

The Parish Church of Saint George



PARISH MAGAZINE

An open door in the heart of the City



Mary Magdalene



JULY 2023

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

From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

We have been particularly blessed by some excellent weather in June, as well as one or two spectacular thunderstorms. The warm weather put me into a 'summer mood', as perhaps it does for some of you also. The choirs will be off for July and August as usual. The standard of music and singing has been consistently high over the last nine months or so, and I want to pay tribute to David, Maeve, Daniel and Mark for all of their efforts and hard work with the choirs of the parish and also to thank our singers for their commitment of consistently high quality music.

The 5:00 PM Sunday service will continue over July and August as said Evening Prayer, read in the choir stalls. A said evening office without music has a stark beauty and appeal all of its own and lasts just about 30 minutes. Our Parish Reader, Mr Meisam Khalili, will occasionally lead the service of Evening Prayer when I may be away. Please do continue to come to the 5:00 PM service and it would be a great encouragement to Meisam, in particular, as he continues to learn and grow in his role as a Parish Reader.

We do need some people to volunteer to be part of the rota of counters whose task is to count the collection money. The commitment would hopefully be for one hour, once a month. The Treasurer and the counters arrange a time to do the counting that suits them, either after Evensong on a Sunday or a weekday morning. Please speak to the Treasurer Mr Douglas McIlDoon, if you think you could help out.

The brickwork on the Chancel needs to be repointed as it is now 150 years old and has seen better days. Work is scheduled to begin on Monday, 24th July and due to the necessary scaffolding, there will be considerable restrictions on car parking on the Church Lane side of the church. The work will hopefully last no more than four weeks. Parishioners who use the car park occasionally during the week may not find a space available and have to use the High Park next door. We apologise for any inconvenience caused by these very necessary repairs. Please **DO NOT** park in any of the Business Users allotted parking spaces during this period. Would ALL parishioners who do use our car park during the week ensure that their vehicle is clearly displaying a valid 2023 car park badge. This is an important requirement and a condition of having an access barrier fob.

Please enjoy the summer and any holiday you may have. I can always be contacted on my mobile phone 079-0279-2080 in case of any pastoral emergency or urgent matter.

Every blessing in Christ

Brian Stewart

THE GIFT OF COMMUNICATION

Over the last few years we have seen the arrival in our midst of refugees and asylum seekers from Iran and other parts of the world. Certainly since the latter part of 2019 I have prepared at least twenty Iranians for baptism and confirmation with the help of Meisam our parish reader acting as interpreter. Many of them are young men and women in their 20's or 30's, some with children, who are escaping persecution because they are of a different faith to the majority or are fighting for justice against the forces of oppression in their native land. They arrive with little or nothing at all and many have paid large sums of money to people smugglers to get here. Then when they arrive here they have to learn a new language. And once here they only get £30 per week to live on. Although some have a smattering of English they don't have sufficient access to the language which would facilitate their integration. All the Iranians I have ever met over the recent past are keen to work and contribute to the life of wherever they find themselves - that includes both St George's as well as the economy of Northern Ireland. Improving the ability of these people to find jobs would also help them to integrate into the wider community. So I am asking; is there any member of St George's who would be prepared to sponsor and support one of our Iranian friends to go through an English language course at Belfast Metropolitan College. The fees would be £153 (£22 registration fee; £125 course fee; £6) for materials. There is also the need to meet the expenses of each of them to cover things like public transport. There are currently seven who would need help. I understand that an intense five half day course is more effective in improving someone's ability to join in conversation in English. If anyone is willing to do this I would be most grateful, as I know the beneficiaries would. For further details please contact myself or the Rector.

Fr Graeme Pollock

THE SUDAN – A BRIEF NOTE by W A Miller

On Christmas Eve 1965, Palace Avenue, Khartoum had a string of coloured lights on either side stretching down to the Palace. A building in a nearby square the illuminated greeting read: "Khartoum Municipality sends Greetings to its Christian Citizens". The doors of the nearby Anglican All Saints Cathedral on University Road were open as was further along on Nile Road the doors of St Matthew's Roman Catholic Cathedral.

