

# The Parish Church of Saint George



## PARISH MAGAZINE

*An open door in the heart of the City*



**OCTOBER 2024**

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*Frontispiece: St Luke by an unknown mediaeval artist*

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

## From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

I have just returned from a very enjoyable pilgrimage to Walsingham in Norfolk with a group from the parish. It was very eventful in various ways, enormous fun and spiritually enriching. We were very ably led by Fr Graeme Pollock, who did a marvellous job in organising the trip and making all the necessary arrangements. The accommodation and the meals were first class and I think it is fair to say that we all enjoyed ourselves greatly. Walsingham is a very beautiful Norfolk village, with the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham at its heart. I cannot recommend a visit highly enough, and would encourage anyone thinking of joining the pilgrimage next year to do so, and have a word with Fr Graeme or myself.

We will celebrate our Harvest Thanksgiving this year on Sunday 6th October. The guest preacher will be the Archdeacon of Belfast, the Venerable Barry Forde. On 20th October, the preacher will be the Rev'd Robert Thompson. Fr Robert is from Portadown and currently serves as Vicar of Kilburn in north London.

I would like to form a group of people to help keep the grounds, plants and grass in the churchyard tidy and trimmed. I am very grateful to Judith Fawcett who looks after some of the flowers in the churchyard and to Tony Merrick who keeps the grass in order. However, a few extra pairs of hands would be very welcome and would ease the workload on Judith and Tony. The graveyard area on the Church Lane side, where ashes are buried, could do well with a good tidy up before winter sets in. Please speak to me if you can help.

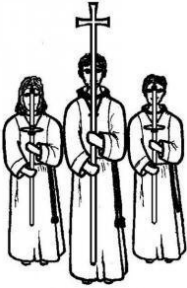
Yours sincerely in Christ

*Brian Stewart*

## PARISH NOTICES

### AN APPEAL FOR MORE ALTAR SERVERS.

The Servers' Guild would welcome new members to the serving team. The duties involved are simple and very enjoyable. The team at a service, which is usually a sung Eucharist on Sunday morning, consists of a crucifer and two taperers (candle bearers). Very occasionally, a serving team is required at an evening service such as Maundy Thursday and the All Souls Eucharist.



Individual members are not required to serve every Sunday, and it is usual to be asked to serve no more than two or three times a month.

Anyone who would be interested in joining the team, please contact Tony Merrick

### HOW TO MAKE A DONATION USING YOUR BANK CARD ON THE INSTRUMENT AT THE BACK OF THE CHURCH.

1. Tap the amount on the front screen that you wish to donate.

**Or alternatively,**

Tap '**Choose your own amount**' on the front screen

Enter the amount of your donation.

2. Tap your bank card on the top screen

## **THE SERMON BY THE DEAN EMERITUS OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL AT THE FUNERAL EUCHARIST OF IAN KEATLEY.**

There's a magical moment just before any piece of music begins. The conductor stands there, their arms raised, looking at those who'll be playing, those who'll be singing, holding them there, almost in suspended animation, for that long and pregnant moment. Then, when they're ready, they bring the performers in and out of the silence music appears.

I used to love watching Ian at that moment. I was encouraged at theological college to practice what's called in religious circles, custody of the eyes, not looking around, but as all who've worked with me know, I'm useless at that. Instead, I'd watch from my stall caught up in that breath holding moment as Ian waited for the right moment to bring the choir in.

It's almost impossible to express the sadness with which we gather today. Ian's sudden, untimely, so unexpected death has left us all shocked and our lives so much the poorer. But we're particularly thinking of Vivienne and James, Ian's parents, of Simon and Niall, his brothers and of the rest of his family who he loved so much, and of whom he was so proud. Our thoughts, our prayers, our love go out to each of you and not least to Ashley who was with Ian, in Austria, when he died and did all she could to save him.

So much has been written and said about Ian since he died, so many wonderful tributes paid, so many features of his rich life revealed, things perhaps of which even his family were unaware, things of which he never particularly spoke but which all contributed to a life given to music, yes, but also a life given to so much more and to making others welcome and happy and loved.

Ian did love life, loved his food, loved his wine, loved learning to sail, loved laughing, loved dressing as smartly as any event would allow, loved filling a room with his laughter, loved simply being alive.

But Ian also loved God. One of the things that made me want Ian to be the Director of Music at Southwark Cathedral, and a reason for appointing him, was not just that he was a brilliant choir director, bringing the best out of those he directed, but also that he had a real, deep-down understanding of the place music has in worship. It's poignant that just before he died, he'd been visiting a church and waxing lyrical, so I'm told, about the building and the acoustic and what music it would suit.

Jacob lying there under the stars realises he's at the gateway to heaven, angels ascend and descend and heaven and earth are connected, by a ladder, but also by that sense of awe and wonder that the patriarch describes.

