

BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 2016/JANUARY 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

AND ON
EARTH
PEACE.....



REMEMBERING

I am writing this on Remembrance Sunday. My father and my wife Patricia's father were in the RAF during the war and I was later a cadet, but otherwise we know of no recent military connections in our family. Nevertheless, remembering those who have gone before is very important to us, whether they have fought and died for us or helped in other ways to build a solid foundation for the lives we lead today. But remembering can work into the future as well as the past. We must think what we can do now to help and support other people in the days to come, unpredictable as they are.

Many of you reading this will have reason to be thankful to those in the past who have worked to ensure that Beverley Minster continues to thrive as it has done for a thousand years or so. We have a clear responsibility to make and leave our own contributions to this work. Part of this duty lies in our day-to-day worship and work at the Minster. But we must also be mindful of the future. Making a will is a very important step to undertake, and if you are about to do this, or if you are reconsidering your existing will, may I suggest that you might remember the Minster by including a legacy in its favour? The way to do it is not difficult: it is set out clearly in the leaflets available on the A-frames in church, or from the Parish Office, or from me. The designated beneficiary can be the PCC, or the Minster Old Fund, or the Friends of the Minster.

Please remember!

David Brunt
Minster Legacies Officer

FLOODLIGHTING THE MINSTER

SPONSORS IN DECEMBER/JANUARY

DECEMBER

1st	Ann Wilkinson
2nd	C & S Tatman
3rd	Mr & Mrs T Martin
4th	Mr C S Blackburn
5th	Mrs A Burrows
6th	Mrs S King
7th	Mr W Benson
8th	W A Morris
9th	Mr B Trew
10th	P & L McNally
11th	D Marriweather
12th	FREE NIGHT
13th	Mr T Walker
14th	The Railton Family
15th	Mr David & Dr Carolyn Rhodes
16th	Mr & Mrs P.K. Ruston
17th	FREE NIGHT
18th	Mr & Mrs J Toes
19th	Mrs J Martin
20th	The Greenwood family
21st	Beverley Decorative & Fine Arts Society
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JANUARY

1st	J & J Barnary
2nd	Mr & Mrs N King
3rd	Emma Hoddinott
4th	FREE NIGHT
5th	Mr M A Powell
6th	FREE NIGHT
7th	Mr & Mrs T Strugnell
8th	FREE NIGHT
9th	The Atkinson Family
10th	Mr & Mrs W Pearson
11th	The Burgess Family
12th	Mr & Mrs D Peckett
13th	Mr J Chilver
14th	Hull City of Culture
15th	Mrs M Borland
16th	Mrs J Parker
17th	Mervyn King
18th	Mr & Mrs J Wilton-Ely
19th	K & A Sugden
20th	R Harris
21st	C & E Morrill
22nd	B Newton
23rd	J Foster
24th	Mr R Cook
25th	FREE NIGHT
26th	Mr & Mrs A F Terry
27th	Mrs J Hicks
28th	FREE NIGHT
29th	FREE NIGHT
30th	Mr G Pegg
31st	FREE NIGHT

For information about sponsoring a night, please go to www.beverleyminster.org.uk
Select the 'Join Us' menu for 'Floodlighting the Minster'.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the DECEMBER/JANUARY edition of the Minster Magazine.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher, Terry Munro, Jeanne Castle, Gareth Atha, David Brunt, Jeannie McMillan, Barbara Gilman, Andrew Hancock, Val Sargeant, Daphe Kitching, Debra Rial, Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins.

Cover: A mother and child from Syria.

Contributions for the next edition to:

julian.neaum@gmail.com

STEVE RIAL, 'MR SEPTEMBER', IN CAROL NASH CALENDAR FOR 2017

Supporting the Blood Bikers Charity

In August this year I took a photograph of Steve with his BSA Starfire 250cc on the Beverley Westwood and entered it into the Carole Nash Calendar 2017, thinking it was the picture not the biker that could win. Well Steven got into the Calendar and is Mr. September 2017! 12 finalists chosen out of 600! It is a lovely photograph of him, he enjoyed the photoshoot at the studio and is delighted to support such a worthy charity as Blood Bikers. More details can be found on the Carole Nash Website Insider Bike Blog: www.carolenash.com/news/1728-carole-nash-calendar-2017

Steve says:-

"I decided to enter the competition as I admire the work of the charity the calendar is supporting, the Nationwide Association of Blood Bikers. The photoshoot was an experience of a lifetime and something completely out of the ordinary to me. "To win the competition would be absolutely amazing. My passion has always been bikes and it would be a privilege to represent Carole Nash and bikers everywhere."

Debra Rial



Steven, from the photo shoot with a Raleigh 248cc



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.

I announced on Sunday 20 November that Julia and I are on the move. It has been a life changing privilege to have been the Vicar of Beverley Minster, St Peter's Woodmansey, St Leonard's Molescroft, a minister in the Church in Tickton, and Priest in Charge of Routh.

Being Vicar here is one of the great roles the Church of England has to offer, and it makes great demands too. After seven years it was time to look carefully at what the next few years would bring for these parishes, and whether my gifts and skills matched those challenges.

I have around a decade more to serve as a stipendiary minister, and I needed to test whether those years should be spent here or somewhere else. The joint project with St Mary's was also a factor. Much has now been put in place to shape and make the bid in November 2017. A new Vicar at the Minster will have the full duration of the *Two Churches One Town Story* Project to work with.

