

Parish Calendar

- January 11 Final Service for Archbishop Gomez
- February 9 Enthronement of Bishop Boyd

WELCOME from Fr. Shazzasbazzar A. Turnquest



Fr. Turnquest was ordained to the sacred priesthood November 2004 and has served as Priest-in-Charge of St. Margaret's and St. Mary Magdalene (North Andros) since June 2007.

Dear Readers,

Happy New Year!!!

If you speak with those who attend my Parish they'd tell you that 'Fadda' always says that January is a long... month. And so it is, especially in these challenging times. During our recent Advent Lecture Series which focused on Financial Prudence, we discussed ways in which to spend less and save more (a phrase that is quickly becoming the buzz word of the century). I want to now encourage you readers, as I have my local parishioners to reel in spending, hide the credit

card and try to pay off debt.

Our article for this month focuses on Father - Son relationships. It was inspired by a father-son relationship I had an opportunity to witness, thoughts about my son and my father and my interaction with a number of boys who spent Christmas without their fathers. I hope you enjoy.

This month, our website houses several new photo albums. We invite you to take a look. Don't forget to sign our guestbook at: www.stmargaretsandros.org/ContactPage.html

Our Church's Christmas Holidays

We welcome you to view some of our photos taken during the christmas Season. For more photos, visit our website at <http://www.stmargaretsandros.org/PhotoGallery.html>



BOYS TO MEN

Candice, Aaron and I wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy 2009 to all of our faithful readers of the St. Margaret Newsletter. This article is a reflection on the unique relationship between fathers and sons. I began reflecting on this topic after our Christmas Eve Midnight Mass. Our Christmas Eve Mass, held at St. Mary Magdalene in Mastic Point, we were pleased to welcome the boys and some of the counsellors from the Yeast Program. The Yeast Program is an intensive nine month course (six months for senior boys) of rehabilitation for young men within the Bahamas. Our little church was packed to capacity with the sixty of them taking up more than three quarters of the church. The sermon was not long but it was interactive. These boys, ranging from ages preteen to almost twenty, were sitting attentively and engaging with me. Some were even anxious to answer questions, some were shy, some were playful, some were embarrassed, some were bold. I thought to myself, these boys seem pleasant, not in need of rehabilitation. However, in the crowd was one young man that I used to teach at the North Andros High School and I know how problematic he is (hopefully was). I wondered what had happened to them, how did they end up here at this stage in their lives, were they in need of guidance, role models, what did their father's have to say about their move to what we affectionately call 'the boot camp'. What role does he play in their life? If he isn't there or if he's there but emotionally absent, what male role model did these young men emulate to get them to where they were on that night (for most of them, spending their first Christmas in Andros). It might have been a turf hero, or an untouchable, but it was someone who they wanted to be. Boys growing up in single mother households still need a good male role model to identify with. It's all a part of

growing up and being a man.

I'll share two stories with you to try to bring the point across. Our son Aaron is crazy about Junkanoo. From that first parade at the Carl Oliver Stadium at the North Andros High School while at preschool at Nicholl's Town Primary – he was hooked! His baby drum (built by Barrabas himself) is beaten day and night, until he is tired and we are tired. Fortunately, the drum hides itself in early January (we are not sure if Santa takes it to the North Pole and then brings it back just in time for Christmas again). This Christmas we went to Nassau just to take him to see the big parade on Bay Street (his first Boxing Day Parade). We sat on Shirley Street away from the crowd so that he could see all the action. We accidentally left his drum home so he had to beat on everything else, the bleachers, his chest, my head, you name it he beat on it. As each group came by he would watch transfixed as the costumes passed, not making a sound but then as the music section came through, it was all about the drums, the drums. "Ooh daddy I want a big drum for Christmas, just like that one." No matter how good the music was, the brass, the cowbells, the whistles, the horns, the conch shells, it was all about the big drum. That appears to be his passion. It is not something fleeting, interesting today but boring tomorrow. Who knows, maybe in another thirty years or so he'll be the next Vola Francis or Gus Cooper? A parent facilitates the passion of their children! My own father spent a lot of time and money facilitating something he must have seen in me, a gift perhaps, of music. Long hours at Our Lady's Church learning the organ with Francis Richardson, long hours at Christ the King Church learning music theory with Dudley Seifert, long hours

with Fr. Samuel Sturup and the late legendary Charles Carey on Montrose Avenue learning all of the expensive brass instruments, long hours at St. Matthew's Hall with the Dunstan Babb perfecting the fundamentals. Find the passion in your child.

Coming home to Andros for Christmas Sunday, the ACM decided that we would go fishing. So bright and early on Monday we met at the ramp in Lowe Sound. Our vice president Colin Hilliman, me, Prince Meyers (I call him the 'King of the West Side') a bone-fishing guide and staunch Anglican, and his son Quentin. Prince has acted as a guide for many celebrities including an ABC Newsman and an owner of a major NBA basketball team, while they are here enjoying the sport of kings – bone-fishing! This is the first time that I've met Quentin even though he attends North Andros High and according to Meyer (Prince) he couldn't leave him home (Aaron is in Nassau). We set off at about 9.00 am in search of snapper. I think to myself, its Christmas time, I'm in Andros out on the flats with a professional guide in an expensive boat, fishing like the pros on the world famous flats headed out to the Joulter Cays. An experience like this costs thousands of dollars to visitors who come here religiously just to go fishing. Quentin is all smiles 'Daddy lets go this way, help me with my bait, can I drive the boat.' Meyer is stern but affectionate 'Didn't I already show you that? Keep the boat clean! Point the boat over there! Don't throw the anchor there! Quentin you gonna scare the fish!' The flats are truly pristine. Crystal clear, no litter, no oil slick, nothing! It truly is fascinating. We don't go as far as the Joulters but we hit a few drops. I don't catch anything on the first drop Colin and Quentin are the stars here with a few turbot and grunts. Nothing for

me again on the second drop but on the third is where the action is. Snappers to the left and right, as soon as you can bait up and get the line overboard they are there. As I watched Quentin and Meyer I couldn't help but remember a preaching class I had at Westcott House while at seminary. The class consisted of a female consultant oncologist, me, two other ladies from well off families and another fierce Anglo-Catholic male scholar studying some kind of abstract philosophy of religion for his PhD. I chose to read a text from a book 'Women of the Bible' where the writer talked about boys going into the fields with their shepherd fathers to learn how to tend to sheep and girls staying at home to learn from their mothers how to take care of a house. My reviews were not flattering at all. I was even branded a misogynist (someone who hates women). That was a very strange time at seminary. Meyer's son may not grow up to be a rocket scientist but he knows everything his father knows about fishing, how to take care of a boat, how to sail, and he has a pleasant personality. His father is teaching him how to catch fish.

Monday December 29, 2008
Feast of the Holy Innocents



Fr. Turnquest on fishing trip

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