

# BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 2017 | £1.00

The Parish Magazine of Beverley Minster, All Saints' Routh, St Paul's Tickton, St Leonard's Molescroft and St Peter's Woodmansey



**FAREWELL  
TO JEREMY  
AND JULIA**

# THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

## The Fruits of the Spirit

Heavenly Father, who gave us a second Eden in which you planted the fruits of the Holy Spirit,  
Send your Son to help us pick this fruit and accept your grace:

- 'Love' - Unconditional
- 'Joy' - Complete
- 'Peace' - Unending, passing all understanding
- 'Patience' - Slow to anger; abounding in love
- 'Kindness' - A gift of living water
- 'Goodness' - Sweeter than the honeycomb
- 'Faithfulness' - Untiring trust
- 'Gentleness' - A still small voice of calm
- 'Self Control' - for a Child of God

Against such things there is no law.

## A Prayer

You are my beloved  
Come rest awhile with me.  
Take my hand and speak to me.  
You are my child, a child of God.  
I will hold you tight: I will never let you go.  
Nothing can separate us from the love of God.  
If you will rest awhile with me I will show you  
unimaginable things,  
I will pour out my love upon you and give you peace.  
Climb these steps with me.  
I will sustain you with living water.  
You will never be thirsty.  
You are so valuable to me,

And I love you.

Amen

Wilf Fowler



## FLOODLIGHTING THE MINSTER

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13th	FREE NIGHT
14th	Mr & Mrs K Weetman
15th	Heather Merriweather
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27th	Mrs E.M Stout
28th	Mrs K Smart
29th	Dr M Imrie

## EDITORIAL

Welcome to the FEBRUARY edition of the Minster Magazine.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher,  
Gareth Atha, Anne Almond,  
Wilf Fowler, Jeannie Gollub,  
Barbara Gilman, Marjorie Neaum,  
Mervyn King and Steve Rial.

Cover photo: Ian Spencer Photography

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# THE VICAR'S PAGE

## JEREMY FLETCHER

Jeremy's letter now appears as 'The Vicar's Blog' on our website and it is also available for those who receive our free eNewsletter by email.

The first picture here was taken seven and a half years ago. I think Julia and I had a bit of an idea of some of the things we might encounter, but if you'd asked us what would follow our time in these amazing parishes we could not have answered. As we look back God has always shown us the next step at the right time and not before. We've never had a career path. After all, telling God your plans is how you provoke divine amusement.

We have learnt some great lessons and had some fabulous experiences since 2009. Lots of people have asked me what our memories of Beverley will be, and as I write this they are still being made. The sunlight on a glorious winter afternoon illuminating the Minster's glass and stone. St Paul's Tickton finally gaining a toilet and kitchen. Routh on a crisp February morning. The warmth of fellowship at St Leonard's Molescroft. The faithfulness of worship at St Peter's Woodmansey.

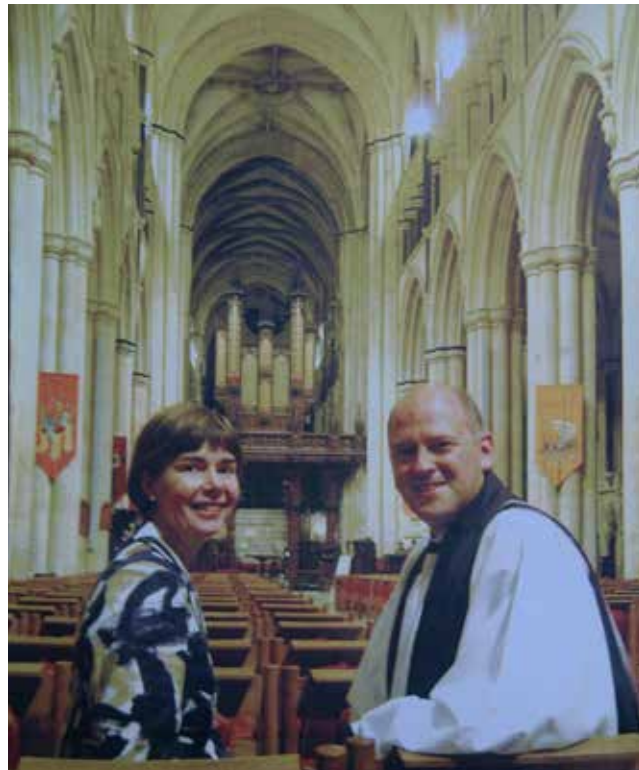
My mind also goes to the people who now live in our memories as they rest in God's peace. We said farewell to Nancy Sutherby and Pearl Jolley in January: two saints whose lives touched many and whose faithful service remains an inspiration. They remind me of the many whom I have known and commended to God, and taking their funerals has been one of the great privileges of ministry here. The 'cloud of witnesses' includes many here who have inspired and humbled me.

There have been many joys shared with the living. Our bell ringers rang in 2017 wonderfully, and I was pleased even in the cold of January to baptise a four month old baby. Life continues, and is rich. The parish diary is full of events and our Monday staff meetings have contained complex juggling to enable demands to be met. The choir is recording a new CD. There are dates for Family Days, a Festival of Life, a Confirmation service, more TV filming, and many many things which will happen after Julia and I head down the M1.

