

**Cathedral
of the
Good
Shepherd**



**Catedral
del
Buen
Pastor**



For a child has been born for us,
a son given to us;
(Isaiah 9:6)

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www.goodshepherdlima.org

From our Interim Rector

Dear friends,

Once again, we are in the Advent season preparing for Christmas and a New Year.

These have been and continue to be difficult times for the human race and we do well to remember that not only is God our Creator but our Father and that He is always working His purposes out for the good of His Church. History is His Story after all. One certain fact is that God is sovereign and not merely in control but fulfilling His Will for this world.

Just as things have been difficult for the world so things haven't been easy for our community at the Good Shepherd, but it's clear that in God's hands everything serves to prepare us to be the Church which represents Him. As part of the worldwide Christian community, we seek to show to this difficult world God's values and His gospel of love and redemption.

As we continue the process of discerning God's Will regarding our next Minister, we thank Him for a number of new members who are willing to be actively involved in the life of the church. We warmly invite you to come and join us and become part of all we are doing!

This comes with my love and prayers as always,

Your brother in Christ,

Greg

(Archbishop Greg Venables)

When Christ was born
so was our hope.
(Max Lucado)

Advent message

Dear People of the Good Shepherd. And visitors to our community.
Welcome!

Welcome to the Christmas Bazaar at the Cathedral of the Good Shepherd, Lima. When I lived in Lima, and was part of the staff of the Cathedral, one of the things that I had to get used to was Christmas in summertime. I now live back in Vermont where we have lots of snow, evergreen trees, and freezing temperatures. Up here it makes sense to sing carols like “in the bleak midwinter,” and “Good King Wenceslas.” Less so in Lima, Peru. However, as we used to say, “Jesus is the reason for the season.”

I believe that to focus on weather takes something away from Christmas. Christmas and the season of Advent are when we prepare for the coming of the Christ Child and celebrate God’s love for us. Jesus calls himself, “The Good Shepherd.” Jesus is good, and he is the shepherd of his sheep. We are the sheep. To be one of the sheep that are part of his “flock,” takes a decision. That decision is found in a line of one of my favorite carols. It goes, “be born in us today.” The carol is “O little town of Bethlehem.” Here are the first four lines of the last verse. It is my prayer for you today; all who will read this short meditation.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin, and enter in,
be born in us today.

AMEN

Fr Ian Montgomery

London calls

One of my favourite churches in the world (so far) is the Good Shepherd in Miraflores. It was where I was ordained in 2006, the base from which I ran some Pueblos Jovenes educational projects as a SAMS mission partner and the place where I felt at home.

How exciting to have an opportunity in September to leave my London home again and come to Lima to cover some of the church services, connect with the congregation and to lead a small group studying the reach of biblical faith in our troubled world. We focused on questions like “What is the Kingdom of God?” and “How does the healing and transformation Jesus described relate to today?”. As some of you know, environmental issues and land justice are one of my passions so that got quite an airing too. My student in Argentina had recently presented a dissertation about habitat loss in the Chaco forest, and when fire broke out there I was so glad we in the Cathedral could pray about that.

One of the things that impresses me about the Good Shepherd congregation is the scope of intercessions in the services. How our world needs prayer and of course practical action. With our church children here in London we commemorated Remembrance Sunday with a service similar to yours, but during the sermon the children did a science experiment with oil, water and an emulsifier. There is a barrier between the oil and water, and they don't mix until the washing up liquid is added. One perceptive child said “It is like a peacemaker “. We need peacemakers in our world, especially the Peace that the Spirit of Jesus brings.

With the season of Advent about to start I'm thinking of ways to interact with the public. Here in the UK Christmas starts so early. At the Good Shepherd, I know you do Advent 'properly' and Christmas is

celebrated later. Many churches here go with the flow and start whilst the public are celebrating. I have a Christmas tree growing in my front garden and during covid lock down I started hanging encouraging words and pictures on it. The passing public started to look for it and take photos especially something amusing or novel. My idea for this season is to hang some classical paintings gradually and add relevant text to match them. Then at Christmas itself I will put up some QR codes linked to Christmas carols. For this I will need some techy help. The memory of carols is fading here – a pity as they are so rich in Biblical truth.

