

BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

JULY/AUGUST 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

You did not have to come, but you always do.

As the people leave and the music ends, you came

drifting gently in the air, almost unheard, almost unseen.

Now you are sitting beside me, saying nothing. A friend

bringing companionship, value and unconditional love.

Your Spirit flows from this pen, moving my hand

with the thoughts of my heart. Please stay and rest awhile with me.

You did not have to come, but you always do.

Wilf Fowler

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the JULY/AUGUST edition of the Minster Magazine.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher, Barbara Gilman, Terry Munro, Donkey, Gareth Atha, Val Clarke, Wilf Fowler, Colin Tatman, Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins.

The photos on the cover and page 4 are by Russ Parks.

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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.

I write this just before the Referendum, and you'll be reading it afterwards. Whatever the decision, how we work together after such a bruising and divisive campaign will be crucial.

Privately before the Referendum debate in the Minster more than one contributor expressed the hope that never again would there be such a process. As Chairman my final question was to ask how each of our panel wanted us to be feeling after the result is announced. We will, after all, still have to live together, take part in the processes of government and society together, look for the improvement of our nation and our world together, get along together.

One MP was clear that, for all our sakes, we must be generous to each other. There are greater things to concern us, as we have been so cruelly reminded in these last days. And this nation remains an amazingly privileged place to be, with every opportunity to make a difference to a needy and complex world.

When Jesus told the story of the division of the sheep and the goats in Matthew 25 he was clear that division came at the end of everything, and that, until then we all have the same opportunity to serve, to get along. In the Bible you never know when you might be bumping into God, or welcoming an angel. The people Jesus applauds are the ones who have actually looked after him, he says.

The people are baffled, but Jesus says that whenever they have fed or clothed or visited or welcomed anybody, he was to be found in them. Jesus offers a vision of a united humanity, where all have needs, and all have the opportunity to meet them. And this is not a reactive sort of kindness. You have to make an effort to visit someone in prison, make an effort to find clothes or food for the hungry and naked. This is a decision, not a guilty response.

Until the final division we are called not to divide but to decide. Whom shall we serve? How will we obtain the good of our neighbour? How will we take our place in the world? Our individual lives may not make a massive impact on the world stage. But just as every vote counts in a Referendum, so every action, however small, makes a difference. And in this I would rather be a sheep than a goat.

Jeremy

My pictures include two of Gertie Rispin's 100th birthday. The baby is Noah Green, who was baptised during the service. Estella Champion was formally commissioned as the Recognised Parochial Assistant at Tickton on June 5th. David Allen and Pippa Caley married at Routh this month - they get the prize for most unusual transport to a reception!



FLOODLIGHTING THE MINSTER SPONSORS IN JULY/AUGUST (from the Minster website)

JULY

- 1st Mr & Mrs G E Swine
- 2nd B English
- 3rd Anonymous
- 4th Mr G Perrett
- 5th Mrs I Goodyear
- 6th The Evans Family
- 7th Mrs P B Crawford
- 8th Mrs S Goodrick
- 9th Tim Davison
- 10th Mrs P Hill
- 11th The Weston Family
- 12th Miss P Deans
- 13th A.A. & M Kelham
- 14th Mrs V Marley & Mrs R Honey
- 15th T.M. Carter
- 16th FREE NIGHT
- 17th Mrs J Jones
- 18th Mrs L Downing
- 19th J.S. Preston-Anderson
- 20th Mrs J Parker
- 21st A & J Hakeney
- 22nd A & E Cant
- 23rd L & M Tomlinson
- 24th B Parrott
- 25th Mr & Mrs B Blizzard
- 26th FREE NIGHT
- 27th FREE NIGHT
- 28th J & R Major
- 29th Mrs S Robinson
- 30th James Reckitt Charity
- 31st J M Evans

