

BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 2016 | £1.00

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



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

“Do whatever he tells you”

John 2:5

This verse was the focus of the end of a brilliant sermon that I heard on Sunday. It is seemingly just a throw away comment from Mary to the servants at the wedding at Cana, but imagine how different the world would be if we all tried to follow her advice. There would be new hope for society, lives and relationships transformed by an end to prejudice, violence and injustice. At this time in the New Year when our resolutions begin to fade away, maybe, “Do whatever he tells you,” could be the resolution that carries us through the rest of the year.

Rachel Atha

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the FEBRUARY edition of the **Minster Magazine**.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher, Barbara Gilman, Terry Munro, Rachel Atha, Gareth Atha, Pat Gray, Andrew Hancock, Martin Doolan, Emily Hoe, Jeannie McMillan, Dawn Pollard, Paul Hawkins and Steve Rial.

The cover photo of the Minster taken from the Flemingate Development is by Sally Goerge.

Contributions for the next edition to:

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FLOODLIGHTING THE MINSTER

SPONSORS IN FEBRUARY

(from the Minster website)

- 
- 2nd D MacLachlan
 - 3rd P.J. Martin
 - 4th Mrs E Cottrell
 - 5th FREE NIGHT
 - 6th Archbishop Thurstan School
 - 7th FREE NIGHT
 - 8th Mrs a Davis
 - 9th R A & A H Lidwell
 - 10th Mr D.A. Burrows
 - 11th Mrs M Charlton
 - 12th FREE NIGHT
 - 13th FREE NIGHT
 - 14th Mr & Mrs K Weetman
 - 15th FREE NIGHT
 - 16th P & K Horrocks
 - 17th Mrs J Crossley
 - 18th Mr M White
 - 19th FREE NIGHT
 - 20th FREE NIGHT
 - 21st FREE NIGHT
 - 22nd Beverley Town Handbell Ringers
 - 23rd Mrs L Hobson
 - 24th Beverley & District Lions Club
 - 25th Mr A Sutton
 - 26th Mrs M Wilson
 - 27th Mrs E.M Stout
 - 28th Mrs K Smart
 - 29th Dr M Imrie

THE ORCHID

Window ledge
unused room.
Neglected plant
scorched from sun.
Old dead stem,
flower gone.
Dusty, dry, neglected...

Passer by sees this 'thing'...
Ugh... that must go. Throw it out.
Quite beyond redemption.
Pick it up, do the deed
Get rid of it
Right now!

But wait...
What's this?
Unnoticed root?

A closer look...
Not root but SHOOT!
Long, graceful curve of flower stem
growing slowly, quietly, alone,
somehow was nurtured
in impossible circumstances.

A humble plant, yes,
and our creator God at work, again.

Forget the former things, do not dwell on the past.
See I AM DOING A NEW THING.
Isaiah 43:19, 20

Be sure of this I am with you always even to the end of
the age. (NLT)
Matt 28:20



Pat Gray



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.

January is reported to be a month full of pressure. The third Monday is the worst, evidently, as people face another week at work when the credit card bill from Christmas has come in, and the salary hasn't. The weather matches the mood, the resolutions seem too challenging, and the holiday adverts just rub it in. Perhaps it was part of God's good grace that clergy from the Beverley Deanery had a session on 'resilience' on that 'worst' day, popularly called 'Blue Monday'.

Even though we were looking at things that get us down, it was an uplifting time. Clergy are not any more stressed than anyone else of course, and many surveys say that our 'happiness' and 'job satisfaction' is up there with the best of professions. But there are things which are specific to us, and we shared them honestly and openly. That was one of the first lessons: hearing other people say that they have encountered what you thought was only happening to you means that there is a support network around you: you are not alone.

It was also good hearing that other people are prone to the delusions which you thought were peculiar to you. One phrase which remains with me is the clergy's tendency to 'functional atheism': that everything really depends on us, as if God did not exist, and it's our planning and hard work which is essential. How would God cope otherwise? I'm willing to bet that it's not just clergy who think and act like this: many

people with active roles in churches can believe that it all depends on them and not on God.