That is how it should be. Have a look at the list of Provosts and Incumbents on the board in the north quire aisle. My name is the latest on a long list. Seven years is a very short time in the life of a parish like this, and the work will continue on February 20th after we have said our farewells on the 19th. We will take memories with us which will remain for life. We will take friendships with us too. But what will bring us most pleasure is to know that the vibrant life we have so enjoyed here is carrying on, and that even more special things are happening.

We will keep in touch, and will be praying especially for the next few months as a new appointment is made. Whoever comes will encounter one of the most significant parishes there is, in one of the most special towns, with some of the greatest opportunities for mission and ministry I know. It's been a privilege to share them with you.

May God continue to bless you all.



Above: Nick and Catherine Drayson visited us in January. Many old friends greeted them, and we were all inspired to continue supporting them in prayer and finance as they lead the Anglican church in Northern Argentina.

Left: We welcomed the 'Hollywood Icons' to the Minster as part of City of Culture. Mary Poppins, recreated by a Hull resident, looks like she will fly through the Minster.



# ST JOHN'S WAY



This month we begin a 3 part series by **Len Markham** who has devised a walk from Harpham to the Minster - **St John's Way** - and written an inspiring commentary. The series is an extract from a longer publication **now available from the Minster shop** for just **£2.75**.

Known affectionately on the hills as 'that well-known pedestrian', this prolific Yorkshire journalist, author,

historian, poet and scriptwriter has over forty books to his credit including over a dozen walking guides, his works including *Clarty Strands – A Walking Tour of the Yorkshire Coast*, *The Yorkshire Weather Book*, *Home Front Yorkshire 1939-1945*, *York – A City Revealed*, *Discovering Yorkshire's History*, *Great Hull Stories*, *The Complete Angler and Yorkshire Strads – The Life & Legacy of George Haddock of Leeds & Bradford*. His *Markham's Milestones* pages have been a popular feature in the *Down Your Way* magazine for the last fifteen years.

## PETRUS ALAMIRE: THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

I guess Petrus Alamire is not a well-known 16th century figure despite having worked as a composer, musical scribe, singer and producer of some of the most decorated illustrated choirbooks in history. Popular in many of the royal courts in Europe he also took advantage of his position to spy for Henry VIII.

We are fortunate to be able to mount an exhibition of his work from May 26 - July 16 in the Minster. It is a collaboration between the Alamire Foundation based in Belgium and the National Centre for Early Music, York (NCEM) which organises the Beverley Early Music Festival and who celebrate their 30th anniversary this year.

The exhibition has already been a success in Antwerp Cathedral and it begins its international tour in Beverley Minster.

There are two parts to the exhibition. Twenty five high resolution photographs of Alamire's illuminated manuscripts will be placed in the north transept exhibition area. This is what they looked like in Antwerp:



The second part of the exhibition will be an art installation by Rudi Knoop in the south transept. The installation is a combination of sound and video in a performance of Alamire's music for seven voices. The seven singers have been recorded with separate cameras and microphones and the pictures are shown on seven screens with their voices coming from seven speakers all arranged under a 5 metre high canopy allowing you to walk through it experiencing either the individual voices or the combination of sounds. It is controlled by a sophisticated computer system operated from Belgium over the internet.

It is being reduced in size for the international tour, but in Antwerp it looked like this:



There are three teams of people organising the event. The team from Belgium flew over to Beverley to meet Delma Tomlin, MBE (who leads the NCEM team) and the Minster group to discuss the logistics. The Minster project group, should you wish to find out more, consists of Gareth Atha, Robyn Cleveland, Ben Merrell and Mervyn King.

In addition to the exhibition there is an activity pack for children aged 5 - 11 funded by the East Riding of Yorkshire Council.

The local team will receive training on the technical aspects of the installation which is timed to turn on and off automatically. It is also possible for us to manually override the computer for occasions during the day when the video and sound need to be turned off. The sound level was described by the artist as being no louder than the music which is sometimes heard from the shop.

Although we are not officially part of the Hull City of Culture programme, the timing of this is fortuitous and we hope that many visitors will be drawn by it to the Minster.

MK





## IN SEARCH OF ST JOHN

Once I leave this life, if my trajectory takes a hoped-for course, I want to stand in front of The Great Gatekeeper and be beckoned forth, the saint, perhaps, allowing me to fulfil an ambition to sit in his chair as he completes the paperwork? If I'm granted my wish, I promise to take a photograph and beam it back to Yorkshire for publication. In the meantime, I'll have to settle for reclining in an earthly throne - one of the oldest Christian icons on the planet - the Frith Stool or Sanctuary Seat in the awe-inspiring Beverley Minster, having welcomed a succession of English kings and queens in pilgrimage over an amazing 1300 years. To perch and pray in the chair, realising that in that self-same spot sat Athelstan, Edward I, Edward II, Edward III and Henry V before me, is to be an altogether uplifting and privileged spiritual experience, an experience that prompts my own personal pilgrimage to discover the life and legacy of the man who planted his holy staff in the soil that would beget one of the finest buildings in Europe. Reciting my own timeless intercessions over the Holy Well of St. John ① in his birthplace of Harpham near Driffield, I set out on a 20 mile walk to Beverley, to infuse the spirit of a Yorkshireman who was born around AD 640 and revered across Europe for his piety, wisdom and miracle working, hoping to absorb some of the great bishop's still palpable presence along the way.