AUGUST

- 1st K Bremner
- 2nd Miss J Fawcett
- 3rd Mr D Bates
- 4th Mrs K. Hibbert
- 5th Mrs M Rushworth
- 6th Mr D E Gibbins
- 7th FREE NIGHT
- 8th FREE NIGHT
- 9th Mr A Milsome
- 10th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 11th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 12th FREE NIGHT
- 13th The Fairbairn Family
- 14th Mrs C Leary
- 15th Mrs J Pillmoor
- 16th FREE NIGHT
- 17th Anonymous
- 18th Miss V Showan
- 19th Mrs P Porter
- 20th Mr & Mrs E Lovett
- 21st Miss J Kemp
- 22nd Richard III Society
- 23rd Mr P Lee
- 24th Mrs V Parton
- 25th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 26th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 27th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 28th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 29th Hodgson Sealants Ltd
- 30th FREE NIGHT
- 31st Mr Coates

Dear friends at Beverley Minster,

It seems so long since I have seen you all, yet it is only four/five months since I left and then returned in February to do two weddings. I have wanted to write, but also wanted to wait until I had something definite to tell you about the future.

First, I must say thank you again for the wonderful leaving presents, the picture of the Minster proudly decorates my staircase, where I can see it every day, and the money was put to good use during my holiday in Devon in April and a pre-Easter retreat at the Northumbria Community, which was a real blessing. Now to my news.

As some of you know I have been eager to find a retirement ministry role in Bradford, my home town and a place which has long been on my heart, especially since the welfare reforms have plunged many people into unexpected poverty. Happily the Bishop of Bradford, Toby Howarth, has now come up with a church which he thinks would appreciate my help and I have agreed with the Vicar there, Revd Mary Winter, to start ministering alongside her in the immediate future. The church is called St John's, Thorpe Edge, which is on a large outer social housing estate, very near where I grew up, North East of the centre of Bradford, and just up the road from Idle Parish Church where a Vicar we all know became a Christian and was called to ministry.

The church has a small core of committed Christians, a congregation of around twenty on an average Sunday and an electoral role of thirty. The area has a hopeless air to it at the moment and the Vicar, who has been there for a year, is working hard to bring hope into people's lives by sharing the love of God with the community. This is the task I have been asked to help her with. There is a thriving Messy Church and a Day Centre in the church buildings so things are not all gloomy, but the future is a challenge. The parish is a United Benefice with the church at Greengates, which includes another large housing estate called Ravenscliffe. I will be concentrating on Thorpe Edge, but helping out where necessary, so I anticipate an interesting retirement ministry. My two immediate areas will be rethinking the Christian Festivals and developing special worship to invite people to, and to look at and develop Prayer Ministry in the church.

So please will you pray for us as Mary and I begin this new venture and hopefully take the church and the people of Thorpe Edge into a positive and hopeful future.

I am talking to some of the members of the church here in Holmfirth next Wednesday about my time in Beverley and was looking at some of my photos to put together a power-point presentation. I have to say I felt so homesick for Beverley Minster and my many friends there, so do expect me to turn up to soon to see you , but meanwhile thank you again for all that you mean to me, for your love and patience while I was among you and for the lovely gifts and good wishes when I left.

With much love,

Val Clarke



BEVERLEY MINSTER WINDOWS

Ezra 3:1-5; Luke 19:45-48

Over the last few months we have been looking at our Nave windows. In the aisles each of them has on Old Testament event on the left, and a related New testament event on the right. This month looks at the third window towards the west in the South Nave Aisle, and its subject is the Temple.

It's a good month to do this, and I wish I could say I had planned it to be so. But, by happy accident, this month we celebrated Her Majesty the Queen's 90th Birthday. The celebrations took place in grand settings: St Paul's Cathedral, Horse Guards Parade, and on Sunday the 12th June, the Mall towards Buckingham Palace. They are great buildings and places, signifying the foundations and shaping of a nation and society. The buildings, the places, focus our thoughts and actions: what kind of nation are we, and what kind of nation do we want to be? The Sunday celebration was a great meal for all the charities of whom the

Queen is a Patron: charitable dedicated service is not a bad foundation for a nation, I would say.