That's not an excuse to do nothing of course. But a friend told me recently of how he sensed God saying that he should pause the strategy he had carefully worked out, and that, a year later, he can now see how God was at work preparing the ground in a different way. Perhaps the start of the year is a good time to pause, and look carefully, and see God at work perhaps in ways we were not prepared for.

In times of stress and challenge we will find our strength and resilience in the support of others, in being open and honest with those we trust, and in looking carefully at the delusions we operate under. A profound resource here is discovering our place in God's story: understanding that there is nothing which can remove us from God's love (Romans 8), and nothing which Jesus did not know when he 'became flesh and pitched his tent among us' (John 1). May you know that love and care as 2016 unfolds.

We said a sad farewell to Val Clarke after nearly four years with us. Val pioneered the House for Duty role and did much to strengthen our welcome and visitor ministry. Val goes into 'retirement' with our love and good wishes, and will pop back to do the odd wedding to!



My pictures include the 'Prayer Superworm' in January's family day, Carols with Donkey at Woodmansey, Ringing in the New Year, the New Year's Day Cycle Ride, and the youngest shepherd at the Crib Service

MYAC REPORT



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Hope you've had a special (and healthy!) Christmas. Welcome to another exciting season in the life of Minster Children and Families.

We thoroughly enjoyed preparing our 'Gruffalo Family Tree' at the brilliant Christmas Tree Festival. There were many comments about our fetching Gruffalo 'fairy' on the top! There was such a lovely buzz, and plenty of opportunities to chat over the Prayer Tree run by MYAC this year.

We held our recent GRUFFALO FAMILY DAY based on "Superworm" – if you haven't read it yet I'd highly recommend this little critter's adventures – he is indeed a very super worm. We saw about 230 people take part and it was widely said to be the best one yet! Helpers on the day were greatly appreciated, mainly supervising table activities and greeting families on the door. These days are so well attended but we're pushing our limits with the number of people coming to help. If you can help in the future, please come and give us a hand.

Many thanks!



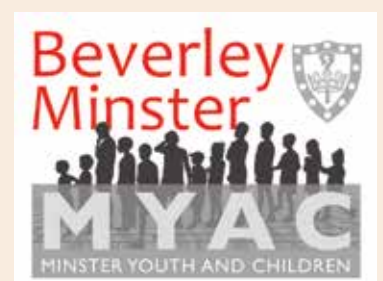
Another date for your diary is our **"BRING A PUDDING" – FAMILY GAMES EVENING**, which is a fund-raiser for the Phoenix Project which is the South African mission link, aiming to have a ministry and mission exchange this year. It will be in the Parish Hall from 19.00- 21.00 on Tuesday 23 February, perfect for ALL ages, so don't think you'll be out of place if you don't have young children, we want to see everyone! It's a bring-and-share pudding evening, with many board games and quizzes – tickets are £5 each, available from the Parish Centre and on sale after Sunday morning services from the Youth team at the Minster. Give me a ring (868540) if you want to reserve tickets – please do book before the day, so we know how many to expect. Please come and support the Minster Youth and Children's Team, bring along a pudding to share and have a taster of everyone else's – it's sure to be a brilliant night! Bring some friends along...



Another way of getting involved with the Youth and Children's Ministry is by supporting us in prayer. We host 'Pray MYAC' evenings once a month just for an hour, to dedicate everything we do in God's name to Him. Our next session is 16 February from 20.00 - 21.00 in the Peter Harrison Room. It would mean a great deal if you came along.

Every blessing,

Emily Hoe





“Out of the Question ...?”

One of the nice things about Wydale Hall is being able to read the *Church Times* for free. It being Christmas, only the current issue was on display, back issues having been removed to make room for multiple boxes of chocolates. (I don't suppose they got many complaints.) Anyway this was a nice fat double issue – more than £4 worth of reading! As you might expect, the paper exuded Higher Thought which did not sit well with the wine and Christmas pud. But my attention was grabbed by one of the more digestible sections, somewhat ambiguously entitled “Out of the Question”.

This would appear to be the kind of section you find in DIY or gardening magazines. A reader writes in with a particular query or problem, and other readers respond with their own ideas or solutions. Reading two of the questions I couldn't believe they were for real. I thought they must have been planted. Then I pulled myself together and told myself that no editorial team would plant questions such as these. For those of you who don't subscribe to the *Church Times* – i.e. virtually all of you (clergy apart) - let me share my Christmas perusal of this section:

“In a building with obscured sightlines, where television screens are provided, which way does one face during the Gospel: towards the pillar behind which one thinks the reader is, or towards the pillar where one can see him or her [on screen]?”

