

The Parish Church of Saint George



PARISH MAGAZINE

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



FEBRUARY 2023

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

From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

First of all, may I apologise for the absence of a Rector's Letter in the January magazine. This was entirely my fault as Selby had asked me for one and I forgot about it until it was too late and he had to go to press without it. My sincere apologies to one and all.

May I belatedly say how much I appreciated the excellent music we had in church over the Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany seasons. All of our musicians and singers put in a huge amount of work in terms of rehearsals, services and quality of their contributions to our worship. Then add in the fact that we had a wedding and a number of funerals with a very full musical contribution, and you will understand how hard they all work and the wonderful use they make of their very special talents which benefit us all and make any choral service in Saint George's so uplifting. This is particularly appreciated by those attending funerals where familiar hymns, anthems and psalms, beautifully sung, can be a real source of comfort and consolation. We are very privileged in Saint George's to have such a high standard of music and skilled musicians, when such music and gifted musicians have disappeared in so many parishes in Belfast and beyond.

One of my colleagues was recently asked why he thought congregations were declining and parishes were closing across the U.K. His reply was unequivocal. "They're doing the wrong thing". They might be doing the 'wrong thing' very well and that will attract some people for a while, but eventually, 'Messy Church', 'Café, Church' and the latest fads in modern services lose their appeal and something else has to be invented to entertain and attract congregations. Doing the 'right thing', but doing it badly will also cause people to drift away. For him, and also for me, doing the 'right thing' and doing it to the highest standards we can, is the only proven way to attract and keep a congregation. For me the 'right thing' has the Eucharist at its centre with good music, congregational involvement and hopefully short and reasonably intelligible sermons. Anything which does not have the Eucharist at the heart of Parish life is not the 'right thing', as it's the only service given to us by Christ himself and which he commanded us to do in memory of him.

There are two major observances in February, which I would remind you of. Thursday, February 2nd, marks the Feast of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, sometimes called Candlemas; there will be a Choral Eucharist that evening at 7:30 PM. Ash Wednesday this year falls on Wednesday 22nd February. There will be celebrations of the Eucharist at 7:30 am, 10:30 AM and 1:00 PM, all with Imposition of Ashes and there will also be a Choral Eucharist with Imposition of Ashes and a sermon at 7:30 PM in the evening.

Confirmation will be administered by our Bishop, the Right Reverend George Davison, on Easter Eve, Saturday 8th April at 7:30 PM. Would anyone, young person or adult' who wishes to be confirmed please speak to me as soon as possible, so we can make arrangements for preparation classes.

I am always available for contact on my mobile 079 0279 2080, especially for anyone who needs or wants a visit or would benefit from a pastoral conversation.

With every good wish and blessing.

Brian Stewart

PARISH NOTICES

Sanctuary Flowers 2023

5 February	Brenda Claney	In memory of her parents
12 February	Paddy & Selby Nesbitt	In memory of their parents

Register of Vestry Members: 2023

The annual review of the Register of Vestry Members will take place during the month of February. 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 2022 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. Please kindly note that 2023 is a Triennium year and so there will be more elections at the Easter Vestry than usual.

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 McIlldoon, our Treasurer. If you have any general queries about the Register of Vestry Members, please speak with the Rector or Peter Hunter, Hon. Secretary.

Please note, the **Easter Vestry will be held on Sunday, 23rd April at 1:00pm** after the morning service. There will be a sandwich lunch before the meeting.

Fob Registration for the New Barrier

St George's has installed a new barrier to the churchyard. Parishioners who have fobs for the churchyard barrier will **require to have them registered for the new barrier** and are therefore asked to bring them in to Simon James (our new Sexton) for registration. Simon is at the church each day from 9:00am to 3:00pm.

Fobs may also be registered after any 11:00am Eucharist.

If you have any problems, please contact Peter on 077 5978 1282.

PARISH NOTICES

WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE – 2023



I will be opening the list of names for those wishing to make the pilgrimage to Walsingham later this year. We will be in Walsingham from 5th to 10th October. Costings for the pilgrimage will depend upon how many pilgrims commit themselves to the pilgrimage and whether we fly to East Midlands and on to Walsingham by coach or go by the ferry and on by car. If we decide the latter then we shall make a two night stop at the Community of the Resurrection in Mirfield. We would also stop off somewhere of interest on our return journey. Because of low numbers in the last two years I have booked only 12 places at Walsingham, but more may become available nearer the time if we need them. If you want to know more please see me at church or contact me by phone on 9065 4868

Fr Graeme Pollock

GENERAL DATA PROTECTION REGULATION (GDPR)

In order to comply with the law on Data Protection, St George's is required to ask for your consent as to how we may contact you; without this consent, you cannot receive any communication from the church.

