

The Parish Church of Saint George

PARISH MAGAZINE



An open door in the heart of the City



MAY 2020

From the Rector's Desk

Dear Friends in Christ,

First of all, may I wish you all a very happy Easter. It's certainly a strange time and an Easter like no other when we could not meet together in St George's to celebrate the joy of the Resurrection. Despite the difficult circumstances in which we find ourselves because of the Coronavirus Easter still has a message of hope at a moment of despair and holds out to us the promise of life renewed.



As your rector I am constrained in what I can do as I am not allowed to visit hospitals, care homes or even private houses. So, to help maintain some semblance of parish life, I have been broadcasting Sunday services and Wednesday evening compline on St George's Facebook page. I am incredibly grateful to Pam Tilson and my daughter Catherine for being my camera operators. The last time I tried to broadcast on my own using my iPad I ended up sending it out upside down, but I am told the audio quality was good! Hopefully, that will not happen again as I think I know what I did wrong.

The other thing I have undertaken is to ring around every household in the parish, all 285 of them. By now I have managed to get in touch with most parishioners and if you haven't heard from me, I hope to be in touch in the coming days. So far everyone I have spoken to has been surviving the lockdown quite well and no one had found themselves totally isolated and without contact with family, friends and neighbours. Quite a number of parishioners have volunteered their services to help anyone who needs groceries or medications collected. Do let me know if you need help with these things. I am very aware of a number of parishioners who find themselves in the front line of the N.H.S. treating Covid-19 patients. Please remember all health workers in your prayers.

I suspect that we will be in lockdown for quite a few weeks yet and will not be together in St George's for many months yet. If any of you need any pastoral support or simply want to have a chat please don't hesitate to ring me at the Rectory on 028-9070-1350 or on my mobile 079-0279-2080.

God be with you all through these trying times and as we keep faith in Christ who rose from the dead so let us look forward in hope to when we can once again meet together to offer the holy sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in our beloved St George's.

Yours in the risen Christ

Editorial

THE LOCKDOWN

As you will all be aware, the lockdown imposed by the Government to try to control the corona virus pandemic has meant that St George's Church has had to be closed, and clergy over 70 have irrationally been forbidden by the Bishop to take part in any services at all. The Rector has continued to conduct services in the Church and these have been streamed on Facebook. He will continue to do so during the lockdown.

However, the Parish still has salaries and other outgoings to pay, and the normal methods of income have been curtailed. Because there are no services there are no collections and no Freewill Offering envelopes. A significant number of parishioners contribute by a Standing Order, but unfortunately this is not enough to cover all the outgoings of the Parish. We do save a little on heat and light, but the Church has to have some heating on intermittently to keep it in good condition. We, today's parishioners, are stewards of the Church and we must not allow it to deteriorate before we hand it on to the next generation.

So, what can you do in this situation? Firstly, you can make sure that your Freewill Offering continues to be received by the Church. You can send a cheque regularly to the Treasurer, (at St George's Church, 105 High Street, Belfast BT1 2AG). Alternatively, if you indulge in electronic banking, you can (or you can ask your bank to) set up a Standing Order for St George's Church. The Standing Order form on the next page will give you all the necessary details.

Food Banks: We as a parish have loyally supported Storehouse by our regular donations of food and other items. Food banks no longer receive these regular donations of food because churches are closed and consequently, foodbanks, particularly at this time, now rely on cash donations so that they can seek to buy food - hopefully at a discount.

I am advised by our Treasurer, Douglas McIldoon that we have an offer to match £ for £ any money we raise for Storehouse and when this is combined with gift aid it means that a **£10 donation to Storehouse through St George's will buy £25 worth of food.**

So, if you would like to contribute to our Storehouse fund you could either, (a) send a cheque payable to St George's, to the Parish Office, (b) make an electronic transfer to the church account or (c) make a standing order to the church account, (*details of the church account are on the next page*).

While the postal service is still functioning, any cheques posted to the church will be lodged on a weekly basis.

If we are members of St George's and value it's mission in the centre of the city, we must keep it going in these difficult times. I hope you agree and will do your bit.