Predictably even-handed, the CT had printed two responses to this question - one saying you should turn to face the pillar behind which the reader is supposedly concealed, the other saying you should look at the TV screen. Two further responses might be “What Does It Matter?” and “Does God Really Care?” The face-the-pillar respondent added an enigmatic reference to posture “encoding” belief, as if this were a good thing. I am not sure what belief is encoded by turning to stare at a blank pillar rather than at a TV screen. But more to the point: why would I want my beliefs “encoded” at all?

The normal function of a code is to render something incomprehensible or inaccessible to outsiders. In this, I would say that the Church of England has succeeded very well. Would any non-Anglican have the slightest idea why we face east to recite the Creed but not to say the Lord's Prayer, why we stand for a Gospel reading at the Eucharist but

not at Evensong, why we stand for the Eucharistic Prayer, but sit or kneel for the other prayers? In famous Anglican churches and cathedrals where services are attended by tourists mainly for the beautiful music delivered in awesome surroundings, I have often observed these visitors struggling to synchronise their movements with those of the jack-in-a-box congregation, clearly at a loss to understand what they are doing and why.

Strangely, the next question raised on this page of the *Church Times* also involved the issue of facing in a particular direction. The person writing in describes how one evening a car pulled up outside their front door, which opened directly onto the street. The driver got out, placed a mat on the pavement facing the direction he thought was Mecca, and started to pray. The letter writer apparently knew that the man was not facing Mecca. (They would have had the advantage on me.) They could, they said, have gone outside and shown the man which way to face; and they could have invited him inside to pray in private. In fact, they did neither of these things. What, the writer wanted to know, was their responsibility to this stranger in such a situation?

Answers would have to wait until the next issue. Unless the guy was kneeling in the snow or driving rain, or in a neighbourhood where praying in public might render him vulnerable, my own reaction would be that the householder had no particular responsibility for what was happening and was sensible to allow the devotee to pray on without interruption – and in ignorance of his directional-facing error.

Does failure to adopt a symbolic posture nullify the effect of prayer or worship? I cannot speak for the Muslim; but I am pretty sure that for most Anglicans the answer to that question would be No. Such things obviously matter to those contributors to the *Church Times*; yet I have to admit that they remain as mysterious to me as to any non-Anglican. I simply go with the flow. (Well, most of the time.) Is my worship any the poorer for my ignorance and my copy-cat posturing? Would it be any the richer if my body were more meaningfully engaged in it? For some, whatever their denomination, bodily movement in worship appears to come naturally. Others maintain a rigid posture throughout. The Anglican system of prescribed movement would seem to offer some sort of a compromise between the two. Inspirational – or not?

Answers in the next issue ...?

Barbara Gilman

SAINT LUKE'S WORDS ABOUT JESUS

During this new year I have been given a great opportunity. Our Common Worship Lectionary each year gives priority of place to a particular Gospel on all Sundays which are not in other ways specially catered for.

This year that gospel is Luke. And month by month I hope to offer something new as we concentrate on Luke week by week. I would like us to look at his Gospel, not in a chapter by chapter (or verse by verse) study, but by focusing on the things which make the third Gospel special.

As an introduction to the monthly studies which will follow, I want to look simply at a few basic questions:

- First, what is a Gospel? This may seem so trivial that you will want to go no further, but answering this question was of great importance as the early Church sought to decide on what was Scripture (and what wasn't).

- Secondly, what was the way in which the Gospels were used by the 'ordinary' Christians for whom they were written?

- Thirdly, what are some of the problems which face twenty-first century students of the Gospels?

