

The Parish Church of Saint George



PARISH MAGAZINE

An open door in the heart of the City



St Brigid of Kildare



FEBRUARY 2025

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CONTENTS



From The Rector's Desk	4
Parish Notices	5
Under the Influence by Paul McLaughlin	7
The Fairy Child by Paul McLaughlin	9
Music List	12
Calendar	14
Poets Corner	16
End Piece - Francis FitzGibbon	18

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

From the Rector's Desk



Dear Friends in Christ,

This year the feast of the Presentation of Christ falls on Sunday 2nd February. Traditionally, it was also known as the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or more commonly as Candlemas. It also marks the end of the Epiphany season as we refocus our gaze on the run up to Lent and the emphasis in the church calendar changes from Christmas/Epiphany to the preparation for Lent, Holy Week and Easter. Ash Wednesday, which begins the season of Blend, will be observed on Wednesday, 5th March.

The Bishop will be present to celebrate the liturgy and administer the Sacrament of Confirmation on Easter Eve, Saturday 19th April at 7:30PM. There are already a number of adult and teenage candidates for confirmation. This is now the last call for any potential candidates to have a word with me if you are interested in confirmation or simply to have a chat about what exactly is involved. This also applies to the parents of any teenagers who may want their son or daughter to consider confirmation. In the Church of Ireland, Confirmation can be viewed as a person reaffirming their baptismal promises, usually made on their behalf by Godparents at their baptism. It is a recommitment, freely made by the candidate, now that they have come to understand something about the meaning and reality of Christian faith for themselves. Please have a word with me if you want to know more.

There will be a Lenten Soup and Cheese lunch on Sunday 23rd March to support our Lantern charity. This year I would like to support the Jerusalem and Middle East Church Association. JMECA is a British based charity which was set up to support the Anglican Provinces of Jerusalem And Alexandria, which covers the Holy Land, Cyprus, North Africa, The Gulf States, Iraq, and Iran. The Anglican Diocese of Jerusalem owns and runs the Al-Ahli Arab Christian Hospital in Gaza and it has been badly affected by the conflict there but is still operating and providing much needed medical care in that area. I will request that any donation we make would be earmarked for the vital work undertaken at the hospital.

Yours sincerely in Christ

Brian Stewart

PARISH NOTICES

Register of Vestry Members: 2025

The annual review of the Register of Vestry Members will take place this month. 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 2024 list of Vestry Members, which is in the narthex. However, if you are not registered and would like to be 'signed up', Forms of Declaration will be available from our Churchwardens during the month of February. Membership of the Vestry entitles you to participate and vote in the elections, which are held at the Easter General Vestry meeting.

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

Please note, the **Easter Vestry will be held on Sunday, 6th April at 1:00pm** after the morning service. There will be a sandwich lunch before the meeting.

Coffee Morning for the NI Hospice

We extend a warm welcome to parishioners and friends to this fundraising event for the NI Hospice which will be held in the Parish Hall **on Wednesday, February 5th at 11:00am** following the 10:30am Eucharist. We would be very grateful for any help and if you could lend a hand, please speak to Dot or Judith.

The NI Hospice provides invaluable palliative care to 4,000 infants, children and adults each year across Northern Ireland. Please do come and support this Coffee Morning.

Soup and Cheese Lunch - A Date for your Diary

The Parish Lenten Soup and Cheese lunch this year will take place on **Sunday, 23rd March** in the Parish Hall following the 11:00am Eucharist. The Lenten charity chosen for our support is the Jerusalem and the Middle East Church Association (JMECA) which is a UK-based charity. Its sole purpose is to support the Province of the Episcopal (Anglican) Church in Jerusalem & the Middle East and the Province of Alexandria, which includes the Al-Ahli Arab Christian Hospital in Gaza. (*See Rector's Letter*)



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Dear Douglas, and the congregation of St Georges Belfast,

I am just writing to say thank you for the recent generous donation you made of £10,000 on behalf of the congregation at St Georges. This money will be used for both Christmas activities, including 240 hampers and gifts, plus our day-to-day provision services. At this incredibly difficult and uncertain time, your donation will help us continue with our food provision and ensure that those in need are not left without. Thank you for your kindness and generosity, and your forward thinking. Each year we see the need for our service continue to grow. We are so thankful that we can meet this growing need, but we recognise it wouldn't be possible without the help, support and provision of individuals and organisations such as yourselves. So, from all at Storehouse, and on behalf of all those that your donations will help, thank you

Yours sincerely

Kindest regards,

Matt Orme
Partnership Manager
Storehouse

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

by Paul McLaughlin



I discovered a new word today. Well, a word new to me certainly; 'Influencer'. I read it in a tabloid newspaper that described a young person, a celebrity it said, that influenced the fashion industry and had amassed a fortune worth about £17 million in the space of three years.

