

# RCMP Chapel Anniversary

by Reverend A. Higgs, "Depot" Chaplain

*The 100th anniversary of the RCMP Chapel was celebrated December 8, 1995, with a special worship service on Sunday, December 10, followed by a special fellowship and a brunch in the Mess Hall. In his address, Reverend Higgs tried to imagine what it was like that day, December 8, 1895, the Second Day of Advent. CBC "Meeting Place", a program regularly broadcast on Sundays from various churches throughout Canada, was present and recorded the service. It was then rebroadcast nationally the following Sunday, December 17, 1995.*

*Many activities were also held in conjunction with this centennial. Twenty-five RCMP volunteer Chaplains attended a training session October 29-November 1, along with fellow municipal and regional police Chaplains (all members of the Canadian Police Chaplains Association) to help them better understand the stresses and pressures encountered by police officers.*

*A new Allen P3 Organ was installed on November 25, 1995, and dedicated by the Anglican Bishop of the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, thanks to the generosity of the Regina area Corporals' Mess, the Regina Division and Auxiliary of the Veterans' Association, the Diane Craig Memorial Fund (former "Depot" choir director who passed away in October 1994), the RCMP Chapel Fund, the 1995 RCMP Western Canada Hockey Tournament, the "Depot" Canteen Fund, and an anonymous donor, as well as the contributions of the graduating troops. At the same service, another dedication took place for the needlepoint covers which were completed and installed on the kneelers (see article in this issue). — Ed.*

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At 5:30 that Sunday morning, it felt more like the middle of the night. In the crisp, cold morning air, the stars overhead sparkled like diamonds on a fairy princess' tiara. They seemed to be an arm's length away, just waiting to be grasped. Even the freshly fallen snow glistened in the starlight. However, in the frosty early morning, one could sense the urgency. Something special was going to be taking place before the day was over.

Tired bodies struggled to free themselves from warm beds. The room was freezing cold; snow had filtered inside the poorly-fitting windows. The boots kicked into the corner just hours ago were now blocks of

ice. Everyone was tired; after all, over and above the usual 10- to 12-hour days, the extra duties had been taxing. The job had to be done. The date had been set weeks ago and all the plans had been made. Everyone, no matter how complex or detailed the task, was expected to be finished. All the work was to have been completed by midnight the night before, at the latest.

That frosty Sunday morning I'm speaking of was five years and 21 days short of the arrival of the 20th Century. In the hours, days and weeks previously, considerable volunteering had been done, in the best Mounted Police tradition, by prisoners from the guardroom, coached by Cst.