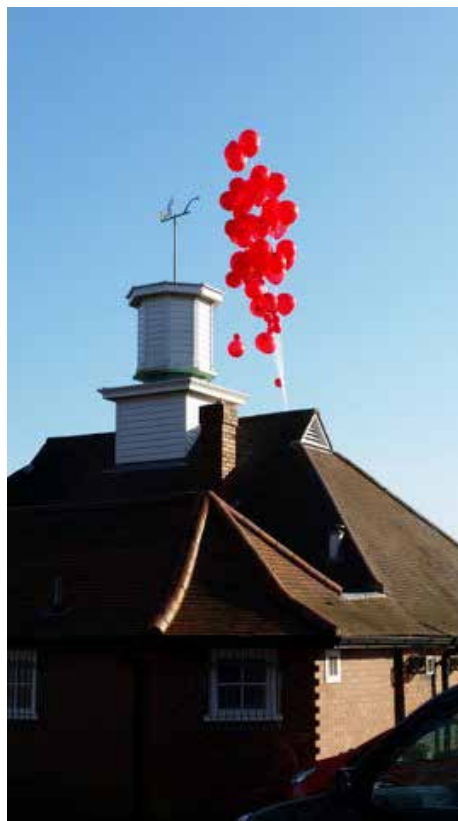
Julia and I thought that a new role should be very different from the three great Minsters we have served in Southwell, York and Beverley. We have always lived and worked in the Province of York. Since 1994 my ministry has included: multiple churches, a whole diocese or a great cathedral. We have ministered in town rather than city settings. We were looking for something very different, and not a gentle prelude towards retirement.

We were led towards Hampstead Parish Church: St John at Hampstead. It's a single parish, with one church. There is a thriving church school, professional music, engagement with the arts, an open and enquiring sense of mission, a recognition of much more work to do, and an established congregation of all ages. The Diocese of London is growing and is challenging. London is a world city, and we are looking forward to testing ourselves in an environment quite unlike the East Riding.

Hampstead has a real community feel, and there are more social challenges than might first be thought. The episcopal area (Edmonton) contains communities with multiple challenges: Hampstead Parish Church plays its part in that ministry too.

What has been difficult in following this path is that some wonderful things are happening here in Beverley. But we were convinced that this was a feasible time for the Minster to look for someone new, and it was the right time for us to move. Some things will remain as challenges for my successor. But there is much to build on, and I would rather regret leaving than be relieved to do so.

We have been convinced that God is in this. And if that is the case we have faith that God will be in this for the Minster, Molescroft, Tickton, Woodmansey and Routh. You will always be our friends. And a little bit of Hampstead will be forever Beverley.



Martin Waters' Poppy Installation in the North Transept; Beverley Grammar School's 64 balloons, representing the 64 Old Boys who died in the First and Second World Wars; props for the BBC film of King Charles III, and extras for the coronation.

TREE OF JESSE



For over four years now, I have been on the Sunday Club helpers' rota. This is the session for any children who attend the Sunday morning service (except for the first Sunday of the month, when we have the All-Age service), and who wish to do an alternative activity during the sermon and prayers. I alternate with two lovely ladies, Sue and Hilary, and when there is a fifth Sunday, Emily and latterly, Ben, run it instead. When it's been my turn, I have tried to do something interesting which relates to a passage from the bible and to send them home with something which they have enjoyed making which connects with the theme and if possible, contains the bible reference and a prayer. In addition to colouring and cutting out and pasting, they have had treasure hunts in our area of the church, word searches and acting, which they love.

What I didn't expect when I volunteered, was to find it a spiritual journey for me too. Looking back, I should have expected this because you have to study the passage, get to the core of the message and try to convey it in a simple way and all this helps to bring one to a deeper understanding. Ruth Weller, who had previously worked with the Minster children, told me that she had also found such work spiritually enlightening. Looking back, I don't think the scriptures were taught very well at my school, and there are big gaps in my knowledge, so it is good for me to spend time going over the basics.

Recently, I did two sessions about Ruth; in effect covering the whole of that Old Testament book. For those who don't know the story well, here's a summary.

The story started with Naomi and her husband and two sons. They lived in Bethlehem and when famine struck, they went to the land of Moab. They stayed there for a few years, and Naomi's husband died. The sons both married Moabites, one called Ruth and one called Orpah. Then further disaster struck and both sons died, leaving both wives childless. Poor Naomi, she now had no close living blood relatives and was stranded in a foreign land. She decided to go back to her own country, as she had heard the famine in Judah was over. With a sad heart, she told her daughters-in-law, whom she loved, to go back to their own people, marry again and establish their own families. Orpah went back to her own people with a heavy heart. However, Ruth told her mother-in-law, "Where you go, I will go, where you lodge there will I lodge, your people will be my people and your God will be my God".

[I think this was terrifically brave of Ruth – probably committing herself to a life of poverty as Naomi would have to rely on the generosity of relatives who were not as close as sons, and who probably had closer relatives with greater calls on their resources. Furthermore, Naomi was older than Ruth and when she died, would these people still support Ruth?]