In the history of the people of God, the Temple with its surroundings, occupies a central and defining role. The building, and its place, was a focus of the hopes and aspirations and religion and practice of God's people. It's not that it was simply a place of worship: the way everything happened - in what was more like a campus than a cathedral - was shaped by and defined by worship and faithfulness to the commandments. Even the kind of money you carried into the temple had to be kosher, not idolatrous. You wouldn't want to bring anything which depicted a foreign God in - so nothing with Caesar's head. Outside the Temple Courts were people who could help you be a faithful Jew by exchanging the idolatrous money for coinage you could use to buy the animals to sacrifice - as commanded. Every detail covered. Doesn't sound so bad now, does it? But we'll come to that. If what happened in and to the Temple was a kind of barometer of the faithfulness of God's people to the commandments, then the history of the Temple becomes the history of the people themselves. And, in a kind of stained glass shorthand, that's what our window depicts. At the very top, in the heart shaped tracery, are eight figures: Moses, Solomon, Hezekiah, Josiah, Ezekiel, Nehemiah, Zerubbabel, Herod, John the Evangelist. Look them up - and it's Herod the Great, grandfather of the Herod you might be thinking of - and you get a potted history of the people of Israel and whether they are close to God or far away.

Moses: the one whose leadership enabled the Israelites to re-inhabit the land promised to them, and whose gathering of the laws and practices of the people in the wilderness was the foundation of their national and religious life (and, remember, you couldn't separate one from the other). Solomon: given the task of building the first temple, in place of the tabernacle, the great marquee which signified the presence of God, and building it on Mount Moriah, where Abraham had been prepared to sacrifice Isaac. Hezekiah: who restored that Temple during the time of Isaiah the prophet, when the people had strayed. Josiah, the King who, after a further period of unfaithfulness, discovered the Book of the Law in the archives and restored Israel's worshipping practices. Ezekiel: who after that Temple was destroyed and the people taken into exile, had a vision of the new Temple, and held his people's hopes together that it might be restored. Nehemiah: who led the process of the rebuilding when the people returned to Jerusalem after seventy years. Zerubbabel: the foreign Governor whose extraordinary generosity allowed that rebuilding. Herod: who, four hundred years later and after another period where the Temple had been desecrated, rebuilt it on a grand scale, and whose extent and floor plan is still evident today. Destroyed by the Romans in AD 70, it is at the Western Wall of Herod's Temple which Jews pray today, for restoration and for the security of the nation. John the Evangelist: whose vision of heaven is that there is no Temple in the New Jerusalem, because everything that happens will be enfolded in praise. The whole city is the Temple.

It is the Second Temple, which Nehemiah and Ezra are instrumental in restoring, which is depicted in our window. When the Israelites

re-inhabited Jerusalem, after a 70 year absence, it took time for them to get round to restoring the Temple, but, with great rejoicing, the foundations are laid (Ezra Ch 3). The reading speaks of priests playing trumpets and Levites clashing their cymbals. The very old had seen the First Temple, and they wept - the noise was such that it could be heard for miles. But not everyone was pleased, the building work stalled, and a decade or so later they have to be challenged by the prophets, like Haggai and Zechariah, who attack them for living in panelled houses while the temple remains only a set of foundations.

And so the Second Temple is eventually completed, and remains the symbol of the presence of God and the faithfulness of the people. Three centuries later, after the further attacks, worship in the temple is restored under Judas Maccabeus, and the Jewish festival of Hanukkah, with the seven branched candle stand, commemorates a new phase, with the enlarging of the temple under Herod the Great (who liked a good building - the Holy Land is littered with them). A century and a half later it is to that Temple which Jesus comes - probably each year (and certainly when he was twelve, and then as an adult), to worship, to pray and to teach. He knows it well, and he knows what it means. What Jesus finds is a system of worship and action which has become separated from the commandments and purposes of God. Time and again through the Hebrew Scriptures, God calls his people to renew and restore their worship and action. Though they might sacrifice, though they might outwardly obey the demands of the law, it has become clear that outward form and inward motivation have become disconnected. The actions of the Pharisees and the faithful might be very rigorous - no one could say it was not demanding - but the purpose had become unclear, and it could even have been that they were getting so much adulation from others that they thought they had already received their reward.