Leaving the well, which is reputed to have therapeutic properties, I first visit Harpham's ancient 14th century church, marvelling at one of the finest brasses in the East Riding dedicated to Agnes and Thomas St Quentin, twenty-eight members of that family being remembered in a dazzling display of stained glass in the north chapel. Onward then down the lane to cross a pellucid stream to discover yet another ecclesiastical gem in the nearby village of Lowthorpe ②, the concentration of holy sites within such a short compass, reminding me that Christianity was once the dominant force that shaped our communities for over a thousand years. However, the fading fortunes of the modern spiritual life are writ large in the roofless chancel of St Martin's, but no matter, this church is doggedly still-active and it treasures one of the most remarkable monuments in England. Shown reclining together under a winding sheet, two 14th century figures - probably Sir Thomas Heselton and his spouse - radiate branches connecting to the heads of thirteen children.

Another prayer and I'm on my way with gusto, striding out southwards on the quiet lane towards the little village of Great Kelk ③. A path takes me towards the Kelk Beck and I follow the flow, flowered banks taking me through some of the least visited and seemingly loneliest countryside in all Yorkshire, a haven for reflection and meditation. All is quiet and peaceful only the mewling of a disturbed pair of buzzards breaking the silence, a line of carefully positioned nesting boxes on high poles welcoming families of barn owls. Knowing that trout streams are as rare as hens' teeth in this part of Yorkshire, I peer mesmerised into the water, passing a young family of swans and walking on, yard by wide-eyed yard. But I spy not a fin. And then suddenly, I'm blessed to spot a fish whose girth defies the narrowness of the banks, the veritable leviathan posing for a photograph as I contemplate returning someday with a gaudy fly. I sit and focus on the sign of the fish, thinking about my quest to touch the memory of a man who retired to such a stream as this. Living as a hermit by the North Tyne, his only companion was a dumb child whom he caused to speak. Educated at Whitby Abbey, he went on to become Bishop of Durham, succeeding to the see of York in the year 705 and afterwards establishing a monastery in Beverley. And, as I watch the wafting tail, out of the blue comes a wonderful realisation that I am far from being alone, the force that energised that holy staff all those years ago binding me now to all that I hold dear. I rise in benediction and follow my watery way to Beverley.





# ‘OF A FAIR UNIFORME MAKING’

## The Building History of Beverley Minster 1188-1736

John Phillips’ remarkable and authoritative book is now available and on sale in the Minster shop. A strikingly beautiful photograph of the Minster graces the cover and the eloquent title is a quote from the antiquarian John Leland in 1541, on one of his itineraries, referring to ‘the collegiate church of S. John.’ It is worth noting that the book is only a limited edition, priced at £25.00, and as such will vanish quickly from the shelves.

John’s genial self-effacing manner belies his wealth of knowledge and tireless delving into the history of the Minster; where since 2004 he has volunteered as a Welcomer. I was privileged to interview him for this article and as we sat in sunlit St Katherine’s Chapel he pointed out to me several of the stonemasons’ marks which have formed the basis of his exhaustive research.

When he began his Welcomer role, new to the town and to the Minster; during a quiet period one morning he was examining the sculptures of musicians in the north aisle and noticed a mason’s mark. Wondering if the profusion of marks he then discovered throughout the whole building had any sort of pattern subsequently led, after detailed study, to his chapter in the book ‘Who Built Beverley Minster?’ published by the Friends of the Minster in 2009. Seven years of further intense study of the thousands of masons’ marks to be found on the stones from which the Minster is built, plus gathering copious evidence, discussing with experts, photographing, cataloguing, referencing (the bibliography covers nearly seven pages), recording and documenting, have culminated in this superbly produced, fascinating and immensely readable book. It is meant to be more a narrative of the development of the building rather than an archaeological report; John writes in the introduction; its non-academic structure easy to follow and accessible to the reader, helped by hundreds of illustrations, charts and plans.

Particularly remarkable is that the number and quality of masons’ marks are unique among churches in the area and further afield, thanks mostly to their being on the stone’s face and

the lack of destructive fires and restorers, especially the Victorians. Consequently, John became totally absorbed by what the marks show about timescales of building and individual masons. In his own words he is ‘addicted, obsessed.’ With a high powered torch, he has scoured probably every inch of the Minster; high, low, wide, narrow, using a variety of cameras and lenses, his spotter scope and all the modern techniques for dating as well as the old. The earliest marks are from 12th century (although as he told me they



were standard practice by ancient builders - and it is interesting to note that many of them resemble hieroglyphics). John’s respect for mediaeval masons is profound. Many of them would have worked cutting and shaping stones at the quarries and would not even have seen the building for which they were destined. The marks were simple symbols, generally a means of being paid rather than signatures, as well as a means of quantity and quality control by the Master Masons.

John acknowledges the invaluable help given by a large number of scholars, most notably Stuart Harrison, the Cathedral Archaeologist for York Minster, (a friend and inspiration of 25 years’ standing) who contributed a chapter on the mediaeval roofs of Beverley Minster incorporating German MA student Stefan King’s revised and long ignored dissertation (he gave delighted permission.) I was excited to learn from John that the oldest timber has been dendrochronologically dated to 967 AD; he pays grateful tribute to Minster staff, for enabling his explorations at all hours and especially the Friends of Beverley Minster for funding this book. £10.00 of each sale will

be put to a fund to match the anticipated Heritage Lottery Grant for the *Two Churches, One Town* campaign.