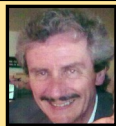
The GDPR registration process was introduced in St George's two years ago and at that time, parishioners, friends of the parish and supporters kindly completed either an electronic form or a paper form. We are now inviting newcomers to the parish, and any one else who may not have been aware of the process, to complete the GDPR registration.

You can either follow the link <https://bit.ly/sgb-gdpr> for an electronic version of the consent form or alternatively, pick up a paper copy of the form in the Narthex, which can be filled in and handed to a Churchwarden.

By ticking the 'Parish News' section on the form you will be informed of parish events and can be sent a copy of the monthly Parish Magazine.

HOUSE AND HOME

by Paul McLaughlin



A recent walk down my old street became a trip down memory lane as I remembered how it had become our home 70 years ago. Much has changed, new town houses now occupy the great open space that once accommodated the estate's primary school and much has been gentrified since home buying transformed the place back in the 1990s, but the mountain remains, eye catching and dominant.

His holiness Pope Pius XII could not have known that, as the world saluted his 77th birthday on March 2nd 1953, a family in Belfast had its own reason to celebrate. My Mum and Dad, after five years on the Corporation waiting list, moved bag, baggage and two children into their new council house in the foothills of the Black Mountain.

A Cork woman was cashing her cheque for nearly £2,000 that morning – that's more than seventy grand in today's money – courtesy of the YP football pools, established by the charity the Young Philanthropists it raised more than £1 million in the 1950s to save the Mater hospital from closure and my parents supported it like thousands of other young families, without even nearly winning, for more than 20 years.

Heavy fog carpeted the city's Springfield Road and a pantechnicon, hired for the day, transported all our family belongings to our new home at number eleven. A numeral that would become the 'name' of our house for the next 55 years. It wasn't grand enough to have a fancy name like Birch Cottage or Mill House, but the name 'number eleven' stuck and that is all I remember it being called.

My sister Rosemary was five years old, excited and more than a little confused. "Why can't Grannie come with us" she asked my mother more than once until she found a friend of the same Christian name just across the street.

My parents had lived with Grannie for much of those five long years and everyone was looking forward to his and her own space, especially since the arrival of the new baby – me – exactly eight weeks before.

My earliest memories are of the huge green field that stood opposite our house, the hundreds, maybe thousands of bees that buzzed among the dandelions and daisies that grew in great swathes across it and the multitude of children that played there. I can hear the noise of play now when I think back. Girls and boys shouting and screaming, the sound of a generation that made its fun on the street and in the field.

Rounders, football, kick-the-tin and the quieter hide and seek that we

called 'Hengo' filled that field everyday after school and from dawn to dusk in the good weather. And wasn't the weather always good back then!

Our house stood opposite, the middle part of a three-part terrace. Three bedrooms, a bathroom, a living room, a dining room and a scullery that my parents thought enormous, especially when it came to heating them.

One open fire in the living room had the job of warming a breeze-block built structure through which mountain winds actually whistled at times. I had the box room for a time and its built-in wardrobe, like a reverberating echo chamber, was the main culprit to such an extent that my father christened it the 'music' room.

I remember good and bad times in the little terrace, all mostly good before the tragedy of the Troubles with decent people struggling to make a life with hard work and good humour, the many Christmases that our parents sacrificed of themselves to make special for us, the music lessons, the precious time spent in our care, but all mostly sad afterwards with the darkness and despair that, to me at least, seemed to suck the air out of the place.

But my parents persevered with their own brand of wisdom, decency and harmony to make a life under difficult circumstances to such an extent that the daughter of a former Protestant neighbour described them as recently as a year ago as 'Mister and Missus McLaughlin at number eleven, the best people you could meet'.

There are no longer 30 cinemas showing movies across this city as there were back in 1953 and the wireless is almost forgotten. Entertainment today is much more sophisticated, much more hi-tech and futuristic, but I like to think that as my folks settled down at their own fireside to listen to the Radio Eireann Light Orchestra on their Ekco radio on that Monday evening that their thoughts were of a better future.