Last week we completed Christmas Experience for local schools. (I said Christmas comes early in the UK.) After seeing a drama of the birth narrative of Christ they visit different areas in the church to learn more in an interactive way. One area is devoted to Christmas in other countries and cultures. So of course, Peru features. I put out a nativity and we talk about different customs and then play a pairs game with



Spanish Christmas vocabulary. This year they were very distracted by an angel with a broken wing. Is it painful? How did it happen? Can it be mended? Can the angel still fly? In the end I had to remove the angel and ‘sent it to hospital’. I noted though, how troubled children are by such things. So much is broken in our world, and I know it troubles them as well as us. This is one reason I

am so keen to pass on the faith to the next generations. The LORD urges this too. In psalm 78 - ‘We will tell the next generation the praiseworthy deeds of the LORD, his power and the wonders he has done. ‘The psalmist goes on to mention’ the children yet to be born’. This is a delightful task for us and there are many ways to do it. So, let’s pray for the children in our lives for a start. Let us also pray earnestly for our broken world.

Of course, one of my strongest memories of my recent visit is the Queen’s Memorial Service. What a day with all kinds of visitors, words

to reflect her reign, hymns the Queen loved and the extra visitors, the Piper, the fire service and of course Paddington Bear. Now we look forward to the coronation as King Charles starts his reign. It will be different, but we pray for a continuity with respect to the Christian faith.

I'm hoping to come to Lima again, maybe next year around Easter and / or Pentecost. In the meantime, be blest during Advent.

Rev Mavis Crispin

“The Lord is my Shepherd”

A Sunday School teacher decided to have her young class memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible - Psalm 23.

She gave the youngsters a month to learn the chapter.

Little Rick was excited about the task - but he just couldn't remember the Psalm.

After much practice, he could barely get past the first line.

On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Ricky was so nervous.

When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly,

"The Lord is my Shepherd, and that's all I need to know."



What Christmas Means to Us

Our son Joseph was born in February this year, so this will be our second Christmas as a family of three. However, it is his first Christmas here in the outside world and at some point, that's bound to change the way Dalila and I have preferred to spend the Christmas holidays up to now. The tastes of both mami and papi tend toward the simple and for others, perhaps even boring. We don't deck our halls with boughs of



holly or decorate a tree and are home-lovers at heart, our Christmases tend to be quiet and while we do enjoy typical Venezuelan Christmas dishes such as pernil, pan de jamón or hallacas

(explanations on request 😊) and exchange a gift

or two, there's a distinct lack of raucous parties or social events. Above all and to borrow a phrase from an Anglican vicar I admire, we take time to reflect on the way our Lord "Went All In" by sending his only begotten Son in the humblest way possible, a vulnerable baby sent to save us all and left in the charge of loving parents.

However, and as parents around the world know all too well, the arrival of our Joe has changed many things! We are both keenly aware that our preference for low key celebrations over Christmas may well alter once our small third party has an opinion of his own, we are after all citizens of a modern world with traditions and a culture that have morphed over the years. The 21st century is all around, and reality tells us that at some point, Joseph's preferences will be as important as ours and if that means parties, tables full of cakes and strings of flashy lights in our family's future, then so be it and we'll welcome the changes. But this year, the first real Christmas for our son, will run to his parents' taste and hey, maybe we will get away with a couple more before the modern world comes knocking with its social demands and tinsel trees. Still, we do hope that by the time it does our darling son will

understand the importance of the Christmas period and its story, that nice things to eat are good and gifts are an effect to be enjoyed, but they are not the true cause for celebration.

So what does Christmas mean to us? It is a time to praise and pay homage for the arrival of our Lord, to remember his impeccable life and sacrifice that saves us all, to give thanks for the suffering servant and to reflect on what is truly important, not only at Christmas but in every day of the year.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

Mark Turner (with Dalila and Joseph)



*“You can never truly
enjoy Christmas until
you can look up into the
Father’s face and tell
Him you have received
His Christmas gift.”*

— JOHN R. RICE



Social Work – Christmas Box project

Once again, the Cathedral is working with San Silvestre School to provide Christmas gifts to children living in poverty. Last year 304 children in the departments of Cusco, Arequipa and Puno received gifts; this year, over 300 gifts will be sent to Cajamarca, Abancay, Arequipa, Cusco and Lima. Each gift, which is prepared for a specific named child, contains an age-related toy/game, toiletries, school supplies and cookies/sweets; in addition, children receive a small colouring booklet “What is Christmas?” which explains that the motive for celebrating Christmas is not giving Christmas presents such as toys, but is rejoicing in the true gift at Christmas – God’s own son Jesus.

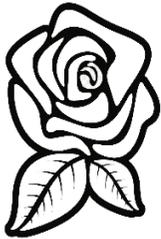


The giving of gifts is not something man invented.
God started the giving spree
when He gave a gift beyond words,
the unspeakable gift of His Son.