On Christmas Eve, 1971, All Saints Cathedral was closed. It had been closed since a coup and counter coup that began pro-communist hatched, it was gossiped, in an East European Embassy followed by a counter coup hatched, it was rumoured, in certain Western Embassies on 19 July 1971. The closure, so much for that, allegedly on the grounds that the Cathedral posed a security risk to the nearby Palace. Once that had been resolved the Cathedral would re-open. The Shell Building on higher ground looking towards the Palace was never closed although besides Shell and others it housed on a top floor the then small British Embassy. The present much larger British Embassy is elsewhere.

All Saints never reopened. Money and land were later given to build a new All Saints further away. The new cathedral on the outside does not look much compared to the old but inside it carries some suggestion of a Roman Basilica. Gossip was that the then Muslim Brothers who had rallied civilian support in the counter coup objected to the old Cathedral of reddish sandstone on such a conspicuous public site. So much for that.

On January 18, 1985, Mohamed Mahmoud Taha, founder and leader of a Muslim Brotherhood, the Republican Brothers, was executed for "apostacy" having been found guilty by a Sharia Court the previous day guilty of apostacy. This "apostacy" was in issuing a pamphlet before Christmas advocating tolerance as Jews and Christians are amongst the people of the Book. His execution by hanging at the age of seventy-five on a special gallows raised above the walls of Kober Prison so that it could be seen by the crowds who greeted it with cries of Allah Akbar – God is Great. In the University of Khartoum there were protests from students. The closing by Security of the roads leading to the university did not prevent a large demonstration from taking place on the east playing field of the university a week later. The United States responded to the hanging by stopping aid to the military but resumed it six weeks later, on the grounds that the world

needed the Sudanese army.

Amidst popular unrest and army intervention President Nimeiry who was on a visit to the United States was brought down. Elections a year later brought a civilian government to power. It was later, amidst increasingly economic chaos, brought down by a military coup led by Omer Bashier in 1989. People thought it could not be Islamist as Turabi the leader of the Sudanese Muslim Brothers was amongst those the military arrested. So confusion seemed to be the aim. Turabi reminded me of what an older Gerry Adams would look like - plucking with his thumb and forefinger at his small beard, a faint smile to be seen hovering around his lips while the tips of his front teeth could be seen. Once things settled Turabi was later to join in an Islamic Front alliance with Bashier. His earlier imprisonment had been a deliberate deception as was his later defection from government during which a more liberal trend seemed to be taking over. I was hopeful for a while that that trend could be encouraged. I left the Sudan in September 2008 - 43 years after I first arrived. The present disaster afflicting the country seems to have erupted as a result of disagreements between factions - military and paramilitary that in 2021 seemed to have reached some agreement. But are now splitting on the question of the future.

Going back to the winter 1996-97, I was reading Diarmaid MacCulloch's intriguing study of Thomas Cranmer, Canterbury's former Archbishop, and the political manoeuvrings of his time. The closing of the roads leading from Oxford to London lest news of the manner of his dying when he was set alight should spark off riots in the London churches at evening prayers. With that, and more besides, apart from the stake, I could be reading about goings on in Khartoum.

ECO-CONGREGATION IRELAND GROUP

MAIN BEES IN THE UK AND WHAT THEY DO

ASHY MINING BEE

Female Ashy mining bees create nests in gardens resembling mini earthen volcanoes. They lay eggs in pollen-filled chambers, which are then sealed. Each larva feeds on this pollen and nectar, pupating to become an adult by next spring.



BUFF-TAILED BUMBLE BEES

Buff-tailed bumblebees, often nesting underground in colonies of up to 600, utilise old mammal burrows. Known as 'nectar robbers', they'll pierce the base of deep flowers to extract nectar.



LEAF-CUTTER BEES

Leaf-cutter bees, like the patchwork leafcutter bee, famously cut discs out of leaves (they particularly like roses), gluing them together with saliva in order to build the 'cells' in which their larvae live.



RED MASON BEE

Red Mason bee is a solitary bee so, after mating, each female builds its own nest; she lines each 'cell' with mud and pollen and lays a single egg in each.



TREE BUMBLE BEE

First seen in the UK in 2001, Tree bumblebees, non-threatening to other species, have quickly spread nationwide, enhancing our pollinator population. Notably, queens can oust blue tits to claim their nest boxes.



