

The Parish Church of Saint George



PARISH MAGAZINE

An open door in the heart of the City



JANUARY 2022

From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

A very happy and holy Christmas to you all. The celebration of our Lord's birth this year once more takes place in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic and with the arrival of the of Omicron variant. For many people it is a time of great anxiety and worry for themselves and for their loved ones. Our services in St George's have been affected but, despite the understandable restrictions, they have been very well attended, up to the maximum numbers allowed. We still need, more than ever, to hear the angel's song as they announce the birth of this holy child. The Christmas story still gives us hope and inspiration as we hear, once again, the good news that God is with us in the midst of uncertain and difficult times. Please remember those less fortunate in your prayers and in your practical concern for the needy. I would ask you to especially remember the Christian communities in the Middle East, particularly in the Holy Land who face many trials and challenges in the land where Jesus was born. On the 17th of December Raymond Cairns died after a period of illness. Raymond was full of faith and hope and very much wanted to go and be with his beloved Agnes in the presence of the Lord. His death marks the end of an era in St George's as he was one of those who joined the parish in 1952 to bolster its numbers when it faced the threat of closure. Raymond and Agnes were faithful attenders and very generous benefactors of St George's and both of them took a lifelong interest in the choir, supporting it, especially the boys with presents at Christmas and Easter and going on many choir trips all over the British Isles. His funeral and Requiem will be celebrated on Thursday, 6th of January at 12:30PM in St George's. Once again may I offer every blessing of this holy season and best wishes for 2022.

Yours sincerely in Christ

Brian Stewart

20 December 2021

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Dear Friend,

Thank you to the members of **St Georges Church** for your wonderful gift of **£492.50** which I'm pleased to confirm we received. We are honoured to have your continued support and thank you for thinking of us when making this charitable donation.

Veterans rely on us and we rely on people like you. Thank you so much for giving your support to enable veterans across the UK to receive our specialist treatment to help them tackle the past and take on the future. Veterans like David who served for 24 years in the Army. He says:

"As the years passed, I found life harder and harder. I really missed being in the Army. Coupled with that certain things were getting to me – if a car backfired, a door slammed or there was any kind of loud noise like fireworks, it really made me jump."

After receiving our specialist treatment during the pandemic, David reflects, *"If I hadn't gone to Combat Stress, mentally I'd be in a much worse place now. I never thought my reactions were due to a form of PTSD but now I understand and that has helped enormously."*

David sought our help 25 years after his first tour to Northern Ireland in 1990 – with your help we can be there for the other veterans who struggle to leave the past behind.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Yours most sincerely,

Robert

Robert Marsh
Director of Fundraising
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p.s. Thank you for this generous support — it is much appreciated and does make a difference to those veterans who turn to us.



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WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE 2021

Dawn was just breaking on a clear September morning when we set sail from the Port of Belfast. We were filled with a quiet excitement for we were eight pilgrims beginning our journey to the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. Because of Covid-19 restrictions we had been unable to make our usual pilgrimage in 2020. Furthermore, due to illness and/or other circumstances, our numbers were reduced. So, eight were making the journey in two cars. After a good crossing we arrived at Cairnryan Port on time and were soon on the road, heading for Gretna. Lovely weather combined with road improvements on the A75 made the journey pass quickly and before we knew it we were pulling into the Gretna Retail Park where we had a light lunch with a comfort stop. By 1:15pm. we were back on the road again, now heading south on the M6 through the beautiful countryside of Cumbria. After making a further comfort stop at Lancaster services we arrived at the Community of the Resurrection in Mirfield, West Yorkshire in time for Evensong followed by supper in the College refectory. Having adjourned to the common room in the Retreat House, Fr John Gribben, a member of the Community, who is well known to us in St George's, joined us momentarily to welcome us to Mirfield. Although some then went off to bed others stayed up to chat until it was time for compline after which we entered the Greater Silence until after breakfast the following morning. The next day we were able to relax more and absorb the peaceful ambiance of the monastery and its grounds, joining the community for the four offices of the day as well as the midday Eucharist. After lunch Fr John very kindly gave us a most interesting tour of the recently re-ordered Community Church, which gave further insight into the monastic life in general and how it is applied in the life of the Community of the Resurrection in particular. In the evening Fr John entertained us to supper in the guest parlour of the monastery after which we all adjourned to the common room in the retreat house where the "craic" continued until it was time for compline. After breakfast on the following morning, we packed our bags and assembled in the retreat house car park where Fr John blessed our group of pilgrims before we set off on the next stage of our pilgrimage. Our progress along the M1, A1(M) and A17 was good with few hold-ups, and we arrived in Walsingham about 4:15pm. Having settled into our rooms we gathered at the refectory where we were to have breakfast and our evening meals during our stay. After a lovely evening meal, we gathered together in the Shrine Church at the altar of the Annunciation for our first visit to the Holy House which stands immediately behind. As we walked in procession into the Holy House reciting Psalm 84, I am sure we all felt it was wonderful to be back in England's Nazareth and gave thanks in our prayers as we went to