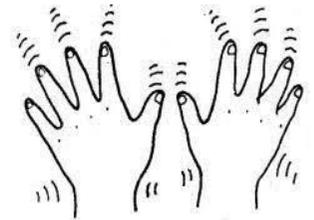
Robert Flatt

Advent challenge

Advent is a time of preparation. Here are some ideas to use the rest of the time before Christmas to prepare yourself for the coming of Jesus:



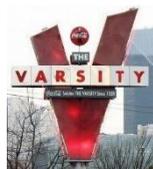
Thurs 1	Write a letter or email to someone you have not contacted for a long time
Fri 2	Watch the sunrise or sunset and enjoy the colours
Sat 3	Smile at 5 people
Sun 4	Think of 6 things you enjoy about Christmas and give thanks for them
Mon 5	Say "thank you" to the guards and street cleaners you see
Tues 6	Move your fingers and toes, and give thanks that you are alive
Wed 7	Go to the Carol Service and give thanks for music and for Jesus
Thurs 8	Check whether your neighbours need any help, and give it if you can
Fri 9	Whilst eating, give thanks for all the people involved in producing the food
Sat 10	Give a gift to someone who will NOT be giving <u>you</u> a gift
Sun 11	Take 10 deep breaths and remember you are a human BEing, not a human DOing
Mon 12	Tell someone you love them
Tues 13	Say "thank you" to someone who has helped you to enjoy Christmas in the past
Wed 14	Smell a flower and consider whether YOU bring a sweet fragrance to the people around
Thurs 15	Whilst having a shower, give thanks for having running water
Fri 16	Eat something special and give thanks for the gift of taste
Sat 17	Hold the door open for somebody
Sun 18	Sing or listen to some Christmas music and think about the words
Mon 19	Greet the security guards at the bank or supermarket (or both!)
Tues 20	When you switch on a light, give thanks for the gift of sight
Wed 21	Call a family member with whom you haven't spoken in a while
Thurs 22	Go to a garden or park and listen to the birds and their music
Fri 23	Say something affirming to at least 4 people
Sat 24	"God is love". Give thanks for God's love and for the love of other people



Hot Dogs, Waffles, Stinky Incense and the Crisp, Cold air of Christmas Morning

Serving in ministry, attending seminary, pastoring churches while your children are young are just some of the challenges most young pastors often find themselves in. Early on in our ministry, my wife and I decided that no matter how busy we were during the Advent and Christmas season we would find time to create lasting memories for our three young and very impressionable children. In a world that focused on presents and Santa Claus, we wanted to create memories centered on the Christ child and the wonders of Christmas.

At the time of this story, the church I was serving at, had six Christmas Eve Services. I was one of five associate pastors, and since there were so many of us, we were given a choice as to which services we would assist with. I would always try to choose the earlier services, so that my family and I could attend the mid-night Christmas mass at St. Phillip's Cathedral in downtown Atlanta. Wanting to make sure my family went into Christmas Eve with a healthy, and nutritious meal, part of our annual pilgrimage to the Cathedral would always include a stop at the famous Varsity Hotdog and Hamburger Stand in downtown Atlanta. At that time, the Varsity Hot Dog Stand was open to 1 am on Christmas eve! I would proudly parade in my little family, looking smart in our Sunday best, step up to the counter and hear the familiar yelp of bar hops...."Whata ya have?, Whata ya have?", and just like magic the most wonderful gastronomic event would follow. "I'll have four naked dogs (plain hotdog), rings (onion of course), five fried peach pies, four all the way dogs (chili, cheese, Cole slaw, mustard), followed by five Cokes. Just so you can understand the depth of deliciousness, the paper containers it all was served on, oozed with oil from the fryers.



We did not eat this way all the time, but on Christmas Eve, it was a sacrifice worthy of the occasion.

After our Christmas Eve feast, and multiple trips to the restrooms, we were on our way to join one of the most amazing Christmas eve services I have ever been blessed to attend. Entering St. Phillips Cathedral, it was impossible for one not to anticipate something great was about to unfold. The sights, sounds and smells of Christmas filled the air with remnants of Christmas Past, Present and future. One of those smells of Christmas past was the slight smell of moth balls emanating from some of the ladies' fur wraps that had only that day been taken out of storage. The high vaulted ceiling of the cathedral with its intricate details, and floor to ceiling stain glassed windows illuminated from the outside literally took your breath away. The rose window at the front of the church, illuminated, shown like a beacon over the High Alter which typically was covered in sprays of red long stem roses. On either side of the altar were towering Christmas trees fashioned out of hundreds of red poinsettias also known as the Christmas flower of Mexico. Absolute splendor to celebrate the coming of Christ.

