

# The Parish Church of Saint George



## PARISH MAGAZINE

*An open door in the heart of the City  
A place of prayer and peace*



**NOVEMBER 2022**

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St George's Parish Magazine is published on the Sunday nearest the first day of the month, except August and January. Please send contributions to the Parish Office - [stgeorgesoffice@btconnect.com](mailto:stgeorgesoffice@btconnect.com). Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily represent the views of the parish.

Editorial Team: William Odling-Smee, Selby Nesbitt, Tony Merrick.

## From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

As I write these lines on a Thursday evening late in October, the choir are hard at work rehearsing in the Parish Hall for the Sunday Services. Earlier in the week our new Girls' Choir were here practising and tomorrow afternoon the boys will be here for their Friday rehearsal. Much of the "behind the scenes" activity in St George's takes place unnoticed by so many and yet we benefit from the hard work of all our singers and musicians at our choral services. I have had a number of very appreciative letters and emails which referenced the quality of the music at the Requiem for Queen Elizabeth and the Memorial Evensong for David McElderry. Like so much in the parish the hours of hard work and dedication by musicians, flower arrangers the Servers' Guild, Select Vestry and many others, passes unobserved and without comment. I want to put on record once more my personal gratitude to all involved and to say that what they do is very much appreciated and valued by the clergy and the congregation. Perhaps the next time a piece of beautifully sung music or a flower arrangement catches your attention, you might want to say a word of thanks and appreciation to those responsible. It would certainly do no harm and may do a lot of good.

In my pastoral visits to the sick and housebound I often visit people who have been unable to attend church for many years and are probably unknown to the vast majority of our current parishioners. They are not forgotten, and I am happy to visit them and maintain their connection with the parish. Some of them have been members for over 50 years or more and although now housebound or bedridden they are still very much parishioners and like to know how St George's is faring. Please do let me know of anyone, whether a parishioner or not, who would like a visit from the clergy. My mobile number is 079-0279-2080.

The annual All Souls' Requiem will be celebrated on Wednesday, 2<sup>nd</sup> November at 7:30pm. Remembrance Sunday will be observed on Sunday, 13<sup>th</sup> November; please note the main service will begin at 10:50am on that day.

The monthly Walsingham Mass will take place on Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> November at 1:00pm. Advent Sunday this year falls on 27 November. Our Advent Carol Service will take place at 5:00pm.

Anyone who would like to attend a Defibrillator Training Evening can come along on Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> November at 7:00 - 9:00pm in the Parish Hall. No previous knowledge or experience or knowledge is required. Please give your name to Lyn McGlade, one of our churchwardens.

Yours sincerely in Christ

*Brian Stewart*

## David McElderry Memorial Address

*The Rector, the Rev'd Brian Stewart gave the following address at the memorial service for David McElderry on Sunday, 2nd October 2022*

For we know that thou rejoicest  
O'er each work of thine;  
Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
For thy praise design;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For thy pleasure  
All combine.

Francis Potts words from his great hymn 'Angel voices ever singing. . .' have never been more aptly quoted, than with reference to our dearly beloved, and still sorely missed, friend David McElderry. His musical ear, skilful hands and tuneful voice were indeed gifts from his creator which he honed to perfection and used to bring joy to all of us and many beyond these walls, in churches and other places all over Ireland, in Scotland and beyond. If Francis Potts was correct, and I believe he was, then not only did David bring joy to us, but he brought pleasure to Almighty God. David's extraordinary skills and abilities as an organ builder, restorer and tuner were used for over 40 years to enable God's people to lift up their music and voices in praise and adoration to raise their hearts to God in thankfulness and to deepen joy and devotion amongst both musicians and congregations the length and breadth of the land. It didn't matter to David whether the church concerned was a grand cathedral or a simple country meeting house. He treated each instrument with the same attention, care, and expertise, whether it was a big three manual instrument from a famous maker or a simple single keyboard chamber organ with a handful of stops.

The late Reverend Alan Matchett told me a wonderful story from his pre-ordination days as an organist. His Rector had just had the Rectory refitted at huge expense by a well known Belfast kitchen supplier, the best in the province. Some weeks later, Alan told the Rector that the parish organ needed major work and that he recommended Wells Kennedy as the best firm to undertake the work. The Rector spluttered "Wells Kennedy! Surely there are other firms about who could do the job more cheaply? What would be the difference?" Alan replied, "It's the difference between Homebase and Shearer's Kitchens!"