"How awesome is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Worship is always a participation in the things of heaven and as we heard in the Second Reading heaven is lived with a musical accompaniment. The whole company of heaven sings of the glory of God, angels and archangels rejoice in the presence of God and every creature there is caught up in the song that is being sung.

A former Dean of St Paul's, the metaphysical poet, John Donne, captures this so well in words from a sermon which have become a prayer and have been set by so many to music.

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening  
Into the house and gate of Heaven,  
To enter into that gate and dwell in that house,  
Where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal  
light;  
No noise nor silence, but one equal music.

The equality comes from the fact that what is sung in heaven is echoed in what is sung on earth, just as those shepherds experienced on that first Christmas night as the darkness and the silence that surrounded them were broken through, breached, by dazzling light and heavenly song. It was song and light that sent them from abiding in their fields to experience God in the midst, the baby lying in the manger. But their response, as we just heard in the gospel reading was to return 'glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen.'

Their lives had been transformed by the angels' song which had inspired them to leave the security of their fields, to find God where no one had yet looked and then to return with songs of praise on their lips that would wake up the sleepy town and echo through to our liturgy today.

And Ian knew all this, he knew it not just in some professional, learnt way, he knew it because it was in his heart. He knew that what he could bring to the liturgy, to any service, to any act of remembrance, big or small, to any evensong be there a full nave or two or three gathered together, was a touching place with heaven, a place where the divine ladder would find a place to rest, on which singing angels would descend and our equal song would ascend.

And out of that pregnant silence, before a single note had been played, before a single note had been sung, out of that seeming emptiness, the fullness of joy and worship emerged. And then ... the piece ends – the last note is sounded, the last word sung and Ian's arms, still held up moved no longer and he held that moment for a

long, long second, until his arms were lowered and it was over and we breathed again.

Music is held, framed, contexted by and in, silence - it comes, emerges from silence, it ends, retreats, is held in silence. There's a wonderful and mysterious completeness about it.

In the obituary in The Times a week ago, mention was made that Ian was taken by his father with his brothers to Southwark Cathedral when he was only seven. They had a photo taken in front of the High Altar to mark the occasion. How wonderful that he came back to the place in 2002 to be the Organ Scholar, and then what a blessing that he came back in 2019 as the Director of Music. He went full circle, from boy to man making music in that sacred space, as he made music in so many sacred places including this church, so that you and I may know just a little more about the nature and the beauty and the glory of God.

And now he's held in that place of 'no noise nor silence, but one equal music', where the ladder ends, where the angels gather, where the song is sung and where God is truly known. And at this altar and in this sacrament, we come to that thin place where we hear the angels song and eat the angels' bread, where we glimpse, just for a moment, what Ian now knows into eternity.

Like you I loved him, like you I will never forget him. But for the moment, bereft, heart-broken, yet thankful we leave him in the divine embrace of the one who created him, the one who saved him and the one who graced him, who Ian worshipped here, with us, and can now adore with the angels for ever and ever. Amen.

Andrew Nunn



**A Pastoral Letter from the Bishops whose Dioceses cover Northern Ireland which we would suggest is to be read in all parish churches on Sunday 22 September 2024, the day following the Feast of St Matthew.**

*"Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the Law?"*

*"Jesus replied 'Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind'. This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: 'Love your neighbour as yourself All the Law and the Prophets depend on these commandments".*  
(Matthew 22:36-40)

This Pastoral letter comes in response to the recent street protests, rise of hate crime and intimidation, and deliberate spreading of fear around topics of racial diversity and immigration. Christians have specific obligations to society in general and also to those from different countries and cultures who share our neighbourhoods.

We enjoy an incalculable blessing by living in a free society in which we have many opportunities to contribute to our collective well-being. As citizens we have a responsibility to deepen democratic culture, not to divide it. This requires working for the common good, using the many ways open to us to work with civility and courtesy for a better life for all, most especially for the next generation.

The Christian attitude to society is based on the fundamental belief in the sanctity of every human life and the inherent dignity of every human person; all are made in the image and likeness of God. It was CS Lewis who said that next to the Sacrament of Holy Communion, the holiest thing we will encounter in our everyday lives is another human individual.

It is often forgotten that this outlook (on which the very principle of "universal human rights" depends) has its origins in the thought world of the Hebrew Scriptures and was embodied in the life of Jesus Christ. It was first fully articulated by the Apostle Paul and much of what the Church has believed for centuries is now implicit in the language, laws and practice of secular society. Thus, to threaten or deny the fundamental dignity and equality of each human being, regardless of their race, creed or citizenship status, is unequivocally sub-Christian.