I'd never heard of this 'famous' girl, still in her teens, but was intrigued enough to Google her. I found that an 'influencer' is someone who is paid by companies and manufacturers to describe and, I suppose, recommend their products and services on social media, encouraging people to buy them.

Rather than being motivated to follow up on social media, I honestly would not know a meme or a hashtag if they fell on me from that great cloud I hear so much about, I was encouraged to reminisce.

Computers are all well and good, with massive memories and the rest, but human memory has a heart that no amount of ROM or RAM can ever hope to match. I thought of those whose hearts had helped me along the way.

My first teacher at primary school, Miss O'Reilly, white-haired and in the final year of her career, and how she helped a shy and timid boy find his way in a room full of strangers that became filled with friends in less than a year. Her kindness, warmth and gentleness have stayed with me for more than 60 years.

School played a major part in influencing my boyhood. The Irish Christian Brothers taught me for most of it and I can have no complaints. They had come north in the 1860's, at the invitation of the Bishop of Down and Connor, to 'educate the working class and 'ragged' children where housing conditions were overcrowded and poverty rife'.

I have fond memories of Brother Hanley and how he brought the magic of Gaelic games to Belfast boys with little or no knowledge of this part of their sporting culture. Three shillings for a hurling stick of Kilkenny ash that would help me follow in the footsteps of my hero, the Tipperary legend Jimmy Doyle. "The best three bob you'll ever spend", said Hanley and he was right.

Brother Mallon, nicknamed 'Titch' because of his lack of height, but fearsome for discipline, tuning fork in hand, toiling away to turn a disparate group of lads into a choir that would grace Belfast's Ulster Hall. He was a fierce wee man, dedicated to teaching, who I had the privilege of spending some time with many years later. He had recalled a little about me, mainly that I was probably the worst Maths

pupil he had ever encountered, but it was still nice to be remembered.

Lay teachers too were inspirational in those far off schooldays. My old English Master Mister Morris, himself the product of a working-class background, caused me to fall in love with both Latin and English, singing out loudly the Amo, Amas, Amat of the conjugation like a little public schoolboy and marvelling at the music and mystique of the poetry of Dylan Thomas. We were always encouraged to aspire and that must be a compliment to any teacher.

We also learned about friendship and many forged there stood the test of time. Sunday mornings come to mind when I used to regularly meet an old schoolmate, the late historian Eamonn Phoenix, after church and all we talked about, as sixty somethings, were the shenanigans that took place half a century before at St Mary's CBS.

Music became a major influence outside of school as I grew older. The Beatles had composed the soundtrack for my generation, commercial as well as inspirational, leading the fashion and fads of the day and showed how four working-class lads could conquer the world. I listen to them today with much the same wonder I did back in that golden time.

There were many other 'influencers' as I traversed the world of work for nearly five decades, but none better, stronger, more uplifting than my late friend David Bell. He was someone I would have liked to have been. Unassuming, caring and helpful, even to those who had been less than decent to him. David was no plaster saint, but rather a man for whom principles did not have a price.

No memories of the 'influencers' who have lightened my path could be complete without the inclusion of my late parents to whom I owe the greatest debt of gratitude. They gave me my faith in my God, a belief in myself and strong arms of love through thick and thin that were worth more than gold.

Social media may be the flavour of our time, but it is bland in the extreme compared to the magical ingredient that lies in a person's heart.

THE FAIRY CHILD - A TRUE STORY

by Paul McLaughlin



Baby Paul Collins was an uncle I would never meet. His name is engraved above those of my mother and father on a headstone in Milltown cemetery where every name has a story to tell.