Happy indeed is the man or woman whose career combines both a vocation and a passion for the work in hand. Never was that more

true than in Davids's case. Nothing was too much trouble for him if an organ needed attention. Even at very short notice, and indeed very often at only a few hours notice, David would gather up his tools of the trade and set off to repair a faulty organ, which was needed for a service or concert the next day. He hated to let anyone down. Those journeys to carry out emergency repairs often happened on a Saturday and frequently were to churches several hours drive away. I am sure that current and past members of Wells Kennedy's staff can attest to David's response and accompanied him from time to time.

David led the company by example, not only because of his own skill and commitment but through his courtesy and gentle good manners in all his dealings. His gifts of wisdom and diplomacy were evident to anyone who had dealings with him and all the more necessary, when we remember that, after all, he was dealing with musicians and clergy! David always struck me as one of those rare individuals who was unperturbable and unflappable, no matter what the situation was or how animated the organist or cleric was.

David's life, for which we have gathered to give thanks for today, was one of service to others, and especially to the Church of God in its many and varied forms. Saint Paul wrote in his epistles of Christians using their gifts in the service of the Body of Christ – the Church. In that sense, David McElderry was a true follower of the Apostolic injunction. His gifts, which were many, were at the disposal of the people of God and used to allow them to fulfil their first and most important duty - to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness and one might say, in 'the holiness of beauty' as far as music was concerned.

David's commitment was also very much to St George's, a parish he loved and worshipped in every Sunday. He joined St George's in the early 1980s and was prepared for confirmation by my predecessor, Canon Edgar Turner. He immediately joined the choir as a countertenor and was a founding member of the St George's Singers when they were set up by Jonathan Gregory, who I am delighted to say is able to be with us and to play this evening. He was the longest standing member of the choir and 'Father' of the choir in his later years. David also served for many years on the Select Vestry. I always knew he could be relied upon for his insight, counsel, and wisdom, especially in those situations where a contentious or difficult subject was under discussion. Occasionally, even in churches like St George's, something will come up that can raise the temperature of a meeting and strong opinions, not always wise opinions, can be aired. David would wait until the appropriate moment and then quietly interject with a few calming words of wisdom and common sense and

always with a quizzically raised eyebrow and twinkle in his eye. I still miss his thoughtful and insightful presence at Vestry meetings and the deep kindness and support he always showed to me, and I am sure to my two immediate predecessors as well.

Just like me and like St Georges, there are clergy and churches all over Ireland and not a few in Britain, that can be truly thankful to God for the Wells Kennedy Partnership and the great care that David's firm took, and continues to take, of their church organ.

The Psalm we heard a few moments ago, Psalm 121, was one of David's favourites and is one that he himself would have regularly sung here in St George's in the Prayer Book version. David lived with cancer very courageously for many years before his sudden death. He was fully aware that the prognosis was terminal, yet he was determined to be as active and as useful as he could possibly be in the years left to him. He more than admirably fulfilled that intention. The psalmist writes, 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.' These were words that so aptly apply to David McElderry.

It is only right and proper that as we remember David today, we in the words of the General Thanksgiving 'are unfeignedly thankful and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service . . .' These sentiments serve as a fitting and appropriate conclusion to our worship this evening as we give thanks and praise to God for his wonderful servant, David McElderry. We thank God upon every remembrance of him. Amen.

## PARISH NOTICES

### Sanctuary Flowers 2022

6 November		
13 November	McGuinness Family	In memory of Nuala
20 November	Karen Brett	In memory of Kathleen Cuthbert
27 November	No Flowers During Advent	

### Defibrillator Training

'Safe Hands', Defibrillator training scheme, will be offering training to parishioners in St Georges on **Tuesday, 29<sup>th</sup> November 2022** between 7:00pm-9:00pm in the following areas of emergency care:

- Management of a blocked airway
- Choking, in adults and in a child
- Anaphylaxis (severe allergic reaction)
- Heart attack
- Basic life support
- Defibrillation

Any parishioner who would be interested in participating in this training should speak to the Rector or the Church Wardens. Numbers are limited to a maximum of 24 people.