William Odling-Smee

Standing Order Instruction

To

Bank

Please set up the following Standing Order and debit my/our account accordingly

1. Your Account details

Account name

Account number

Account holding branch

Sort code

2. Payee details

Name of person or organisation you are paying

St George's Parish Church

Payment reference (if known) - this will appear on the bank statement of the person or organisation you wish to pay

FWO

Sort code - the bank code of the person or organisation you are paying (*This is St George's*)

98-00-10

Account number - the account number of the person or organisation you wish to pay (*This is St George's*)

09028029

3. About the payment

How often are the payments to be made Weekly Two weekly Four weekly Monthly

Quarterly Half yearly Yearly

Amount details

Date and amount of **first payment**
(please allow 3 working days for receipt)

Date (DD-MM-YY)

Amount

£

Date and amount of ongoing payments
(If different from the first payment)

Date (DD-MM-YY)

Amount

£

Choose one of the following two options

1. Date and amount of **final payment**

Date (DD-MM-YY)

Amount

£

2. Until further notice



(payments will be made until you cancel this instruction)

4. Confirmation

Customer signature(s)

.....

Date

A Standing Order Form which may be completed and taken to your bank

THE SILVER FAINNE



They looked like a typical middle-aged husband and wife sitting three seats in front of me on the bus ride through West Belfast. A little nod here, a knowing look there and a little, happy silence shared between them that spoke of comfort and contentment. Not a word in the first ten minutes of our journey, but all that changed when we were passing the *Cultúrlann Mc Adam Ó Fiaich*, the Irish language, arts and cultural centre located in the heart of the Falls Road.

Suddenly she spoke rapidly, pointed at the building, tugging her husband by the sleeve while he replied just as quickly I thought, shaking his head, frowning more than a little and raising his deep baritone loud enough for me to hear. I understood not a word.

I realised that they were speaking in Irish, while both now waving to a friend or acquaintance at the bus stop. I felt just the slightest tingle at the strange yet familiar sounds. Was it embarrassment, shame and regret or a confusing memory of all three ? I recognised the native language of my Donegal forbears, yet listened with the ear of the foreigner and the disappointment of half a dozen teachers ringing in that ear.

School had promised the commitment to and enthusiasm for ar dteanga that was the hallmark of the Christian Brothers in their ‘mission’ to Gaelicise their Belfast working class pupils of the 1960s. One Brother had told me that he found the sharp sound of a Belfast accent ‘offensive in the extreme’. A harshness that could only be assuaged by the learning of the mother tongue. So learn we did.

Our daily prayers, said while facing the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes on her plinth at the back of the classroom, changed slowly from English to Irish as the Brother drummed the words into our heads and hearts with the unspoken message that their worth had increased tenfold as a result of the translation. They sounded strange and exotic with all the mystery that our faith preserved and we soon sang the Hail Mary, the Our Father and the Glory Be with all the gusto of the Gaeilgeoir.

For me, Gaelic football and Hurling became the two easy and enjoyable sides of an Irish triangle that boasted a grammatical hypotenuse of nouns, verbs , tenses and baffling idioms that were designed to be the signposts to a successful set of examinations. Conversation took a back seat as written translations, comprehensions and compositions became all-important, the

Junior and Senior exams the ultimate achievements. In fact, my only words spoken in Irish, deeply accented always by the flat tones of my native city, were addressed to God and his Holy Mother in my daily prayers and only ever at school.

Our written work seemed tied to a tried and tested formula and good grades were guaranteed if we adhered to it. I found myself thinking back more than 50 years to an essay, written by every lad in the class, that illustrated those guidelines.

I took my Osmiroid fountain pen and wrote of the fishing trip that two of my friends and I had taken. My Mother's morning prayer to keep us safe, with a sprinkling of holy water, the long day by the river in the sunshine, the lazy trout that speckled in the shallows and the meeting with the young priest at the bridge outside town.

"Where have you been lads?" he asked. "We've been fishing Father", we replied and we went off home 'tired but happy' with his words of blessing for companions.

It was a far cry from the council estate where I lived and the polluted river running behind it where a lazy trout would have died of lead or some other kind of metallic poisoning if he had had the misfortune to swim by.

But the formula worked and just days before my success in the Junior Examination, I was presented with a silver Fainne as a budding speaker of the Irish language at Belfast's Ard Scoill. This little ring, I think it cost five bob in those days, was proof, if proof be needed, that I was becoming proficient in the native tongue. Proficient enough to say my prayers, and they included the Apostles Creed, tell a little autobiography that included my name, my address and my interests – obviously fishing took centre stage – and my well-rehearsed story concerning that hobby.