It wasn't that the money changers were doing anything against the law. It was that rather than being an act of devout worship, what they were now doing had become a business transaction with God. Religion had become something just to do, not something which spoke of a whole life devoted to God. It's not about shops in churches, or even entrance charges, actually, but about whether our living and praying and worshipping connects to our thinking and speaking and doing. God is not to be bought off.

The question asked of us, in this Minster, this great sign of God's presence and challenge, is whether we practise religion one hour a week, or express our whole life commitment to God in this time where we gather together. What we build and do, outwardly, should be the expression of all that we are as faithful disciples, not the religious theatre we enjoy every now and again. When God's people were faithful the Temple flourished. It is our faithful following which we should build - and then our church buildings will buzz with life. And we long for the day when all is wrapped up in praise, and in the new Jerusalem all is one in God.

From a sermon given at the Morning Eucharist on 12 June 2016 by the Vicar, the Revd Jeremy Fletcher, in the Minster; the weekend saw celebrations of the Queen's 90th birthday.



Have you ever had anyone sidle up to you and say “Listen, I have a word from the Lord for you”? Nowadays I’d smile and say “Fine – just drop it in my mail box” and walk away. “Words from the Lord” to other people that I have heard or read about over the years include: “The Lord has told me who my life partner is going to be. It’s X.” (It wasn’t) “The Lord has told me that our entire church congregation is to sell up and re-locate en masse to Stevenage.” (name of town changed) The fact that the messenger in the second of these was an influential leader in the church who had close personal ties to Stevenage was, of course, neither here nor there. The Lord had (apparently) spoken ...

Some years ago I was staying at a Christian guest house cum counselling centre on the south coast. The guests were a motley group, some there for just a holiday break, others for more spiritual reasons. The day time was free unless you had booked a counselling session, but the programme usually included some sort of evening activity: a Bible quiz, drama, handicrafts etc. On one particular evening we were gathered in the lounge as usual after the evening meal. The leader came in, placed a cardboard box on the table in front of her, cleared her throat and said, “Right. In this box are pieces of paper each with the name of a guest written on it. Please come now and draw a piece of paper from the box. Go and find a quiet place and ask God what he wants to say to the person whose name you have drawn tonight. Then write down God’s message to that person. They won’t know who wrote it. You will just be an intermediary, God’s messenger to that person.”

If I hadn’t known what a stunned silence felt like, I would certainly have found out then. “But I only came this afternoon,” somebody protested. “I don’t know anybody yet.” “So much the better!” came the brisk reply. “You won’t have any pre-conceived ideas. It doesn’t matter whether you know the person or not. You are just God’s messengers tonight. Now

come and draw a name and off you all go. Back here in half an hour.”

I was relieved to find that I had in fact come across the person whose name I drew, and that I had chatted with him and liked him. He was a pleasant, quietly spoken guy whom I’ll call Steve. I went and lay on the bed and waited for inspiration to come. What on earth did God want to say to Steve that night? My usually over-active mind was a blank. I didn’t want to risk giving offence but I didn’t want to regurgitate pious platitudes either. The time ticked by but nothing came to mind. I lay gazing morosely at the little old fashioned square panes on the window, and the trees waving gently beyond. A chilly evening breeze lifted the curtain. The temperature had dropped with sundown and I wondered whether I could be bothered to get up and close the window. Having decided that I couldn’t, I fell into a sort of reverie, eyes still fixed on the window. Windows ... the windows of heaven ... something about opening ... wasn’t it in the Bible somewhere? ... The Old Testament? ... But where? ... Malachi? ... Yes – something deep in the recesses of my memory said Malachi! I grabbed the Bible from the drawer in the bedside table and started frantically leafing through it. At least Malachi was a fairly short book to find something in ... Yes! There it was. Chapter 3, verse 10:

“Bring the full amount of your tithes to the storehouse, so that there will be plenty of food there. Put me to the test and you will see that I will open the windows of heaven and pour out on you in abundance all kinds of good things.”

