

# e-Messenger

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	Special Edition	
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*We Remember*  
**MALCOLM LITTLE**

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## Memories from My First Day at St Cuthbert's

*I remember my first time at St Cuthbert's, now over 35 years ago, as a really good experience. Being welcomed at coffee with so many people wanting to come over to talk with me. In those days we did not have tables for people to sit around and so people mingled, just like a party. I had the advantage of being an Anglican from birth, so was familiar with the service, except for finding it rather odd that I was the only one who knelt for prayers! People seemed genuinely sympathetic that I was in Canada alone, with my family following six months later (at the end of the school year). I was quickly invited for dinner with church members and just as quickly found new lifelong friends.*



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# Tributes

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Malcolm was more than just a member of St Cuthbert's; he was a cherished part of our community. His contributions as a choir member, Warden, editor of the e-Messenger, leader of our Friday Morning Prayer and community gardens showcased his dedication and passion for helping others. Malcolm's spirit and kindness touched many lives, and he will be dearly missed by all who knew him.

Throughout his 30+ years with us, Malcolm played a vital role in various outreach projects, including community food drives and KSM dinners. His efforts did not go unnoticed, and he was honored with the Order of Niagara for his commitment to service.



Installing the Little Library in the Peace Garden



Malcolm was the first of the local churches to welcome me to this role (I just started in Feb.)

*Martha, Administrator  
Maple Gove United Church*

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*A lovely man with  
a beautiful soul!*

*Ann & Brian Grose*

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# Tributes

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Malcolm came to Canada initially alone and his wife Jean and daughter Julie followed six months later. He came to St Cuthbert's looking for a church community and looked no further! John and I became friends with him soon after his arrival and spent many happy hours around our pool and barbecue having dinners in each other's homes or local restaurants.

Music was important to Malcolm and he and Jean joined the choir and enjoyed the traditional anthems we sang. Malcolm, John and I also sang with the Tempus Choir in town. We also enjoyed our monthly Home Group meetings where, over the years, have had vibrant discussions on various parts of the bible. The things we miss and will continue to miss about Malcolm is his easy friendship. We are grateful for the opportunity to have spent time with him and other St Cuthbert's friends during his last few days. Malcolm had a strong, quiet faith and he was confident that, if he lost his fight for life as we know it, he would spend eternity with God and be reunited with his wife.

*John & Eryl*

I'm so sorry to hear about Malcolm, and send my condolences. Malcolm and I did not know each other well, but I really appreciated his interest and support with respect to our monthly Taizé program. It was a pleasure meeting him at Taizé, and I can certainly appreciate how much you will miss his dedication and service with St. Cuthbert's and the wider Oakville community.

Thank you for your kind note, and best wishes to you and the folks at St. Cuthbert's as you deal with this sad loss.

*Richard Bradley*  
*St. Aidan's Anglican Church*



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# Tributes

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Malcolm considered it a badge of honour to be the "Grumpy Old Man at St Cuthbert's!

I got to know Malcolm several years ago when I agreed to be a Warden (a position that every parishioner should experience!). I soon realized that Malcolm was involved in just about every aspect of St. Cuthbert's and a willing helper for any and all tasks.

Malcolm was always one of the first to welcome a new face.

He could be relied on to come in early to set up tables and chairs for our events and would remain behind if needed, to store them.

He willingly set up our mouse traps and disposed of the unfortunate victims!

When the flat roof over the Sacristy and Community Hall was leaking, Malcolm was sure to be there after every rainfall checking to see if any ceiling tiles had come down or if the floor was covered with water.

Most of all, Malcolm and his sidekick, Ron, would once a year spend hours scrubbing and polishing the floors of the Sacristy and both halls when they became unsightly.

In his quiet way, Malcolm managed to get others involved as well.

Apparently, Malcolm had volunteered for the impossible task of maintaining the church grounds during the summer. In my case he wanted to know which of the plants were weeds. Well, before I knew it, I ended up weeding and tending the garden beds!

I began to be a regular at Friday Morning Prayer led by Malcolm and even attended a Taize service at St. Aidan's.

Although he tried, Malcolm was unsuccessful at convincing me to join the choir.