As I sat 'listening' to the couple chatting comfortably in Irish, I remembered the silver Fainne that, due to my lack of interest and ability, had not turned to gold, I recalled the ubiquitous story and, happily, ***ag iascaireacht***. That's fishing ***as Gaeilge!***.

Ar dteanga – our native tongue

Gaeilgeoir – an Irish speaker

As Gaeilge – from the Irish

WHAT NEXT.....A BETTER WORLD?

We remain in the grip of this pandemic; there have been small signs of hope, but its malign presence remains. It seems the world has been affected, though a few countries have been less “open” about their citizens who are or have been ill.

We miss everyday things we take for granted and may not even realise before what they were. One of my most difficult things is not getting to St George’s every week. It was worst during Holy Week, though I’m eternally grateful to Fr Brian and Fr William who ensured we were able to take part in Services via Facebook videos. The Maundy Thursday service is always very special to me, so is the Stations Of The Cross. Last year Fr Tom took us through them and while we couldn’t be in Church this year, Fr Brian ensured we were able to make that dreadful journey with Jesus. Another video I found beautiful was The Exultet for The Easter Vigil. This Easter Eve I watched music and Readings from Kings College, just like their yearly Christmas Eve Service. Normally I would be going to St George’s for our Easter Eve Eucharist, so it wasn’t all bad!! My favourite was *Civitas Sanctus Urbi* by Byrd. As David Falconer knows I’m a total bore about William Byrd and Thomas Tallis! The only disappointing thing was from all the Readers only one was male, though maybe the “uber” feminists may take me to task! Donal McCann got a mention again!

There have been the vile people using all types of scams at this awful time. One of my Band friends in England lost their mum to Covid 19; there was really nothing I could say, so when I heard I lit a candle for the family. However, there have been overwhelming, incredible acts of kindness. I have been inundated with offers from family, friends and neighbours, and I’m including my friends in St George’s. One of my neighbours is making scrubs for the NHS. We see the incredible support and affection shown to our wonderful NHS, but I hope other key workers are remembered for the work they do – those bringing food to the shops, those working in the supermarkets and food shops, the pharmacists (I’d be in a bad way without mine) postal workers, those emptying our bins; silly I know, but I put a note on mine to say thanks; it would be unbearable if bins weren’t emptied.

On the up side for me I hear birds very clearly, and there are many more of them, or perhaps I’m now more aware. The news reports of animals “retaking” small villages here in the UK – the sight of the goats walking empty streets was a real treat for me! I looked out my bedroom window one night and saw a creature walking up the middle of the street; at first I thought it was a dog without it’s owner, but I realised the tail was too large and bushy, I now think I saw a fox! We have animals in other countries returning to their habitats before we drove them away. Maybe, when this is over, humans will remain kind and compassionate, and will realise animals are entitled to live side by side with us.

Jo Calder



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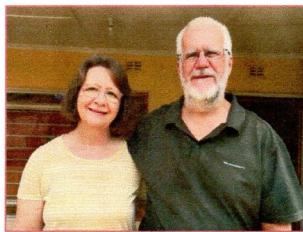
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Keith and Lyn Scott

Diocese of
Northern Zambia



Easter 2020

CMSI Link Letter

Greetings from Kitwe.

This has been an extraordinary year for all of us around the world hasn't it? Almost every country we know has been affected by Covid 19 and, as I write, I am well aware that the UK and Ireland have suffered thousands of infections and bereavements.

Looking from Zambia it is shocking and sobering. We have nothing like those numbers but we fear that, in future months, Zambia will be devastated as may the whole continent.

Presently we are not in lockdown, we have advice on hand washing and social distancing but there is no serious adherence to the rules. Quite often poor people have limited access to water for a start. We are still on load shedding, which means regular power cuts. Before the emergence of the new Coronavirus the country was already in a fragile state, and there was some mob violence in the townships. People in the townships have a tough life, the economy has been on edge leading to deprivations and social problems. Fear of the virus is an extra burden. Please pray that Coronavirus will not sweep through Africa as feared and bear in mind how under-equipped countries are and how inadequate their resources.