THE FLOWER

BY GEORGE HERBERT

How fresh, oh Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriveled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. Oh, my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Submitted by Geoffrey May



TWO MORNINGS FOR MAMMY

by Paul McLaughlin



The sky was the colour of my lead battleship. That sort of grey that cries out to be painted. Daddy had sat up all Christmas Eve night after a long day as a bartender in town painting the bridges, signal box and station that came with the model train set that Santa had set aside for my brother and me. He'd asked about colouring the ship as well, but I had wanted it to look as real as possible. I knew even then that grey is the colour of real.

Mammy's eyes had been red rimmed throughout the six weeks of her mother's final illness. By the time we arrived in the cold February rain of that colourless morning at Milltown cemetery to bury Granny Collins, they were bruised and swollen like a boxer's.

Daddy said Mammy's heart was breaking with sorrow, what Fr McQuillan called An Bron Mor – the great sadness – and that we must be very quiet and say a wee prayer for her. I wanted to beat sorrow until he went away and left us alone. We sang our Hail Mary's out loud like we always did, my one-year-old brother rehearsing his sweet voice for renditions in years to come.

"Stay in the car, Paul and keep an eye on your brother", my father's final words sounded deep and authoritative. "You're a big fella now and you can look after him".

I nodded and turned to the toddler beside me in the back of the huge black limousine. "Did you hear what Daddy said, Jimmy? You have to be good for Granny".

So, we sat, two reluctant passengers looking out on the little phalanx of sombre umbrellas that surrounded the grave. I counting the droplets of rain that trickled down the windows, my brother fogging them with his baby breath and his incessant chatter.

Sandwiches and cream buns on big china plates filled the pull-down kitchen table in what used to be Granny's bungalow. I noticed that nearly everyone was talking about what Granny *used* to say and *used* to do. It was all very confusing for a five-year-old. Surely Granny should be in her own kitchen, her sleeves rolled to the elbow, her fingers dipped in dough, some stray, grey hairs veiling her forehead.

Instead, we ate 'bakery' cake and ham, cheese, and chicken sandwiches, cut into neat colourful triangles. Like the flags of the foreign places that made up Daddy's collection of cigarette cards.

Paddy the bread-server, that's what everyone called him, had brought the fancies, as Mammy called **them**, the evening before, drawing them from a drawer deep in the back of his electric van with a pole that looked like the one Miss Thompson used to open the tall

windows at our school.

The wrinkled, black brollies hung dripping from the hat stand in the hall like bats that had been caught out in a storm. Everyone seemed to be talking at the same time. Everyone talking, no-one listening. Or so it seemed to me.

Mammy stood to the side, neither talking or listening, quite alone in a crowded room, while my father watched and waited nervously.

Mammy came to meet me that Monday morning after a week of tears and uncertainty. I remember the sadness that sat in the corner of our living room like an unwelcome guest through those long evenings when the wireless lost its voice. A child hears silences louder than laughter and I heard only what I later learned to be the song of grief.

Normally I would have been embarrassed by her presence, but not that day. The other lads jostled and joked at the school gate about 'Mammy's boy getting put in the pram for the trip home', but I just laughed and called them eejits.

She wore a yellow head scarf and a Madonna blue overcoat that matched her eyes, and the sun shone that morning from a sky that Daddy might have painted. Bright and blue with a golden halo.

I ran to her arms like a mad thing and thanked God for the smile on her lips and the gentle gift of her loving touch.



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A CHILDREN'S TALK, - REMEMBERED AFTER 60 YEARS by Jeffrey Johnston

It was a Sunday in June 1960 and it was Children's Day in Bangor Abbey Parish, so there was a visiting preacher. This is a paraphrase of what he said.

This is a story about Trevor. He was usually a good boy but on this occasion he was having a bad day. When he sat down for dinner it was fish and he decided he didn't like fish. So, he said to his parents "I've gone off fish. Fish are not worth much. They're only a penny a piece" His Mum was not too pleased as she had cooked the meal but she let that pass. Then after dinner things go worse. Trevor took a box of matches and struck a large number of matches and threw them into the fireplace. His Dad told him matches cost money and he was wasting matches but Trevor just said, "Matches, there're not worth much. They're only a penny a piece. At that his Dad was angry and sent Trevor to the naughty seat in the garden, till he behaved better.

