word "retreat" means many and sundry things! As a matter of fact, it is not unusual for one to live, eat, study, discuss, worship, etc., etc., etc., at the Centre for the entire two-year period of time and just never find out what the word means!

Despite this state of affairs, however, the Centre has managed to keep a number of ideas under consideration, and has (this past year) actually gone ahead and had two "retreats".

The first of these was in actuality a weekend away at Harriet Christie's cottage. Starting Friday evening, those that stayed overnight -- well supplied with sleeping bags, food, books, films, you name it -- had what was an enjoyable evening of fun and relaxation.

Many others of the Centre joined in the next day. Once again, the program was one of recreation, with discussion and worship. A couple of members of the group even held an amateur kite-flying contest!

The second "retreat", to be sure, was not planned in quite the same way. However it too was set up to help balance the academic side of the Centre's program, and to allow for a specific time for growing together in the community.

* * * * *

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING.....

There's an old saying that there are three kinds of fools -- the plain fools, the damn fools and the volunteers. This is dedicated to the volunteers:

Andrea Reid, who chaired the Residence Council and who headed the committee who chose the pictures for the dining room;

Audrey Whitney, whose athletic committee planned Fun Night and also provided the hockey fans among us with an opportunity to see an NHL game;

Aldeen McKay, who headed our student government;

Barbara Gibaut, whose task force on student government has provided us with a new and better way of managing our affairs;

Cathy Dayfoot, who worked so hard for this yearbook;

Charlotte McLean, whose courtesy and culture committee helped us to celebrate our birthdays with cards and cakes;

Gladys Hastie, who provided us with our class pictures;

Chris Lawrence and Evelyn Inglis who added a musical dimension to our worship services;

The members of the worship committee who co-ordinated the efforts of the rest of us and added such meaningful Communion services;

Those who worked to help these leaders lead us.

THANKS GANG!



MOCK GRADUATION

Mid-night February 4, 1971 and bewildered second year students entered the gym to be handed a hat and gown. When all were present, the Chancellor and guest speaker led the procession, first the platform party then the graduates, to their awaiting seats. The graduates sang their song for us, and then the Chancellor, Chris Lawrence, calls them one by one and each are presented with their wings, their haloes and their diplomas. The guest speaker Phyllis Lock, then addressed the graduates with a very moving speech.

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to pay our last respects to our sisters in affliction. At the Centre you entered into community, and here in union with your fellow inmates you were nurtured in the community life and grew in oneness with each other. We welcome you here this one last time to bid you farewell until we meet again in that great encounter group in the sky. Those, whom you are about to leave behind may look forward to the day when then too shall step out into the joy that will never end. They will have to continue without your mature experience to guide them. Nevermore shall they have your dedicated, sober, pious selves before them as an example. Now it is their responsibility, as you have demonstrated, to take in hand the incoming class and lead them in the way that they should go as you have done for them. At this point, it is appropriate to read a poem specially plagerized for the occasion.

TO THE GRADUATE

Today you march with solemn resignation
Your head erect beneath your dunce cap.
With shining halo I saw your wings tremble
Was it for the precious memories you have stored?

You were stunned as you clung to your diploma.
Your smile was brave for whatever lay ahead.
Your bloodshot eyes were never brighter shining,
Could it be they held a tear you dared not shed?

Two fleeting years you've reached for this one
minute,
Now to you belongs this graduation night.
Don't look back, there are many doors to open,
Your diploma merely slams them in your face.

Opportunity isn't yours but seek it anyway.
But don't get goals you'll never realize
Remembering the mess it got you in at CCS
When the seeds of knowledge first began to grow.

With diligence your garden must be tended,
Or the choking weeds in masses soon will rise,

You must study the challenged art of GROWING
For your life to be a worthwhile enterprise.

Congratulations for tonight you are a graduate
Dreaming of the new life you'll begin
Though you think that it's all over now
Remember FOCUS is at 10 o'clock.

Another round of the graduate song, and the formal ceremonies were over. Back up to the third floor common room for the reception there laid on. Hot chocolate and donuts what more could you ask on such a memorable occasion. Music and singing created the concluding part of the evening, joy was shared in many well known and loved songs which have become so meaningful during our time at the Centre.

Phyllis Lock

The diploma, signed by President, LUTHER ERASMUS WESLEY and Chancellor ORIGIN EMMERSON FOSDICK, read as follows:

"Whereas _____ has spent two long years in growing, goal-setting, evaluating, and relating;

And whereas she/he has attended one or two classes;

And whereas she/he has field-worked upon many and varied unsuspecting individuals;

And whereas her/his photograph has already been included in the class picture;

She is hereby granted the degree of masters of GROWTH with all the rights and privileges thereto appertained.

Dated this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1971.



GENERAL COUNCIL AND GENERAL SYNOD
at Niagara Falls -- Jan. 28, 1971

We started out from the Centre at 8 a.m. Thursday morning to watch General Synod and General Council. It was very cold, but we got to Niagara Falls quickly. First, we sat in on the first union talks -- where the Anglicans and Uniteds sat together, officially for the first time. We saw a film on the uniting of the three churches, then Dr. Moore gave a talk, then Archbishop Clark gave an introduction to the panel discussion that was to follow. This was a panel of five men and one woman that answered questions about the church union report. Then came lunch and, following that, study groups. My study group talked about the relevances of baptism and confirmation, and whether or not the two should be combined. An Anglican communion service followed this, in which both the Anglicans and the Uniteds took part. We then had supper, and after that went to the evening session of General Synod where the Anglicans were working on some of the many decisions of the Synod. After that we drove home.