As a seminary we are soldiering on, staying open for the short-term but being cautious and wary. Our students are safer here than travelling to their home dioceses for their

Easter break even though there are no restrictions on travel yet. We are aware that a lockdown could be imposed at any time so they might not be able to return if they left. Please pray for their families, for understanding and patience.

We are thinking of our family, friends and link churches too. Being far away and unable to support them is difficult. Adam continues to work for the fraud investigation department at a call centre for a major bank in Liverpool. Because of reduced public transport he is finding it frustrating to get to and from work.

Hannah is confined to home in London. She has underlying health issues that make her especially vulnerable to the virus. Her boyfriend is a great support to her thankfully. She is able to continue work on her Ph.D.



We are aware of several parishioners in our link churches also who have contracted the virus and we are thinking of you in our prayers. May God surround you with His comfort and strength.

In January, Hannah was able to visit us for two weeks which was wonderful. Unfortunately during that time Lyn had a serious fall, slipping in mud after a heavy night's rainfall. No bones were broken but there was long-term injury to her right knee and lower back requiring regular physiotherapy which is still ongoing. She is much better and more mobile now and gradually easing back into work. Please pray for complete and lasting recovery.

In these uncertain and bewildering times we need to look at the example of Christ our Lord and Saviour, His trust in the Father and the promise of the Holy Spirit to always be with us. These assurances give us an anchor.

May God bless you and keep you safe and well,

Keith & Lyn



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MY DESERT ISLAND DISCS BY DAVID FALCONER



I am David. Born in Aberdeen but moved to Dublin before my 4th birthday. I have a younger sister and younger brother.

Growing up in Dublin in the 70s had its problems. Corruption was rife, women were second class citizens, the 'Guaranteed Irish' brand meant that there were very few imports. We would rely on visits from my Nana to supply us with alternative treats to the 'Macaroon' bar.

Becoming a cathedral chorister was never on my radar, my parents realised that this would be a good way to grow up and they were right. Becoming a chorister in St Patrick's Cathedral meant rehearsals every morning, Matins at 9:45am, school and then evensong most days at 5:45pm. Two services each Sunday as well.

On my first morning as a probationer in St Patrick's, the trebles were learning the aria from Handel's 'Messiah', 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' This would therefore be the first piece on my list. I've never sung it since; it's rarely performed, but it has stayed with me.

I remember listening to the box set compilation LPs of King's College, Cambridge and its infamous, 'Miserere'.

<https://youtu.be/00Q-JzQDQBU>

Navigating the teenage years was greatly helped by a good mix of Bach, Howells, and Heavy Metal. My first study was the oboe, which didn't lend itself much to joining a band, but I got by as a really mediocre drummer. Of the plethora of metal bands, Iron Maiden always stood out because of their baroque features; use of sequence, ostinato, pairing in thirds and sixths, independent bass writing. Listen and enjoy 'Aces High'

<https://youtu.be/Xg9aQvjMS60>

Having got my Leaving certificate, it was time to make decisions. Medicine had been my chosen pathway for all of my St Patrick's Cathedral, Grammar School years. Fortunately, this was not to be as, on a memorable journey home on the 15B bus, I was listening to the Requiem by Andrew Lloyd Webber and I had a revelation. Not so much 'a road to Damascus', but 'nearly at the M50'. My Philips Walkman pounded the 'Benedictus' into my ears and it was clear that I was in need of medical intervention and should spend my life learning better music than my Walkman allowed. (I actually really like the requiem, there are very clever fugues and dissonances which are effective)

<https://youtu.be/IuexxtDGo5c>

Consequently, new musical experiences beckoned, University College Dublin might not have been the best place for it, but I met some very interesting people and became involved in Early music, An Uaithne, (now Anúna) and world music. I also studied French and German, spent a full year living in

Antwerp learning to translate and interpret, as well as singing in incredible plainchant choirs and studying music with various moustached Belgians. My local bar (or rather the second closest as the closest was dubious) had a great Jazz life, bringing bands from all over Europe. I had no idea what I was hearing, but it still resonates now. A friend of mine introduced me to the John MacLaughlin Trio, and I've chosen 'Que Algeria' as my fourth piece, it's long, but it has the most wonderful vocal percussion in Raga style.