Once back, Ruth had to scour the fields and collect the stray barley stalks that the reapers had overlooked. She collected all day, not even stopping for food and drink at mid-day, so that she could take home enough barley to feed them both. But, she caught the eye of Boaz, a

rich relative of Naomi's husband, in whose field she was gleaning. He had heard of her kindness to Naomi and he made things easier for her; telling the reapers to leave plenty of cut barley for her to glean, and allowing her when thirsty to drink from the supplies he provided for his workers. Naomi realised that Boaz was much taken with Ruth and in the evening sent her out in her best clothes to convey in an unspoken way that she appreciated what he had to offer.

Naomi had to sell a piece of land that had belonged to her late husband because women were not allowed to own land. Under the custom of the day, it was offered to the nearest relative first, but whoever bought it had to also support Ruth and Naomi. The nearest relative declined the land as supporting them was too great a burden. "You can have the land" he said to Boaz, and took off his sandal to show that he meant it. (That was the custom; today we would probably shake hands!) So, the land was offered to Boaz, the next nearest relative. Boaz announced that he would buy the land and marry Ruth.

So, Ruth married Boaz and had a baby boy called Obed, and Naomi's sadness at the time of her return to Judah was turned to joy. Obed was the father of Jesse and Jesse was the father of the most famous king of Israel, King David.

This story gives the lineage of King David, and shows how God continues to look after his people, working through people who look after one another. I think it also shows that God accepted other people into His chosen race (admittedly "only" women!), as King David's grandmother was a Moabite, even though Moab and Israel were enemies. (There are other examples of this in the Old Testament).

What made it so special for me is that it ties in with the long list of the genealogy of Jesus at the beginning of Matthew. This goes on for sixteen verses, and I suspect is hardly ever read out loud in services, much to the relief of volunteer readers as it contains some real tongue twister names. But, if you read it at home, Obed is there in verse 5, part of the fourteen generations from Abraham to David.

Verse sixteen gets to Joseph, husband of Mary, and of course they had to go to "the city of David called Bethlehem" to be registered in the census ordered by Emperor Augustus because Joseph was, "of the house and family of David". Naomi had also lived in Bethlehem, with her husband and sons, more than a thousand years before. In the past people have usually stayed in their area for generations, unless some great upheaval occurs – famine, wars, earthquake etc.

I believe there is a stained glass window in the south transept illustrating the Tree of Jesse, ie showing the genealogy of the house of David. Interestingly, I understand my grandfather, who I can barely remember, was called Jesse. It's a name that has fallen out of favour. People of his generation would have known who the biblical Jesse was, whilst it has taken my research for the second session on Ruth to learn the facts.

Jeanne Castle



Quirky Questionnaires ...

Inputting data supplied on paper questionnaires is a pretty mechanical exercise, offset by occasional moments of mirth or incredulity. But it is also revealing. Of the ones I have done to date (other volunteers may have had different experiences) the majority of respondents have been over 55 and white British. I suppose it is arguable that this is the type of person most likely to complete a paper questionnaire; but my batch did include respondents from across the spectrum of age, race and gender. The Most Enjoyed question covered responses from “The corbels” (I had to look that one up in a dictionary) to “Everything”. For anybody as architecturally challenged as I, a corbel is 1) “a projection of stone, timber etc jutting out from a wall to support a weight” and 2) “a short timber laid longitudinally under a beam to help support it”. Enlightening in an academic sort of way, but hard to see how anyone could be enthralled by them. The number of respondents who answered *Everything* or *All Of It* to this question was surprising. Of those answers which were more specific, Architecture, Beauty and Peacefulness easily topped the bill, together with an indeterminate factor referred to as the Atmosphere. This was probably the most frequent of all.

Looking at the above responses, I am about to make a statement so heretical that it could probably justify my summary burning at the stake: *I do not find the Minster beautiful*. They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Some may see beauty simply in form or texture. To my eye, for there to be beauty there must be a profusion of colour, which is what the Minster conspicuously lacks. Entering the building by the Highgate door, the overwhelming impression is that it's a Brown Job. Until you reach the high altar, this aura of Brownness hangs over the whole building, relieved only by the floral displays. (Any colour afforded by exhibitions doesn't count because these are not permanent fixtures.) Stained glass windows are colourful of course; but they have the disadvantage of blocking natural light. In the Any Complaints section of the questionnaire two people said that they would have liked more flowers. I can understand why. Personally I would love to see coloured carpeting under those super-functional chairs: crimson or royal blue, I think. It would make all the difference to that first visual impact as you enter. But now that the Minster is a multi-purpose building and not just used for worship, I understand the impracticality argument. A pity though, that the need to raise money overarches all other considerations, but there it is.

A few respondents disliked the “modern” seating. (Some people might say that they're lucky they don't have to sit on it.) Presumably they thought it was incongruous with the rest of the building. I wondered idly how long it was since the Minster had pews, if it ever did. Perhaps Sally George's foray into the Archives could help here? But if not finding an old church “beautiful” is Heresy Number One, I have discovered that Number Two is the Removal of Historic Pews. Some years ago I worshipped at a small church in East Anglia where the six front pews (three from each side of the aisle) had been removed to create more space at the front for informal worship activities. Apparently all hell

had broken loose. The six pews were offered in return for a donation to anyone who could use them. Of the six purchasers, four had bought them with the express intention of keeping them until they could somehow get them back into the church. (For the curious, the fifth purchaser chopped his up for firewood and the sixth coated hers with all-weather varnish and turned it into a garden seat.) For all I know, the pews of the other four purchasers languish in outhouses still, awaiting their day of restoration. One wonders if a similar furore surrounded the removal of pews from the Minster.