However, Trevor was not long in the garden, when a voice spoke to him and said. "I am Gabriel. Would you like to come with me on a journey?" A journey sounded better than being alone in the garden. So he said "Yes, please." All at once they were both whizzing through the air till they landed on a big boat. Trevor noticed at once four or five tough looking men there, all wearing yellow waterproofs and yellow hats. He noticed too that the boat was heaving up and down so violently that it was hard to stand. Trevor said to the angel "Where are we?" Gabriel said, "This is a fishing boat and these are fishermen. They will be fishing all night and bringing in their catch in the morning, so that women like your Mum can buy fish at the market." "This looks very dangerous." said Trevor "I hope the boat doesn't sink." "It is dangerous" said Gabriel "as well as being very hard work. Every year some fishermen lose their lives at sea. Yet some folk say fish are only a penny a piece." Trevor felt uneasy hearing that so he asked "Can we go somewhere else?" "Of course," said Gabriel, "we can go to Manchester."

All at once they were whizzing through the air and this time they were in a tall building. But Trevor recognized it for he had once been in a place like it before. So he asked the angel "Is this a hospital?" "It is" said Gabriel "but do you notice anything strange in this ward?" "I do" said Trevor "all the patients are young women and they have bandages on their hands. Why have they all got sore hands?" "These girls work in a match factory" said Gabriel. "To make matches

they have to work with phosphorous, a chemical which can burn your hands, so their hands have been burned making matches, so they will stay here till their hands have healed. Yet some people say that matches are only a penny a piece.” At this Trevor felt a bit uneasy. “Can I go home now?” he asked.

All at once he was whizzing through the air and he was back on the garden seat again. Gabriel was gone and he was on his own. Can any of the young people tell me what Trevor learned when he was on the boat and in the hospital? The preacher was the Very Rev Leslie Lawrenson, Dean of Derry.

PS. In a lifetime I have heard hundreds of children's talks; this is the only one that has stayed with me

MUSIC LIST July 2023

Sunday 2nd July

Trinity 4

11:00am Eucharist

Processional Hymn Come let us join our cheerful songs **349**

Psalm 13

Gradual Hymn O for a closer walk with God **414**

Offertory Hymn There is a green hill far away **92**

Recessional Hymn Love divine, all loves excelling **408**

Sunday 9th July

Trinity 5

11:00am Eucharist

Processional Hymn Praise to the Lord **440** (omit *)

Psalm 45: 10-17

Gradual Hymn Breathe on me breath of God **342** (t. 178)

Offertory Hymn All for Jesus! **272**

Recessional Hymn Jerusalem the golden **381**

Sunday 16th July

Trinity 6

11:00am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn Praise my soul the King of heaven **436**

Psalm 119: 105-112

Gradual Hymn Thy kingdom come on bended knee **500**

Offertory Hymn Be thou my vision **339**

Recessional Hymn Now thank we all our God **413**

Sunday 23rd July

Trinity 7

11:00am Eucharist

Processional Hymn Jesus where'er thy people meet **390** (t. 388)

Psalm 139: 1-11, 23-24

Gradual Hymn Lord thy word abideth **407**

Offertory Hymn Let all mortal flesh keep silence **295**

Recessional Hymn Immortal, invisible, God only wise **377**

Sunday 30th July

Trinity 8

11:00am Eucharist

Processional Hymn Rejoice the Lord is King **443**

Psalm 105: 1-11, 45b

Gradual Hymn Jesu the very thought of thee **385**

Offertory Hymn Dear Lord and Father of mankind **353** (omit *)

Recessional Hymn Praise the Lord! Ye heavens adore him **437**

MUSIC LIST August 2023

Sunday 6th August

Trinity 9

11:00am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn There's a wideness in God's mercy **461**

Psalm 17: 1-7, 16

Gradual Hymn In Christ there is no East or West **480** (t. 15)

Offertory Hymn Immortal love for ever full **378**

Recessional Hymn We have a gospel to proclaim **486**

Sunday 13th August

Trinity 10

11:00am Eucharist

Processional Hymn Christ whose glory fills the skies **234**

Psalm 85: 8-13

Gradual Hymn Thy kingdom come, O God **499**

Offertory Hymn O thou who camest from above **431**

Recessional Hymn The church's one foundation **484** (omit *)

Sunday 20th August

Trinity 11

11:00am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn In the cross of Christ I glory **379**