The shadow of the priest fell across the woman's face as he stood with his back against the light of the bedside lamp. She mumbled her prayers, fiddling with her Rosary like comfort beads, waiting for his final word.

"Dear woman, you must be very brave," he said softly, breaking her litany into a thousand useless pieces.

"The good Lord knows more than we. His choice we must accept."

The woman buried her head in a veil of fingers and wept.....!

The month of September burst upon the streets of Belfast that year with an unexpected heatwave. It cooked the pavements and drew fierce reflections from the narrow windows of the terraced houses. The sun was as sharp as the patience of a population that, only a dozen weeks before, had waited for the three months of summer that never came. Day after day, rain had washed away the children's July and August holidays with mornings and afternoons that were cooped up in tiny kitchens.

Mothers had prayed for sunshine or school, whichever came first would be a holy relief. Now, the owl's were saying that the end of the world was coming with the Devil's sunshine.

Paul Collins laughed at them in the corner shop as he bought ten Woodbines on the way home from work, but his wife repeated their warnings over supper.

"I tell you, Paul, it's not natural to have this weather at this time of year," she said: "Even Father McSweeney says there's a badness in the streets."

"Ach woman, that man sees a badness in ceilidh dancing for heaven's sake. Sure he won't let the youngsters look out of their eyes. He should be stoppin' all this superstition, not encouragin' it".

And with that, Paul had undone his shirt stud and got down to his ribs and cabbage. Rosie touched the Sacred Heart picture gently with her wedding finger and asked him to forgive all that he had heard in the house.

The front door knocked with a rat a tat tat and Rosie rushed to answer.

"Ribbons, missus, lovely ribbons, sure you'll buy some of my lovely ribbons?"

A gypsy woman, small and hunched beneath a plaid shawl stood on the half moon and continued with her selling song before Rosie could speak.

“Every colour of the rainbow missus and cheap as bejasus, only a couple of coppers a piece.”

Rosie blushed at the abuse of Our Lord’s name and spoke firmly: “Get off with you from my door with your swearin’ and cursin’ and take your ribbons with you.”

She made to shut the door, but the gypsy’s foot stood firm on the threshold.

“Come on missus, give an old woman a penny and I’ll bless your unborn child.”

Rosie, her forearms strong from the wringing out of blankets, pushed the gypsy hard and slammed the door in her face. She turned toward the kitchen table as the letterbox, opening with a clang, spilled in a torrent of abuse.

“The Devil take your baby and your happiest day.”

The letterbox clanged shut and Rosie fainted by the hearth.

Paul Collins lifted his wife onto the single bed in the return room and comforted her in his own gentle and awkward way.

“There you are girl, a nice wee cup of tea and a lie down and you’ll feel as right as rain. And if that owl one comes back, I’ll lose me toe in her rear end.”

Rosie laughed out loud and called him a vulgar man, but her tight hold on his hand never wavered.

Baby Paul was born in March of the following year, when the heat from Hell had long abated and a late snow had given St Patrick a white head.

The boy was called after his father and the church in which he would be baptised. Because of his sickly disposition, he joined the family of the parish only four days after his birth.

“He’s terrible delicate, wee Paul,” moaned Mrs McAteer from next door, as she picked up the little clutch of Christmas toys she had hidden from her brood in the Collins’ house.

“I tell you Rosie, you should have him touched with the relic, it did wonders for our Lizzie.”

Sure enough, thought Rosie: Lizzie McAteer had been as fragile as any baby she had seen and now here she was, over nine years old and swinging on the lamp with the best of them.

“Your right, Agnes. I’ll speak to Father McSweeney after Mass on Christmas morning. Sometimes, a blessing is the best medicine there is and heaven knows Doctor Campbell’s at his wits’ end.”

Both women went back to their baking and boiling and plucking and stuffing in their respective homes, where children were abed early as

the last hours of Christmas Eve scurried past.

Rosie was about early the next morning as Aunt Sarah's Westminster clock chimed six in the kitchen, raked the ashes from the fire and set the kettle on the gas to boil.

Paul was at her side within a couple of minutes and she thought well of the man.

"Most men are lying in their beds and waiting for breakfast to be served," she thought, "But not my Paul. We're like two shires in the same harness" and she laughed to herself at the image as she watched her husband, thin as a ramrod, cover his long, thin face with shaving soap.