Other complaints included on the lack of a proper café, the toilets (predictable), the lack of information boards as you go round, and the shop being closed on a Sunday. More astonishing was “Better quality of goods in the shop”. (What did they expect – a cross between Harrods and Fortnum and Mason?) However, all other comments about the shop were overwhelmingly positive. Quite a few people wanted a personal guided tour or an audio guide. (I was under the impression that the latter is already available.)

The welcomers won wild acclaim! Their knowledge, friendliness and tact (“helpful but not intrusive – just right!”) evoked a constant chorus of praise. I was struck by the real depth of appreciation here. When I go into a strange building to look round, I just want to be left alone and usually scuttle away from anyone who smilingly approaches bearing leaflets. But it seems I am – once again – in a minority. The majority of respondents wanted nothing changing. “Perfect! Leave it just as it is” was typical. Preserving the Minster exactly as it has been for centuries for the benefit of future generations was a recurrent theme. The sense of history was profound. I find this baffling. For me, the fact that something has been there for centuries could present as strong an argument for changing it – or knocking it down - as for leaving it be. But it would seem that yet again I am out of sync with the popular view.

A significant number of the respondents I dealt with – perhaps the majority, I can't be sure – were visiting the Minster for the first time. Will they visit the Minster again? Whether they do or not, one thing above all emerged from the questionnaires: they were all delighted and reassured to know that it's *here*. One respondent said that they had come in specifically to make a donation to help ensure that the building was kept up in perpetuity. Gratifying certainly; but I wondered whether the donor was at all concerned about how their money might be spent. Probably not. When it comes to historic buildings, people donate above all to show what they *approve of*. It's their offering, their sacrifice. Once the offering has been laid on the altar, few see any reason to ask what happens to it subsequently. Which on reflection is just as well, since in our case it is unlikely that their money will be spent on the building or furnishings anyway.

Barbara Gilman

I CAN PLAY THE PIANO

A story for Christmas

Marta gazed out of her beach apartment. It was coming up to Christmas and the 'Sunshine State' was celebrating. The air was warm, the sea white with surf, the sky a deep blue. Families had come down to the beach to barbecue, swim and generally 'crash-out'. Huge inflatable snowmen and reindeer bobbed in the stiff breeze and fairy lights shimmered in the palm trees. Music floated across: "Have yourself a merry little Christmas --" and a voice from somewhere shouted; "C'mon now folks, sing along!"

Marta's apartment was palatial. It had wonderful views. There was ample room for her Steinway Baby Grand, the smaller upright piano, and a paraphernalia of sheet music.

Marta was a music teacher, and at that moment, a commotion heralded the arrival of her pupil, Benny. He came in, punching the air with his baseball glove and shouting "Hi, Mrs Matty!". Marta sighed, looking at the ten year old 'All American' boy.

"D'you want lemonade?" she asked (Marta made her own). Benny nodded and flopped onto the sofa. Marta knew that Benny would not have done his practice. His 'mom' wanted him to play the piano and in particular, the carol 'Silent Night', to impress her friends at their party. But Benny and the piano did not mix! The boy was too busy in the great outdoors, playing some game, swimming, surfing or meeting his buddies.

"That nice Mrs Matty will teach you the piano," his mother had said. But so far little progress had been made.

Marta sat down and produced the copy of 'Silent Night'.

"You done your practice?" she asked. Benny drained his glass and looked at her sulkily.

"I can't play the piano, Mrs Matty" he muttered.

"You want a blueberry pancake?" she asked, knowing that the boy would be hungry. She brought the food from the kitchen and sat

down next to him whilst he ate. The old lady waited until he had finished then she put her hand on his arm.

"Benny" she said, "shall I tell you how being able to play the piano saved my life?"

The boy gazed at her with disbelief, his mouth open.

"Listen" she said, "this was how it happened...."

"When I was a child we lived in Berlin. I loved music and unlike you" - Marta looked meaningfully at Benny - "I enjoyed playing the piano and practised every day - so I did well. It was near Christmas and snowing heavily. I had gone to my piano teacher's flat for a lesson. It was so cold - Oh Benny - so cold. I had to wear my mittens to play. My teacher had no fuel to heat her home. But, we were busy making music and I was preparing for a concert".

Marta paused and looked out of the window at the blazing sun and heard distant laughter from the beach. She turned again to the boy and continued:-

"Suddenly there was a terrible noise downstairs, shouting and banging. Then someone knocked on our door. My teacher hurried to open it and two soldiers marched in, pushing her aside. I remember how frightened I was. One of the guards told me to put on my coat and get my belongings. I grabbed the sheet music and crammed it into my music case. You see Benny, that was the most important thing to me. I was ordered downstairs and there, in the deep snow, was a truck with guards standing near it. I said, "I must go home to my parents". I think I was crying.

They said, "We are taking you to your parents now". And they bundled me onto the truck. There was a family inside with babies, and children crying.

An old man said to me, "We are the remnants" and he wept into a big handkerchief. Marta

wiped her eyes and looked at Benny.

The boy took her hand. "Are you OK, Mrs Matty?"