Intriguingly, the book is dedicated to John’s parents, and I asked why. They loved all mediaeval buildings and as a child he was therefore ‘dragged’ (his word) though not unwillingly round them. His parents were also singers and sent John to King’s College School, Cambridge, where aged 14 he was the senior chorister. Music did not ‘grab’ him either (after his voice broke, he did not sing again), yet something about all the intricate and ancient architecture of his early historical environments must have ‘rubbed off’. He tried a variety of careers without much enthusiasm or success and it was a chance meeting at the Driffield Show in 2003 when John learned of a course at Bishop Burton College on Heritage Management. At a crossroads in his personal life, he enrolled and at age 58, finally found something he really wanted to do. As part of the course, he had to volunteer at a nearby heritage site and came to the Minster. He fell in love with it, awestruck by its splendour and history. He will have shared his boundless enthusiasm with the hundreds of people he has welcomed. He still does. He told me an unexpected benefit is what he has gained from visitors’ impressions as they come through the door. No-one is unaffected by the place. In his words, ‘it doesn’t matter how you come to the Minster it will take you on.’ He always makes a point after the initial greeting of guiding them to the ‘Wow!’ view, at the Highgate crossing.

The book’s postscript reveals some more interesting facts, one example being that the nave was probably out of use from the early 14th century until the beginning of the 15th. All services would have taken place at the east end. It was this lack of space that may have contributed to St. Mary’s becoming the Civic church of the town. John ends with the humble assertion that his efforts might prompt further research into this and other buildings, and there is a lot still to do. To illustrate this, throughout the book the reader will notice little running hares depicted at the foot of many pages. Although one hare is sitting still at the end, we are told that many which have been set off have yet to reach a place to rest. Watch this space - there may well be a sequel to ‘Of a Fair Uniforme Making.’ MN

# AWESOME ANCESTRY?

In her article "Tree of Jesse" (Dec/Jan issue) Jeanne Castle speculates that the genealogy of Jesus found in the gospel of Matthew is probably seldom read out loud in church. I'm sure she's right; but the allusion took me back to a time when I found myself having to do just that.

The year was 2004, and it was the bi-centenary of the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society (now simply the Bible Society). To commemorate the occasion somebody - not necessarily from our own congregation - had the wild idea that the entire Bible, from cover to cover, could be read out loud from the lectern in the Minster over the period of a single week from Saturday to Saturday. With the exception of Sunday morning, reading would run continuously from nine in the morning until five in the evening every day, each reader being allocated a fifteen minute slot. It was obvious that a massive number of readers were going to be needed, so I volunteered and was told I'd be reading from 9 to 9.15 on the Thursday morning. I was not enthralled by the early hour, but I supposed that some readers would have to do it if we were to get through the whole Bible in the time available.

By the Monday however, it had become clear to all concerned that there was no way we were going to get through the whole Bible in the time available, and that selection would have to come into play. So on the Wednesday teatime I went down to the Minster to see where they were at. For about half an hour I sat and listened to readings from the book of Ezekiel. It was the most appalling experience imaginable. Blood being crushed out of people and streaming in the streets, human carcasses being eaten by wild animals, valleys being filled with human body parts and babies being dashed against rocks are just a few of the horrors which come to mind. Given that selection had to be made, who on earth, I

asked myself, had decided that visitors to the Minster should be treated to this diatribe? Would it inspire them to want to read the Bible for themselves? Would it give anybody any understanding of what the Christian faith was all about? I decided then and there that if we were continuing with the book of Ezekiel in the morning, I would not be reading. There would be a blank slot between 9 and 9.15 on Thursday.

When the proceedings broke up I was on my way to the back of the Minster to impart this information to the organisers (who were from different churches in the town) when I was intercepted and told that the next day we were "jumping" to the Gospels and that I would be reading from Matthew chapter 1. My initial smile of relief faded rapidly when I remembered what the first chapter of Matthew contained: the entire genealogy of Jesus from Abraham to Joseph. I therefore continued my journey to the back of the church and suggested to the organisers that all those names would be mind-numbingly boring to listen to and horrendously tedious for whoever had to read them out (me), and that half the names were unpronounceable anyway, so all things considered might it be an idea to give them a miss? Somewhat to my surprise I was briskly enjoined to Brace Up The Feeble Knees - I had all night to practise didn't I?

Thankful that I hadn't had to take a stand over Ezekiel, I decided not to make trouble and took myself home for a night of rehearsal.

The key, as any church lesson reader will know, is to decide precisely how you are going to pronounce an awkward name and then say it with confidence and aplomb. After all, nobody in the congregation is likely to stand up and argue with you. (Given the time of day, I took comfort from the fact that there probably wouldn't be any audience to argue with me anyway.) The result was a flawless if boring reading the following morning.

Some time later I mentioned the incident casually to Nick Drayson, at that time our Associate Vicar. Another surprise: Nick came down heavily in favour of the genealogy being read out. Genealogies, he explained to me, were supremely important in some cultures - and of course Nick had worked in many different cultures. He told me of one convert whose interest in Jesus Christ had initially been aroused by the latter's extensive genealogy.

Any man with an ancestry that impressive, the enquirer reasoned, had got to be worthy of respect and attention. This thought had simply never occurred to me. In fact, as one who knows nothing of her family history further back than grandparents and with scant interest in the subject, I find myself stifling a yawn when genealogical enthusiasts attempt to regale me with theirs. So Nick's comments came as a revelation.