(GNB Anglicised text)

I sat up and considered the verse. The outpouring part was OK. A bit OTT perhaps. Suppose it didn’t turn out like that for Steve? But the real worry was in the first sentence. “The *full* amount of your tithes”? If Steve were to receive that, the clear implication would be that he wasn’t giving as much as he could. I thought the matter over and came to a decision.

“NO, God!” I said as firmly as only I know how. “Absolutely not. I know nothing about Steve’s circumstances. He may be giving up to the hilt already. He may be in financial difficulty. He might find the suggestion deeply upsetting. (He might find out it was me and be rude to me.) NO WAY!”

“Alright then. Think of something yourself!” Think? By that stage my mood was passing inexorably from thoughtfulness to desperation. With just five minutes of the half hour left there was barely time to write anything, never mind think. I stared again at the verse from Malachi.

“Alright then, God.” I exhaled in exasperation. “But let me make one thing absolutely clear. *On your head be it!* OK?”

Having got that off my chest, I seized a pen, scribbled out the verse and went back downstairs to a roomful of people all looking pretty much like I felt. We were instructed to fold our papers so that only the name of the recipient was visible, put them in the box and take a seat. The papers were then distributed. Steve was sitting further back than me, so I couldn’t even turn around to see how he was taking it. Might have been too much of a giveaway.

“Now you don’t have to do this,” intoned the Voice From The Front. “But if any of you would like to share what the Lord has said to you tonight through the message you’ve received, please feel free to do so.” I breathed a sigh of relief. Steve wouldn’t share his message – that was for sure. There was a pause and then one or two people started sharing. As the thing gathered momentum I suddenly froze with horror when a voice I recognised piped up from the back: “I’d like to share something.” So I had to endure that wretched verse from Malachi yet again. Then: “This Scripture really hit me, because you see, I’m actually unemployed at the moment.” “Well thanks a bunch, God,” I muttered under my breath, “for dropping me right in it! I told you something like this would happen!” “But,” Steve continued, “It’s led me to think about how I exercise my faith, how much I really trust God for the future, and how far I’m prepared to demonstrate that trust. And that includes the giving thing. So I’m grateful to God for showing me that.” There was a pause that seemed to me to go on for ever. Then somebody else began to share. I shot a sideways glance at God, who was quietly smirking. (Well I guess he was entitled to. I bared my teeth at him – still a bit cross that he’d put one over on me.)

As the voices droned on I realised that I hadn’t yet looked at the “message” someone had written for me. I opened it. It was full of all the safe, pious platitudes that I’d vowed to avoid: how pleased God was that I was here,

how much he wanted to bless me, how much he loved me etc., etc. Masses of underlinings, as if emphasis could somehow compensate for the lack of focus in the content. The message could have applied to anyone. A couple of lines from a long-forgotten hymn floated across my mind:

*“Speak to me by name O Master,
Let me know it is to me!”*

This was precisely what I *couldn’t* know from what I’d just read. Thinking back over the messages which had been shared that evening, apart from Steve’s I was struck by how similar they all were. Safe, pious platitudes. We could all have traded papers and it wouldn’t have made much difference. But whereas the other recipients seemed quite happy with their messages, all I felt was a sense of profound disappointment. My life was fairly turbulent at the time, and I had hoped that maybe, just maybe, on this occasion ... this message ... But it was not to be.

I don’t blame the writers for playing it safe. That had been my own instinct, only I was determined not to take refuge in platitudes. However well intentioned, had that evening’s activity really been a sensible and profitable exercise?

Some time later I read a piece which strongly suggested that God only ever speaks to Christians through the Bible, whether privately read or publicly expounded. Any other so-called communication from God is suspect and likely to be the product of our own – or somebody else’s - fallen and fevered imagination or wishful thinking. Yet picking up God’s personal message to us from Scripture seems to me to have as many pitfalls as any other method of communication that God might use.

*“Speak to me by name O Master,
Let me know it is to me;”*

But to what end?

*“Speak, that I may follow faster
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock
In the shadow of the Rock!”*

(Frances Ridley Havergal 1836-79)

The more personal the message from God, Havergal seems to be saying, the more powerful our motivation to respond. Surely any form of communication which has that effect on a Christian’s discipleship can’t be too wide of the mark? It happened for Steve, apparently, that evening at the guest house. It didn’t happen for me.