### Wednesday Coffee Morning In aid of Alzheimer's Disease

Until the COVID pandemic interrupted our way of life, St George's held occasional Coffee Parties on a Wednesday morning which supported charities that are working to improve the provision of research and facilities for causes which are well known to us in our everyday lives. We are now hoping to resume these events with your help.

We are holding the next Coffee Party on **Wednesday, 7<sup>th</sup> December**, with donations going to the Alzheimer's Society. It will follow the 10:30am Eucharist and take place in the Parish Hall at 11:15am.

The Alzheimer's Society is calling for the government to turn their words into action and show that they prioritise dementia as the greatest health concern facing the UK.

We hope you will support this event and please do bring friends.





Did you know that our food, water and even the air we breathe depends on healthy and intact natural environments? When we lose species, we don't just lose one of a kind animals or plants: we also risk the very systems we rely on. The systems which *sustain* us:

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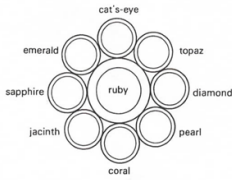
## THE JEWELLERY QUEEN - Terence Mayne

Except for the cognesenti of the jewellery world, it is amazing Mary Arbalsen is not better known because of her knowledge, personality and the happiness and good health and wealth she brought to many. Born of an artistic Icelandic father and a sound Irish mother in Ross and Cromarty, a very ugly duckling, but as so often happens, Mary grew to be a looker, the sort any guy would like to clap eyes on every day. Smooth shiny hair, black as the ace of spades and maybe blacker. The most beautiful thing about her is the deep dark eyes which show intelligence which I afterwards found out to be very true indeed. She meets Hamish Orbe at school and for a few years they went through the puppy love scene, paradise times, and then some. They both go to university, she studies geography at one, he, geology at another. On leaving, he spends his time in the coal mines of Fife, Midlothian, and Whitehaven, before popping off to Australia. She goes home to look after her aging mother. After the inevitable death, from Coopers Creek Hamish sends Mary an opal, a powerful symbol of love. The Romans claimed it promoted romance and passion, and had long been a symbol of hope, purity, and truth. There is a lot going for it, so take any one attribute and you are ahead of the game. Noticing a love for her childhoods delight growing and growing, realizing the power and potential and profit in gemstones she opens a shop in Union Street, Aberdeen called "Gemstones of Joy and Assurance", having anticipated there was much old money about and a lot of new from the gung ho young North Sea oil workers. She was no dozer. When a customer came in to buy an item of jewellery, having sold it, that was just paying the rent - next move? You have guessed it; a little polite conversation to discover he or she is a scaffolder and an equestrian, so a turquoise is explained because the stone preserves your life from falling and as a bonus protects from all danger whilst travelling. The seed is sown, chances are he or she will return, kicking for touch so to speak.

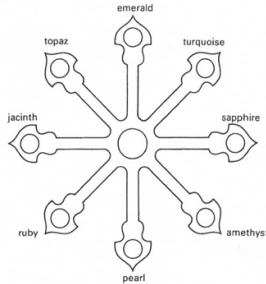
To great advantage she had a lot of folklore to draw on. It's so easy to accept reasoning from analogy; so the customers got the soft sell from her skilful use of knowledge : Green is a restful colour , therefore emerald must be good for the eyes; serpentines have a mottled marking resembling the skin of a snake, therefore must be protection against snake bites, for snakes don't bite snakes; red stones are good for haemorrhage , yellow stones for jaundice; diamond and white beryl sparkle, therefore they must make one alert and quick-witted . Mary's favourites are agate, making one bold, agreeable, persuasive; it cured insomnia and gave pleasant dreams, as did jacinth,

cornelians and emeralds make one eloquent; for best effects, these stones should, of course, be kept under the tongue. Chrysoprase was good for thieves; it made them invisible and preserved them from being beheaded. Diamonds made one strong, fearless, and invincible even against the devil. When stuck she sold an opal because it combines the colours of all the gemstones.

Along the same lines, what made Mary the legend she is today, was reintroducing into society the very ancient heraldic device, the



Naoratna



Escarbuncle

ESCARBUNCLE, and of even greater antiquity, the NAORATNA from India, of nine jewels combining the attributes of all the stones which would, moreover, reinforce each other bringing good fortune to the wearer under all conceivable circumstances.