In fact, Christians have the advantage of having been given explicit teaching and principles on our responsibilities to our fellow humans. This teaching finds its clearest and most compelling expression in the Parable of the Good Samaritan and its eternal embodiment in the life, voluntary sacrifice and resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ. It is no coincidence that that parable was told by Jesus in answer to a direct question *"Who is my neighbour?"*

Our Lord and His Apostles never intended that the Church which he founded and of which He is the Head should be a group of people who were withdrawn from society, owing obligations only to fellow believers. On the contrary, the little communities of believers who constituted the early Church were to be the places where the highest form of civic responsibility was to be learned and practiced. For the follower of Christ, the needs of others are to be prioritised over our own needs. Church was to be a place where each person was treasured, where people would share with others the unconditional love and acceptance that

they had known through Christ: Jew and Gentile, slave and free, men and women. The clearest summary of that are words with which you will all be familiar and which are repeated each time we celebrate the Eucharist:

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your mind and with all your strength and your neighbour as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets".

Among the many virtues which can be nurtured by constant reflection on this foundational teaching is to make Christians alive to the times when people in civic or public life are using language that demeans or diminishes human beings, or when they are telling lies about what human beings (or indeed God) are actually like. This should especially be the case when public debate is focused on creating fear and scapegoats. People sitting in our pews on Sundays, living in our localities or serving in our communities who come from different cultures and countries, or who are simply people of colour, should never have to wonder are they people whose presence adds richness or diversity to our communities or are they someone else's 'legitimate concern'.

It is in that spirit that we wish to reassure people from other cultures or countries or simply people of colour who may hear or read this Pastoral Letter that we appreciate your presence and the grace which you bring to us.

We wish also to thank all clergy and parishioners who have been working very hard on the ground, and often in challenging circumstances or even in a hostile environment, to care for all their neighbours. You are people who have been called after His Name and in your acts of love and courage have been faithful witnesses to His Name and a blessing to your communities.

What can we do in our everyday lives to put the teaching of the Parable of the Good Samaritan into effect?

- a. Most obviously we must include people from different backgrounds in the life and witness of our parishes; there is much we can learn from them
- b. It is also best to 'think local' and be aware of people's heightened concerns at this time. A little note of encouragement and friendliness might be less alarming than a knock on the door.
- c. Where people are obviously fearful, even of leaving the house, stand with them visibly and, if necessary courageously
- d. The Irish Council of Churches of which the Church of Ireland was a founder member, has recently published a Handbook entitled 'From every Nation' on these matters and which would be a very useful long-term resource,
- e. The Diocese of Down and Dromore have also published a booklet, which takes its title from the words of the Parable of the Good Samaritan, 'Go and do likewise'.

There will of course be other ways of helping that you will be aware of in your local circumstances and we would encourage you to be creative and sensitive in whatever you decide to do to witness to the relentless love of God for all who are made in His image.

*In Christ*

+John Armagh, +Andrew Derry and Raphoe, +David Down and Dromore, +Ian Clogher, +George Connor

## WHAT IS LOVE? KEITH SUCKLING

*Recently, at the 11:00am Choral Eucharist I read out a Pastoral Letter from all the Church of Ireland bishops with dioceses in Northern Ireland (see page 9). It was prompted by the violent events of the summer and offered a practical working out of the Christian concept of love.*

*I felt the need for something to complement what the bishops had to say, so I decided to look at love from a different angle. Scripture is of course full of references to love. It's almost a technical term for Christians. In this piece I speculated on how some of the insights we read in scripture came to be recorded. One of the highlights is Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, Chapter 13. We can have no idea how Paul compiled his letters. He will have dictated them, so he must have thought through the text in detail before settling on a definitive version. Perhaps he discussed his ideas with his companions. Let's imagine how that could have happened during a discussion one evening between Paul and Silas.*

'Paul,' I said, as I looked up at him staring at the flame of the oil lamp, 'you've gone very quiet this evening'. We'd just lit the lamps as it was nearly dark. Paul looked towards me, hardly moving his head, wondering, I thought, if he should bother to reply. But, after a moment's pause, he emerged from his thoughts and replied. 'I'm sorry, Silas. I've been preoccupied with wondering what to write back to our friends in Corinth. They need advice and encouragement.' I knew about that because we had been discussing it on and off since Paul had received their letter a few days ago. 'But,' he went on, 'as often happens, my thoughts have been wandering and I'm trying to pull things together.' I asked where his thoughts had taken him and was surprised with his answer. 'I've often told people about my experience on the journey to Damascus, when I heard the Lord calling me.' I knew the story well. 'Let me ask you. What do you think Jesus' voice sounded like?' 'How can I tell,' I said. 'The only thing the others heard was what sounded like thunder. I imagine it was a strong commanding voice.' 'Yes, that's what everyone expects,' he went on, 'but it did not feel like that. Of course it was an authoritative voice. It was clear, but remember what he said first. Yes, that's right. "Why are you persecuting me." It was a direct challenge to me, but at the core of it there was a sense of love. That's how it's been ever since and it's clear to me that our good news has to be one of God's love for us. When we read the scriptures or preach, we must speak with that in mind.'