Barbara Gilman

MYAC

Hello Everybodyyyyyy! It’s me, Donkey, your favourite addition to All-age worship, and Jeremeeeee’s best puppet pal!

Emily was battling her brain trying to think of a good way to mark the start of summer, and the anniversary of 3 years in ministry here in the Parish, then I ‘batted’ in (well, I am an ass!) to suggest some Donkey Musings. So here we are...

It’s three years since me and Em arrived in Beverley, with an office full of resources, a brain full of ideas and a trunk full of puppets – and what an eventful time it’s been. Summer 2013, we had Sam Hutchinson doing his Gap Year with us, and then we were blessed to have Ben and Gareth come on board, making quite the dream team! We’ve had lots of awesome people join the MYAC team as volunteers in different capacities, and have really seen the ministry amongst families take off. Projects such as Me & My Dad Breakfasts, Gruffalo Family Days and Messy Church, which were just ideas and hopes three years ago, are up and running well as we welcome hundreds of young families into the church buildings, but more importantly into the church fellowship week by week. I personally get to meet with hundreds of children in schools every week with Emily through assemblies and lunch clubs, and it’s staggering when you think about the footfall of children, young people and families in the Minster and the associated churches each week when you consider groups such as Time Out, Emmaus and Damascus, and our Uniformed Organisations who we have good links with. Plus, REaction brings in a great many youngsters from further afield – just this week I met roughly 500 children from Minster Primary, Woodmansey, Kilham, Leconfield, Cherry Burton and many other schools I’ve not been to yet – it’s encouraging to know our Christian influence reaches far and wide! I’ve got a couple of photos for you to see just how much fun the Year 6s had at ‘Going for Gold’ REaction on 13th, 14th and 15th June in the Minster, looking at the Olympics, Paul and his letters, and British Values, with workshops led by the Label of Love team, Ben and Gareth, and me and Emily.

I’d like to finish by encouraging you to come along to a Pray MYAC evening sometime – they’re lovely times where we gather to commit everything we do with young people and families to God, in creative and interactive ways.

Thank you for taking time to read this, and for the rousing welcome you always give me at All-age, I do love to heckle our dear Jeremeeeee!!! Please do keep MYAC, the team and everyone we reach in your prayers.

Love,
Donkey



SAINT LUKE'S WORDS ABOUT JESUS - 6

All four Gospels agree on one particular aspect of Jesus' ministry - that he performed miracles. These can be divided into two categories; 'Healings' (which include what we might call 'exorcisms') and 'nature' miracles, specifically control of the weather and the miraculous feeding of crowds of people.

For centuries all Christians believed in the literal truth of these stories -- only those who were seeking to discredit the Christian faith were sceptical. Since about the 18th century, this is no longer the position for all those who claim to be Christians. The story of the development of a non-miraculous faith is far too involved for studies such as this. I write from the standpoint of thinking (and feeling) that a miracle-free Christianity is a very poor substitute for a religion with the Resurrection at its heart. If we proclaim that 'Jesus is risen' then lesser miracles may sometimes puzzle us, but should not surprise us.

Important in our study of Jesus' miraculous works is an appreciation of why He does them. Although they often excite wonder in their recipient or witnesses of His works of power, this is not His motivation for them. They are performed as acts of love to meet a variety of human needs. Indeed, the account of Jesus' temptations in the wilderness indicate that the great plan of God for His world cannot be attained simply by 'signs and wonders' but by the example of total love and sacrifice.

I've chosen this month to look at just two miraculous healing events in Luke's Gospel. The first is what has been called a 'miracle sandwich' - the raising from death of Jairus' daughter and the healing of a woman with a problem involving blood loss..

For me, this has a double significance. First, there is the fact that both miracles involve female recipients of Christ's healing power. Secondly, they show a quite significant difference in the way in which Christ the Healer operates and thirdly, a fascinating example of how the first three Evangelists treat the events.