Psalm 133

Gradual Hymn Blest are the pure in heart **341**

Offertory Hymn Love divine, all loves excelling **408**

Recessional Hymn O Jesus I have promised **420**

Sunday 27th August

Trinity 12

11:00am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn Christ is the King O friends rejoice! **345**

Psalm 124

Gradual Hymn All for Jesus **272**

Offertory Hymn Firmly I believe **360**

Recessional Hymn Forth in thy name I Lord I go **235**

CALENDAR July 2023

July 1

Russian Orthodox Liturgy: 9:30 am – 1:15 pm

July 2

4th Sunday after Trinity

9:30am

Eucharist: Rev Terence Dunlop

11:00am

Choral Eucharist: Rev Keith Suckling

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Genesis 22: 1-14; Romans 6: 12-23; Matthew 10: 40-42

Sanctuary Flowers: Graeme Pollock, in memory of his parents Eric and Margaret Pollock

Reader: Janet Sandikli

Intercessor: Fr Tom Layden

Servers: Laura Brannigan, Tony Merrick, Mark Claney

Tea and Coffee: Brenda Claney, Judith Fawcett

5:00pm

Evening Prayer: Mr Meisam Khalili

Lessons: 1 Samuel 28: 3-19; Luke 17: 20-37 (*Janet Sandikli*)

July 5

10:30am

Eucharist: The Rector

July 9

5th Sunday after Trinity

9:30am

Eucharist: The Rector

11:00am

Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Genesis 24: 34-38, 42-49, 58-67; Romans 7: 15-25a; Matthew 11: 16-19, 25-30

Sanctuary Flowers: In memory of George Walker

Reader: Anne McBride

Intercessor: Fr Wm Odling-Smee

Servers: Banji Akinyele, Laura Brannigan, Tony Merrick

Tea and Coffee: Valerie Roberts, Eileen Fee

5:00pm

Evening Prayer: The Rector

Lessons: 2 Samuel 2: 1-11, 3:1; Luke 18: 31 – 19: 10 (*Eleanor Maynard*)

July 12

Russian Orthodox Liturgy: 9:30 am – 1:15 pm

July 12

10:30am

Eucharist: The Rector

CALENDAR July 2023

<p>July 16 9:30am 11:00am</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">6th Sunday after Trinity</p> <p>Eucharist: The Rector Choral Eucharist: The Rector Preacher: The Rector Readings: Genesis 25: 19-34; Romans 8: 1-11; Matthew 13: 1-9, 18-23 Sanctuary Flowers: Pam Tilson, in memory of her mother Irene Reader: Brenda Claney Intercessor: George Woodman Servers: Jonny Calder, Omolewa Akinyele, Agape Laoye Tea and Coffee: Betty Flynn, Dot Lutton</p> <p>5:00pm</p>
<p>July 19 10:30am</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector</p>
<p>July 23 9:30am 11:00am</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">7th Sunday after Trinity</p> <p>Eucharist: The Rector Choral Eucharist: The Rector Preacher: The Rector Readings: Genesis 28: 10-19a; Romans 8: 12-25; Matthew 13: 24-30, 36-43 Sanctuary Flowers: Carol Ward, in memory of her sister Sandie Millicevic Reader: Paul McLaughlin Intercessor: Janice Carruthers Servers: Joan Calder, Jonny Calder, John Callaghan Tea and Coffee: Helen Crowe, Valerie Roberts</p> <p>5:00pm</p>
<p>July 26 10:30am</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector</p>
<p>July 27 1:00pm</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector & Fr Graeme Pollock The Walsingham Group meets at this Eucharist – all welcome</p>
<p>July 30 9:30am 11:00am</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">8th Sunday after Trinity</p> <p>Eucharist: The Rector Choral Eucharist: The Rector Preacher: The Rector Readings: Genesis 29: 15-28; Romans 8: 26-39; Matthew 13: 31-33, 44-52 Sanctuary Flowers: Judith Fawcett, in memory of loved ones Reader: Geoffrey May Intercessor: Anne McBride Servers: Banji Akinyele, Geoff Newell, Mark Claney Tea and Coffee: Eleanor Maynard, Catherine Hunter</p> <p>5:00pm</p>
<p>5:00pm</p>	<p>Evening Prayer: The Rector Readings: 1 Kings 6: 11-14, 23-38; Acts 12: 1-17 (Eleanor Maynard)</p>