We paused for a moment. I wondered, as he returned his gaze to the lamp, whether he wanted the conversation to continue. So I looked him in the eye and asked a demanding question as gently as I could. 'So what would you say love is, Paul? We think we know what it means in general, but what does it mean for our preaching and for our communities?' Paul smiled in agreement and said quietly, 'Exactly, that is what

I've been trying to define in my head, and I'm getting quite frustrated with it. Love seen in God's perspective is a much broader concept than I had thought.' And he suddenly went silent and looked away. I thought that maybe it was best to stay quiet and wait. Paul began to look deeply thoughtful, distant, almost in another place.

After a time, and by now it was fully night, he turned towards me and tried to start. His mouth opened once or twice and then he managed to say, 'Love, ... love is patient.' I smiled to myself. Patience is not my strong point, and Paul has problems with it too. This was Paul speaking in a different voice. It was clear, slow, thoughtful and above all loving. Maybe he was remembering, what we had just discussed, how the voice of Jesus had sounded.

'Love is patient,' he repeated, 'love is kind.' He slightly smiled as he said it. He went on, his voice getting gentler as he said, 'Love does not envy anyone, it is never boastful, never conceited, never rude.' This was love speaking to me, I felt. 'Love is never selfish, never quick to take offence.' And as he continued, I sensed a gentle challenge as I realised that I do not live up to the many aspects of love that he was steadily teasing out. Further insights followed. 'Love keeps no score of wrongs, takes no pleasure in the sins of others, but delights in the truth.' He sat up straight, looked at me and said, as it were, conclusively, 'There is nothing love cannot face. There is no limit to its faith, its hope, its endurance. Love will never come to an end.'

His expression had become soft and bright. Peaceful and to an extent satisfied. I thought back not only about what he had said, but also remembering how he had said it. The experience of Jesus, speaking clearly in words of love to Paul, had fundamentally changed him. Think what could happen if we were able to make just part of that sense of love to the people we visit. Think what could happen if the people who receive Paul's letters, say our friends in Corinth, hear that voice of love as the letter is read to them. And then all those others who get the hear the letters as they are in turn passed on to them.

Paul sat back and closed his eyes, gently falling asleep still with the expression of love remaining. I trimmed the lamps and settled down myself. I didn't mention our conversation the next day, but I hadn't forgotten it. I was continually replaying it in my mind. In the end, I thought, words cannot capture the full sense of love. It's not fixed to a page of writing. It's something between people, and between us and God. We know when it is there. Wherever it is found, God is there too. It was there with Paul and me that night, and it was wonderful.

## OUR ELECTRIC STAR

by Paul McLaughlin



Friday night was sweets' night in our house when I was eleven years old. The two-bob bit of pocket money that I held tightly in my trouser pocket was a wondrous amulet that opened tinkling tills and filled eager little hands. A token that could be exchanged for an evening of silver paper and tantalised tastebuds. As usual, five minutes after it has been accepted from Daddy, it had been 'allocated'. I had eight pence for my Saturday morning comics, the Victor and Hotspur, and one-shilling and four pence waiting to be squandered at the mobile shop 'round the corner. My seven-year-old brother, who already had the makings of a shopper of international repute, was a retail natural. He was simply a cows-licked consumer for whom no trip was too far, no queue too long.

His relationship with the middle-aged, chain-smoking shopkeeper Mina was always brisk and business-like, yet every weekend his visit brought stories of her family rows, of her husband Billy's well-documented gambling and how Mina would "split his head open like a moneybox" on his return from a day at the betting shop.

My brother was known to everyone, especially me, as 'our kid'.

Unlike most children of our age, 'Our Kid' and I always asked for the bedroom light to be turned off as soon as our sing-song prayers were ended, leaving our long-suffering mother to amble off, confused and more than a little suspicious. The door to the landing was left ajar for listening purposes from the ground floor, but the sliver of light that pierced the darkness brought an urgency to our nightly ritual as we lay plotting and listening for maternal footsteps.

Our bunk beds faced the 'picture' window of the front bedroom. I wasn't sure why others christened this so, but with the blinds drawn silently, it did take on the part of a magic aperture of light and dark that became the focus of our attention. We settled under blankets with Native American designs that Mother had ordered from the shopping catalogue. Two braves alone in the black, watching out over a vista that was bounded only by our imaginations.

"How many stars are there in tonight's sky", opened 'our kid', quickly telling me that the changing seasons meant different views of the heavens. "Millions and millions", I replied in a less than scientific way. 'Our kid's' knowledge of the Boys' Encyclopaedia astronomy section was infinitely greater than my own, so I always tried to steer away from the subject or answer as broadly as I could.