None of our family remains at number eleven this many years and, although it is no longer our house, in so many ways it will always be our home.



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SYDNEY CARTER - A TRIBUTE by Jeffrey Johnston

In 1996 a survey was taken to find the five most popular modern songs sung at school assemblies in Britain. It was found that two of the top five had been written by the same songwriter. Number 1 was 'One more step along the world I go' and Number 5 was 'Lord of the Dance' The songwriter was Sydney Carter. Carter was born in London and spent all his life there. He attended Christ's Hospital School in Sussex and then read Modern History at Oxford. He was baptized an Anglican and remained so, but he was greatly drawn to the Society of Friends, both for their pacifism and their social activism. When the war came in 1940, as a pacifist he joined a Friends Ambulance Unit and served in Egypt, Palestine and Greece. In the 1950s he formed a collaboration with Donald Swann, writing lyrics for some of his West End productions and for a children's musical. In the 1960s he teamed up with Sheila Hancock in producing an album of six songs. He was also active as a folk singer, performing with such stars as Pete Seeger and Martin Carthy. His faith was very grounded in the nitty and gritty of everyday life e.g.

*When I needed a neighbor,
Were you there, were you there?
When I need a neighbor, were you there?
And the creed and the color and the name don't matter
Were you there?*

In 1965 he composed his best known song: 'Lord of the Dance' This song took its form from a mediaeval carol, "Tomorrow shall be my dancing day" in that it spoke in Jesus' voice and saw him as leader of a dance. However, his lyrics were quite new. He put it to the tune of an American Shaker song, which gave it a popular rhythm.

*I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.*

*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.*

In a lesser known folksong, the Bells of Norwich, Carter recalls the words of Sr Julian of Norwich, a fourteenth century nun and hermit. She is best known for the saying “All shall be well and all shall be well and all manner of things shall be well”; words of encouragement to the people in her area during hard times. The song echoes the same faith and hope expressed by Sr Julian:

*Loud are the bells of Norwich and the people come and go,
Here by the tower of Julian, I tell them what I know.*

*Ring out bells of Norwich and let the winter come and go
All shall be well again, I know.*

*Love like the yellow daffodil is coming through the snow
Love like the yellow daffodil is Lord of all I know.*

*Ring for the yellow daffodil, the flower in the snow.
Ring for the yellow daffodil, and tell them what I know*

*All shall be well , I'm telling you, let the winter come and go.
All shall be well again, I know.*

Some will see Sydney Carter as a songwriter mainly for children, with his clear message and simple language. I prefer to see him as one who encourages us to live out our faith with more joy and expectancy e.g., in “One more step along the world I go” he writes in verse 3:

*As I travel through the bad and good,
Keep me travelling the way I should.
Where I see no way to go,
You'll be telling me the way, I know.
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
Keep me travelling along with you.*

Candlemas - by Keith Suckling.

Candlemas is one of my favourite celebrations of the year. As we end the weeks following Christmas and turn towards Lent, we hear the story of the old man Simeon meeting Mary and Joseph with the baby Jesus in the Temple in Jerusalem. Quite a long time ago now, for a sermon I imagined what the experience might have been like for Simeon, and this dialogue was the result.

We are in a dimly lit room. There is a bed in a corner on which an old man is half-lying. A jar of wine lies on a low stool by his side. The door opens casting a brighter shaft of daylight onto the man's face, which, although old, is peaceful and bright.

The visitor greets him. (Luke 2: 25-38).

Josiah: Good morning, Simeon. I haven't seen you for a few weeks, so I came to see how you are getting on. I had heard that you've been in bed for several weeks.

Simeon: Josiah, how good to see you. Thank you for coming. Yes, I have not been very active over the past few weeks. I do seem to be getting weaker, and I think I may not have many days left.

Josiah: I would not have thought that, looking at you. Your face is so bright - almost serene.

Simeon: Yes, it's funny that I do feel especially good, even though it's hard to move, even for a cup of wine. *(he stretches up)* Perhaps you'd be good enough to refill my jar from the jug in the corner, whilst I think of it!

Whilst Josiah fills the jug, Simeon continues:

Yes, it really goes back to that coincidence in the temple.

Josiah: What do you mean? I heard of nothing unusual in the temple recently, and with the gossip in Jerusalem, I normally don't miss a thing.