bed. The next day was the feast of Our Lady of Walsingham which meant that there was a solemn concelebrated Eucharist at 12 noon in the Shrine Church. After lunch we prayed the Stations of the Cross as we walked the route around the Shrine gardens. The reasonably good weather we had been experiencing since we left home continued, so we completed the Stations without having to take cover on account of any rain. As we concluded our devotions other groups with whom we would be sharing the weekend began arriving, and when it came time for the evening meal the Refectory was almost full, unlike our first evening when it had been almost empty. At the clergy sacristy meeting, just before supper, I discovered that there was to be a group from South Shields on pilgrimage for the weekend. The last parish in which I worked before my retirement was in South Shields and it turned out that I knew both priests leading the Tynesiders as well as many of the people with them which only added to the fellowship over the weekend. Saturday was a relatively quiet day until the evening, so some of us took the opportunity to ride on the narrow-gauge railway which runs along the old British Rail track bed from Walsingham to Wells next the Sea. At 6:00pm all pilgrims assembled in the Shrine Church for the Pilgrimage Mass before going to the refectory for our evening meal. Then it was back to church for our evening devotion and the candlelit procession Our Lady ending with benediction and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. On Sunday, by tradition, all pilgrims attend St Mary's Parish Church for the Eucharist and then after lunch we were back in the Shrine Church for sprinkling from the holy well, a well which dates from medieval times and was rediscovered when the foundations of the present Shrine Church were being dug in the 1930's and is probably on the same water system as the original holy well within the medieval shrine church, now within the grounds of the Tudor manor house. Later that afternoon we returned to the church for the procession and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after which most of the groups made their last visit to the Holy House before making their way home. The next day, being our last in Walsingham, was observed in a very relaxed manner, the weather remaining kind. A few of us went out to the Slipper Chapel, a mile outside the village. It is now owned by the Roman Catholic Church and is their national shrine of Our Lady. Two years ago, both shrines pledged to work more closely together and it is to be hoped that this will continue into the future. After our evening meal we gathered in the Holy House to offer our intercessions and then on to the Guild of All Souls to say compline for the last time this visit. The day was rounded off by a very pleasant evening in the Upper Richeldis common room full of 'craic'. Tuesday saw us packing up our last bits and pieces before setting off on our homeward journey, and because several of our group had asked if we could return by Durham in order to visit the cathedral. We made good

progress on the first part but when we reached the A1 just north of Newark we hit torrential rain which remained with us until we reached Co Durham. Once again we were glad to arrive at our accommodation for the night, just outside Durham city in the Old Mill, Coxhoe, a very homely pub and restaurant which I would recommend to anyone visiting the northeast of England. The next morning after a lovely breakfast we set off for Durham. It was bright but very cold. Despite me being a graduate of Durham University, I had forgotten that the last Wednesday in September is usually the day when the new students matriculate to become members of the university. Therefore, there were students, some with parents, everywhere. This was made even more difficult on account of the local water company digging up the roads and footpaths to put in new pipes. Some streets were closed completely so parking proved nearly impossible. Nevertheless, we managed to get into the cathedral and visit both the tomb of St Bede and the Shrine of the Venerable Bede. Unfortunately, there was no time to attend the midday Eucharist, but we had a light lunch in the cathedral undercroft restaurant before heading back to the cars and on to Cairnryan and the ferry back to Belfast. Altogether every person who came on the pilgrimage seemed to have enjoyed and received much from it. Personally, I am very grateful for the help and support from all the pilgrims. The next meeting of the Walsingham Group will be on Thursday 24th February at 1:00pm.