After much success in Coopers Creek, Hamish got about a bit, moved to Brazil where a huge amount of gems are mined. Then, jobs all the way, Zambia (emeralds), Mozambique (sapphires), Derbyshire (blue john quartz), Utah (red beryl). He, for further education, spent time in Franklyn, North Carolina, the gem capital of the world. From there, at 32 years of age, he was needed and finished his career at the Rocky Peacock opal mine in Navada. He spent some time in Vegas to his advantage, with Roulette Rosie, the very well known gambling adviser, before returning to Mary, the nearly lost love of his young life, only to discover her famous shop had burnt down (fire, lightening and missiles strike at any time). They moved to her mother's old house in Carryduff south of Belfast, selling gems online, and they are still at it. Not as interesting for either of them, but they have four children who have to be educated: Rubel Onyx, Frances Coral, Paddy Diamond, Adrian Silver.

# THE SILENT PRAYER

by Paul McLaughlin



"Mammy, does God speak Irish"? There I'd asked the big question of my mother as we finished our dinner of boiled potatoes, peas, and the smoked whiting that we always called brown fish.

Mister Sloan, with his heavy handcart, had delivered the fish to the waiting housewives in our street around lunchtime with his cries of 'Herrings Ardglass', that sounded like a foreign language twisted on his tongue, ringing in the damp November air.

Friday dinner meant no meat as it was a fast day. I had little idea of what that meant as I sat at an ancient desk in primary four of St Paul's school on Belfast's Falls Road and listened as our master told us how lucky we were to be Catholics.

"Our faith is full of great mysteries that no man can understand or explain", I remember him saying on more than one occasion. "Just remember how fortunate we all are to share in their wonderful grace". I tried really hard to understand what he was saying because he looked so happy and eager for our approval, but I think that is when I first realised that deep thinking was not for me. Instead, I followed his every word with my index finger in my catechism as he went through the daily prayers.

"You will all be examined by the Monsignor in the next few weeks to make sure that you know all the important prayers that Our Lord is waiting to hear from you. So, memorise them....learn them all off by heart. Our Lord sees into all our hearts, and he will know if you have done your duty."

I put the catechism in my little leather satchel, on the cover of which my father had written, very neatly, in blue-inked big capitals, my name and address along with a green-backed reading book and my jotter. The 'reader' as the master called it would teach us English and help us to pass the big test that would decide all our futures.

Everything at our school seemed to be designed to that end and even then, at barely nine years of age, I thought of the Eleven Plus examination as the bogey man waiting for us all. Our master told us that St Vincent de Paul had said that a man of prayer was capable of everything. Many of my simple prayers had that dreaded exam lurking somewhere in their subtexts.

My jotter, crammed with my spellings, five a night to fit in my heart along with all my prayers, held page after page of my very best handwriting jam-packed with work and a few prayers with every page filled from top to bottom. Even the backs of the folded-over pages that no one liked to use. Only then, after close scrutiny from the master, would a new navy-fronted jotter with white, lined pages be

handed over to hungry little hands.

"You all know the drill", said the master and pretty soon we did. He taught us sums, reading, writing and a game called mental arithmetic with quickfire questions that didn't seem like sums at all. Even I liked it.

And he 'guided' us through our religion. His word. **Guided** as someone who'd had "good guides" himself. We had already made First Communion and Confirmation, so now we concentrated on being strong and perfect Christians. Prayers were said every morning before class. The Hail Mary, the Our Father and the Glory Be. They were repeated after lunch and a further Hail Mary was said to see us safely home at the end of the school day. And, strangely I thought, they were always said in Irish. Our Catechism with its question and answers about the nuts and bolts of our faith was in English, but our words, shouted loudly to our Lord, were in Irish.

I learned to bless myself and say the The Hail Mary, but for all my life, God forgive me, I have mimed during the saying of the Lord's Prayer in Irish. Hence, I suppose the question to my mother. I still remember her thinking for just a minute while fixing me with her bright blue eyes. "Our Lord listens to all our prayers no matter what language they are in," she said, "It's the saying of them that's important." I decided to keep my silent prayer to myself.

## **A POEM BY GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844 – 1889)**

### **Felix Randal**

Felix Randal the farrier, O is he dead then? my duty all ended,  
Who have watched his mould of man, big-boned and hardy-  
handsome

Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in it, and some  
Fatal four disorders, fleshed there, all contended?