"Look at me, Rosie," he shouted all over the scullery: "Get the youngsters up till they see the fine, white beard I have on me," and he wrapped a red, checked tea towel round his head for a hood. "Tell them St Nicholas is staying for his tay." But Rosie heard only the faint cries of baby Paul from the return room

and rushed to the cot side, spoon in hand and gripe water bottle in the pocket of her pinny. She lifted him gently into her arms and whispered a lullaby as she waltzed him to the fireside.

"Husha, husha, Paul my son," she sang softly: "This is the day that Jesus is born". But the child would not be pacified and the crying reached a terrifying pitch as the baby's pale, blue eyes reddened and shrank into pinholes of pain. His breathing caught and stuttered in the little throat in gasps that peppered his screams.

"Paul, Paul, dear God get the doctor," but Rosie's words were her last spoken on that Christmas Day.

Her fine, embroidered, high necked, white blouse was washed and pressed by the girls working for the nuns at the local convent and returned five days after the funeral. Doctor Campbell's death certificate told how the child had died of a severe cerebral haemorrhage and the neighbours had ringed the house with a halo of help when it was most needed.

Rosie stayed in bed under doctor's orders when her baby was taken to a snow-covered Milltown cemetery. She would not visit the grave until she was stronger. She cried as the clock chimed ten o'clock that morning, saying the requiem prayers into herself and remembering Father McSweeney's words: "Dear woman, you must be very brave. Heaven is the only home for a fairy child."

MUSIC LIST February 2025

Sunday 2nd February Epiphany 4 Candlemas

11:00am Choral Eucharist Parish Choir

Processional Hymn	408	
Setting		Mass of the Quiet Hour - <i>Oldroyd</i>
Psalm		24: 1-10
Gradual Hymn	56	
Offertory Hymn	364	
Communion Hymn	300	
Anthem		Nunc Dimittis - <i>Stanford</i>
Recessional Hymn	187	

5:00pm Choral Evensong Parish Choir

Responses	Rose	
Canticles		Sumsion in G
Psalm		122
Anthem		When to the temple Mary went - <i>Eccard</i>
Hymns	44, 157	

Sunday 9th February 4th Sunday before Lent

11:00am Choral Eucharist Parish Men

Processional Hymn	343	
Setting		Mathias in G
Psalm		138
Gradual Hymn	337	
Offertory Hymn	119	
Communion Hymn	300	
Anthem		When Jesus our Lord - <i>Mendelssohn</i>
Recessional Hymn	433	

5:00pm Choral Evensong Choral Scholars

Responses	Rose ATB	
Canticles		Sumsion in G
Psalm		5
Anthem		View me Lorrd - <i>Lloyd</i>
Hymns	345, 390	

Sunday 16th February. 3rd Sunday before Lent

11:00am Sung Eucharist Choir Holiday

MUSIC LIST February 2025

Sunday 23 February

11:00am Choral Eucharist

Processional Hymn	339
Setting	Stanford in Bb and F
Psalm	65
Gradual Hymn	342
Offertory Hymn	408
Communion Hymn	302
Motet	Ubi Caritas - <i>Durufle</i>
Recessional Hymn	393

2nd Sunday before Lent

Parish Choir

5:00pm Choral Eucharist

Parish Men

Setting	Missa cum Jubilo - <i>Durufle</i>
Hymn	354, 226, 146

CALENDAR February 2025

Feb 2

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

9:30 am

Eucharist: The Rector

11.00 am

Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Malachi 3: 1-5; Hebrews 2: 14-18; Luke 2: 22-40

Reader: *Wardens*

Intercessor: *The Rector*

Servers: *Banji Akinyele, Agape Laoye, Tony Merrick*

Tea and Coffee: *Valerie Roberts, Holly Ferres, Shanin Bahreini*

5.00 pm

Choral Evensong: The Rector

Lessons: Exodus 13: 1-16; Romans 12: 1-5 (*Eleanor Maynard*)