Marta composed herself. "Yes - I'm fine -- listen now. We were taken to a sort of railway siding. The snow was blizzarding and I couldn't see properly. There was a train waiting with compartments, the type you put cattle in. One of the guards grabbed me and hauled me up through the doorway. Then, I saw the faces of those inside, white and afraid - so many - so many women and children, oh, and the smell! We sat on wet straw. I clutched my music case. I knew I must not let go of it, even in that terrible place. They closed and bolted the doors. We had to press our noses against the slats to see out --".

"Were you mom and dad on the train?" asked Benny. Marta looked across the apartment at a faded brown and white photograph.

"No," she replied quietly, "I never saw them again. The train set off and gathered speed - it was a long, long journey. I sat in a corner. It was so cold, icicles were hanging inside. Some people broke them off to get a drink. I think I went to sleep - and then I remember a sudden jolt - we had stopped. The doors opened, it was night and snow whirled into our faces. There were some lights and Christmas trees and music. It was a German carol 'O Tannenbaum'. I felt a bit better, hearing that. But guards with loud voices carried me off the train and I was told to walk with other people. I dare not speak, I looked ahead and I walked through big gates. We had reached the camp."

Benny's eyes lit up, "A camp!" he shouted, "What, like a summer camp, Mrs Matty?"

Marta shook her head and smiled. "No Benny," she said, "this was a life or death camp." Marta saw the boy's expression change from joy to troubled bewilderment. How she wanted to spare him this - but she needed to tell him. She resumed -

"We were taken to a big hut - there was a stove and bunk beds and a terrible smell. I just

stood there until an old thin woman came up to me and took me to one of the bunks. 'You can sleep here,' she said and brought me a blanket. I did not know that it was her own. Oh Benny, I was so cold and sad, my mom and dad had gone - I was alone - I trembled and cried. I opened my case and looked at the music, remembering how I played each note - and do you know, Benny, there was 'Stille Nacht', the carol you are learning. I hummed it to myself and felt comforted.

The old woman put her hand on my shoulder. 'Tomorrow morning,' she whispered, 'you will have to line up outside and the guards will ask what you can do - what work.'

I did not understand and said 'I don't work - I am at school'.

The woman put her finger to her lips. 'Here, you have to work - think what you can do child - sew, weave, make garments?'

'I can't do those things,' I said to her.

But she hushed me and said 'Think - before - tomorrow'.

"Then I was so tired I went to sleep, wrapped in the blanket, with the music case on my pillow. The next day, at dawn, we were ordered outside. The snow was blizzarding and a bitter wind blew. I clutched my music case under my coat. We were pushed into lines and had to shout out our names. Then, a guard came along my line. He asked each one a question -

'What work can you do?' Those in front of me were mainly men and all had skills. I trembled, Benny, because I did not know what to say. When the guard got to me, he bent down and asked 'And what can you do?' - Suddenly as I held my music, it came to me, what I could do!

'I can play the piano,' I answered in a tiny voice. The guard looked closely at me -

'Then we will hear you play,' he said.

"I was taken out of the queue and marched

to a big house on the edge of the camp. It was very grand with decorated fir trees in the garden. The guard directed me into a big room where several officers were sitting. There was a table laid with every sort of food - white bread, fruit, meat. Oh, Benny, I was so hungry! Then my eyes wandered to the french window and there stood a grand piano - a Bechstein. It was beautiful. The guard ushered me to it and pushed back the piano stool.

'Now you will play,' he said. I felt like a princess. I felt joy to be sitting at such a wonderful instrument. I took out my music and I started with an extract from 'Rosamunde' by Schubert, and then some Beethoven pieces, It was like a dream. Cold and hungry and frightened as I was, the piano was my friend. I played for my life, Benny. When I stopped, the officers stood up and applauded and shouted 'Bravo - bravo - this is a child prodigy.' I was not, I had just done my practice well!

"Then they asked me to play - guess Benny? 'Stille Nacht'.

I said quietly, 'It should be played on a zither and a guitar.'

The guard near me laughed, 'Ha,' he said, 'spoken like a true Österreicher.'

"I played it gently and sweetly as I have taught you, and the officers in the room hummed the tune. When I had finished, one of them said, 'You may eat child - go to the table.'

"God help me - I ate their food - I was starving and still afraid as to what might happen to me."

Marta turned to Benny, "But from that day, I became the camp pianist. I played for special occasions, I gave little concerts for important guests, I gave recitals. I played, Benny, as hundreds went to their deaths in that camp - babies, mothers, old sick people -"

Marta stopped, as Benny suddenly jumped up and raced to the door. She felt she had said too much, that she had frightened him. "Where are you going," she cried.

"To do my practice, Mrs Matty! You will come to our party tonight - won't you?" and, in a second, he had gone.

It was a soft Florida evening, warm breezes stroked the palm trees. People were out and about enjoying the festivities. Marta made her way to Benny's home, an imposing residence, set back from the beach. She could hear the party was already in full swing. There was a wreath on the front door and decorated trees. It seemed to Marta that she was stepping into the camp commandant's house again. But when the door opened, there was Benny's mom.

"Oh, Mrs Matty, it sure is good to see you. C'mon in. Now I know you don't celebrate Christmas but -"

"I like Christmas," said Marta, smiling.

"Now look here," continued mom and she was directing Marta to a brand new baby grand piano. "What d'ya think, Mrs Matty? We got it special for Benny."