This month, I am going to begin our answers to the first two of the questions -- but only in a fairly sketchy way. We sometimes forget (or have never been taught) that it took the early Church at least three centuries to decide what writings should make up what we call the New Testament. There could have been more than the four Gospels that we have. One of the criteria that were used to decide on the status of books being proposed for acceptance was 'apostolic' authorship -- that each New Testament writing should be clearly attributed to an apostle of Jesus. Two of our existing Gospels (Mark and Luke) stretch this condition somewhat, and one which clearly passed it, (the Gospel of Thomas), failed to be

accepted for other quite valid reasons. The chief of these was its incorrect views of the nature of Christ, although it contains many probably genuine sayings of Jesus, absent from the 'genuine' Gospels. The thing that the accepted Gospels all have in common was (and is), that they present the 'Good News' of the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth. However all of us who have any knowledge of the texts, know that there are many differences, some trivial, some profound in the ways in which the four writers understand and present the life of Jesus.

The second question is more relevant to our situation. Notes like these assume that our best way of appreciating the gospels is by thoughtful and prayerful reading of them. This was, of course, impossible for the early Church, both on account of the illiteracy of the majority of people and the rarity of written books. So the only way for them to encounter the Gospel was by hearing it -- something we still do -- and sadly, even for some church goers, the only regular contact they have with the text.

This leads us quite naturally to your one task for the month -- to read the whole of Luke's Gospel, not once but twice! For the first reading use your favourite version of the Bible and then re-read it in another translation. If you want to, you may jot down any different impressions that the two versions give.

Next month we will begin to unpick the character of the Gospel of Luke by looking at the beginning of his story to see what is special about it and to consider what, (if anything) we can know about the sources of his material.

We will also need to consider why the accounts of the birth and early life of Jesus are so different in Luke and Matthew.

Happy reading.

Terry Munro

“..AND CAN YOU PEEL HALF A TON OF SPUDS?”

It is highly unlikely that when the first *Shoppers' Lunch* emerged from the Church of England's "Hope 2008" initiative that one outcome would be peeling nearly half a ton of potatoes. However the enormous success of the idea, which became something of a Beverley institution, did lead to that amazing amount of scraping and scrubbing.

Now, after seven years and 84 *Shoppers' Lunches*, the team are hanging up their aprons. Led by Carol and Peter Mounstephen, the team which over the years involved 43 volunteers, achieved wonders. Apart from the potatoes, they prepared 4032 main courses, put out 6720 chairs and washed up 20,160 pieces of cutlery. Collectively they gave 9,072 hours of volunteer time to the Minster, and this is before the contribution of the vicar's garden allotment volunteers is included. This team grew many of the vegetables used in the lunches.

On average each *Shoppers' Lunch* enables £520 to be contributed to Minster Funds or a staggering total of £43,680 over the seven years. However there was so much more to *Shoppers' Lunch* than just raising money. If you were to go into the Parish Hall's kitchen on a *Shoppers' Lunch* Saturday, the sense of fellowship and teamwork were almost tangible. Here there was laughter, a team playing to their individual strengths and gifts but very much pulling together, and a quiet sense of being of worth. The fellowship extended beyond the team. Many of the customers were regulars who came not only for the excellent food but the warmth of their welcome from

the front of house team and the opportunity to meet old and new friends. There was mission too. People were brought into the sphere of influence, both physically and spiritually, of the Minster. If Christianity can be "caught" who could fail to be moved by the joyful giving of talents and time that was on show at each *Shoppers' Lunch*? People were brought to Christ by their experience as a volunteer or as a customer.

Of course the *Shoppers' Lunch* was just one, although the most regular, of the Catering Team's gigs. There were spectacular one-offs such as the Medieval Feast and catering for the huge number of visitors to the *Antiques Roadshow*. Wedding celebrations were enhanced by the Catering Team's food and service. Every year the thousands who flock to the Christmas Tree Festival were fed and watered. At every event the Catering Team were a wonderful and practical example of using the "different gifts according to the grace given us" to show their love of Jesus.

A Catering Team has been a part of the life of the Minster for a long while. Originating as a way of sorting out who was responsible for keeping the tea towels laundered, it has been on quite a journey in a number of guises. Whilst the current team have not completely cast their potato peelers aside, as they will continue to cater for a very limited number of events, they are stepping down from the hectic schedule of the last seven years. It is a suitable moment to acknowledge and give massive heartfelt thanks for all they have achieved in so many different ways.