Feb 5

10:30am

Eucharist: The Rector

11:00am

Coffee Morning in aid of the NI Hospice

Feb 9

THE FOURTH SUNDAY BEFORE LENT

9:30 am

Eucharist: The Rector

11.00 am

Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Rector

Readings: Isaiah 6: 1-8; 1 Corinthians 15: 1-11; Luke 5: 1-11

Reader: *Karen Brett*

Intercessor: *Archdeacon Harte*

Servers: *Omolewa Akinyele, Banji Akinyele, Mark Claney*

Tea and Coffee: *Keith Suckling, Steven McQuitty*

5.00 pm

Choral Evensong: The Rector

Lessons: Judges 5; James 5 (*Paddy Sloan*)

Feb 12

10:30am

Eucharist: The Rector

Feb 16

THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT

9:30 am

Eucharist: The Rector

11.00 am

Choral Eucharist: The Rector

Preacher: The Bishop

Readings: Jeremiah 17: 5-10; 1 Corinthians 15: 12-20; Luke 6: 17-26

Reader: *Mark Claney*

Intercessor: *Anne McBride*

Servers: *Steven McQuitty, Janet Sandikli, Jonny Calder*

Tea and Coffee: *Betty Flynn, Dot Lutton*

5.00 pm

Choral Evensong: The Rector

Lessons: Hosea 1: 1-11; Colossians 3: 1-22 (*Fr Graeme Pollock*)

CALENDAR February 2025

<p>Feb 19</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector</p>
<p>10:30am</p>	
<p>Feb 23</p>	<p>THE SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT</p>
<p>9:30 am</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector</p>
<p>11.00 am</p>	<p>Choral Eucharist: The Rector</p>
	<p>Preacher: The Rector</p>
	<p>Readings: Genesis 2: 4b-9, 15-25; Revelation 4; Luke 8: 22-35</p>
	<p>Reader: <i>Meisam Khalili</i></p>
	<p>Intercessor: <i>George Woodman</i></p>
	<p>Servers: <i>Jonny Calder, Janet Sandikli, Mark Claney</i></p>
	<p>Tea and Coffee: <i>Mina Kelly, Richard Oldfield</i></p>
<p>5.00 pm</p>	<p>Choral Eucharist: The Rector</p>
	<p>Lessons: 2 Corinthians 11: 19-31; Luke 8: 4-15 (<i>Fr Tom Layden</i>)</p>
<p>Feb 26</p>	
<p>10:30am</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector</p>
<p>Feb 27</p>	
<p>1:00pm</p>	<p>Eucharist: The Rector & Fr Graeme Pollock</p>
	<p>The Walsingham Group meets at this Eucharist – all welcome</p>

POETS CORNER

The Bugler's First Communion

A bugler boy from barrack (it is over the hill
There) - boy bugler, born, he tells me, of Irish
Mother to an English sire (he
Shares their best gifts surely, fall how things will),

This very very day came down to us after a boon he on
My late being there begged of me, overflowing
Boon in my bestowing,
Came, I say, this day to it - to a First Communion.

Here he knelt then in regimental red.
Forth Christ from cupboard fetched, how fain I of feet
To his youngster take his treat!
Low-latched in leaf-light housel his too huge godhead.

There! and your sweetest sendings, ah divine,
By it, heavens, befall him! as a heart Christ's darling, dauntless;
Tongue true, vaunt- and tauntless;
Breathing bloom of a chastity in mansex fine.

Frowning and forefending angel-warder
Squander the hell-rook ranks sally to molest him;
March, kind comrade, abreast him;
Dress his days to a dexterous and starlight order.

How it does my heart good, visiting at that bleak hill,
When limber liquid youth, that to all I teach
Yields tender as a pushed peach,
Hies headstrong to its wellbeing of a self-wise self-will!

Then though I should tread tufts of consolation
Days after, so I in a sort deserve to
And do serve God to serve to
Just such slips of soldiery Christ's royal ration.

Nothing else is like it, no, not all so strains
Us: fresh youth fretted in a bloomfall all portending
That sweet's sweeter ending;
Realm both Christ is heir to and there réigns.

O now well work that sealing sacred ointment!
O for now charms, arms, what bans off bad
And locks love ever in a lad!
Let me though see no more of him, and not disappointment.