Sickness broke him. Impatient, he cursed at first, but mended  
Being anointed and all; though a heavenlier heart began some  
Months earlier, since I had our sweet reprieve and ransom  
Tendered to him. Ah well, God rest him all road ever he offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it endears.  
My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had quenched thy tears,  
Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix, poor Felix Randal;

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boisterous years,  
When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers,  
Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and battering  
sandal!

Submitted by Geoffrey May



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# THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

S. J. Stone 1839 - 1908

Isn't "The Church's one foundation" a fine hymn? On checking to ascertain what others thought of it, one authority said "it is one of the dozen greatest hymns in English and one of the two or three greatest on the subject of the Church". Another claimed it to be "beyond question the greatest on that subject (the Church) to be written within the last 100 years". Yet its author was an unknown and insignificant Curate!

The hymn was written in 1866 by the Rev Samuel John Stone when he was curate at Windsor. He later became Vicar of St Paul's Haggerston in 1874 and in 1890 was elected Rector of All Hallows on the Wall, London, a position he held until his death in 1908.

He wrote the hymn because of a serious controversy in the 1800's which shook the entire Anglican Communion. Dr Colenso, Bishop of Natal was a zealous and hard working ecclesiastic, and was greatly loved by the natives who gave him the title "Sobantu" which means "father of the people". But in his thinking and Biblical criticism the Bishop was very much in advance of his time, and when in 1861 he published a commentary on Romans and in 1862 a similar work on the Pentateuch the storm erupted. He questioned the authority of the Scriptures, and attacked the Church and Her Sacramental System in such a way that no fewer than 40 of his fellow Bishops called for his resignation. Heresy was the grave charge, and excommunication was mentioned; indeed the Archbishop of Capetown eventually deprived Colenso of his See, and at the same time issued a noble defence of the Faith and of the Church. The Archbishop's order was countermanded in the Law Courts in 1866, and Bishop Colenso administered his episcopal duties in Natal for a further 17 years, but under a cloud. He died in 1883, and it is perhaps only fair to say that today certain schools of thought accept his "heresies" as a reasonable view of the scriptures in the light of modern scholarship.

All this happened in Africa, but there were many troubled minds at home, and in support of the Archbishop's orthodox statement Stone, a 27 year old curate wrote this hymn - the classical hymn on the Church.

The Church's one Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ Her Lord;  
She is His new creation

By water and the word :  
From Heaven He came and sought Her  
To be His holy bride;  
With His own blood He bought Her,  
And for Her Life He died.

Stone goes down deeply to commence his argument—down to the very foundation, and he opens with a dogmatic broadside from 1st Corinthians 3 v. 11 “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, even Jesus Christ”. The chosen People of Israel was the Church of the Old Covenant, but our Lord founded the Church of the New Covenant “by water and the word”—that is by His own Baptism and Preaching. Let us also recollect that He not only spoke the word, He was, the Word, for “the word became flesh and dwelt among us, and at every Eucharist that same Word again becomes flesh and “dwells in our hearts by Faith with thanksgiving”.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth,  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.

This verse emphasises the Catholicity and historicity of the One Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, divided in so many respects and yet in fundamental doctrines having so much in common. We of course enter into all this, for we are in the deepest and best sense “the Church”. We were not proposed for Church membership (as at the Golf Club or Mothers’ Union or Masonic Lodge) but we were born into it - the child of God and a member of His Household. Dr C. B. Moss puts it this way “The privileges of membership in the Church are precious beyond all reckoning. It is by admission to the Church that we become partakers of the benefits of Christ’s death, by union with His risen and glorified life; of the life in grace maintained by the Sacraments which the Church alone administers; and of all the blessings bestowed on those who have been adopted into the family of God and share the family life of His children”. The tragedy today is that many take these great privileges so lightly, and often for granted.

Though-with a scornful wonder  
Men see Her sore opprest,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest,



Yet Saints their watch are keeping.  
Their cry goes up "How long" ?  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation  
And tumult of Her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious.  
Shall be the Church at rest".