TIME FOR A NEW RECIPE

With the current catering team stepping down, there is an opportunity to rethink and discover a new direction. The old dish was so good that reheating it is not an option. It is time for a new recipe,

The Minster is blessed with wonderful gifts... ..a very well equipped and spacious kitchen and a variety of halls of varying sizes. There is a demand for the use of these to serve visiting parties, audiences at concerts, those who book our halls for meetings and conferences and following some services at the Minster such as funerals. They can also be used to enhance fellowship amongst Minster folk by developing *Breakfast@God's*, supporting social events such as the Burns Night Supper, having simple Parish Lunches or developing any opportunity to break bread together.

Another gift the Minster has is the talents of its congregation. It is not Nigellas or Jamies that are needed. Just the willingness to give of your time, with whatever skills you have, on a regular or irregular basis. The new recipe will use the ingredients on offer! The catering will reflect the skills and time available.

If you are interested please contact Martin Doolan on 01482 864707 or martindoolanuk@gmail.com Alternatively drop into the Parish Hall on Sunday 14 February at 10.00 or Monday 15 February at 19.00 to share your ideas.

Martin Doolan



“WHERE’S ME SHIRT?”

Ken Dodd (Doddy) one of my favourite stand-up comedians used to do a radio show where his character would say, “Where’s me shirt?” and repeat it several times. My late father did a wonderful impression of him. He would look around the door with his hair on end, usually wearing only his vest and trousers and speak with a Liverpool accent. If we had ‘company’, it caused a lot of hilarity (I come from a very peculiar family, thankfully!)

Losing something seems to be an occupational hazard for many of us - “I’ve lost my keys -- glasses -- phone -- teeth!” - and so on. Sometimes it can be a larger more expensive object. I was walking my dog in Minster Moorgate recently when a lady pulling a case passed me several times looking for ‘something’. I asked if I could help and she said: “I’ve lost my car! I’m sure I left it down here.” It transpired that she had parked it in Highgate.

When the lost object is a creature, we are even more desperate to find it. Someone I know, got out of bed in the early hours to look for her cat. She put a coat over her nightie and went around the outside of the Minster shouting “Puss, puss”. When she returned home the cat was sitting complacently on the front step.

A few weeks ago my dog Tim slipped his collar when my friend was walking him on the Westwood. He shot off at great speed, and was seen crossing The Leases, Admiral Walker Road and straight down Minster Moorgate (where I live). My distraught friend rang me and said “I’ve lost Tim!” Thankfully my dog’s homing instinct was sound: he arrived in my kitchen, panting and distressed, but otherwise unharmed. That which was lost had been found.

To lose objects and animals is daunting, but to

lose a loved one is devastating, particularly if it happens unexpectedly. Some people cope pretty well, others go to pieces and cannot ‘come to terms’ or ‘move on’ (whatever that modern phrase means!)

I lost five people within a very short space of time and my world changed forever. Only my faith, friends and my dogs kept me from harming myself.

To ‘be lost’ is again a traumatic experience. For a child it can seem like the end of the world. Often we are lost in a strange town or city, or somewhere abroad. Then of course that inimitable SatNav says:- “You have reached your destination”. But you haven’t!

We all need the reassurance of knowing that ‘we’ or ‘it’ can be found. Jesus spent a lot of time dealing with ‘lost’ people. Sometimes it was a bereavement. Three of the miracles restore the dead person to their family. When Lazarus died, Mary and Martha said to him:- “This would not have happened if you had been here.”

Jesus knew quite a lot about being lost. As a child he was separated from his parents in the Temple, causing them distress. At the end of his life, completely alone and on the cross, he said “God, why have you forsaken me?”

It is a cry many of us know, though we might hesitate to admit it because we think it shows ‘weakness’.

My favourite Parable is ‘The Lost Sheep’. In that simple little story, Jesus shows a loving God who never gives up on us until he has restored us safely ‘to the fold’.

When I lived in the Lakes (Ambleside) I knew

several shepherds who would search in storm and snow to find a stray sheep or a lamb. At that time there were no Quad bikes, so the shepherd had only his stick and his dog(s). I have seen many a tough shepherd tenderly dry and warm up a lamb, holding it close to his body. How well Jesus must have known such shepherds. He knew that the sheep (and the dog) recognised the master’s voice. He knew that a ‘good’ shepherd would lay down his life for his flock.