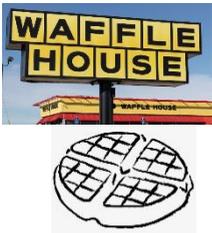
We would quickly find our usual seats, which were most always upfront on the inner isle. Within minutes of sitting, as if angels from the realms of glory burst into song, the Cathedral Choir, dressed in their long robes and Elizabethan collars, accompanied by a full orchestra, would begin to sing the Carols of Christmas, many in both Latin and English. Quietly at first, the sound would build to a cacophony of praise that one could only imagine being matched by the sounds of angel choirs in Heaven. As the music swelled, the 20-foot-tall wooden rear doors of the cathedral would part and the grand procession start, first to enter, and I think my children's favorite, was the priest swinging the thurible (incense). Now you have to understand that this



was a once-a-year event, carried around the world on television by CNN, so the censuring was done with great fanfare! Loops, side to side, front to back, figure eights, and on and on, all while dispersing the smell of burning rosemary and frankincense. On one particular Christmas Eve, as he passed by our pew, there on the CNN worldwide broadcast was my youngest daughter Sarah, in her proud father's arms, holding her nose. Christ did say, suffer the children unto him., not sure that is what he meant. The long line of celebrants with their tall hats, banners, crosses, choir and other participants added to the splendor and awe of the moment.

The service would go on for over two hours, and even though it was late, my children watched with eyes of wonder. Mass would conclude around one AM in the morning. Following a rousing rendition of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, we would leave the Cathedral and enter the crisp cold air of Christmas morning, The air of Christmas morning felt and smelled so much better after celebrating the birth of Christ and the hope renewed. Even though it had been a long day of work and long night, I found myself with renewed energy, knowing that I serve an awesome God.

Back in the car, waiting in the long lines to exit the parking lot, we were off again to our last stop before home and that was to eat breakfast at one of the most iconic landmark restaurants in the Southern United States, Waffle House. At 2 AM on Christmas morning, who could resist a fresh hot waffle with a side of hash brown potatoes scattered, smothered and covered (fried with onions and covered by a slice of cheddar cheese).



Once home, we would open the few presents under the tree and head off to bed for our long winter's nap. Christmas day was then spent

enjoying family and visiting nursing homes, or others in the congregation who were alone.

To this day, if you ask my children what their favorite memories of Christmas growing up are, they will tell you about the hotdogs, waffles, stinky incense and the crisp air of Christmas morning.

Bliss Spillar

Where did Christmas stockings come from?

No one is really sure, but a story is told of St Nicholas, a bishop who lived in the 4th century, who may have started the custom by accident. St Nicholas was of a wealthy family, and of a generous heart. As Christmas approached one year, he wanted to help a poor family whom he knew, but he did not want them to know it was him. So he climbed up on their roof on Christmas Eve and dropped some coins down the chimney.



The next morning the coins, to the great surprise of the family, were found in the stockings of the ladies, who had hung them to dry by the fire the night before. Every year after that they put their stockings out, in the hope that some more money would fall into them. They told the story of this amazing appearance to their friends and neighbours, and the custom caught on.

When we were children, we were grateful
to those who filled our stockings
at Christmas time.

Why are we not grateful to God
for filling our stockings with legs?

G K Chesterton

The Plum Tree



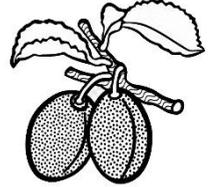
It all began one day in October. All through the winter the tree had been standing sadly bedraggled, losing ever more leaves. Would it recover and give fruit again? The days passed and more leaves fell. Then one day in October, there was a sudden speck of white among the dejected leaves. For nearly 2 weeks this was the only

flower; were we to have only one plum this year? But then the miracle began, more and more specks appeared daily until the whole tree was a mass of snowy flowers. The flowers fell and tiny green swellings took their place. November passed and then December; a few very small hard green plums appeared on the grass. By January the fruit began blushing on one side and the birds immediately launched an attack on these. We could not wait for anything to ripen fully, or we would lose everything. The tree filled with lush new shiny green leaves that cradled the plums, hopefully hiding some from the searching beaks. Plums from high at the top branches out of reach eventually fell, fully ripe and well eaten. Others I could reach, but too late, were like colanders, pierced by tiny beaks over the entire surface.