Simeon: No, no. Hardly anyone knows about it. Four people at the most. I think God arranged for the coincidence. It's the kind that only the people involved know about.

Josiah: Oh, you mean like Abraham finding a ram trapped by its horns just as he was about to sacrifice Isaac?

Simeon: Perhaps something like that. You see, I'd begun to feel quite weak in the mornings and I was wondering about whether I would be able to get to the temple every day, as I had in the past. Most days over the past few months something had got me going as the day warmed up, but that day I had decided that I would give it a miss. So instead of getting up, I tried to doze off. But I couldn't

Josiah: So you managed to get up, then?

Simeon: I don't know how. I didn't really think I had the strength.

But I did get up and, almost in a dream, I found myself in the temple.

Josiah: I suppose that that is remarkable. I know God can call us to worship and prayer when we feel least like it.

Simeon: Yes indeed, but there was much more to this. That is when the coincidence happened.

Simeon's eyes brighten further as he continues.

I had not been there long when a young mother and her husband appeared. They had brought their tiny baby with them. I seemed to catch their attention. They came up and asked me to bless the baby. You know, parents have asked me to do that many times as I've got older, but it was immediately clear to me that this occasion was quite different and important.

Josiah: And you nearly missed it by staying in bed! Go on .. How do you know it was different?

Simeon: I don't know .. and yet I do know, very clearly. Something struck me. A clear word from God, not precise, but compelling, confirming what he had told me before. I prophesied. I felt just as Isaiah must have felt.

Josiah: What did you say?

Simeon: I realised that God had led me into the temple despite my weakness just at the right moment to meet this young mother and her baby, and that the blessing would be the last thing that God would ask me to do. So I said:

Lord, now I can die content! For I have seen him as you promised me I would. I have seen the saviour you have given to the world. He is the light that will shine upon the nations and he will be the glory of your people Israel.

It's funny finding yourself speaking in verse, like King David in the psalms, you know.

Josiah: And what did the parents say to your prophesy?

Simeon: Funny. Not much really. They were surprised, and yet it seemed to fit with their expectations.

Josiah: What do you think the prophesy meant?

Simeon: You can't be precise in this sort of thing. I think that this is a very special baby who is going to do something wonderful for God's chosen people.

Josiah: But what about the light and the nations? That's very like Isaiah you know.

Simeon: Yes, and that's a bit of a puzzle. I believe that this baby is something very special for everyone in the world. And there was more too. I saw that there would be great suffering for the mother. That felt so sad, because she looked so gentle and beautiful.

Josiah: You seem very confident about the importance of this meeting. But you said four people know about it. Who was the fourth?

Simeon: Ah yes, that was Anna. You know her?

Josiah: Yes, of course. Everyone does. She's been praying in the temple for years, - ever since her husband died, I believe. I wish I had her faith.

Simeon: Each of us has our own life to offer to God, Josiah, and at the moment you are doing that by visiting me. I'm most grateful.

Josiah: So what happened with Anna?

Simeon: She came up quite suddenly and praised God for the baby in a most unusual way. And then there was silence. We all looked at each other. The whole group seemed to glow with peace. No-one said anything more. After a moment the mother and father looked at each other, gently smiled to each other and then she took the baby from me. They bowed slightly and left. Anna continued her prayer walk around the Court of Women.

Josiah: What did you do then?

Simeon: I just stood there. I have never felt like that before, and the feeling won't go away.

Josiah: What feeling? What's it like?

Simeon: I can't really say. It's as if as I held the child I saw right through to God in heaven. It was just like the prophets write about.

Josiah: How can you be certain?

Simeon: It depends what you mean by certain. I'm certain that you are here with me. I'm certain that if the Roman Governor decrees another tax we shall have to pay. But this is a totally different kind of certainty. I don't see it with my eyes, as I see you. I don't know it with my head, as I know the regulations of the occupying Romans. No, I know it, I'm certain about the meaning of the coincidence and the prophecy in a much deeper way that I cannot put into words. It goes deep into me and has a resonance that does not fade. If I let my thoughts go, I think I held God and saw in this child a new way to heaven for all the world. A bit blasphemous for an old Jew? But in my moment of prophecy, and in my present weakness I can be excused, eh?

Josiah: Simeon, this is most amazing. I think I understand your certainty. What are you going to do about it?

Simeon: Me? Nothing. It's not up to me. Anyway, not much can happen for a few years. Jerusalem has not seen the last of the baby, I think. See what happens when he comes of age and when he is fully grown up. But we won't see it, Josiah. That will be in 20 or 30 years' time.