Perhaps we need to look out more for ‘lost’ people. Sometimes they are in denial, they won’t admit that they have a problem, or, they are just too uptight to say anything. There may be someone near you who needs a smile, a word, or a hug. Having a laugh or a joke might help. To return to Ken Dodd, perhaps we all need a ‘tickling stick’ to reach out to people. Arm yourself with a feather duster and say - “How tickled I ham to be in Highgate!”

I would just like to conclude with a ‘cat’ joke:

There was a man, his wife and her cat. The man hated the cat because his wife gave it too much attention. He decided to get rid of it. He put the cat in his car, drove a few miles away and left it. When he returned home he was shocked to see the cat was there. The next day, he put the cat in the car and drove farther afield. He left the cat and returned home. When he arrived, sure enough, the cat was already there. The following day he put the cat in the car, drove along motorways, down country lanes and left the cat behind a gate. To his dismay he realised he hadn’t a clue where he was! He rang his wife and asked “Is the cat there?” “Yes”, she replied.

“Can you put it on the phone. I’m lost!”

Jeannie McMillan

THANK YOU

My dear friends in the Minster,

I do very much appreciate your love, kind thoughts and prayers shown to me. I have felt a strong presence of the Lord - an awareness that he is close. I thank the Lord for shining his light, showing me his love and comfort during my recent operation. Thank you Lord, Amen.

‘Trust in the Lord always’ *Romans 8: 1-39*

Margaret Wright

The *Christ For All* team in Andhra Pradesh continue their work spreading the gospel and living the gospel in Khammam and the surrounding area. This includes training new pastors, building new churches, taking services, supporting children's homes, supporting homes for the elderly, supporting the Mission hospital and helping people find employment. In September and October 2015, 32 new believers were baptized.

In the village of Gopavaram a new church has been built. In the village of Vangaveedu the church building has undergone a renovation and in the village of Ithavaram a house for the pastor has been built.

There are currently 10 trainees at the Asian School of Evangelism/Bible School. The training includes Bible survey, Biblical Systematic Theology, Discipleship, Life of Christ, Evangelism and preaching tours at local villages. Thirteen young ladies are currently participating in a six month nursing training programme.

The Shanthi High School was recently a recipient of new computers from money donated from David and Jenny Stone in the UK. Also with support from the Rotary club and a local trust called "Myrhri Seva Trust" play equipment has been installed in the school playground. The children were able to enjoy playing on this equipment on 14 November, the day celebrated each year throughout India as "Children's Day" or "Bal Diwas".

The Angel House, a new hostel for girls has been built in Gollapudi which now means the girls can sleep on beds rather than the floor.

For people who have had links with *Christ For All* for a number of years it is with sadness that we share that Ron Bolt passed away in 2015. Ron was secretary for many years and organized several visits of Azariah and John Mark to Beverley. Ron himself visited Beverley Minster on two occasions when the AGM for *Christ For All* was held at Beverley Minster. Ron will be missed greatly by the team and his contacts throughout the UK.

Dawn Pollard

... following the three kings, guided by 'the star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright.'

Melchior:

'Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown him again;
King forever, ceasing never over us all to reign.'



Caspar:

'Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising, worship him, God most high.'



Balthazar:

'Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone cold tomb.'



From 'We Three Kings' by John Henry Hopkins

FROM THE ARCHIVES



The Flemingate Shopping Centre has opened up a splendid new vista of the Minster, probably only previously enjoyed by Hodgson Tannery workers. Now visitors and residents alike can enjoy the view at leisure whilst shopping and especially from the top floor of the multi storey car park. Here you can not only see Beverley Minster magnificently displayed but St. Mary's to the right and behind you there is the tower of St. Nicholas' church amongst the orange chimney pots. Another interesting point is that the ancient boundary wall of the Friary has been preserved and wraps around the new College building in Chantry Lane.

Just as the new Flemingate development rises out of the derelict industrial site we look to the future and our intentions for the year. February is a month when our new year's resolutions are a month old and can easily fade away. Even just writing the date of the New Year on cheques, which are becoming history themselves, was something diligently adhered to in the month of January, only to revert back to the old year in February! So the same probably with New Year resolutions and in the 1943 magazine the Reverend Dick wrote at length about the positiveness in these good intentions in his monthly letter. He must have wanted these 3 points to be reinforced as he reproduced them again five years later in February 1948. I must admit they do make a lot of sense so I have copied most of his letter here:-

The father of the locomotive was George Stephenson. His brains and sagacity made possible the network of railways which spreads over the whole earth. Therefore the experience of such a man is worth studying. Here is his working formula:- "Make the best of everything; think the best of everybody; hope the best for yourself."