The first of these is interesting in the fact that the woman with her haemorrhages was practically an

outcast. The attitude to blood of the Jews of Jesus' time was complicated by the fact that it is regarded both as holy, but also to be avoided. Jairus' daughter was also of 'low' estate - a girl child was counted as practically worthless until she fulfilled her 'destiny' by becoming pregnant.

These miracles also involve Jesus in quite different ways. The woman is healed by her own faithful action. Jesus is only involved in acknowledging what she has done and commending it. The raising from the dead of Jairus' daughter requires an action of Jesus in taking her by the hand and speaking to her. There is also specific instruction given to the parents to give her food.

These events are related in all the first three Gospels. It is interesting to note that by far the longest account is in the shortest Gospel, Mark. And by far the shortest version in Matthew. This is one of the examples which indicate that Luke knew both of the other earlier Gospel accounts.

Luke has only very few healing miracle accounts peculiar to his gospel. The most significant is the healing of ten lepers in chapter 17. When Jesus commanded them to go and show themselves to the priests (the only valid test for release from all the restrictions laid upon lepers) they all obeyed and are 'cleansed'. The Samaritan leper (an outcast, not only because of his disease, but also because of his race and religion), who comes back to thank Jesus, is rewarded with the assurance that he has been made 'whole' or really well. We notice here that for Luke, healing by Jesus can not only mean release from disease, but also a restoration of the healed person with God.

We still need to consider the 'nature' miracles, especially Luke's treatment of the feeding of the five thousand. However, this and other signs of Jesus' power and love will have to wait until next time.

Be blessed in your reading.

Terry Munro

JACOB'S WELL

CHANGING THE WORLD, ONE LIFE AT A TIME

Those familiar with the Jacob's Well shop in Ladygate may not know that there are two more shops in Bridlington and Withernsea. They are more than just charity shops and provide community hubs where you can make new friends and get directly involved in changing the world. Money is earned both at the shops and Ebay shop to do work overseas; the monthly book sales at Toll Gavel also play a part.

One current and remarkable project is "Fruit Trees for Life". In centuries past, millions of Africans were taken from their homes as slaves, many by their own country. Their free labour enabled Western nations to develop beyond their competitors to become the richest nations in the world. Depleted of its workforce, Africa sank further into poverty. "Fruit Trees for Life" is seeking to redress

that balance from the same villages where the slaves were once taken. It is planned to plant 1 million fruit trees, improving farming practices to nurture the crop and protect them from grazing animals and bush-burning. Trees can be purchased at 5 for £10, at Jacob's Well shops, their web-site or Facebook page.

Currently, there are many other projects under way, such as providing tractors and seed to poor farmers in Ghana; education work in Bobo-Dioulasso, Burkina Faso and the slums of Nairobi; and medical supplies being sent to hospitals throughout the third world.

Following a recent appeal, Jacob's Well has recently sent a much-needed container of aid to war-torn Syria, which provided life-saving medicines and equipment. It is hard to imagine how bad the situation is: 60% of Syria's

hospitals are now either closed or functioning in a seriously reduced capacity. The appeal is on-going and donations can be made at Jacob's Well shops, their web-site or by visiting their office on Swinemoor Lane. You can give using SMS, by texting 70070 with the message JWAS16 and then specifying the amount you want to give (£10, £20, £50 etc). Jacob's Well would like to say an enormous "Thank You" to everyone who has helped with this appeal so far.

There are many opportunities to volunteer with Jacob's Well, both at home and abroad; such as helping in their shops, sorting clothes, packing boxes or admin work - inspiring and challenging work.

God Bless Jacob's Well

Colin Tatman



FROM THE ARCHIVES



I am writing this on May Bank Holiday and it is half term when a lot of families seem to take off to places such as Dubai, Miami, the Mediterranean etc. In July 1950 the vicar Revd Hargreaves was writing from Mullion in Cornwall:-

My dear friends, I am writing from a place about as far South from Beverley as it is possible to go and still be in England. We came here 10 days ago after a day or two spent in Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford..... The sea - so inviting from the heat - was shockingly cold; and I fled gasping to the comfort of a warm rock. Later I made a resolute approach, armed with a surf board, and plunged and wallowed and rode the breakers for ten glorious minutes, and returned to my rock happy and quite numb.