They also brought to mind an intriguing train of thought raised by a French Protestant pastor during my far off student days. The gist of it was that if a latter-day "Messiah" were to appear, his claim to the title could never be authenticated because of the Scriptural assertion that the Messiah would be a descendant of King David, and recognised as such. Now, in the modern era, it would be totally impossible for anyone to prove Davidic ancestry. Therefore, the pastor concluded, anybody still awaiting the advent of the Messiah must be doing so in vain.

Whatever you make of that argument, the Bible Society event did cause me to reflect that there might perhaps be more to this ancestry business than had met my eye ...

*Barbara Gilman*

# ‘BLUEBIRD’

*‘There are in our existence spots of time ...’*

Wordsworth - ‘The Prelude’

I am writing this on 4th January 2017, fifty years after ‘Bluebird’ and Donald Campbell were lost in Coniston Lake. My ‘Spot of Time’ began in the winter of 1966 when I started my first teaching post in the Lakes.

The John Ruskin school is located in Coniston and only a short stride from the lake. I was living in Ambleside and commuting. That meant catching a minibus in heavy snow about 7am, through to Hawkshead. There I transferred to the Coniston school bus, met a colleague and a crowd of local children who had made their way from isolated fell farms. Most of them had been up early helping to feed stock or do any number of chores before they set off for school. They were truly amazing children.

The journey from Hawkshead to Coniston is beautiful, particularly in snowy weather. We would wind our way through pine forests and then suddenly dip down, catching the first glimpses of the long glittering lake. It was a magical time. Little did I know how special all this was to become. My colleague said, “You may have to down tools when Bluebird’s engines start up, the noise is deafening!”

Campbell had started speed trials on the lake earlier in the year. Despite advice from locals relating to adverse weather, he continued to take his craft out every day. As his sponsors had pulled out, he was anxious to get money for a further more ambitious project.

I was teaching on the top floor of the school. It had panoramic views of the lake. I remember taking a GCE English class one morning when a frightening roar shook the whole of the building. We did ‘down tools’ and rushed to the windows to watch a plume of water head down the lake. Needless to say there was great excitement. At that time the whole school had ‘Bluebirditis’! There were Bluebird paintings, sketches, models, poems, diaries - everything that could be gleaned from the Bluebird experience was done.

At lunchtimes we would walk down one of the paths to the lake shore and jetties. Bluebird was frequently tied up there. She was smaller than I had imagined, silver-blue, bobbing about on her mooring. I remember

thinking how vulnerable she seemed. The snow and ice would often freeze on the airframe and much had to be done to get her ready for a trial. We met Leo Villa the engineer, and various members of the Campbell family who were living in the village. Campbell’s teddy always sat in the cockpit looking out across the lake. When I stood on that jetty close to Bluebird, I had no idea how much a part of history the moment would become.

I travelled back to see family in Hull for Christmas. It was in the New Year 1967 that I was summoned to watch a little old grainy TV set, to see footage of Bluebird rising up and then plunging downwards into the water; I remember crying out and being in tears at what I saw. Only at that moment did I begin to realise how precious my experience in Coniston had been.

When I returned to Ambleside and Coniston, the whole area was in shock. Local people had known that snow, ice and fog could probably cause problems; in the event, it was just the sheer speed achieved which caused the accident.

A memorial to Donald Campbell was erected at the head of the lake and there he remained until his daughter, Gina, was approached by Bill Smith, a salvage expert who requested her permission to locate the craft. I recall seeing the wreckage of Bluebird suddenly appear on the surface of the lake, her tail fin in particular. It was a heart-rending moment for everyone. Donald Campbell’s remains were recovered and buried in Coniston churchyard, now a place of pilgrimage. Bluebird was taken to Northumberland for restoration. Work on her will shortly be completed. I understand that the boat will be housed in a museum adjacent to Brantwood, John Ruskin’s home on the shores of Coniston Water.

*‘That in whatever region I should close  
My mortal life I would remember you  
Fair Scenes! That dying I would think on you  
My soul would send a longing look to you’*

William Wordsworth ‘The Prelude’

Jeannie Gollub



# CURATE'S CORNER

*Come gather around people  
Wherever you roam  
And admit that the waters  
Around you have grown  
And accept it that soon  
You'll be drenched to the bone  
And if your breath to you is worth saving  
Then you better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changing...*

In 1964 Bob Dylan released the song *The Times They Are a-Changin'*. At that time America was embroiled in the Vietnam war. Young people, recently labelled as "teenagers", were beginning to find their voices. The sixties, a decade which would be so influential on British and American society for the remainder of the twentieth century, was almost half over. Dylan's lyrics summed up perfectly how society and people's world views, were shifting. The song has proved to be an enduring ballad about how times never stay the same – and that people need to be proactive about change, otherwise they will, in Dylan's words, sink like a stone. Perhaps it is the way that the song focuses on how people view change that has led to this endurance.

Since our earliest days, people have noted the passage of time, and the change that it brings. Our hunter-gatherer ancestors noticed how the seasons change, and with them the plants and animals. As people began exploring wider than their local environs more accurate ways to record the passage of time have been developed, from hour glasses to early clocks to the latest in atomic timekeeping technology. All of this development has taught us a lot about how we measure time, and, hopefully, they have also taught us the lesson that no matter what we do, times change.

This month the sands of time are seen to be moving once again as we say farewell to our Vicar Jeremy. We come to the end of one chapter in the story of this parish, and begin another one. These are exciting and bittersweet times, for us as well as for Jeremy and Julia. I know that their time here is filled with many happy memories and that the move is very much a responding to God's call. There will no doubt be excitement for the move and the fresh challenge that Hampstead will bring, but there will also no doubt be fond memories of times spent with the people of the parish.