<https://youtu.be/kBW1xU560T4>

I first met my wife Maeve in 1998, we were both singing in a Bach Cantata concert. We had a lovely chat, but she was far too young for me. However, in 1999, a friend and I had worked on the new website for Ronnie Drew, composing and recording new music and voice overs for the German market. Maeve was our soprano, hired in by my friend Des, and that was the end of that! In 2000, on the millennium, we ended up on stage in Belfast, seeing in the new year with the Mayor, a Dublin band called Dara, who were incredible) and Brian Kennedy, before having a slap up meal in City Hall. Our wedding was planned for 2002 but before that, we had the great privilege of performing many concerts together. Maeve may tell you more about this part of our life, I couldn't possibly comment further on this occasion.

One of the pieces that we performed regularly together, was 'Les Chemins de l'amour' by Poulenc. This featured at our wedding too, not in performance, but as my Dad drew all the strands of our lives together in his sermon. This is a wonderful song, with many memories for me, (more so than 'O holy night') and I choose this as my next piece.

<https://youtu.be/Bo98WC1liG0>

In 2002, we moved to Rostrevor, followed quickly by Warrenpoint, Newry and then to Lisburn. This might not be everybody's property ladder trajectory, but we're very happy here.

We have three boys and all became involved in music as their dad was not terribly good at football or other such larks. Each night, during their early years, they would fall asleep to 'Officium defunctorum and Missy promdefunctis' by Cristobal de Morales, a Spanish renaissance composer. These works are so still, so introspective.

<https://youtu.be/v2PZFB-27hM>

In 2014 I was approached by a very well turned out gentleman, our current Rector's Warden, Mr Michael Clendinning. Dr Emma Gibbins was leaving for pastures new and I was asked if I would consider filling the interregnum period prior to the appointment of a new Director of Music; I knew that it would be for a few months. High Church has always been my spiritual home so I said 'yes'. The rest is history.

For my last piece, I am going to choose the 'Chichester Psalms' by Leonard Bernstein. This piece has great meaning for me. When I was a treble in St Patrick's, during the rehearsal, I couldn't sing the top Bb at the end of the

first movement; my voice was breaking. However, I mustered everything and managed it successfully in the performance.

This piece is so musically clever, beautifully dissonant and imaginative. The second movement, psalm 23, has the most amazing male texture underneath the calm of the trebles and altos.

This piece is so musically clever, beautifully dissonant and imaginative. The second movement, psalm 23, has the most amazing male texture underneath the calm of the trebles and altos. When we return to St George's, and we complete our intended projects on the chancel and the organ, restoring it to concert pitch, this is a work that I will ask the Ulster Orchestra to perform with us, in St George's, to our very highest standards.

<https://youtu.be/1axCTkIfP9Q>

So, what about the organ music? I have tried so hard to select music that I would love on a desert island. I really wanted to include BWV 564, toccata, adagio and fugue in C, but I'll have to rely on the memory in my head.

We're given the King James Bible, so I will choose something which sounds horribly pretentious. It's 'Les Nègres' by Jean Genet. No matter how often I read it, I fail to understand it and I always discover something new in it.

My luxury item would be a high end coffee machine, supplied with coffee, I hope, and a vessel from which to drink.

If I were to choose just one piece, I think it would have to be the Bernstein, as it is aspirational and speaks of hope.

Thank you for listening.



From the Parish Magazine of Christ Church, Bray

Parish Registers

GORDON STAFFORD CLANEY 1932 – 2020

Gordon Claney died in Bangor on Easter Eve, Saturday, 11th April. As the funeral service took place privately, a Thanksgiving Service will be held in St George's at a later date.

We extend our prayerful sympathies to Brenda and their son Mark, his friends in St George's and to all who mourn his passing.

*'Risen Lord, come stand among us,
awaken us to your presence,
open to us the Gate of Glory.
Show us the path of life,
help us to know you are with us,
now and always.'*

Canon David Adam



APOLOGIA PRO VITA MEA BY WILLIAM ODLING-SMEE

I was born in the London Clinic on Marylebone Road. My parents lived in Welwyn Garden City, but I was one of twins and in the 1930's a birth of twins was a risky business, and my mother was very small. So, my sister and I were born amongst what was high tech for those times. In the 1930's both twins were not expected to survive, but my mother was delivered normally of two healthy babies. She had only bought one set of baby clothes etc., and so when both babies were strong and healthy, my father had to be sent out to buy a second set of baby clothes etc.