Make the best of everything. In every circumstance it is possible to act in one of two ways. You can look for the bright and helpful side or you can select the gloomy aspect. But the man who makes the best of his circumstances, usually comes out happily in the end. It is, for instance, the cheery people who recover quickest when they are sick. The men for whom miracles happen are those who never know when they are beaten. I have in mind gardens made from rubbish heaps,

playing-fields from slag heaps, and allotments from refuse dumps. In all things he who makes the best of things finds the sunnier side of life. It is not always easy to act thus. Nero's palace was no spiritual hot-house, yet there were Saints in Caesar's household. And the grace of God that made that possible can achieve lesser wonders for us.

Think the best of everybody. To look for the good in others instead of denouncing the bad is certainly a Christ-like characteristic. It's all too easy to see the fault, but not so easy to see the cause or the temptations behind it, or the bitter remorse because of it. As Carlyle once said, "Granted the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged, the pilot is blameworthy....but to know how blameworthy tell us first whether his voyage has been round the world or only to Ramsgate". The way to get the best out of people is to think the best of them. Besides our judgements are often faulty. "This ointment might have been sold and given to the poor" said Judas. "Let her alone. She hath wrought a good work. She hath done what she could" said Jesus. So "Judge not that ye be not judged."

Hope the best for yourself. We are often upheld and encouraged to "slog on" by those innocent and harmless beliefs in our own powers or in the esteem in which we are held. If these are of such value then how much more must be steady Hope itself? To have confidence in oneself that is purged from pride, to have quiet expectations of success, health or happiness, is to beckon them to one's side. Hope the best for yourself, and you pave the way for its coming. This holds true on the highest planes. Hope on, and though you fail you will rise again. And when the end of life is near still hope, for beyond this best is a better, and God's road winds uphill all the way. But, you may say, "Is not this just faith?" Of course it is. Run your hopes as high as you can reach and they will touch God and become faith. We must hope for the best for ourselves, because our "Father God loves us and desires the best for us, and because "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Sincerely your friend and Vicar, D.T. Dick

Sally George

CURATE'S CORNER

GARETH ATHA

WHO PACKED YOUR PARACHUTE TODAY?

Charles Plumb, a U.S. Naval Academy graduate, was a jet pilot in Vietnam. After 75 combat missions, his plane was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile. Plumb ejected and parachuted into enemy hands. He was captured and spent 6 years in a communist Vietnamese prison. He survived the ordeal and now lectures on lessons learned from that experience. He once told this story to a class he was lecturing to: One day, when Plumb and his wife were sitting in a restaurant, a man at another table came up and said, "You're Plumb! You flew jet fighters in Vietnam from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. You were shot down!" "How in the world did you know that?" asked Plumb. "I packed your parachute," the man replied. Plumb gasped in surprise and gratitude. The man pumped his hand and said, "I guess it worked!" Plumb assured him, "It sure did. If your chute hadn't worked, I wouldn't be here today."

Plumb couldn't sleep that night, thinking about that man. Plumb says, "I kept wondering what he might have looked like in a Navy uniform: a white hat, a bib in the back, and bell-bottom trousers. I wonder how many times I might

have seen him and not even said 'Good morning,' 'how are you?' or anything because, you see, I was a fighter pilot and he was just a sailor." Plumb thought of the many hours the sailor had spent on a long wooden table in the bowels of the ship, carefully weaving the shrouds and folding the silks of each chute, holding in his hands each time the fate of someone he didn't know.

Now, Plumb asks his audience, "Who's packing your parachute?" Everyone has someone who provides what they need to make it through the day. Plumb also points out that he needed many kinds of parachutes when his plane was shot down over enemy territory -- he needed his physical parachute, his mental parachute, his emotional parachute, and his spiritual parachute. He called on all these supports before reaching safety.