For us too this spells a change of the times. There will be the vacancy, and then a new Vicar to lead us into the future. This will be an exciting and bittersweet time for us as well. In all of this change it is reassuring to know that we have an unchanging God, who we can place our trust in as we look to the future. This is the meaning of faith; often we think of faith as being what we know, but it is more about where we place our trust. If we place our trust in God, then He will not let us go too far wrong. This doesn't mean that the coming months will be easy, far from it. But it does mean that we can face each challenge in the knowledge that God has a plan, that He already knows who will be our next Vicar, and that he has called him or her by name.

Throughout the Bible there are many characters who are called to place their trust in God. One of my favourites is Gideon, from Judges. Gideon wasn't much to look at, threshing wheat in secret so that the Midianites wouldn't steal it from him. But God called him to lead the Israelites to a tremendous victory over the Midianites, with an army a fraction of the size of their enemy's. Gideon had to trust God, and God used that trust to win the day. Let us look to the trust of Gideon as we look to the future, with eyes open and hearts ready to embrace what God will bring our way.

Gareth Atha

## THE INTERREGNUM IN THE PARISH OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

### *What is an interregnum?*

An interregnum is that time between Vicars and is more often referred to now as a vacancy. The vacancy begins legally from the moment Jeremy is licensed at Hampstead, but practically from his last Sunday, Feb 19.

### *Who runs the parish in the interregnum?*

The Bishop delegates the running of the parish to the Churchwardens who, with any resident clergy, have responsibility for the running of the parish, guided by the Bishop, Archdeacon and Rural Dean.

### *Who are our Churchwardens?*

At the Minster: Colin Tatman, David Almond, Clive Waddington and Tim Carlisle. At St Leonard's, Molescroft: Andrew Hancock. At St Paul's, Tickton: Kate Powell. At All Saints', Woodmansey: Dawn Pollard.

### *How long will the interregnum last?*

There are set ways of making new appointments in the Church which means that the process can take some time. A new Vicar could be in post in about 9 months time.

### *How is a new Vicar appointed?*

Though the legal process can only begin after March 16th, preparatory work is under way. The Archdeacon and the Patron (Simeon's Trustees) met with the PCC on January 30. Guided by the Archdeacon the PCC assesses the needs of the parish and completes a 'Parish Profile.' This is a document which outlines the present structure and activities of the parish and begins to construct a person specification for a new Incumbent.

The PCC also elects two 'Parish Representatives' who work with the Bishop and Archdeacon in determining the suitability of any candidate for the post. It is becoming more usual to advertise posts, receive applications, shortlist and interview, as happened in 2009 when Jeremy was appointed. The parish representatives, the Patron, and the Bishop and Archdeacon make up the interview panel. Once the post has been offered to a candidate it would be likely that they would need to give three months notice in their present position.

# FROM THE ARCHIVES

Having made our New Year Resolutions in January, are we still keeping them in February when you will be reading this magazine?

Rev. Hargreaves was writing about this very subject for the January 1950 magazine from the Minster Vicarage (old vicarage) on 19th December 1949. Instead of resolutions though he took a different view:-

*It is customary, or nearly so, to conclude the old year with a long record of faults, and resolve to turn over a new leaf. I would ask you, while not making light of your shortcomings, to think of all the good you have done in the past. Recall how many you have helped, how many you have cheered and comforted in 1949, and resolve to carry on the good work. It is worth remembering that good work is God's work.*

In the same magazine I do believe I spotted the maiden name of one of our present day congregation, Susan Rispin (daughter of Gertie) at the time when she would be a young girl. It was reported that at the Church Missionaries Society Sale of Work in Constitutional Hall, Susan presented Lady Wilberforce Bell with a bouquet of pink carnations and chrysanthemums, after the opening ceremony and speech.

Even as late as the February magazine in the early 1950s the reports still come in about the Christmas festivities. Probably because Candlemas on 2nd February is traditionally the 40th day of the Christmas-Epiphany season. There are complaints these days that the town doesn't have enough decorations and yet at one time just a tree was thought to be wonderful. As Rev. Hargreaves writes:- *The Christmas Tree of Goodwill in the Saturday Market stands for something much more than money raised. It is the practical expression of thoughtfulness for others, of time and care and energy freely given to bring benefits and happiness to hundreds who might have had little or no Christmas cheer.*

Another report in the February 1950 magazine comes from the Chairman of Minster Beavers, Michael Long, under the heading of Club

Notes. It is always such a jolly report and delivered with such energy and enthusiasm that I can see why it was a thriving club. The party and dance in Hodgsons Ballroom was reported on and named Mr. Ernest Chapman as M.C. You can just feel the energy and fun from this part of the report in which a game of 'Bigamy' was played:-

*After about 40 minutes' dancing, we all went downstairs for refreshments, and a talk with our friends. Then we trooped upstairs once more, and joined in some fun and games. I think one of the most popular games is Bigamy, in which each boy took two girls, and in the middle of the room there was one boy and one girl; each boy tried to keep two girls, and when the music stopped, the boy who had only one 'wife' was out, and his wife with him. This was very exhausting, especially for those who managed to retain two wives to the end!*

In the same report Mr. Long goes on to say that the next meeting involved borrowing a lorry so that 40 members could squash in the back and go around Beverley carol singing and is an equally entertaining read. How would that go down with health and safety rules today! Three committee members were retiring, their names being Andrew Braid, Sylvia Braithwaite and Christine Abbott.