But here's another idea. You've livened me up and I feel stronger. Will you help me to the temple so that I can praise God again for that wonderful experience? It might be for the last time.

Josiah: Come on, Simeon. There's still more life left in you. Don't give up!

REUBEN by Karen Brett

I am overwhelmed by the needs I see and sense around me, cold people, hungry people, drowned people. The boy I saw buying drugs yesterday on the corner of a suburban avenue, and the boy selling them. Daily we hear news of hospitals in chaos, executions in Iran, flooding, famine. It is overwhelming.

I feel powerless to make a change or to help. I cannot stop the destruction in Ukraine, I cannot halt Putin's war machine, I cannot stop bombs falling or the climate changing. I can do nothing of significance to ease the trauma and dislocation of real people dehumanised by our asylum system.

A paralysis sets in.

I can do so little that I do almost nothing at all.

When there are seven billion people on the planet, how can one person make a difference?

I am challenged by a friend who sees a gap between how upset I am about what is happening here, and in Ukraine especially, and my continuing trust in God.

'If God exists, why does he allow it?'

That's the easy bit.

God's intervention would destroy everything.

Human beings, instead of being free agents with the choice to act or not, for good or ill, would become automatons.

A truly appalling prospect; a version of Hell.

So, it comes back to us to act as best we can.

Or not.

Intentions matter. Even if the act goes awry, the intention to do good can have a positive impact.

The intention to do good is a good deed in itself.

Jacob's eldest son Reuben refuses to join his brothers' plot to kill their youngest brother Joseph. He wants to protect him, but he is afraid of the anger of his brothers. So, instead of standing up to them and taking Joseph home, he persuades them to compromise and leave Joseph alive in a pit in the desert. Reuben intends to return to rescue Joseph but, by the time he returns, his brothers have sold Joseph to a caravan of slave traders and the boy is en route to Egypt.

Reuben's intention to do good and his intervention, even if it was not

as much as perhaps he should have done, had an effect on the future. It was a well intended, small act of good, in a desperate situation, that had enormous consequences. In the years to come Joseph will provide for his family in Egypt saving them, and many others, from starvation.

Likewise, our own small, well-intentioned acts may be far from ineffective.

They are pebbles dropped in a pond. The ripples may travel for miles and for years.

Our prayers; a word of encouragement to someone in difficult times; a conversation on a bus; a gift; an hour given to volunteering; the act of listening closely, without interrupting; giving time for a shared coffee or meal.

Each pebble, each action, each good intention, assists God in making the world as we know it more like the world it should be.

THE WINDOWS

By George Herbert

Lord, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass;
Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glory
More reverend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colors and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe; but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

Submitted by Geoffrey May

ANOTHER YEAR

I am sure, by now, we will all have wished our family, friends, neighbours and colleagues the usual year end greeting of "Happy New Year" and hopes for 2023.

Certainly 2022 could be regarded as one of the very challenging years I can remember, and I am sure there are many who would feel the same. Whether it was for personal reasons (it was a trying time for me) due to illness, employment, uncertainty, or family issues. Then of course there was the state of the Country in general – the huge rise in the cost of living, of heating, food, the worsening state of the NHS, and many other issues which have been forefront in all the News programmes.

Part of the reason was because of the barbaric war in which Mr Putin and his appalling regime are trying to destroy Ukraine and its people. I have huge respect for the Ukrainian President, his military, and the ordinary people who have been putting up such a fight. Their resilience is almost superhuman. This awful invasion has of course had a wider impact on the cost of food, fuel etc, but I still think that most of us are accepting that Ukraine must not give in to this Dictator. When I watch the daily newscasts, seeing the total destruction of this sovereign country, I still regard myself as lucky I am only having to deal with my everyday problems; I still have heat, and a roof over my head that hasn't been blown off.

What I found very touching was for Christmas 2022 the Ukrainian President asked his people to have the celebration on the Christian festival of 25th December, rather than their normal Orthodox feast at the beginning of January 2023. What sickened me was Putin said he was calling for a ceasefire of 36 hours for the start of the Orthodox Christmas. I find it extremely difficult to believe Putin is a religious man, as he professes to be. Surely, if he was, he would not be doing the evil acts he is ordering to be done. Certainly, throughout the centuries many unspeakable undertakings were done in the name of religion and faith. I feel if Putin had even a modicum of faith, he would not engage in such inhuman undertakings.