Fr Graeme Pollock

PARISH NEWS

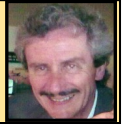
REGISTER OF VESTRY MEMBERS: 2022

The next annual review of the Register of Vestry Members will take place on Tuesday, 1st March 2022. This is a reminder of the registration process. First, if you are already registered, then there is nothing more you need to do; you can check for your name on the 2021 list of Vestry Members, which is in the narthex. However, if you are not registered and would like to be 'signed up', Forms of Declaration will be available from our Churchwardens during the month of February. Membership of the Vestry entitles you to participate and vote in the elections, which are held at the Easter General Vestry meeting.

The 'terms' for those who can be included on the Register of Vestry Members are that they must be a resident or accustomed member and subscribe to the funds of the parish by a receiptable collection. The Free Will Offering (FWO) scheme is an ideal way to subscribe to parish funds and satisfy this requirement; for further information on the scheme please consult Selby Nesbitt, FWO co-ordinator or Douglas McIllood, our Treasurer. If you have any general queries about the Register of Vestry Members, please speak with the Rector or Peter Hunter, Hon. Secretary.

A CLEAN SLATE

by Paul McLaughlin



Darkness fills the wooden booth as the heavy panelled oak door shuts out the stained-glass shards of natural light. A little fumbling mingles with the silence to give it flavour and a nervous cough, mine, announces the sliding of a confessional portal that opens on to another world.

“Bless me, Father for I have sinned. It is now many months since my last confession.”

My voice is high pitched and a little stammering, my confidence undermined by this attempt at contrition and the ‘months’ that have processed un-numbered into years.

The young priest, I have chosen him carefully as even I can still remember the hard ones and the easy ones of my youth, hesitates before speaking softly in a tone he has rehearsed many times.

“What is your confession, my son?” and he lets the words slip across the candle-waxed blackness that has replaced the January afternoon sunshine.

There is so much that I would like to say, some to salve my conscience, some to shock, God forgive me, most to fit the format that I had become accustomed to as a regular confessor in my childhood.

“I’m afraid, Father that a general absolution might be best in my case. I want to have a clean slate for the New Year, but I don’t want to spend most of it recounting my faults.” There I’d said it. A coward’s confession is required for the lost son. I waited for his reply and the rebuke of a cuff rather than a calf.

“If that’s what you think is best for you, my son, then just say the act of contrition.”

I am jolted by his understanding and compassion. Perhaps he is a good man, a modern cleric who understands adult complexities. We’re just starting a new millennium after all. Or perhaps he cannot be bothered to spoil a crisp New Year’s Day with the disjointed ramblings of a reluctant confessor.

I remember fondly the Saturday mornings of my boyhood when I made up a list of sins as I knelt in the pew beside the confessional door. Today I thanked God for an easy one.

“Are you sorry, truly sorry for those moments that will go unmentioned, my son?” he says, his voice heavy with gravitas.

“I am, Father,” I say, although the memories of many of those moments are as sinful as the originals. Original sin at its most authentic.

I mouth the words of the act of contrition. **“O my God, I am heartily**

sorry for having offended Thee and I detest my sins above every other evil.....” And even as I say the words I know that they are probably years out of date. I have been a long-time absentee from this ritual and even the closed world of the confessional must have moved on.

The priest hesitates in the dark, a split second that sounds like deathly silence on radio but, quickly, crossing his hands, blesses me and absolves me with the sign of the cross.

He is the confessor to a man-child whose fear is as strong as his faith and perhaps he knows it.

He delivers the penance, one decade of the Rosary, and shuts himself away with a flourish of his left hand. I open and close the door behind me, hearing my footfalls of leather on the stone tiles.

It is a long walk to the side altar and the place of penance, and I find myself thinking that Confession is certainly good for the soul, but a full decade of the Rosary seems all together a little bit harsh for the prodigal son.

I kneel and chide myself for my reluctant penitence. The penance is only one Hail Mary, one Our Father and one Glory Be for each year of my absence.