These two verses give a bird's eye view of the history of the Church. So often She comes under fire - justified and unjustified. Frequently in Her need She cries for help and support from Her children, but "with a scornful wonder we see Her sore opprest". Schism and heresy are the two major dividing elements, and there is a technical difference between the two. Heresy is the denial of a Biblical or Creedal doctrine, whereas schism is the separation caused by a point of discipline or procedure. Heresy did not stop at Brinus or Apollinarius in the 4th century but has continued through the ages, and in our day we might add names like Pike, Barnes, Allegro, and Robinson. One only requires to recall the various denominations and Christian bodies now operating to realise what a devastating part schism has played in the Church's history. Yet in every age saintly members have worked and watched and prayed and asked "How long"? in the sure and certain hope that in God's own way and in His good time the morn of song will come, the wounds be healed, and the Body of Christ be restored - One Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church - the Church He founded, and for whose life He died.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With God, the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

So this fine hymn ends with a prayer which echoes a much, much older hymn of Saint Augustine "Make me to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting".

William Adair

# MUSIC LIST November 2022

**Wednesday November 2<sup>nd</sup>**

**8:00pm Eucharist**

Requiem - *Fauré*

**All Souls Day  
Chamber Choir**

**Sunday 6th November**

**11:00am Eucharist**

Processional Hymn For all the saints **197**  
 Psalm 145: 1-5, 18-22  
 Gradual Hymn Glory be to Jesus **83**  
 Offertory Hymn The king of love **457**  
 Recessional Hymn King of Glory **391**  
 Voluntary Choral Alleluiatique - *Tournemire*

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday before Advent**

**Choir Holiday**

**5:00pm Evening Prayer**

**Choir Holiday**

**Sunday 13th November**

**11:00am Choral Eucharist**

Processional Hymn O God our help **417**  
 Setting Ireland in C  
 Psalm 98  
 Gradual Hymn Lord while for all mankind **491**  
 Offertory Hymn Dear Lord and Father **353**  
 Communion Hymn 308  
 Anthem Crossing the bar - *Hewson*  
 Recessional Hymn Eternal Father **354**  
 Voluntary Enigma - *Elgar*

**Remembrance Sunday  
2nd Sunday before Advent**

**Parish Choir**

**5:00pm Choral Evensong**

Responses Plainsong  
 Psalm 97  
 Canticles Dyson in C minor  
 Motet Gaudent in Coelis - *Dering*  
 Hymn **263** (omit \*); **146**

**St George's SSA**

# MUSIC LIST November 2022

## Sunday 20th November

## Sunday before Advent Christ the King

### 11:00am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	Christ whose glory	<b>234</b>
Setting	Darke in E	
Psalm	46	
Gradual Hymn	Once only once	<b>304</b>
Offertory Hymn	All hail the power	<b>332</b>
Communion Hymn	302	
Anthem	Let all the world - RVW	
Recessional Hymn	Rejoice the Lord is King	<b>433</b>
Voluntary	Processional - <i>Mathias</i>	

### 5:00pm Choral Evensong

Chamber Choir

Responses	Morley	
Psalm	72: 1-7	
Canticles	Stanford in C	
Anthem	Let all mortal flesh - <i>Bairstow</i>	
Hymns	<b>338, 439</b>	

## Sunday 27th November

## Advent Sunday

### 11:00am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	O come O come Emmanuel	<b>11</b>
Psalm	122	
Setting	Mass for 5 voices - <i>Byrd</i>	
Gradual hymn	God of mercy	<b>366</b>
Offertory hymn	O God of earth	<b>492</b>
Communion Hymn	295	
Anthem	Zion at thy shining gates - <i>Guest</i>	
Hymn	Lo he comes with clouds	<b>9</b>
Voluntary	Wachet auf - <i>Bach</i>	

### 5:00pm ADVENT SERVICE OF CANDLES AND PROCESSION.

# CALENDAR November 2022

**Tue - Nov 1**

**All Saints Day**

**1:00pm Eucharist:** The Rector

**Wed - Nov 2**

**All Souls Day**

**10:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**7:30pm Requiem Eucharist**

Preacher: The Rev'd Nigel Kirkpatrick

Servers: *Joan Calder, Tony Merrick, John Callaghan*

**Sun - Nov 6**

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday before Advent**

**9:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**11:00am Choral Eucharist:** The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Haggai 1: 15b – 2: 9; 2 Thessalonians 2: 1-5, 13-17; Luke 20: 27-38

Sanctuary Flowers:

Servers: *Laura Brannigan, Shahin Hajipour, Mark Claney*

Reader: *Eleanor Maynard*

Intercessor: *George Woodman*

Tea and Coffee: *Valerie Roberts, Eileen Fee*

**5.00pm Evening Prayer:** The Rector

Lessons: 1 Kings 3: 1-15; Romans 8: 31-39; *Paddy Sloan*

**Wed - Nov 9**

**Margery Kemp, Mystic**

**10:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**Sun - Nov 13**

**Remembrance Sunday**

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday before Advent**

**9:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**10:50am Choral Eucharist:** The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Isaiah 65: 17-25; 2 Thessalonians 3: 6-13; Luke 21: 5-19

Sanctuary Flowers: The McGuinness family in memory of Nuala

Servers: *Joan Calder, Tony Merrick, Johnny Calder*

Reader: *George Woodman*

Intercessor: *Archdeacon Harte*

Tea and Coffee: *Betty Flynn, Dot Lutton*

**5.00pm Choral Evensong:** The Rector

Lessons: Daniel 6; Matthew 13: 1-9, 18-23; *The Rev'd Tom Layden S.J.*

**Wed - Nov 16**

**Margaret, Queen of Scotland**

**10:30am**

**Eucharist:** The Rector

# CALENDAR November 2022

**Sun - Nov 20    The Kingship of Christ    Sunday before Advent**

**9:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**11:00am Choral Eucharist:** The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Jeremiah 23: 1-6; Colossians 1: 11-20; Luke 23: 33-43

Sanctuary Flowers: Karen Brett in memory of Kathleen Cuthbert

Servers: *Agape Laoye, Geoff Newell, Johnny Calder*

Reader: *Carolyn Rhodes*

Intercessor: *Karen Brett*

Tea and Coffee: *Helen Crowe, Valerie Roberts*

**5.00pm Choral Evensong:** The Rector

Lessons: 1 Samuel 8: 4-20; John 18: 33-37:

*The Rev'd Graeme Pollock*

**Wed - Nov 23**

**Clement, Bishop of Rome**

**10:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**Thu - Nov 24**

**Feria**

**1:00pm Eucharist:** The Walsingham Group meet at this service – all welcome.

**Sun - Nov 27**

**Advent Sunday**

**9:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

**11:00am Choral Eucharist:** The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Isaiah 2: 1-5; Romans 13: 11-14; Matthew 24: 36-44

Sanctuary Flowers: No Flowers during Advent

Servers: *Laura Brannigan, Joan Calder, Tony Merrick*

Reader: *James Dingley*

Intercessor: *Colin Young*

Tea and Coffee: *Eleanor Maynard, Mary Harland, Catherine Hunter*

**5.00 pm Advent Carol Service:** The Rector

Servers: *Joan Calder, Johnny Calder, John Callaghan*

**Wed - Nov 30**

**Andrew the Apostle**

**10:30am Eucharist:** The Rector

## REMEMBRANCE – A REFLECTION by W A Miller

The Liturgy – a work of recalling or remembrance in ritual movement and gesture, whether sung or said in the low murmur of celebrant, points beyond the talk we talk to that beyond all talk. “Let all mortal flesh keep silent”, an adaptation of an ancient Syrian hymn, sometimes sung during the Offertory, sometimes at Communion, points to mystery.

Mystery, from the Greek “mysterion,” that is to what is hidden from us – Reality. What we see and hear is not the reality we think it is. It is not Reality. It is what comes via the inside of our brains. If the receptor neurones inside our brains were other than they are, that is if they were receptive or responsive to other wave lengths of light (think of x-rays and the world we would then see if we were receptive to them) we would still not see reality but would see what comes via inside our brains. Similarly with sound waves we are responsive to a limited range

It was not what comes from the outside via the inside of our brain that had Peter intuitively give the answer to Christ’s question (Matthew 16: 15-18) “Whom say you that I am?” The answer flesh and blood had not revealed it. It is on that answer of Peter that came not via the inside of his brain that the Church (the Ecclesia – the same Greek term as in use in the days of Plato for the Assembly of the citizens of Athens) is built.