In the February 1950 magazine, with Lent approaching, Rev Hargreaves concludes that we should strengthen the ties of friendship by visiting a neighbour or acquaintance who is ill or lonely, taking a small gift, and he goes on to say:- *Make a special point of remembering all your friends in prayer; and the people you don't like, too; you will be surprised what a difference it makes. Religion becomes much more real and our approach to God much more heartfelt if we begin to use a lot, the good spirit, he has given us.*

*Yours sincerely,  
Collwyn Hargreaves*

Sally George

## AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY

One of my favourite theologians, Dietrich Bonhoeffer said of discipleship:

*'There is meaning in every journey that the traveller takes with God.'*

Any journey with God is a mystery and life-long, but unique to each of us. I haven't had what some might describe as a 'wow' moment, but I have always believed in God. Over many years though my bible became a dusty book hidden away on a top shelf.

Most of my memories growing up were in Saddleworth in the small village of Delph. Many today remember Saddleworth for sad and macabre reasons because the moorland around our village was where brutal murders took place. But Delph was my home and the moors for me were about blankets of snow in the winter and carpets of heather at the end of the summer. I loved it and have many happy memories of a

village community, sweet shop, friends and a close-knit family.

My parents didn't go to church but my father was a social worker and my mother a teacher in Hyde. Dad was a children's officer and would sometimes bring children home if a place of safety couldn't be found. I was accustomed to sometimes sharing my room with children I didn't know, plucked from volatile situations. I remember one girl with a whip mark across the centre of her face which her stepfather had bestowed on her in a drunken rage. She didn't want to go home.

My mum taught in a school in Cheshire where many immigrant families lived. She spent most of her time there, building relationships and encouraging the families to allow their daughters into school. She even travelled to India and Pakistan to learn more of the culture from which her pupils had come. Life was lived for others, young and old, and my family influences were that of service, responsibility and caring for one



another. Those principles and life lessons are what inform my faith now.

I trained as a nurse in Leeds and then specialised in intensive care at Manchester Royal Infirmary. I was 22 when I was first appointed as an ICU Sister and that is where I met David, my husband, for the first time. He was a junior doctor, keen and determined and he was not happy when I told him to seek the advice of someone more senior. This exasperated David and apparently, he told his consultant he'd find a way to get his own back. He did! Six weeks later he took me sailing. That boat had a trapeze, a nice little contraption that you hung onto as you leant precariously over the side to give the boat balance and speed in the water. I got very wet!

We were married six months later and David has been getting his own back repeatedly for the last 38yrs!

We had two girls, Rachael and Kathryn. The usual sleepless nights and naughty twos followed but the most devastating moment in our lives that shook us to the core was the death of our little girl, Kathryn, at 5yrs old. She had leukaemia and was in and out of hospital for gruelling treatments. I gave up nursing to look after Kathryn, but it also meant that her older sister Rachel had to spend most of her time with her grandmother. After three years, Kathryn was well in remission, but then tragically succumbed to measles. With her immune system, drastically weakened, she became extremely ill and died. All the family were devastated and my faith was tested to its absolute limits. I felt angry towards God, alienated from him and questioned why he could allow such suffering. It took many years for me to feel a real sense of being close to God again.

It was a time of questioning and a time when I railed angrily at God, sitting at the back of church. But for me at that time God felt like some cruel monster who had ripped our lives apart. But it was a waking moment (if you like) when I started to look at the cross for the first time. It was our Vicar, Robin, who helped me turn a corner and move away from hate. Robin's honesty, kindness and grace helped me to gradually work through the questioning, anger and hurt. Almost imperceptibly I began to realise that God hadn't ripped our little girl away from us but had been at our side all the time, crying with us. Those were difficult times though and frankly the next few years were awful.

David was appointed Consultant Surgeon but the job move uprooted us from Bolton and brought us east to Beverley. We left behind very close friends and a supportive church family who had helped to carry us through the deepest trough imaginable. In Beverley, we knew no-one. We joined St. Mary's church and I buried my grief there in the business of having a young family (we had two more boys, Edward and Phillip), becoming PCC secretary and generally helping in church. But, I avoided any spiritual involvement. It was too hard.

As the children grew, I trained and worked as a magistrate for ten years, ending my time there as a mentor, hearing appeals in Crown Court and specialising in family work. I felt pulled towards a more pastoral approach to the community, ready to offer back some of the wonderful care and support that had surrounded me. I trained to be a Cruse volunteer counsellor and started to see clients of my own in 2011. It was incredibly rewarding and a huge privilege to be near to the people I cared for at such a difficult time in their lives. I studied at home and completed a degree with the Open University in Health and Social Care.

We moved from St Mary's to the Minster so that the boys and David could join the choir. I sat at the back of church on my own for a long time but very gradually I became more involved in the life of the church,

becoming PCC secretary again and working with Jeremy. We often met at the end of the day and he would leave for evening prayer at 5pm. On one occasion I spilt coffee all over his papers. I not sure if he remembers, but as he disappeared up to the quiet room, I noticed him backing down again. He bobbed his head down and he said, 'You could join us!' Jeremy challenged and dared me to try morning and evening prayer. So I did, and gradually I began to feel God in my life again. That quiet space allowed me to ask hard questions in prayer, and seek that forgiving and loving relationship that had been in the recesses for so long. Morning and evening prayer was time spent subtly turning pain into something akin to peaceful acceptance. One day, glancing at the church notice sheet, I read of an invitation to a course studying the Old Testament. That dusty bible on the top shelf was retrieved and I decided to 'give it a go'. Honestly, I felt 'like a fish out of water', but something held me there and kept me studying. I just loved it and the more I learnt the more I wanted to know and the more I continued.

Then my mother became ill unexpectedly and died. I lost my best friend. At the same time and - it seemed - to add insult to injury, I developed shingles in my face and eye. I was warned that I might lose the sight in that eye and, unable to see much, all I could do was pray. As I recovered, I began to doubt that I would be able to catch up with the study, but after an interview with my tutor Lynn I came away reassured, and with an armful of information about Reader Ministry and Ordination. I was invited to appear before the Reader Panel in October 2015. The letter from Bishop Alison approving my formal training renewed my commitment - to faith, to study and to ministry. It changed my life. Shortly afterwards it was decided that I should be sent away to a placement church for the winter term even though I had not yet established myself in my own church as a trainee Minister. With a great deal of trepidation I walked into St Nicholas' Church under the supervision of Vicar Richard Walker, but the congregation, Richard and his team could hardly have been more welcoming and encouraging. I immersed myself in the life of the church and for the first time put aside my own wants and desires and put my trust in God, to lead me in the journey he had chosen for me. That experience was to change my whole focus and direction in Ministry. I returned to Beverley Minster and with Jeremy's support and guidance I now preach and help in services regularly in the Minster Parish.

I have learnt over the years that faith is not always a straightforward cosy journey. Quite the opposite often. The peaks and troughs of my childhood landscape have also been figurative companions through my life. However through all the successes and failures, joys and pain, I wouldn't change a thing. Kathryn was a wonderful gift that I was privileged to have with me even though not for long. God calls us all to be Disciples of Christ and he always carries us through that journey, good and bad, happy and painful, in our own individual ways. I trust and look forward to where God will lead me next.....

I would sum it all up by saying that I thought there was no such thing as God when he took my little girl Kathryn from me...I felt deep anger against him yet all the time he walked quietly beside me, hearing my grief and pain, forgiving my unforgiveness, wiping my tears and crying with me. And as I healed, God brought me nearer and nearer, until I realized that he had all the while wrapped me in a blanket of love. So, don't tell me now that God doesn't hear our prayers...or that our words fall on deaf ears. Sometimes the answer is yes, sometimes it is maybe, but our prayers are never ignored. Sometimes for whatever reason God needs to redirect us, And I pray that God will guide me on this journey from now on, wherever he wants to lead me. I pray that for you too. There is meaning in every journey with God.

Anne Almond

# THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

Published FEBRUARY 2017

## Baptisms

### At Beverley Minster

20 November 2016	Dominic Francis Allison
20 November 2016	Isabella Froukje Pasman
20 November 2016	Olivia Meike Pasman

### At St Leonard's, Molescroft

20 November 2016	Emily Render
20 November 2016	Jasmine Hannah Render
08 January 2017	Darcie Mae Bussey

## Weddings

### At Beverley Minster

28 November 2016	Clive Peter Waddington and Marion Shaw
21 December 2016	Christopher John Berry and Laura Jayne Mason

## Funerals

22 November 2016	Lynn Dodds	(46)
23 November 2016	Valerie Pateman	(82)
06 December 2016	Enid Allison	(95)
12 December 2016	Ivy Turner	(84)
14 December 2016	Brenda Simpson	(86)
20 December 2016	Norman Rush	(96)
05 January 2017	Margaret Julia Appleyard	(83)
11 January 2017	Pearl Jolley	(83)
12 January 2017	Kathleen Hall	(84)
19 January 2017	Nancy Sutherby	(98)

# MAINTENANCE REPORT

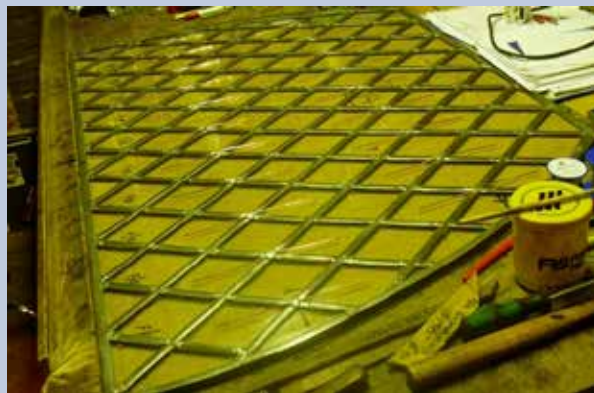
## URGENT REPAIR TO WINDOW S14

A large window located above the Soldiers' Chapel in the South Transept was found to be in a very poor state. To solve the problem of the poor fixing supports, repair work has been carried out during November 2016 to January 2017. To have access to all areas of the window, two scaffolds were erected, one inside and one outside. This work was carried out by our scaffold contractor, B & A of Hull. The window was removed and boarded up. The window sections were then repaired with new tie wires soldered on each section. The upper section has been totally rebuilt. New heavier stainless tie bars and section 'T' bars have been fixed. The window has been re-fixed and mortar pointed inside and out.

Words and photos by Steve Rial

### Photos

- 1 B & A Scaffold built off the South Transept Clerestory.
- 2 Window removal.
- 3 Upper panel section rebuild complete with the new tie wires.



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**Beverley  
Minster**  
MAGAZINE



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