Affliction (II)

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalems stay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, so all my smart:

Thy crosse took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future mone.

George Herbert - 1593-1633

Submitted by Geoffrey May



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JESU THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE by Billy Adair

Some little time ago a minor bombshell hit the musical world when "some expert discovered that the well-known "Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary" was in fact composed by Jeremiah Clark and not by Henry Purcell after all. What's in a name?

The same situation arose with regard to this beautiful hymn. For centuries it was thought to be written by St. Bernard of Clairvaux who was born in 1091 and died in 1153. Bernard's father was a mediaeval Knight who fought in the first Crusade; his mother was a pious lady who earnestly prayed that her son would become a monk. It was after her death that Bernard gave himself wholly to the religious life and eventually four of his brothers, an uncle and many of his friends joined him. They settled at a lonely spot within a pathless forest known as the "Valley of Wormwood" and there laboured until the "Valley of Wormwood" became the great monastery of Clairvaux, the "Valley of Light".

Bernard became famous and powerful, even Kings and Popes sought his advice, but he was always in his own eyes a humble monk and turned down many offers of bishoprics, preferring to remain the Abbot of Clairvaux. Luther called him "the best monk that ever lived". Eleven years after his death he was canonised by Pope Alexander 111.

This then is the man who for centuries was accepted as being the author of the 42-verse hymn on The Holy Name, "Dulcis, Jesu memoria" but recent scholarship discounts his authorship and attributes it to an unknown Abbess, probably of English origin. Of the true author we know nothing and are not likely to know. The Church Hymnal contains two translations of portions of this hymn - No. 229, "Jesu, Thou Joy of loving hearts", translated by Bay Palmer, and No. 597, "Jesu, the very thought of Thee", a translation by Edward Caswall.

The first mentioned (and usually sung at the Eucharist) is a rather free paraphrase, but it is true to the metre of the original Latin:

Jesu dulcedo cordium,
fons veri, lumen mentium,
excedit omne gaudium
et omne disiderium.

One merely needs to read this over to feel the similarity in metre, even if one does not remember or understand one word of Latin. Of all the hymns with which I am personally familiar "Jesu, the very thought of Thee" is a favourite and I like to hear it sung to "St. Agnes", the tune to which it is wedded in our old hymnal. In this choice I am apparently in good company, for David Livingstone tells in his journal how he crooned it to himself in the wilds of Africa. "That hymn of St. Bernard on the name of Christ, although in what might be termed dog-Latin, pleases me so; it

rings in my ears as I wander across the wild, wild wilderness."

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see.
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind.

It is evident from the very beginning that the writer (whoever he or she may be) is in love with Jesus. To love is one thing, to be **in love** is even greater, and although the very thought of the Beloved brings pleasure, the hope of seeing Him one great day is the goal.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art.
How good to those who seek I

To the earnest Christian Jesus is the hope and the joy of life and indeed our only hope in the life to come. But He is also our Saviour - they called Him "Jesus" because He came to Save. When He came to earth "for us men and for our salvation" He was tempted in all points like ourselves and so when we fall (and who doesn't?) He understands and with kindness lifts us up to try again. The Catholic Church, of which we are a part, in Her wisdom makes provision for the penitent to know and hear God's forgiveness when She authorises Her priests in the Ordination Service "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

For me, this is the most moving and beautiful verse of the lot and like Livingstone I find myself repeating it time and time again. Read it, learn it, and experience its marvellous depth of truth. One can study a map and learn a lot **about** a country, but only those who have been there **know** the country. You can read the Bible and study it and so learn a lot **about** God, His Son and Holy Spirit, but this falls far short of knowing and loving and following the real Christ.