This part of chapter 16 is often quoted whilst the latter part (Matthew 16: 23) addressed to Peter is as often passed over in silence: “Get thee behind me Satan . . .” as though prefiguring much of the Church, not the abstraction, but the people in history

In “The Great and Holy War: How World War I Changed Religion for Ever” (Lion Books, 2014) Philip Jenkins writes that people everywhere in Europe had their assurance that God was on their side. Disillusion later set in. French vindictiveness in the Peace Conference prepared the way for what happened later. In contrast shortly after the beginning of World War II, William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, broadcast on the BBC in which he spoke of a Federal State of Europe which would include Germany after the defeat of the Nazi tyranny (see Stephen Spencer in Theology, July/August, 2022). It is unlikely that he had in mind the EU of today. The War Memorial Pillar in Belfast’s Woodvale Park (to mark the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the outbreak of World War I) is rare in that it commemorates those of the British Expeditionary Force, the French and the Belgian, but also the German soldiers who died in World War I (details are to be found on the internet).

## **"THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN'" by Jo Calder**

*"Come gather round people where-ever you roam, and admit that the waters around you have grown....."*

*"Come Senators, Congressmen, please heed the call, don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall, the battle outside ragin' will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls....."*

*Come mothers and fathers throughout the land, and don't criticize what you can't understand, your sons and your daughters are beyond your command....."*

*"The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast, the slow one now will later be fast, as the present now will later be past....."*

Excerpts from the song by Bob Dylan, 1964. As a twelve year old I thought this song was amazing; he did not have the most wonderful of singing voices, but his lyrics were totally fantastic. He was an idol of those of us who went on to become hippies way back in the 60's.

I am using some of these lyrics as, not only did I feel they were very profound then, but I still do, 58 years later. Certainly, when he wrote *"the waters around you have grown"* I doubt he had meant it to be taken literally; sadly, they now can be. The terrible floods in many countries throughout the world have left death and devastation for many, many thousands of humans, as well as the terrible death and destruction to even more animals. The recognized "affluent" countries, while suffering the loss of homes, perhaps jobs, and lifestyle is certainly very bad, but the total havoc suffered by those countries who were already seeing their inhabitants in abject poverty is beyond normal comprehension.

Then, of course, there is the opposite. Some countries have not had their normal rainy seasons; in parts of Africa, it is now 4 years since they had normal rainfall; the suffering is equally horrendous. St George's recently launched an appeal for East Africa. I have written before about climate change, and the dreadful impact it is causing, especially in those countries who have meagre resources at the best of times. I was horrified listening to a news item on TV recently, regarding that awful man Bolsonaro; he continues to allow the Amazon Rain Forest to be decimated, on a daily basis at times. Many thousands of trees have been chopped down and burnt, to clear the land for agriculture. It is not only the trees being destroyed; it is the indigenous people living there who are very badly effected, and, just as important, the wildlife. According to the news item, men come with guns, and the people either let them do what they came for, or risk being shot. Yet, it seems nothing is being done to prevent this. I can only hope the other candidate in the Presidential election wins -

he has already spoken out against the carnage taking place in the Amazon.

*"Come Senators, Congressmen please heed the call....the battle outside ragin' will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls..."*. One of the biggest battles "ragin'" right now is Ukraine. Day after day we hear about new horrors taking place, and atrocities that happened at the beginning of the war. I do find it impossible to accept there are humans capable of such appalling barbarism. Sadly, it would seem there are so-called "humans" who seem to take a perverse enjoyment in such grotesque practices. There are also such atrocities in other countries; no intervention from those "in power" who have the authority to try and change the situation. I will not even begin to go into the utter brutality carried out on animals. More and more, I wonder what God must be feeling when we, the most "sophisticated" of all His creations, behave this way. I wonder how long He will let the "human" race do the awful things they do.

*"Come mothers and fathers throughout the land, and don't criticize what you can't understand, your sons and daughters are beyond your command...."*. Again, it saddens me when I hear in the news of what is happening in some families. There are families where parent/parents are less than decent and have inflicted cruelty on their children. We also know about the on-line bullying some young people are being subjected to, sometimes with tragic consequences, and on many occasions their parents are totally unaware until it is too late. Certainly, I appreciate the many advantages we now have with the internet, it has made life much better for so many. However, as with anything, sometimes it can also have a negative affect. Bullying has always taken place; it is a sad fact of life, and has never been pleasant, but I really do feel the type of bullying now is much nastier, and more worrying.

*"As the present now will later be past."* Dreadful events happened in the past, the Holocaust being just one such example; sadly, awful happenings continue to take place in our world. Again, I am sure God must be deeply saddened at what we are capable of, He has been very tolerant so far. God help us all.