"Do you know," said 'our kid', refusing to be put off, "That every twinkle that we can see tonight is coming from a star that's already dead?"

I didn't and didn't see or understand the point, but my younger brother was deep and insistent.

“Sure, everybody knows that. Your man Patrick Moore’s sick of telling people that on the TV.” I had quoted an expert witness, something I would do repeatedly over the years in many a bar-room debate, to feign comprehension that was usually the dodgy side of shakey.

The fact that Moore’s “Sky at Night” programme went out a good two hours after our bedtime seemed lost on a younger brother who continued to marvel upwards and onwards.

“There must be other people living on other planets,” he mused: “There are so many millions out there and that must be the case. It says so in my book.”

My head hurt with the thinking of it.

The bedroom lights of the houses on the hill were coming on in sequence, as the bedtimes of dozens of other children came and went. Little bright dots in the night, like candle flames of prayers.

We watched quietly and inquisitively until we could stay silent no more.

“Which light will be the last to go out tonight?”, I asked.

“The same as always”, said ‘our kid’ knowingly, “The one that never goes out. The electric star”.

“I wonder who they are,” I said: “They must be children if they are in bed this early. So, why doesn’t their mother put the light out?”

‘Our kid’ could not answer and neither of us could imagine a reason. The house on the far right of our window seemed to be the home of the everlasting flame.

Neither of us could explain it. It just was. For as long as I could remember, maybe as long as two whole years.

“The switch must be broken, so that the light is on all the time, but we can only see it at night”, said ‘our kid’.

I couldn’t argue with that because at eleven I had no inkling of a sick person being confined to bed, an expectant mother clutching the Novena to Saint Gerard Majella to her breast or the laboured breathing of an old woman drowning out the wireless in a lino-covered bedroom. It was just that the switch didn’t work. ‘Our kid’, even with only a shallow understanding, had pitted science against imagination and won through.

“I suppose you’re right”, I said:” But it must mean a big electric bill, because you have to pay to turn on the light.”

‘Our kid’, still at an age where money was a handful of brown copper change rather than a concept, struggled with that idea. He had read in his ever-present annual that electricity had been discovered for the good of everyone and still believed that.

“I wonder if other children from our estate look at our house when our lights go on,” I said, “Ours are on so little. They must think we go about in the dark. Maybe those people on the far right are looking down at us. Eh? What do you think?”

I waited and smiled in the darkness at ‘our kid’s’ only reply. The rhythmic breathing of a wordless song of sleep from the bottom bunk as our electric star continued to light up the horizon.

# MUSIC LIST October 2024

## Sunday 6th October

## Harvest Thanksgiving

### 11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	<b>262</b>
Setting	Mass of the Quiet Hour - <i>Oldroyd</i>
Psalm	126
Gradual Hymn	<b>341</b>
Offertory Hymn	<b>397</b>
Communion Hymn	307
Anthem	For the beauty of the earth - <i>Rutter</i>
Recessional Hymn	<b>259</b>

### 5pm Choral Evensong

Parish Choir

Hymn	<b>264</b>
Responses	Ayleward
Psalm	125
Canticles	Sunsion in G
Motet	Adoramus Te - <i>Byrd</i>
Hymn	<b>285</b>

## Sunday 13th October

## Trinity 20

### 11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	<b>262</b>
Setting	Schubert in G
Psalm	22: 1-15
Gradual Hymn	<b>271</b>
Offertory Hymn	<b>443</b>
Hymn communion	275
Anthem	Steal away - <i>Tippet</i>
Recessional Hymn	<b>263</b>

### 5pm Choral Evensong

Hymn	<b>372</b>
Responses	Plainsong
Psalm	127
Canticles	Moore
Motet	Ave verum - <i>Elgar</i>
Hymn	<b>243</b> (omit v4,5,6)

# MUSIC LIST October 2024

## Sunday 20th October

Trinity 21

### 11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	<b>259</b>
Setting	Ireland in C
Psalm	104: 1-10, 26, 37c
Gradual Hymn	<b>383</b>
Offertory Hymn	Guide me O thou great Redeemer 368
Communion Hymn	304
Anthem	Listen sweet dove - <i>Ives</i>
Recessional Hymn	<b>361</b>

### 5pm Choral Evensong

Chamber Choir

Hymn	<b>285</b>
Responses	Sanders
Psalm	32: 4-8
Canticles	Hylton Stewart in C
Anthem	Faire is the heaven - <i>Harris</i>
Hymn	<b>252</b>
c	