The sudden and unexpected loss of Malcolm has left a huge void in our congregation, but I am sure that it is one that he would have encouraged us all to step up and fill.

*Dawn Seto*



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# Tributes

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As I rather appropriately sit at my very messy desk wondering what I should write about Malcolm that will not already be said by everyone else, my thoughts turn again to the last article he wrote for the Messenger, which I think so beautifully reflects what St. Cuthbert's meant to him. He talked about belonging and the importance of welcoming newcomers to the church, and it was clear from the countless times I observed him being one of the first people to go over and talk with anyone new, that it was something he really took to heart. Malcolm truly had an amazing gift for connecting with others, especially our youth, and he was responsible for recruiting several new people to join us in the choir in the last few years.

Not only did Malcolm care deeply for his parish family, he also worked tirelessly for many years to tend to the church building and grounds. During our time on Corporation together, he took it upon himself to perform all the upkeep during the summer months and spent significant hours outside mowing and trimming hedges. Over the years, he contributed to so many aspects of parish life and mission, I can think of very few things that he wasn't involved with in some way. Four years ago, when Malcolm received the Order of Niagara, I was asked to write up the summary of his contributions to St. Cuthbert's.

Looking back now at what I wrote then, it wasn't even half of what he took on in the years that followed. His dedication to the church was truly admirable; it still boggles my mind that even after being admitted to the hospital, he was still in contact about the music ministry and clearly wanted to ensure that everything was continuing to run smoothly.

Although Jeff and I have been regular parishioners at St. Cuthbert's for over 20 years now, I didn't really get to know Malcolm that well until I joined the choir in 2016. In those days we had significantly more members and there was a tradition of having an annual choir gathering, including everyone's spouses, at the Queen's Head. I remember one year where there was such a large group of us (and we likely arrived a bit late), that Jeff and I ended up sitting at a small table with Malcolm and his wife Jean. I don't remember anything else in particular about that night or what the four of us talked about; I guess it just sticks in my mind because it was such a pleasant evening and we didn't often get a chance to spend time with Jean as well.

In addition to always being up for a good pub dinner, Malcolm definitely appreciated the occasional sweet treat as well. I remember how much he enjoyed the cake I baked with one of the zucchinis from the community garden, and he was a regular customer when I had Girl Guide cookies for sale.

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# Tributes

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One year he decided to purchase a box of the chocolate mint ones (although he normally bought the other kind and wasn't sure if he would like them or not), then the next time I saw him, he stopped me and said he needed to talk to me about the cookies because they were bad. I was so mortified that I had sold someone a box of cookies that had gone bad, I had totally missed that he was just kidding around until he said it was because he couldn't stop eating them!

It was also very evident how important Malcolm's family was to him. He was very proud of all his grandsons and I remember him telling me after returning from one of his trips to England how much he had enjoyed playing cars with his youngest grandson (which I said reminded me of Stephen at a similar age when one time going through airport security, we awkwardly discovered that he had filled the entire carry-on bag he had packed himself with little toy cars!).

Malcolm truly was a great person to work with – the year we were both wardens, it was so easy alternating with chairing the meetings, writing minutes and proof-reading for each other, and I also enjoyed the time spent collaborating with him on the hymn planning this past summer. I found that we had somewhat similar tastes in hymns and a few times independently arrived at some of the same selections.

The St. Cuthbert's hymn we worked on earlier this year will always remind me of Malcolm – while the majority of it was actually composed by AI software, he had some great suggestions for changing a couple of parts that made it flow much better, and although it was written to reflect the life and mission of St. Cuthbert, a few lines could almost point to Malcolm's own legacy, including the ending he came up with: "Your faith, your love, your holy life, inspire us still today". May light perpetual shine upon him, and may we all continue to honour his memory by living out the spirit of welcome, service and devotion that he exemplified so well.

*Karen Bamford*



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# Tributes

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When Sheila B and I attended St. Cuthbert's for the first time, Fr Jeff encouraged us to join in fellowship after the service. Feeling too uncomfortably new to plunk ourselves down at any of the tables, we stayed rooted to the spot where coffee was being served. Malcolm was the only parishioner to notice, and came over for a chat. After our leave-taking, we were puzzling over how we hadn't learned a thing about him, yet he had managed to eke out information about us including an email address!