There are so many dreadful things happening in other parts of the world: famines, floods, executions etc, as well as what other appalling Regimes are inflicting on their people, such as what the Taliban are doing in Afghanistan, what the Iranian Regime is doing to anyone who is brave enough to speak out, or what that monster is doing to the people of North Korea. There is so much evil, cruelty and overall wickedness I wonder if there are people who may be

asking themselves why God is letting this happen to his World, and has their faith been affected, or, worse still, has waived in any way. I read a very interesting article just before Christmas by a former Church of England Priest, who had retired earlier in 2022. He felt a little “lost” because he would not be conducting his usual Christmas Services, or preparing sermons, and the fact he had been advised not to do anything relating to the Church, to allow him to get used to the idea of not being a Priest any longer. He said he never had felt more a part of his Church community than at Christmas.

He discussed the fact Christmas, and other big religious events seem to have become more secular if statistics were correct, and could be drawn from this that the UK as a whole could no longer be viewed as a Christian country. He said he could not totally agree Christianity has gone, though did accept now perhaps it was not as totally Christian as in the past.

He also expressed the thought, sadly, the death rates seem to get higher towards that time of the year and just how much worse it can be on the family whose loved one will not be with them to celebrate the birth of Christ. He then wrote very personally about being a Christmas widower. His husband had died between their December birthday and Christmas itself. He commented his Bishop had been very caring, had told him not to concern himself about sermons and Services; and his “marvellous” (to quote him) Curate had stepped into the proverbial breach. Friends brought him to their house and cared for him.

He wrote of how very sad it was for him, especially since his husband (also a Priest) had been totally involved in all things that is Christmas. I am certain there are many, many people who know exactly how he felt, and how hard it would be to cope. He then made a comment “*grief will sometimes pounce with surprisingly fresh force*”. As he so poignantly put it “*grief is the price you pay for love*”. He pointed out however, he was not in Kyiv or Kabul.

He seems to have retained his faith fully, despite his personal grief and loss. He also said no matter what we have suffered or what we have done, we are all equals and beloved of God. In the birth of Jesus sorrows are answered, wounds are healed and we can all start again. I found this part of his article very moving, and despite his personal grief, he was also trying to reassure people that God is still with us all.

I hope those who are wavering about their faith in God and Jesus, and who, rightly, are angry, appalled, and feeling less than useless at the truly despicable events taking place in what seems the whole world, can perhaps stop and reflect for even a short time. It is not God or Jesus who are committing atrocities in many countries, and of

course I understand many who may feel it has been allowed not only to still happen, but even escalate.

All the badness that has been done, and continues to be done, is the work of us humans. We have the option to do evil or to do good. When I look at the news programmes, and the horrors that are shown, I know there are still amazing, wonderful people who are also there in these hellholes, looking after the sick and wounded. For me, they are doing God's work. I am certain they will continue in 2023, and long after. Who knows, maybe the evil ones may even give up their brutal work.

MUSIC LIST February 2023

Thursday 2nd February

7:30pm Choral Eucharist

See separate booklet

Candlemas

Parish Choir

Sunday 5th February

11am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn	Christ is the King	345
Setting	Sumsion in F	
Psalm	112: 1-9	
Gradual Hymn	Virgin born	187
Offertory Hymn	Praise my soul	336
Communion Hymn	Holy Spirit	140
Anthem	When to the temple Mary went - <i>Eccard</i>	
Recessional Hymn	Thou whose almighty word	466
Voluntary	Toccata - <i>Dubois</i>	

3rd Sunday before Lent

Parish Choir

5pm Choral Evensong

Responses	Rose
Psalm	1
Canticles	Stanford in Bb
Anthem	A Gaelic blessing - <i>Rutter</i>
Hymns	234, 338

Parish Choir

Sunday 12th February

11am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn	O worship the Lord	52
Setting	Mathias in G	
Psalm	136	
Gradual Hymn	Breathe on me	342
Offertory Hymn	Love divine	408
Communion Hymn	O trinity	54
Motet	Adoramus te Christe - <i>Byrd</i>	
Recessional Hymn	Light's abode celestial Salem	401
Voluntary	Allegro in F sharp minor - <i>Guilmant</i>	