## Sunday 27th October

5<sup>th</sup> Sunday before Advent

### 11am Choral Eucharist

Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	<b>433</b>
Setting	Missa in Simplicitate - <i>Langlais</i>
Psalm	34: 1-8
Gradual Hymn	<b>358</b>
Offertory Hymn	<b>466</b>
Communion Hymn	308
Motet	Tota pulchra es - <i>Durufle</i>
Recessional Hymn	<b>436</b>

### 5pm Choral Eucharist BCP

St George's Ladies' Choir

Hymn	<b>393</b>
Setting	Messe Basse - <i>Fauré</i>
Motet	Tantum ergo - <i>Fauré</i>
Hymn	<b>242</b>



# CALENDAR October 2024

**October 6**

**Harvest Thanksgiving**

**9:30am**

**Eucharist:** The Rector

**11:00am**

**Choral Eucharist:** The Rector

Preacher: Archdeacon Barry Forde

Readings: Joel 2: 21-27; 1 Timothy 2: 1-7; St Matthew 6: 25-33

Reader: *Warden*

Intercessor: *Janice Carruthers*

Servers: *Omolewa Akinyele, Steven McQuitty, Tony Merrick*

Tea and Coffee: *Brenda Claney, Judith Fawcett*

**5:00pm**

**Choral Evensong:** The Rector

Lessons: Deuteronomy 8: 7-18; 2 Corinthians 9: 6-15 (*Paddy Sloan*)

**October 9**

**Denys, Bishop of Paris**

**10:30am**

**Eucharist:** The Rector

**October 13**

**20th Sunday after Trinity**

**9:30am**

**Eucharist:**

**11:00am**

**Choral Eucharist:** Fr Keith Suckling

Preacher: Fr Suckling

Readings: Job 23: 1-9, 16-17; Hebrews 4: 12-16; Mark 10: 17-31

Reader: *Janice Carruthers*

Intercessor: *Fr Suckling*

Servers: *Steven McQuitty, Tony Merrick, Jonny Calder*

Tea and Coffee: *Yvonne Doherty*

**5:00pm**

**Choral Evensong:**

Lessons: Exodus 14: 5-31; Matthew 6: 1-18 (*Fr Graeme Pollock*)

**October 16**

**Nicholas Ridley & Hugh Latimer**

**10:30am**

**Eucharist:** The Rector

**October 20**

**21st Sunday after Trinity**

**9:30am**

**Eucharist:** The Rector

**11:00am**

**Choral Eucharist:** The Rector

Preacher: Rev'd Robert Thompson

Readings: Job 38: 1-7; Hebrews 5: 1-10; Mark 10: 35-45

Reader: *George Woodman*

Intercessor: *Archdeacon Harte*

Servers: *Banji, Jonny Calder, Mark Claney*

Tea and Coffee: *Eleanor Maynard, Catherine Hunter*

**5:00pm**

**Choral Evensong:** The Rector

Lessons: Josua 14: 6-14; Romans 3: 1-20 (*Fr Tom Layden*)

# CALENDAR October 2024

**October 23**

**Feria**

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

**October 27**

**5<sup>th</sup> Sunday before Advent**

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

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

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Job 42: 1-6, 10-17; Hebrews 7: 23-28; Mark 10: 46-52

Reader: *Karen Brett*

Intercessor: *Anne McBride*

Servers: *Banji Akinyele, Mark Claney, Tony Merrick*

Tea and Coffee: *Blaize Family, Judith Fawcett*

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

Readings: Philippians 1: 3-11; Matthew 18: 21-35 (*Janet Sandikli*)

**October 30**

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

**October 31**

**Martin Luther**

Eucharist: The Rector & Fr Graeme Pollock

The Walsingham Group meets at this Eucharist – all welcome

## **EASTER AT BUNBEG 1982**

A wild flock of heron in watery shoes  
Is fishing for compliments  
Pecking for news,  
Patrolling the inlet with gimlety eyes  
Pounding a beat of constabulary blues.

Rock birds like ornaments roost overhead  
And remind me of puffins and literary friends.  
Their shelf life is selfless  
And narrow as thread  
In the breath of an Easter that all too soon ends.

Precarious eggs deftly balance on ledges  
While vigilant mothers on lichen and moss  
Watch over the ribbon, a chalky old road  
That follows the crow to the pub at the cross

Then down with a halfun and feeling the swell  
Of the sea and the tales that are ready to tell  
While the turf smoulders hot in a welcoming hearth  
And a Donegal man sings of his home and her worth.

That moment remembered is wrapped in a song  
Where the words rest at home  
After travelling so wide  
Where the tongue of the people is soft to the taste  
And their handshakes as strong as the pull of the tide.