After a few months, in one of his numerous church roles, Malcolm asked if I might have any content suggestions for the Messenger. As the library had been set up just recently, I wanted to encourage its use, so offered (Booksy spoiler alert) to submit one or two book reviews. It became apparent that that one monthly submission wasn't going to suffice as he began to hound me for more reviews after that. However, I gleefully discovered that I could drive him equally crazy by editing his grammar and spelling. He would become so exasperated over the perceived pointlessness of correcting split infinitives, misplaced modifiers, and run-on sentences.

He took it so good naturedly, though, that I zealously sought out errors just to get a reaction, to which he gloatingly reciprocated over a split infinitive in one of my emails. Naturally, my response was that emails didn't count!

Malcolm fervently jumped on board when beseeched to fill the void of Rector's Warden earlier this year, and so, as not only People's Warden, but also as a friend, I shall miss his unmitigated enthusiasm and support very much.

*Nancy Blackie*



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# Tributes

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## Remembering Malcolm Little

I am going to start by saying that I still can't believe that I am writing about Malcolm in the past tense; that I am "remembering him." I can still feel his presence pretty much every day, whether I am at St Cuthbert's or somewhere else living out my day to day. At Malcolm's funeral service we read from the Book of Ecclesiastes Chapter 3, there is a time and a season for everything, including the end of our earthly lives. I just don't feel like this is the right time for Malcolm not to be physically present with us anymore. I can say that his spiritual presence and his connection with God helps me to cope with this reality every day.

Regardless of the seeming brevity of Malcolm's life, so many of us had the opportunity to cherish our time with him. He was relentless in his love for his biological family, but also his church family as well. It is this love of others, of creation, of life that lives on as his legacy to us all. My constant prayer is that all of us who have had the privilege and pleasure to know him will be able to share this legacy of love as fully as possible. The memories over the past 8 years and from 20 years ago, are innumerable and flood my mind when I let them.

There are a few things that I would like to share and hold up though as we all try to reflect on our time with Malcolm.

I really only came to realize how much Malcolm saw it as his calling to connect with people, especially people new to the community, as Rector of St Cuthbert's. I can recall that he connected with Sue-Ann and I and our children when we were parishioners of St Cuthbert's. It is something our children remember fondly as well. I didn't get to know Jean well, but I did appreciate them both for their genuine warmth and desire for us and others to feel welcomed and cared for.

I was very impressed with all that he did to help our church and our community. I could list all of the things here that he did to look after our property and building and gardens. But I think that I should focus on how he connected with people and sought to build community inside and outside our church. Every time someone has come to our church, as a visitor or someone seeking a new church home, Malcolm made sure to greet them and seek to get to know them. It did not matter how old the person was where they came from. It is going to take a concerted effort from all of the rest of us to take on this role from now on. Perhaps we can feel emboldened by the fact that Malcolm will be standing with us, encouraging us as we warmly greet the stranger in our midst. I was very moved when I learned that Malcolm was the first person in our community to welcome the new Church Administrator at Maple Grove United when she first arrived there.

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# Tributes

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Malcolm has a deep love for liturgy and music and church history. He worked very hard to make our choir thrive. He shared his experiences when traveling within England with his sister Valerie and others, especially pictures and bulletins. He was very eclectic in his love of liturgy, loving the old language and the new ways of expressing faith. He was most concerned about the future of our church and the connections we make with the young people who will be the church in the future. He really has made a significant impact on the youth in our community. He was thrilled also to be able to lead our Friday Morning Prayer services every week and to make that community strong and welcoming as well.



I am going to stop here, only because I know that if I don't, I will write for pages more. I want to close this remembrance of Malcolm by saying that I know that those of you who are reading this have been missing Malcolm and will continue to do so. I am missing him as you are as well. I do have every confidence though that Malcolm is not gone forever. I know that he is present with us every day and in every way. I also know that he is with Christ and his beloved Jean and will be forever. I am also totally confident that when it is our time to be with Christ in the next chapters of our lives, Malcolm will be the first one to welcome us home. Thank you for your eternal blessings on us all, Malcolm, your presence helps to sustain us.

*Venerable Jeff Ward*