Sometimes in the daily challenges that life gives us, we miss what is really important. We may forget to say "hello", "please", or "thank you". Or we might not congratulate someone on something wonderful that has happened

to them, or give a compliment, or just do something nice for no reason. Everybody goes through times like this – there's nothing we can do about it, or I should say, next to nothing. I have just come back from a training course on spirituality. One of the speakers kept talking about mindfulness. The idea is that we keep in mind our present moment, rather than letting our minds wander as we go through the day. This seems like common sense to me, and many of us have tried to do this long before it was labelled and became fashionable. It used to be called being thoughtful and was something we were taught as children. The good thing about thoughtfulness is that it helps us to remember that we are not islands but that we need one another, and we flourish when we recognise others and our mutual dependence. This is one of the best signs of the presence of the Kingdom of God in a place.

As we go through this week, this month, this year, may we recognise people who pack our parachutes.

God Bless.

DOROTHY WALKER - A PERSONAL REFLECTION



Having arrived to live in Beverley in May 1981, I immediately joined the Minster congregation. Within a few days I met Dorothy who was to become a very dear friend for the next 34 years.

Immediately I was asked to Wheatlands Drive for the first of many visits including birthdays and Christmas parties - Dorothy always the genial host.

Dorothy became a very close confidante, always there to offer her support and advice particularly during difficult periods in my life. She possessed many Christian virtues, particularly forgiveness and understanding.

In later life Dorothy became a regular visitor to Alpha Avenue to visit my mother Eva Hancock sharing many happy hours together. The home Communion Services with Peter Forster and afterwards with Nick were memorable occasions

often with Kevin and other friends joining in the Service.

In December 2007, Dorothy moved into the Beverley Grange Nursing Home. Within a short time my mother Eva had also moved into the home. This enabled them to spend much time together, Dorothy being present at Eva's last Communion with Richard Carew, also being there with Nick and Kevin praying with Eva as her life was coming to its close.

It was a wonderful privilege for myself and Kevin to be at Dorothy's bedside in the last hours of her life, holding her hand as she had held my mother's.

After a wonderful service of Thanksgiving, it was a privilege to help serve the refreshments in honour of a true Christian lady.

Andrew Hancock

THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

Published FEBRUARY 2016

Baptisms

At Beverley Minster

22 November 2015 Harvey Richard Holmes
22 November 2015 Zachary James Foster
06 December 2015 Elizabeth Rose Willmoth

At St Leonard's, Molescroft

29 November 2015 Olivia Isobel Abby Tucker
20 December 2015 Hope Acklam
20 December 2015 Maya Anna Anderson

Weddings

At Beverley Minster

21 November 2015 James Stainforth and Charlotte Rose Louise Rowles
11 December 2015 David Leigh Haigh and Caroline Barrett
01 January 2016 Simon Grant Robson and Lisa Gardham

At St Leonard's, Molescroft

19 December 2015 Paul Edward Broadbent and Julie Ann Walters

Funerals

01 November 2015 Edward (Ted) Howlett (85)
02 December 2015 Raymond Tattersall (82)
07 December 2015 Terry Hara (83)
09 December 2015 Rachel Weller (40)
11 December 2015 Olivia Rose Jaynes (born asleep)
14 December 2015 Anneliese Withers (93)
14 December 2015 Lillian Ivy Stone (85)
21 December 2015 Peter Helyard (87)
22 December 2015 Grace Thompson (92)
30 December 2015 Dorothy Walker (83)
04 January 2016 John Godfrey (84)
11 January 2016 Alexander Edwin Meek (87)
12 January 2016 Enid Helyard (83)
13 January 2016 Alan Hunsley (90)
22 January 2016 Beryl Williamson (96)

MINSTER MAINTENANCE

THE FONT COVER LIFTING MECHANISM

A selection of photographs of the Font cover lifting mechanism.

- 1 Timber frame mock-up of the lifting mechanism prior to the construction of the metal frame mechanism.
- 2 The metal frame mechanism was made by Scope Engineering of Beverley.
- 3 & 4 The lifting wheel and counter-balance weight made by Pye Engineering of London.

Steven Rial & Paul Hawkins



**Beverley
Minster**
MAGAZINE



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Beverley Minster Parish Magazine is published by Beverley Minster Parochial Church Council. Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the editorial team or the publishers.

Copy date for the MARCH edition: **Friday 19 February**

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