*By Paul McLaughlin*

## **'DISCIPLINE' BY GEORGE HERBERT**

Throw away thy rod,  
Throw away thy wrath:  
O my God,  
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire  
Unto thine is bent:  
I aspire  
To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
I affect to own,  
But by book,  
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:  
Though I halt in pace,  
Yet I creep  
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;  
Love will do the deed:  
For with love  
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;  
Love's a man of warre,  
And can shoot,  
And can hit from farre.

Who can scape his bow?  
That which wrought on thee,  
Brought thee low,  
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod;  
Though man frailties hath,  
Thou art God:  
Throw away thy wrath.

*Submitted by Geoffrey May*

## ENDPIECE by Francis FitzGibbon

### FERRUCCIO BUSONI CENTENARY 1924-2024

This year marks the centenary of the death of the innovative, novel and somewhat underrated post-modern composer, Ferruccio Busoni, today chiefly remembered for his arrangements and piano transcriptions of J S Bach compositions. This rather ignores his unique creative achievements which led to many groundbreaking compositions. For example, the gargantuan five movement piano concerto incorporating a choral finale (1904), the seven Elegies (1907) composed using bitonality and quarter-tone harmonies, the Fantasia contrappuntistica, (1910) a major milestone in piano literature, the Toccata (1920) and his operas, Die Brautwahl, (The Bridal Choice) Arlecchino, oder Die Fenster (Harlequin, or The Windows), Turandot, and Doktor Faust, the latter remained unfinished on his death in 1924 and was subsequently revised and completed by his pupil Phillipp Jarnach and more recently in 1985 by Antony Beaumont.

In addition, Busoni influenced the development of an entire generation of celebrated pianists and musicians, Egon Petri, Edwin Fischer, Wilhelm Kempff, Wilhelm Backhaus, Rudolf Serkin, Adolf Busch, Paul Badura-Skoda and Alfred Brendel. Busoni was also a remarkable writer. His essays and letters to his wife Gerda testify to originality, erudition and stylistic grace.

Busoni was born in Empoli, central Italy on 1 April 1866. His father Ferdinando Busoni was a noted clarinettist and his half German mother Anna née Weiss was a pianist who often accompanied her husband in recitals. The Busoni's christened their child with a name full of expectation and promise: Ferruccio Dante Michelangelo Benvenuto! Their son clearly is destined to great things. Raised in a musical family, he quickly develops and interest in the world of sound. At the age of four he can play the piano and violin fluently, aided by the benign and competent care of his mother Anna. At six he begins to compose short piano pieces and chamber music, by the age of twelve he was a veteran of the concert halls of Europe, admired as a wunderkind by Anton Rubenstein, Karl Goldmark, Johannes Brahms, Carl Reineke and Franz Liszt.

The young Busoni was well read in literature, philosophy and languages, he became fluent in most European languages. Busoni was a man of genius, endowed with prodigious mental capabilities, (his library contained more than 5000 volumes and he could recall

the contents of each at random). In 1906, Busoni published a seminal work, the *Entwurf einer neuen Ästhetik der Tonkunst* (Sketch of a new aesthetic of music). This 70 page booklet highlights the limitations of Western music and its inherent fragility and advances the basis for a new tonal language incorporating avant-garde devices such as bitonality and quarter-tone harmonies.

Busoni's *Elegies* of 1907 comprise seven piano pieces. *Nach der Wendung* (after the turning point), serves as a prelude to these. With simultaneous multiple tonalities in evidence *All'Italia* (in modo Napolitano), is a gloomy barcarolle that changes into a demonic tarantella and back, based on material from Busoni's vast piano concerto of 1904. The third piece is a massive chorale prelude, *Meine Seele bangt und hofft Zu Dir* (My soul trembles and hope in Thee), written in the style of Bach's organ chorale preludes and quotes the Lutheran chorale *Allein Gott in der Höh sei Her* (Glory to God in Heaven). The fourth piece *Turandots Frauengemach*, derives from Busoni's participation or concession to Orientalism then in vogue. In 1905 he composed an orchestral suite on Carlo Gozzi's *Turandot*, the piece is a concert transcription of the fifth movement of the suite. The theme is in fact Greensleeves, which Busoni oddly thought to be a Chinese melody. *Die Nachtlichen*, the fifth piece in the set is also based on the *Turandot* suite, it is a nocturnal waltz of Mephistophelian character, a brief excursion into the ethereal nature of nocturnal mystery and bewilderment. The same fascination with the night and the *Tenebrae* animates the sixth piece, *Erscheinung* (Notturmo). Busoni was particularly fond of this piece declaring to his pupil Egon Petri, that the structure and proportions of the *Erscheinung* were exemplary. He later reused it in the first act of his opera *Die Brautwahl* (The Bridal Choice). Finally the *Berceuse* which closes the set of piano pieces is a hypnotic, trance like reverie which exploits the concepts of bitonality to the full and require advanced contemporary use of the sustaining pedal.