2nd Sunday before Lent

Men's voices

5pm Choral Evensong

Responses	Plainchant
Psalm	148
Canticles	Plainsong
Anthem	The Lord bless you and keep you - <i>Rutter</i>
Hymns	347, 256

St George's SSA

MUSIC LIST February 2023

Sunday 19th February

1st Sunday before Lent

11am Choral Eucharist

Choir Holiday

Processional Hymn	All things bright	264
Setting	Addington service	
Psalm	2	
Gradual Hymn	Come down	137
Offertory Hymn	Lord of all	239
Communion Hymn	Let all mortal	295
Recessional Hymn	In the cross	379
Voluntary	Fanfare - <i>Mathias</i>	

5pm Evening Prayer

Choir Holiday

Wednesday 22nd February

Ash Wednesday

7:30pm Choral Eucharist - Order 1

Men's voices

See separate booklet

Setting	Five part mass - <i>Byrd</i>
Motet	Civitas sancti tui - <i>Byrd</i>

Sunday 26th February

First Sunday in Lent

11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	Forty days and forty nights	67
Setting	Darke in E	
Psalm	32	
Gradual Hymn	Jesu, lover of my soul	383
Offertory Hymn	On Jordan's bank	12
Communion Hymn	308	
Anthem	Wash me thoroughly - <i>Wesley</i>	
Recessional Hymn	Praise to the holiest	439

5pm Choral Eucharist

Choral Scholars

Setting	Merbecke
Hymns	393, 74, 58, 439

CALENDAR FEBRUARY 2023

February 2

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST - CANDLEMAS

7:30 pm Choral Eucharist: The Rector

February 5

THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT

9:30 am Eucharist: The Rector

11:00 am Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Isaiah 58: 1-9a, 1 Corinthians 2: 1-12,
Matthew 5: 13-20

Sanctuary Flowers: *Brenda Claney*

Reader: *Janet Sandikli*

Intercessor: *Janice Carruthers*

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

Tea and Coffee: *Linda McConnell, Yvonne Doherty*

5:00 pm Choral Evensong: The Rector

Lessons: Judges 5, James 5 *Fr Tom Layden*

February 12

SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT

9:30 am Eucharist: The Rector

11:00 am Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Genesis 1: 1 – 2: 3; Romans 8: 18-25;
Matthew 6: 25-34

Sanctuary Flowers: *Paddy & Selby Nesbitt*

Reader: *Ann McBride*

Intercessor: *George Woodman*

Servers: *Joan Calder, Agape Laoye, Jonny Calder*

Tea and Coffee: *Brenda Claney, Judith Fawcett*

5:00 pm Choral Evensong: The Rector

Lessons: Proverbs 8: 1, 22-31; Revelation 4

Paddy Sloan

CALENDAR FEBRUARY 2023

February 19

SUNDAY BEFORE LENT

9:30 am Eucharist: The Rector

11:00 am Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Exodus 24: 12-18, 2 Peter 1: 16-21,
Matthew 17: 1-9

Sanctuary Flowers:

Reader: *Karen Brett*

Intercessor: *Archdeacon Harte*

Servers: *Laura Brannigan, Geoff Newell, Mark Claney*

Tea and Coffee: *Valerie Roberts, Eileen Fee*

5:00 pm Choral Evensong: The Rector

Lessons: Ecclesiasticus 48: 1-10; Matthew 17: 9-23

Janet Sandikli

February 22

ASH WEDNESDAY

7:30 am Eucharist: The Rector

10:30 am Eucharist: The Rector

1:00 pm Eucharist: The Rector

7:30 pm Choral Eucharist – Order 1: The Rector

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

Readings: Joel 2: 12-17; Matthew 6: 16-21

February 23

POLYCARP, BISHOP

1:00pm Eucharist: The Rector & Fr Graeme Pollock

The Walsingham Group meets at this Eucharist – all welcome

February 26

FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT

9:30 am Eucharist: The Rector

11:00 am Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Readings: Genesis 2: 15-17; 3: 1-7, Romans 5: 12-19,
Matthew 4: 1-11

Sanctuary Flowers: *No Flowers during Lent*

Reader: *Judith Fawcett*

Intercessor: *Fr William Odling-Smee*

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

Tea and Coffee: *Betty Flynn, Dot Lutton*

5:00 pm Choral Eucharist – Order 1: The Rector

Readings: 2 Corinthians 6: 1-10; Matthew 4: 1-11

Fr Graeme Pollock