So, we will let the unknown writer have the last word:

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

MUSIC LIST January 2022

Sunday 2nd January

11am Eucharist

Hymns 48, 28

2nd Sunday of Christmas

Choir Holiday

Sunday 9th January

11am Eucharist

Processional Hymn As with gladness **47**
 Setting Missa Princeps Pacis - *Lloyd Webber*
 Psalm 29
 Offertory Unto us is born a Son **39**
 Communion Hymn 307
 Anthem We three Kings - *Stopford*
 Recessional The first nowell **36**

Epiphany 1

Parish Choir

Sunday 16th January

11am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn Immortal, Invisible **377**
 Setting Sumsion in F
 Psalm 36: 5-10
 Offertory Hymn Alleluia, sing to Jesus **271**
 Communion Hymn 294
 Anthem Listen sweet dove - *Ives*
 Recessional Hymn Lord of all hopefulness **239**

Epiphany 2

Parish Choir

Sunday 23rd January

11am Choral Eucharist

Processional hymn Jesus shall reign **388**
 Setting Stanford in Bb
 Psalm 19
 Offertory hymn My God, how wonderful **410**
 Communion Hymn 308
 Anthem I wonder as I wander - *Rutti*
 Recessional hymn When morning gilds **473**

Epiphany 3

Parish choir

Sunday 30th January

11am Choral Eucharist

Processional hymn Praise to the Holiest **439**
 Setting Ireland in C
 Psalm 24: 7-10
 Offertory hymn Ye Holy Angels **476**
 Communion hymn 305
 Motet O Nata Lux - *Tallis*
 Recessional hymn Praise my soul **366**

Epiphany 4.

Parish choir

CLUBS by Terence Mayne

Joining a dull queue snaking through Belfast Central railway station (Lanyon Place), of an early Friday morning, it was a pleasure for Peter and me to find ourselves behind 14 vibrant forty year old birthday celebrating 'beautifuls'. We followed them up the platform to the carriage and settled ourselves in the seats behind. After a respectful while, having finished the Daily Telegraph crossword, discussed Cornish lithium mines, the price of turkeys, Barbados, the woman Sturgeon, and little else, we struck up conversations with the ladies on their way to Dublin, with much laughter. It was the greatest of crack and being from North Down they knew most of the folk we did. Peter and I agree that it was one of our most enjoyable train journeys and, as a bonus, phone numbers were exchanged. There is nothing like travelling for interesting situations. We were on our way to support our rugby team, but this time there were only two of us, the others going by car, and the team by coach. We change trains in Dublin, eating lunch on our way to destination Sligo, (population 20,000).



Nothing would do us but we had to visit Yeats' Tower because Seamus Heaney said it was the most important building in Ireland. W.B. called it Thoor Ballylee as he had a great affinity for the Irish language. He bought it in 1916 for £35 and lived there with his family until 1929, writing "everything is so beautiful that to go elsewhere is to leave beauty behind". Indeed, there is no reason to argue with him, and the inside is as interesting as it was when he lived there. There is a tablet on the wall:

I the poet, William Yeats
With old mill boards and sea green slates
And smithy work from Gort forge
Restored this tower for my wife George
And may these characters remain
When all is ruin once again.

The Thoor is in wonderful condition today, with river running by, and an assortment of beautiful trees. On the way back to check in at our comfortable hotel, we strolled down to Cullanamore beach with the most consistent swell in Europe, to watch the surfers.

Next day it is shopping for presents for our loved ones back at H.Q., walking the Queen Maeve Trail, and the highlight of the whole outing,

to watch a great game of rugby, drinks in the Club house, off to a great restaurant for an ojah kum sniff meal plus dancing. Then some necessary sack time overnight, before getting a lift back to Belfast with a good friend, in time for Sunday lunch.

It was not Chicago, Bali, or a cruise on the Nile, but it was life: travel, shopping, sport, gourmet food, culture, good company and entertainment, all without touching a ball. Yes, it is always worth joining a Club: Bridge, tennis, yacht, bingo, football, golf, or whatever your choice. For younger readers, Cubs, Beavers, Guides or Scouts are suggested as starters.



Homemade
GIFTS MADE EASY

Endpiece by Jo Calder

A Difficult Topic

I touched briefly on Assisted Dying in a previous article, but I hope once again writing about such a sensitive issue will not be too upsetting to some. The reason is I came across an excellent article dealing with the subject by Rabbi Jonathan Romain.