Busoni's magnum opus is the *Fantasia contrappuntistica*, one of the most impressive works in all piano literature. In 1910 while in Boston on a concert tour of the US, he received a visit from two students of counterpoint, Bernhard Ziehn and Wilhelm Middelschulte. They suggested to Busoni that he completes J S Bach's unfinished last work, *Die Kunst der Fuge* (The Art of Fugue) which he was most interested in. Busoni wrote to his wife Gerda about this new composition suggesting it will sound like something between a composition by Cesar Franck and Beethoven's *Hammerklavier sonata*! The *fantasia contrappuntistica* was completed and published in June 1910 by Breitkopf & Hartel. Its vast breath and proportions are set in an epic scale and articulated in

twelve sections:

1. Chorale prelude; 2. Fuga I; 3. Fuga II; 4. Fuga III on B-A-C-H; 5. Intermezzo; 6. Variation I; 7. Variation II; 8. Variation III; 9. Cadenza; 10. Fuga IV; 11. Chorale; 12. Stretta. There are four separate published versions, the most significant being the second and the fourth version for two pianos. There is little doubt that Busoni intended this as pure music, its destination for the piano being just a by-product of its composer's profession and mastery at the instrument. The composition is a masterpiece, a work of allure and visionary genius.

Busoni's Toccata composed in 1920 was his last important piano work. It is intimately bound up with two of his operas *Die Brautwahl* and *Doktor Faust*. The work comprises three sections: Preludio: Quasi presto arditamente – Fantasia: Sostentuto quasi adagio – Ciaccona: Allegro risoluto. The prelude transcribes part of the third tableau of *Die Brautwahl*, while material from the following Fantasia resurfaces in the Duchess of Parma scene from *Doktor Faust* and the concluding Ciaccona is related to the ensuing dialogue between the Duke of Parma and Mephistopheles. For all its dazzling virtuosity, the Toccata is an uncompromising piece – very severe and not terribly pleasant as Busoni once admitted. Alfred Brendel has remarked of Busoni's late piano works in general that "the erosion of the years has not smoothed over their unyielding surface".

Busoni's involvement with opera was linked to his concept of a 'Junge Klassizität'. It was not the turning back to older forms or the ironic comment on past styles of neoclassicism that Busoni had in mind; his strangely utopian notion envisaged a music removed from the constraints of purpose, style form and functional harmony. What 'Junge Klassizität' shares with classicism is a mistrust of an emotional intensity that goes overboard of flamboyant gestures and of a sensuality that in music, though by no means in life Busoni thought ridiculous and untruthful. In relation to his opera *Doktor Faust*, which remained unfinished at his death, Busoni has not produced the music for the Helen of Troy episodes or completed Faust's final monologue. For practical performances, his most experienced pupil Philipp Jarnach was persuaded to complete the work. Alfred Brendel in his book *Music Sounded Out* (1990), suggests that Jarnach's attempt is contrary to Busoni's style and prefers the more recent solution advocated by the Busoni scholar Antony Beaumont who completed it using previously unknown sketches in 1982. The opera's final image is Nietzschean. A youth rises from the ruined body of Faust, throwing off old and constraining superstitions. That white innocence, symbolic of Busoni's yearning for a newborn classicism in the aftermath of World War I, is best expressed in the

radiant key of C major - toward which all his visionary music tends. Beaumont's 1982 completion allows "Doktor Faust" to "rise" and rarify thus, whereas Jarnach almost perversely forces it down to E flat minor, the blackest of all keys.

While working on the opera Doktor Faust, Busoni was advised by his physician to cut down on tobacco and Champagne. He chose not to heed the good doctor's advice and died of renal failure in his apartment at Viktoria-Luise-Platz 11 Berlin on 27 July 1924. Busoni's Berlin apartment was later destroyed in an air-raid in 1943, and many of his possessions and papers were lost or looted. A plaque at the site commemorates his residence. Busoni's wife, Gerda, died in Sweden in 1956. Their son Benni, who, despite his American nationality had lived in Berlin throughout World War II, died there in 1976. Their second son Lello, an illustrator, died in New York in 1962.

**Further Reading:**

Antony Beaumont, Busoni the Composer, Faber and Faber, (1985)  
Alfred Brendel, Music Sounded Out Robson Books (1990)

**Selected Recordings:**

Ferruccio Busoni and his pupils Naxos 811077

Ferruccio Busoni Fantasia Contrappuntistica & Seven Elegies,  
Sandro Ivo Bartoli Brilliant Classics 94223

Ferruccio Busoni Egon Petri complete recordings 7-CD set APR 7701

Ferruccio Busoni Toccata Alfred Brendel Artist's Choice Decca  
4782638

Ferruccio Busoni Doktor Faust Choir and Opera Orchestra, Lyon,  
Kent Nagano Erato 3984255012