Those sweet hopes quell whose least me quickenings lift.
In scarlet or somewhere of some day seeing
That brow and bead of being,
An our day's God's own Galahad. Though this child's drift

Seems by a divine doom channelled, nor do I cry
Disaster there; but may he not rankle and roam
In backwheels though bound home? -
That left to the Lord of the Eucharist, I here lie by;

Recorded only, I have put my lips on pleas
Would brandle adamantine heaven with ride and jar, did
Prayer go disregarded:
Forward-like, but however, and like favourable heaven heard
these.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Submitted by Geoffrey May

ENDPIECE by Francis FitzGibbon

The Lady from Arezzo *My musical Life and Other Matters* is the title of a fascinating book written by the celebrated concert pianist Alfred Brendel. The book title refers to a tailor's mannequin of the baroque era which Alfred Brendel saw in a shop window in the Tuscan town Arezzo and which the local artist Franco Fedeli had attached an Ostrich egg on top of her head.

The book can be considered a companion or sequel to his earlier two books, *Music Sounded out* (1990) and *The Veil of Order Conversations with Martin Meyer* (2002). The Lady of Arrezzo comprises eight chapters on various art and music themes, with Dadaesque nonsense poems inserted between them.

The first two chapters focus on Russian and German nonsense poets of the early 20th century and a discussion of the Dada art movement with reference to a Dada exhibition Brendel attended during the Zurich Festival 2016. The Dada artists mentioned include Hugo Ball, Richard Huelsenbeck, Marcel Janco Sophie Taeuber, Max Ernst and Kurt Schwitters.

The third chapter concerns the baroque tailor's mannequin which Brendel discovered in a shop window in Arezzo near to the Chiesa Santa Maria della Pieve. He compares it to famous Madonnas and Marias of the period. Brendel subsequently bought it and it now resides in the attic room of his residence in Hampstead. The fourth chapter discusses in detail Joseph Haydn's Seven Last Words, elicited by a performance by the Hagen quartet. The next chapter focusses its attention on light and darkness in relation to the keys C major and c minor by reference to various composers compositions for example, Haydn's Creation, Mozart's Jupiter symphony, Schubert's ninth symphony, Beethoven's Diabelli variations, the fifth symphony and the 32nd piano sonata op. 111. The sixth chapter is a discussion about a book about Schubert's song cycle Winterreise, written by the tenor Ian Bostridge, *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession* (2015). The book is variously illustrated with selected paintings including those by Casper David Friedrich paintings which Brendel considers appropriate. Brendel mentions his own performances of Winterreise with notable singers such as Dietrich Fischer - Dieskau, Matthias Goerne. He also makes a counter argument to an interpretive opinion made by Ian Bostridge regarding the song Wasserflut. Brendel favours assimilation rather than polyrhythm. Brendel also mentions attending a recital of Winterreise for the first time in Vienna in 1964 by the Viennese tenor Julius Patzak accompanied by Jörg Demus, which is one of his

favourite recordings.

The seven chapter of the book concerns Robert Schumann's piano concerto in a-minor op. 54, with Brendel making some comments regarding its interpretation by various pianists including, Alfred Cortot, Dinu Lipatti, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli and his preferred final recording of it he made himself together with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Simon Rattle.

The final chapter of the book is devoted to Brendel's musical life and essentially extends his discussion on his concert tours and various experiences, begun in his earlier book *The Veil of Order, Conversations with Martin Meyer* (2002). He also discusses his final concert with the Vienna Philharmonic and his subsequent new ventures into poetry and lectures.

Further Reading:

The Lady from Arrezzo. My Musical Life and other Matters. Alfred Brendel. Faber & Faber (2019).

Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession. Ian Bostridge. Faber & Faber (2015)

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Christmas Cake Raffle to Support the Robbie FitzGibbon Memorial Fund for Mind

Thank you everyone who kindly supported my Christmas Cake raffle in aid of my late nephew's memorial fund for the mental health charity Mind, which raised £150 which has been donated to Mind. The current total so far raised for Mind on Robbie's the Just giving page has now reached £22,515.



More information about my nephew Robbie FitzGibbon can be found at the Brighton Phoenix

Athletic club website.

<https://brightonphoenix.org.uk/news/926/in-memory/>

<https://www.justgiving.com/page/robbie-fitzgibbon-1724066125946>

<https://www.mind.org.uk/>

Francis FitzGibbon