"It's beautiful," said Marta and her eyes were moist. Someone put a glass of wine into her hand and she sat down with the other guests. All went quiet, the lights dimmed, and there was Benny, not in T shirt and sneakers, but fully kitted out in evening dress with a little bow-tie. He paused momentarily to seek out Marta in the room, then he bowed and sat down at the piano. He began to play some of the pieces he had been learning. Marta gazed at him, realising that the music was perfect and that he had, at last, fallen in love with the piano.

Finally, Benny stood up and, looking across at Marta, said, "This is for you, Mrs Matty." and he sat down to play 'Stille Nacht'. As the last notes gently echoed through the hushed room, there was a magical silence before everyone stood up to applaud.

Benny left the piano, and not heeding the praise on every side, he made his way to Marta and, standing in front of her, said, "Mrs Matty - I can play the piano."

Jeannie McMillan

SAINT LUKE'S WORDS ABOUT JESUS - 10

(Mt 28; Mk 16; Lk 24; Jn 20)

The pivotal event in the Gospel accounts of the Resurrection is the experience of the first visitors (all women) to the tomb of Jesus and their encounter with the angel(s) or men at the already empty tomb. In Mark, this results in flight in fear - and Mark provides no positive response. In Matthew there is also fear, but also a brief encounter with the risen Lord by the women as they flee. Only Matthew makes this single appearance into a message to the apostles - that they will have their critical meeting with the Lord in Galilee.

The number of actual appearances of the risen Jesus is surprisingly few. In Mark there are none at all - provided that we accept the almost unanimous view of the scholars that the Gospel originally ended at chapter 16, verse 8, with the women at the tomb running away terrified and 'saying nothing to anyone'. Matthew has (as I have already indicated) an Easter morning appearance to the women and one appearance in Galilee at which Jesus 'commissions' the apostles.

Luke is more promising. He has two and a half appearance accounts --all intimately connected. The first is the story of the walk of two anonymous disciples to Emmaus. Whilst the exact location of Emmaus is still debated, the story is otherwise beautifully constructed. The appearance of Jesus as the fellow traveller on the road, who is only recognised in the 'breaking of the bread' has lasting power. It leads to the dramatic return to Jerusalem and the meeting with the other apostles, who confirm that Peter also has seen the risen Lord. The Emmaus event was understood from earliest times as having a Eucharistic dimension. It also shows what I have suggested as one of Luke's major concerns; the story begins and ends in Jerusalem.

Luke's other appearance of the risen Jesus incorporates the first of his two accounts (the other in Acts) of the Ascension. - the only scriptural records of this final event in the earthly life of Jesus. This dramatic finale to one, and the introduction to the other of Luke's writings, follows the commissioning of the apostles and the shape of their (and the Church's) ongoing mission.

We may note that this event too takes place within walking distance of Jerusalem.

It is obviously significant that Matthew's final appearance and commands to the Apostles takes place in Galilee, for that is what the women have been told by the resurrection angel, and the story terminates without a description of His final departure. There have been many writers who have tried to make the accounts agree by proposing that after the first resurrection appearances in Luke, the apostles make the (at least) three days' march to Galilee and after being told by the risen Lord what they have to do, then trail all the way back to Jerusalem to be given slightly different instructions (emphasizing that the great future will begin in Jerusalem).

Although it is not strictly within the scope of these studies, I can't finish without looking at the way in which the fourth Gospel records the post-resurrection events. He agrees with the primacy of the first witness being female - just the single encounter with Mary Magdalene taking the place of Matthew's numerous women. There are then two separate appearances to the apostles in Jerusalem. Finally, in what for us is a separate chapter, we move to Galilee for the fishing miracle, a meal on the beach, Peter's restoration and the strange conversation of Jesus with Peter about the destiny of the beloved disciple.

I would want to make just two comments about John's version. First there is the interesting lack of any 'ascension farewell' in John. This makes sense if we take Jesus' farewell instruction to Mary as implying, that for John, between the words at the tomb and the evening visit to the apostles behind their locked doors, the Ascension has already (in some way) taken place! This makes literary sense of the 'mini Pentecost' in John 20, but presents numerous other questions far beyond the scope of these studies.

Finally we cannot totally exclude the evidence given by many scholars, more able than I, that John 21 was not an original part of the Gospel. This opinion is based on the way that there seems to be a perfectly adequate ending for the Gospel at the end of chapter 20. Look and see!

Terry Munro

LEPROSY MISSION



The Leprosy Mission is an international Christian development organisation that diagnoses, treats and offers specialist care, including reconstructive surgery, to leprosy patients. Their aim is to transform and empower the lives of people affected by leprosy.

Leprosy is a disease of poverty and as well as providing healthcare, they offer rehabilitation, education, vocational training, small business loans, housing and fresh water supplies and sanitation to tens of thousands of people each year. Through those services they are able to promote restored health, self sufficiency and renewed hope. All services are provided regardless of religion or ethnicity, promoting equality and social justice.

The work done abroad has to be underpinned by a volunteer service here. Leprosy Mission volunteers can be based anywhere in England, Wales and the Channel Islands and work with Regional Managers to speak to churches and groups in their area about the Ministry of The Mission to people suffering with the effects of leprosy. Besides adult volunteer groups the Leprosy Mission has a nationwide children's group called 'Lamplighters'. They share the gospel, support those affected by leprosy through prayer, and raise valuable funds for the work in leprosy-affected communities throughout the world.