My father was a civil engineer and at the time that I was born was the engineer in charge of the extension of the London Underground Bakerloo line from Baker Street to Wembley. He was also interested in town planning, which was why we lived in Welwyn Garden City. My mother was the Deputy Medical Officer of Health for the London Borough of St Pancras, and one of my earliest memories is of waving them good-bye as they set off in the morning in an open topped sports car.

When I was four years old, my father was accepted for ordination in the Church of England, and we moved to Cambridge so that he could attend Wescott House. He was ordained a deacon in 1940 and a priest in 1941. He obtained a curacy at St Michaels and All Angels in Headingly, Leeds, so we moved again to Leeds and lived in a house overlooking the cricket ground. However, during the war there was no cricket. Some of my earliest memories of Church are of St Michael's. It was a grand Victorian building with a gold reredos and many stained-glass windows, which impressed me greatly, and even during the war it had an excellent choir. It also had a Sunday School which was still run on the principle of beating the Gospel into the children.

When I was eight years old, I went off to a boarding school on Ilkley Moor. It was in an old house which backed onto the moor and which looked down Wharfedale. It was in a very beautiful spot, and we were free to roam on the moor. I could go on the train from Headingly Station to Ben Rhydding Station, so it was easy to go backwards and forwards. I was very happy there and, as all boys did at that time, I started to learn Latin and Greek, and obtained a lasting love of those languages.

When I was twelve, I went to the Choristers School in Durham and for a year I intermittently sang in the Cathedral Choir. I then crossed the river and went to Durham School which at that time was owned by the Dean and Chapter. It had been founded by Cardinal Langley in AD 1414, and so had a very long tradition. I was able to continue my Latin and Greek, but I decided that I wanted to follow my mother and become a doctor. So, I had to give these languages up and do science, which I have always found very interesting. I rowed in the first Eight for the School at Henley and the Thames Head of the River and I won a prize for shooting at Bisley.

Eventually I went on to do Medicine at the University of Durham School of Medicine which was at Newcastle upon Tyne. When I was there it was the old style of teaching and I found it all very boring. So, I did the minimum and got into student politics, eventually becoming President of the Union. I scraped through my Medical course and eventually became MB BS in 1959. I was appointed a House Officer in the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne and at last medicine became a reality to me and I enjoyed the long hours looking after sick people.

Endpiece by William Odling-Smee

THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS

You probably know that in St George's we say matins every day. And for the Lessons we follow the Lectionary of the Church of Ireland which is taken from the Revised Common Lectionary which has been agreed by all major churches of the West. At present the Second Lesson at Matins is taken from the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. So, it is a good idea to think about these Epistles at the present time.

How many letters did Paul write to the Corinthians? We might naturally suppose that we could answer this question by referring to the list of contents in the New Testament itself. This tells us that there were two letters that Paul wrote to the Corinthians. But these letters themselves show that Paul wrote to the Corinthians at least four times. In 1 Corinthians 5: 9, he refers to a previous letter that he had written which had been misunderstood by those to whom it was addressed. It seems to have contained a warning against close contact with the pagans.

Also, in 2 Corinthians 2: 4, he speaks of another letter which he says came 'out of great distress and anxiety' and over which he had shed 'many tears'. The context shows that it was written to deal with some incident in which his own authority had been defied. The description of this letter fits neither the one referred to in 1 Corinthians 5: 9 nor 1 Corinthians itself. Certainly, Paul had a number of difficult problems to settle when he wrote 1 Corinthians, but the general tone is not one of sorrow or anxiety. The letter of 2 Corinthians must therefore have been another letter. This therefore gives us a total of four letters: the 'previous letter', 1 Corinthians itself, the 'painful letter' and 2 Corinthians. There is a further complication, however. The study of our present 1 and 2 Corinthians has suggested to some scholars that each of these is not one continuous letter, but a collection of several different letters put together.

There is not the space in this article to go into the details of why there may be several more letters and scholars will no doubt spend much time discussing this. It is probably impossible to give a definitive answer to the question of how many letters Paul wrote to the Corinthians, but there are at least four and there may be many more.