The Rabbi is heading a campaign for a right-to-die law. He began by stating he was once opposed to the idea of anyone “*playing God*”. He started by saying when a loved one or friend is ill, we automatically ask if there is anything we can do to help, and it is a natural, kind thing to do. However, for many terminally ill individuals, living in enduring pain or dreading a death lacking in dignity, the one thing they want cannot be given to them under current UK law. At the moment anyone helping a family member or friend with this can face up to 14 years in prison. It is not viewed as an act of compassion, but murder. This is why the Rabbi decided to campaign to allow doctors to help those suffering from a terminal illness. He also feels perhaps Politicians are now more willing to listen to reasoned argument. He appreciates in the UK, generally, people are not willing to discuss dying and indeed there are now a great many who have lost faith in the Hereafter. He made it clear in his article there should be no pressure or force put on the terminally ill to agree to assisted dying if this is not what they believe or want. However, he feels if others do not want to continue to suffer, and want assistance, why are some so afraid of giving them the choice. A new attempt to legalise assisted dying was undertaken in 2021 by the Scottish Parliament, with a member of the MSP putting forward a Private Members Bill. Following this, a Private Members Bill was also undertaken for England and Wales. The silence is deafening regarding Northern Ireland. The terms of the Bill stated anyone with a terminal illness could make application for help at a time and place, such as at home, of their choice. This would have to be sanctioned by two doctors and a High Court Judge.

The Rabbi set up a group of leaders from all faiths, called Alliance For Dignity In Dying – he is Chair. He stated the aim is to challenge the inaccurate view that those with religious faith are totally opposed to assisted dying. His experience is that many members of the Clergy in each religion are sympathetic to the idea, and the vast majority of worshippers – Christians, Jews, Muslims, Hindus, and other faiths also support the view. The result of a poll taken among those who see themselves as religious was 84% in support and that assisted dying should not be forbidden in law.

He made it clear in his article this was not always his view; he said “*When I became a Rabbi in 1980 I felt that nobody had the right to play God*”. He had felt, as did many people at the time, assisted dying was just a more acceptable way of saying euthanasia, or leading to what he called “*State sanctioned murder of people with severe disabilities*”.

(Having followed recent debates and arguments I find this is still the view of some people today). He went on to say it previously worried him pressure would be put on the elderly and disabled to ask for what he termed as “*medical suicide*”. However, over time he looked into such concerns, and his views and opinions changed, though it took some time for this to happen. Part of his conversion, so to speak, included visiting those who were terminally ill in hospitals, hospices and in their homes. I imagine Priests, Ministers and other Clergy doing the same thing will know exactly what he means. In particular he praised very highly Palliative Care nurses doing such an emotional job with such patience and kindness, but he stated there were always patients who could not be helped – either due to their extremely severe pain or the nature of their death had been too dreadful. He mentioned the often asked question why should such folk be forced to continue if life has become so unbearable. He now firmly believes that those in such a terrible situation should be offered the option of a compassionate, dignified death instead of being rendered, a great deal of the time, into a drugged stupor. He wrote he has made it very clear to his family if he ended up in such a state, he wanted a choice.

He went on to say that, while there are still those in the hierarchy of all religions who were not happy with the attempts to have dignity in dying, he was very pleased both the former Archbishop of Canterbury, George Carey, and Archbishop Desmond Tutu have been adding their support, with Archbishop Tutu saying he would want assisted dying if or when it was necessary. It seems the British Medical Association is beginning to relent on their opposition; the official view of The Royal Colleges of Nursing and Physicians is “neutral”. It would appear the Government is, as the Rabbi says “*also ready to take a more measured and mature stance*”.

For a person to opt for assisted dying they must be mentally capable of understanding what will happen and make it very clear this is what they want. It would never apply to anyone who, for example has advanced dementia. He also made clear in his article he does not support the Dutch model, where those with severe clinical depression can have the choice of assisted dying – he feels that while severe depression is a terrible illness, it can be treated. He touched on the subject of suicide, saying he knew some who had attempted to do this went on to lead excellent lives, and he also stated even many with severe disabilities are living happy, fulfilled existences. He also said there are some people who feel there is value in suffering, that it “*refines the soul from a religious point of view*”, but he feels this is wrong. He also thinks no-one should impose their views or morality, either for or against, on another person, and I totally agree. He also stated there is an enormous difference between helping someone to die who is terminally ill and aiding their death when they could live in good health for a long time. As I said at the beginning, this is an issue which is still very confrontational, and also very personal.