One such group of Lamplighters at St John's Church, Welling have been doing this within their church for the last fifty years. On this their 50th anniversary they raised £10,000 and the wider church added a further £3,000. This incredible sum went to support The Leprosy Mission's first leprosy hospital in Purulia, West Bengal, India. Those donations will be used for treatment and healing, reconstructive surgery, ulcer care, eye care and much more.

The money raised by volunteers is match-funded by the British Government's UKAid. The money can be used in so many ways all affecting the lives of the leprosy sufferers. Providing a pair of sandals may seem like such a small thing, but it can have a life-changing effect. Help in this way was given to sufferers in a village in Mozambique. Antonio lives in Nacaramo and his village was visited by Dr Arie de Kruijff who is the country leader of the Leprosy Mission Mozambique. The Doctor had taken with him a dozen pairs of sandals and shoes of varying shapes and sizes for people to try. Antonio has difficulty finding shoes or sandals that would fit his deformed feet comfortably, and without footwear he would be unable to work and support himself. His feet are numb and he would not be able to work safely on land strewn with twigs and stones. By providing footwear for him and other sufferers they can go about safely, work in the fields and feed their families. But providing shoes is not the only way to help, but also educating them to recognise the first stages of the disease, and to seek early preventative treatment. Self-care groups offer long term support, training and education. Antonio is responsible for monitoring the area's new foot-care group to make sure that members meet regularly and help each other keep their feet free from infection, and supple, to avoid further damage.

As well as the self-care groups helping to treat and manage feet ulcers, they are encouraged to set up regular savings groups. They also learn how to grow crops using sustainable methods.

With no public transport and the nearest bank many miles away, putting money aside for emergencies wasn't something the farmers living in Mozambique's remote villages could do. The knock on effects of unexpected costs – such as a relative's funeral – could be long lasting and utterly devastating. Setting up a community chest in the village of Chai has helped those villagers – many of whom are leprosy affected, to overcome the hardships which could occur. By putting away a little money every two weeks they would not end up selling the grain meant for food to enable them to survive. If there is an emergency, for example if someone is sick and needs to go to hospital, they can borrow money from the community savings pot.

As a result of the Feet First campaign in the summer of 2015 more than 60 savings groups have been set up across the Cabo Delgado region by the Leprosy Mission in partnership with Food for the Hungry.

None of these wonderful projects would be possible without the financial support of people here in this country. Beverley Minster contributes through the Mission Action Committee.

*Valerie Sargeant
Mission Action*



FROM THE ARCHIVES

1950: The discovery of mysterious holes, in the little leather bellows of the Minster organ pipes!

It is good to have the updates each month on the full-time ongoing maintenance in the Minster which makes us realise how fortunate we are for all this specialist work. I was thinking of this after reading the Magazine for December 1950 where the vicar had written in his letter mentioning the organ builders who were working on the repairs. He went on to say that this work could not be rushed as the organ had to be kept in use all of the time. Also on examination a number of little leather bellows were found to be damaged in an unusual way by nibbling. Mice was the first thought and yet another cause became apparent. During the summer of 1950 the Minster became the home of a number of blue-tits. They visited the bookstall from time to time to have a peck at the literature! According to the vicar this was a possible explanation as the birds could have found the bellows an attraction as they played hide and seek in the forest of pipes. Also mentioned was a report by Mr. D.M. Dunning about the Minster Trust Fund. "This has funded two men working in the roof for some months strengthening the timber weakened by the death watch beetle some years ago". We still have two men working in the roof, 66 years later, Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins, who carry out sterling work and keep us all informed on the back page of this magazine of the complex maintenance tasks required to keep the Minster in good repair.

Other reports in the December 1950 magazine come from the Parish Events Diary, Minster Mothers' Union, Minster Wives' Guild, Beverley Minster Old Fund, Sale of Work in aid of the Organ Fund and the Church Missionary Society, Missionary Notes, 4th Beverley Minster

Boy Scouts, Minster Beavers, Sunday School Texts, Friends of Beverley Minster, Music List and reports from Molescroft and Tickton.

The report from Tickton caught my eye as in November 1950 the church was being painted and church services were having to be held in the day school, an arrangement kindly made by Mr. Agerskow with the hope that the church would be ready for Christmas. At the present time Tickton church is having a kitchen and toilet facilities built, as an extension, which would have been a luxury in 1950. It is hoped that this work will be ready for Christmas too. All these improvements, then as now, required fund raising events to cover the cost. The Minster congregation were able to be generous in 1950 as the vicar reported that Mr. Witty was pleased to announce that the Minster Gift Day exceeded the amount of £150 expected and that the total sum came to £210.

Reverend Collwyn Hargreaves ends his letter in the December 1950 magazine with a few words about Christmas:- "Christmas will soon be here to take our thoughts away from the confused purposes of men to the good purposes of God." He goes on to say that human nature is still as prone to forgetfulness, weakness and wrong-doing as ever it was. "The Joy of Christmas springs not from looking at the world or thinking about the uncertainties of human nature, but from looking at the Christ and thinking about God. With all good wishes for a very happy Christmas.

Yours sincerely,
Collwyn Hargreaves".