But the tree continued to produce ever more, and every day there would be 2 liter pots more of ripe plums, rescued from their hiding places in the foliage. The part near the house had very little fruit but a branch on the other side became so heavily laden that it dropped some 50 inches and brushed the ground. The grass became littered in rotting plums, no longer interesting to the birds but now a delight to a large yellow and black beetle and the ants, and annoyingly sticking on my shoes. The full-throated blackbirds called gloriously and piercingly to their friends and a wee unidentified bird scolded me from within the

foliage every time I began picking. But there was plenty for us all. I gathered up the green fruit that fell and looked up recipes for these.

And then, what to do with it all? Share it with neighbours and family, and in the end with people who just appeared at the door. Make jam for the next church sale and use as a gift. The stones are too firmly fixed in this type of plum and so all had to be boiled, cooled and then squeezed to remove the stones before making the jam; followed by measuring and boiling, washing and heating the jars, while remembering to buy enough sugar but not use too much. Then freezing some of the pulp for later baking of cakes and desserts.



But suddenly there were no more, just the stones on the ground, a luxuriant leafy green tree and some disappointed birds. Such thanks to God for the glorious abundance of the gifts of Nature when we care for it. And thanks to our now deceased neighbor, who gave us the tiny treelet years ago.

Jean Samaniego

Christmas gift suggestions:

- To your enemy, forgiveness.
- To an opponent, tolerance.
- To a friend, your heart.
- To a customer, service.
- To all, charity.
- To every child, a good example.
- To yourself, respect.



Colouring Page



**And they came with haste, and found
Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying
in a manger.**

Luke 2:16

Wordsearch

Mystery Christmas Carol

The words listed below are from a familiar Christmas Carol. What is it?
Find and circle all the words hidden in the grid.

The remaining letters will spell the name of the Christmas Carol.

A	H	N	D	Y	H	T	T	W	T	T	E	E	W	S
W	G	W	R	C	H	I	L	D	R	E	N	A	P	C
S	I	O	O	T	H	E	E	Y	I	I	N	O	N	R
T	N	D	L	T	W	A	K	E	S	A	O	D	A	I
A	M	R	H	L	O	O	K	E	D	R	L	N	E	B
Y	S	E	A	M	A	B	S	E	L	T	T	A	C	R
A	R	R	O	E	R	M	N	S	A	I	H	E	G	Y
E	J	R	A	I	N	O	F	K	E	E	V	R	N	A
S	F	E	G	T	E	R	E	O	A	L	E	E	I	L
C	I	H	S	V	S	N	G	V	R	G	B	H	W	I
L	T	D	O	U	S	I	E	N	N	E	A	W	O	T
O	K	L	E	E	S	N	H	A	I	Y	V	D	L	T
S	S	R	K	K	G	G	M	E	W	Y	E	E	U	L
E	A	A	Y	P	E	E	L	S	A	A	R	B	R	E
C	M	P	R	A	Y	B	A	B	R	D	Y	C	E	R

ALL	CATTLE	HEAVEN	MAKES	SWEET
AND	CHILDREN	HIS	MANGER	TAKE
ASK	CLOSE	JESUS	MORNING	TENDER
ASLEEP	CRIB	LAI	NEAR	THEE
AWAY	CRYING	LAY	NIGH	THERE
BABY	DEAR	LITTLE	POOR	THY
BED	DOWN	LIVE	PRAY	WAKES
BLESS	FOREVER	LOOKED	SIDE	WHERE
BRIGHT	FROM	LORD	SKY	WITH
BUT	HAY	LOVE	STARS	
CARE	HEAD	LOWING	STAY	

Advent and Christmas Services

Every Sunday, all through the year, there is a Eucharist service at 10am, to which all are welcome.

Apart from the Sunday Services there are also special services for Christmas:

Wednesday 7 December 7:30 pm	Traditional Carol Service
Tuesday 20 December 4.30 pm	Christingle Service
Sunday 25 December 10.00 am	Christmas celebration service

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- Rev Juan Carlos Marcés (Dean, Spanish Cong.)
- Rt. Rev. Greg Venables (Interim Rector, English Cong.)
- Mrs Penny Marcés (Lay Minister, English Congregation)
- Ms. Romy Llontop (Secretary)
- Ms. Rocío Cancho (Organist)

*May God bless you richly: this Christmas,
in the coming year 2023, and always*