Susannah Biller

FUN NIGHT


"Fun Night" was our first major social - athletic event of the year. About 35 people gathered in the gym to take part in such exciting events as four-square, broomball, volleyball (all with new rules), sing-songs, and refreshments.

In fact, the evening ended with refreshments, song, sport and bruises.

Audrey Whitney

MOCK INITIATION

During our first week at the Centre, the first year students were awakened in the middle of the night. With thoughts of air raids and four-alarm fires dancing in our heads, we were led to the gym by the second-year students. There we were seated around a campfire for songs and ghost stories. Kool-Aid and cookies ended the evening. We knew we really belonged.



Our hoped-for graduation day
Will soon be drawing near.
For two long years we've studied hard:
The future now is here!

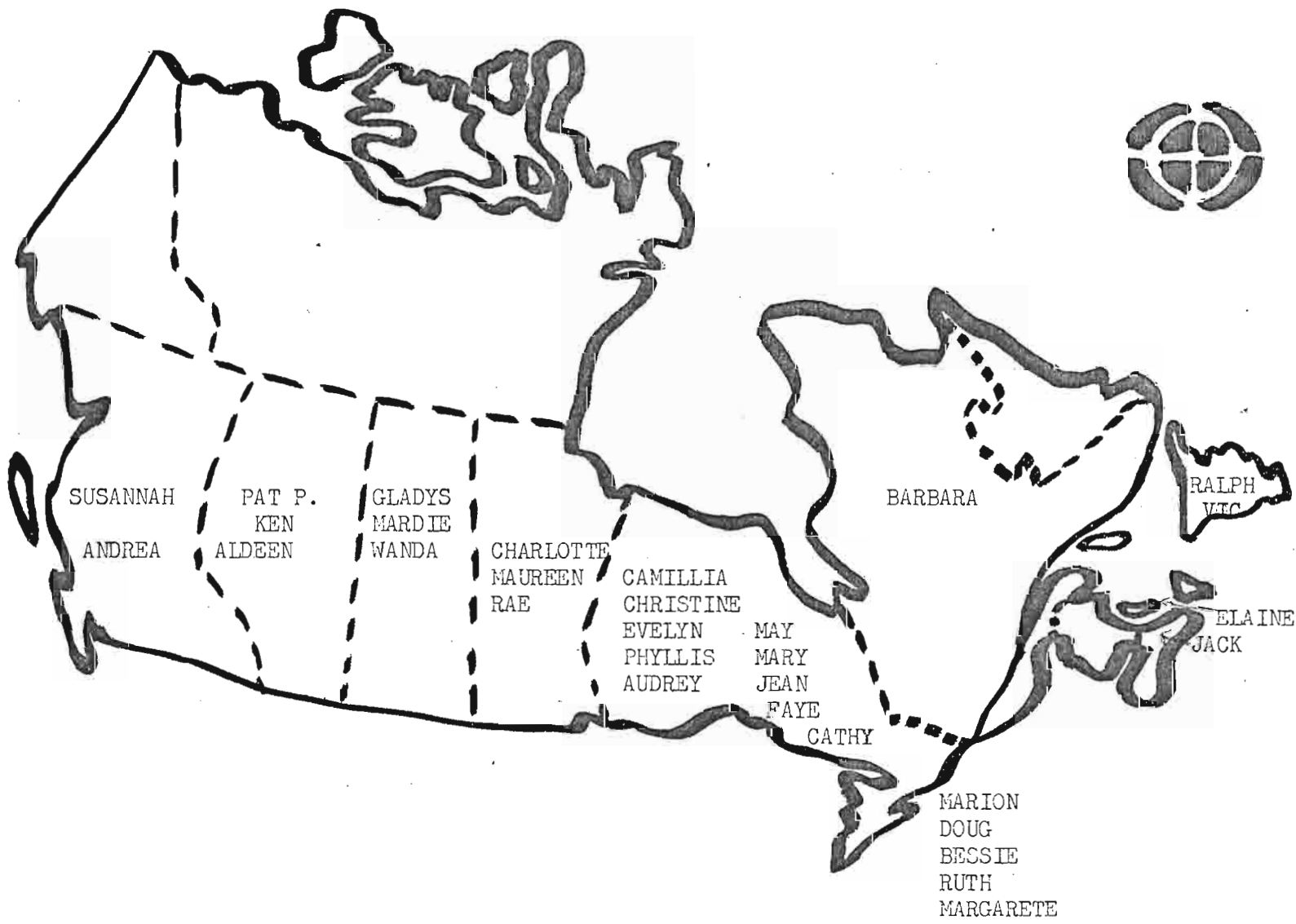
They say our "student days" are done;
We question what they say.
To keep ahead of challenges,
We'll study every day.

Our life at CCS has brought
New friends who also came.
The ones we've met have changed our lives:
We'll never be the same.

We all have had our ups and downs,
Our joys and sorrows too
But everytime, there was a friend
Close by to see us through.

For though we go our separate ways,
To places far and wide,
We'll still be joined by God above
Whose Love will be our guide.

Evelyn Inglis



A PRAYER AT GRADUATION

Lord,

As I go to serve you in the Church:

Let me take seriously my responsibility
as your servant.

But not so seriously that I forget
that your Church has got along without me until now

And that it will continue after I am gone.

Help me to freely receive love from others
as well to freely give love.

Help me to love life:
To enjoy each moment here and now

Yet at the same time reach forward
and claim a better tomorrow.

May I always remember that Christ is ever with me
That his Spirit will do what must be done,
Not mine.

- Amen.

(contributed by Jean Boal)