Sally George

ST LEONARD'S CHURCH PET SERVICE



A very lively Service took place in Church on Animal Welfare Sunday. A congregation of forty four led by Gareth along with our special guests: eight dogs, two cats and two guinea pigs, who all behaved impeccably, enjoyed a service with a difference. A very hesitant Freda with her cat Alfie, along with Andrew and his cat Clarissa holding them in their arms, walked to the altar rail to be blessed by Gareth, passing by eight lovely well behaved dogs. It went off without a hitch - whoever said dogs and cats don't get on! Also a mention of two adorable guinea pigs that Alison brought for a blessing.

Gareth organised an excellent quiz entitled *Animals In The Bible*, which was won by Barbara Gilman (pictured) being presented with her prize by Andrew Hancock and Gareth Atha with help from a friend.

It was an ideal opportunity to support the ANGLICAN SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF ANIMALS not only with the £66 we were able to send to the Charity but also raising awareness of the work done to help animals in distress.

Hopefully this will become an annual event in the St Leonard's calendar.

Andrew Hancock

CURATE'S CORNER

GARETH ATHA

"I never expected this" thought Mary, as she sat down gently into a chair. "Here I am, in my prime, and now look. "Find a nice man" they said. "What about Joseph?" they said. Yes, what about Joseph? They soon changed their mind about us when they found out I was pregnant, and the looks they gave him... poor man. It's not his fault".

The last thing Mary expected was to be visited by Gabriel and told she would bear Jesus. It's a nice name, a normal name. After all, many babies were named Jesus, or Yeshua. But this one would be different. For Mary and Joseph, that first Christmas meant travel, danger, and uncertainty. But it also meant hope, joy and determination. For them, there was no season of Advent (although you might say that they had a nine month long Advent). That meant courage, nervousness, and no doubt, lots and lots of prayer.

In 2016, the notions of "Advent" and "Christmas" mean many different things to many different people. For some they represent a solemn time of preparation before the joy of celebrating Jesus' birth. For others, it's Christmas that really matters, and Advent seems to get lost along the way. For still others, the religious meaning of both is completely lost, and Christmas is simply a time to see family, celebrate, and exchange gifts. By the time you read this, the church will have moved into Advent, and we will have begun our time of preparation before Christmas. The words we use in our services change and take a more expectant tone. During the Christmas season the words change again, to words of celebration and rejoicing. This change is seen in our homes as well, as we move through December. We prepare our homes for Christmas, and during Christmas our homes change, being decorated, with extra food and (perhaps) more drink in the cupboard. But for us, what does Christmas mean? We get so used to Christmas that sometimes it is good to refresh ourselves and reconsider its meaning. The true meaning never gets lost to us of course, but what does get lost is how this festival celebrating God coming into the world affects our lives here and now. Without that first Christmas there could be no Christianity, this is obvious. But many things happen in history that never get remembered, and Jesus' birth could have been one of them. We could lead lives of faith without the Christmas festival. So, again I ask, what does Christmas mean to us? How are we going to make those events in a cold and distant stable, over two millennia ago, this Christmas meaningful and relevant?

Firstly, let us remember that Christmas never ends, not really. We are all Christmas people as much as we are Easter people. Secondly, let us take Christmas to those whose lives most closely resemble those of Mary and Joseph on that first Christmas day: those who are in danger, or facing uncertainty. The meaning of Christmas is that God, almighty, ever present, eternal, came into the world as a tiny, helpless baby who had to become a refugee almost immediately. Jesus' story in those first few years is little different from the stories of countless others in our own day. Although Jesus was a singularly special baby, his story is perfectly rooted in human experience. It is this that makes Christmas relevant.

God bless you all.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

CHRISTMAS PRESENCE

Isa 9:6, 7:14

Unto us a child is born
To us a son is given...
And you will call him Immanuel,
God with us.

Jesus, God actually with us,
God's greatest gift,
Born into weakness and vulnerability,
Sharing life's raw reality, Family rows,
family rejoicing,
Broken relationships, broken hearts,
Grief and great suffering,
Rejection and injustice,
Despair and death.

Yet through it all
Still the gift goes on
Revealing God's grace and power
And a peace to overcome.
This is a gift that cannot be wrapped,
That will never break
Or pass its sell-by date.
This is Jesus,
The greatest gift.

Receive God's Christmas presence
And walk with him.

Daphne Kitching

Reverend Daphne Kitching is a renowned poet. She worked in Beverley Minster on placement during her Lay Reader training in 2007. Her poem is used with her permission and is taken from her book 'Walking with us - poems and prayers around the year.' (Parish Pump publishing)



THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

Published DECEMBER 2016

Baptisms

At Beverley Minster

23 October 2016	Freddie James Millington Hirst
23 October 2016	Nate Jesse McGregor
23 October 2016	Lila Florence McGregor

At St Peter's, Woodmansey

13 November 2016	Harrison Rowan David Cook
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Funerals

28 October 2016	Shirley Atkinson	(81)
01 November 2016	Dorothy Edith Bradley	(92)
04 November 2016	John Watson	(91)
09 November 2016	Jean <u>Mary</u> Allport	(90)

The registers (from May 2015) are available on our website under 'resources'.

ST PAUL'S, TICKTON BUILDING PROJECT



Photos by Sally George

MAINTENANCE REPORT

New Build – Minster Old Fund Workshop

The old Minster workshop [1] had seen better days and has been demolished, making way for a new building due to be completed in 2017.

The interior of the old workshop was extremely out-dated [2]. The foundation work for the new workshop is by Stephen Holtby Builders [3].

Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins

