

Victoria, B, C.
November 23, 1980.

Dear Will:

The other day I was quite over (or should I say UNDER)whelmed to get a communication from the Kootenay Diocesan Office and it contained addresses, one of which was yours, Now I have been told that you are over ninety and that your sight is not as good as it used to be; so maybe someone will read this to you.

I am not sure why I am writing this but perhaps it is because I am getting old also. I was eighty last July and next Sunday I shall have completed 53 years in the priesthood. I am, alas, also a widower, my wife having finally given up the struggle (against a series of strokes) on October 11 last. She had been in hospital for over seven years. So living alone is no new thing to me and I manage fairly well. My three sons (from Vancouver, Kamloops and Toronto) were pall bearers together with Bruce Howes, my last assistant curate in Kelowna, of course. The rector consulted with me and we had the proper kind of service, free from any kind of modernistic flumdummery. If a funeral can be a happy one, this was it. So that is my sad news and I haven't much news of any kind. I do very little, though I helped a bit during the summer at St. Matthias and sometimes, if needed, I stroll up from the front seat and assist with the administration, as I did this morning. Oh, yes, I preached a preachment not too long ago and did not notice anyone falling asleep.

I see by this list that there are few men in the diocese now who were there when I was -- I have been away for about 13 1/2 years. I see they have a parsoness, by gum! Do you remember how infuriated people became when I moved that lay delegates be male or female? The whole roof fell in on my head. I still think it was a just and proper thing to eliminate the word MALE from the canon which set out who were to be delegates; and good old Adams, when it passed, vetoed the synod decision. But it was inevitable, I was just a bit ahead of the times.

I did not know you had moved from Naramata. You must be quite close to the church which is, I think, on Winnipeg Street. I see Bob Eagles now and then. He is not well but does take communions for shut-ins. His wife is just as noisy and talkative as ever, though the return of the Liberals almost slew her.

I was thinking of other days when considering writing this letter. Those jolly days when I got balance sheets from Penticton which didn't balance and how offended you were when I took you to task about it -- you even sent a letter which began 'Mr. Archdeacon'!! Very annoyed you were but the situation did improve if I remember rightly. I think the first time I saw you was at the opening of the East Trail Mission when Larmonth was there. He breezed into the kitchen downstairs and clapped some woman on the back and cried: "Well, girls, how are you all tonight?" They loved it but I was horrified. I thought: "Mein Gott, I shall never be able to address my people like that!" And now he is long gone. I wonder how he gets, or got, along with God!

Bill Silverwood is still around, as is his Molly. I wrote him 'poems' (sic) on his 79th, 80th and 81st anniversaries. He is now 82; Molly is 81 and I am 80. She is very, very deaf and weighs only 100 lbs (you can work that out in kilograms if you like). I stay pretty much at 175. I have diabetes, by the way, now pretty well under control and I don't take insulin, either.

I am afraid I don't, take much interest in church matters. We had a crumb as bishop here for several years but now have a very nice chap with whom I get along well even if I never see him. But he doesn't 'bug' me, and he isn't rude which is a change.

I am glad I lived in Kootenay during the years 1927 to 1967. I know we had difficulties and we hadn't much to live on but it was a healthy life and we were free of the rather dreadful modernistic peculiarities which seem to afflict the church of today. I beg to send my best wishes to your lady if she is still with you. Jolly person and jolly nice -- naturally having been born in Rossland. By the way, at Ethelyn's funeral there were representatives from my three parishes -- even to a Captain (R.C.N. ret'd) Davis who once carried my bag when I got off on the station at South Slocan -- of course he wasn't in the RCN then -- at least he was -- on reserve and he had one of those 50 destroyers which President Roosevelt provided. I was best man at his wedding and he and his lady were married before Archdeacon Graham in the Pro-Cathedral. I had a stack of letters and phone calls which amazed me.

Well, there it is. All the best you and yours and God bless the old boy, say I!

Yours faithfully:

signed Desmonde Catupale??