The traditional summer activities seemed to have been replaced in modern times (although the vicar seemed to be ahead of his time in 1950 indulging in a spot of surfing). No longer do we have so many garden parties

and fetes as were reported in the August 1950 edition of the Magazine, such as the Minster Garden Party held in Keldgate Manor grounds. Elfrida Whitelam, Hon. Sec. and Treas., Board of Women's Work reported that this was held by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. G.W. Odey and opened by Lady Hotham at 3 p.m. on 6th July. Miss Clara Constable organised a 'feet of pennies' which amounted to 7,200 and the sum of money raised was £30. The Baby Show created great interest and was a very popular attraction. More activities were centred around Woodmansey organised by The Ladies' Sewing Party with the crowning of the Rose Queen who had been chosen and was Miss Joyce Nicholson. The Hull Fencing Club gave a display and from Beverley there was a gymnastic display. The Minster Wives' Guild appreciated a talk and demonstration on fruit canning by Mrs. Wally and Mrs. Gillyon of Weel. It was reported:

We are hoping to take members' kiddies for a day at the seaside during the school holidays; a series of whist drives will be run to help defray the cost.

The fine weather, we read, had been taken advantage of by the Scouts taking the 'OUT' in ScOUTing to spend time on the Westwood and plans were being made to start a Wolf Cub Pack for the younger boys as soon as possible. The Minster Beavers' Youth Club seemed to have the busiest time visiting 'happy, healthy, Hornsea', boating on the mere with a

picnic, a bus trip over the Wolds to Sledmere, a walk over the fields to Figham in order to walk by the River Hull. A suggestion was made for a Club Holiday to Avon Tyrrell near Bournemouth, a youth outdoor activity centre. (www.avontyrrell.org.uk/history.html)

Four lucky members had a Whitsun weekend break in London staying cheaply at the Devonshire Street Club. They were lucky enough in Downing Street to see Mr. and Mrs. Attlee (Prime Minister and wife) just setting off for their holiday on the continent. All the usual tourist attractions were explored and a few snaps were taken, the weekend ending with a highly amusing evening when they saw Leslie Henson in 'Harvey' at the theatre. Once back in Beverley there was yet another outing to Mr. Brownrigg's Ordination. It was remarked that the service was most impressive and in the afternoon they all went to Bishophorpe on a boat.

As this is the holiday season, I noted in the August 1950 edition of the magazine Revd Hargreaves ends his monthly letter thus:

During August, Parish organisations will, as they say in the Navy, "Pipe down". The Schools and the Parish Room will be closed for cleaning. To those of you about to take a holiday I express the wish that you will thoroughly enjoy it. I hope those of you who cannot get away will be able to plan some kind of rest and change. With all good wishes, Yours sincerely, Collwyn Hargreaves.

Sally George



CURATE'S CORNER GARETH ATHA

Carl was a quiet man who didn't talk much, though he would always greet you with a big smile and a firm handshake. Before his retirement, he took the bus to work each morning. The lone sight of him walking down the street often worried us. He had a slight limp from a bullet wound received in WWII. When he saw the flyer at his local church asking for volunteers for caring for the gardens, he responded in his characteristically unassuming manner; without fanfare, he just signed up.

He was well into his 87th year when he was just finishing his watering for the day when three gang members approached him. Ignoring their attempt to intimidate him, he simply asked, "Would you like a drink from the hose?" The tallest and toughest-looking of the three said, "Yeah, sure," with a malevolent little smile. As Carl offered the hose to him, the other two grabbed Carl's arm, throwing him down. As the hose snaked crazily over the ground, dousing everything in its way, Carl's assailants stole his retirement watch and his wallet, and then fled.

Carl tried to get himself up, but he had been thrown down on his bad leg. He lay there trying to gather himself as the minister came running out to help him. "Carl, are you okay? Are you hurt?" the minister kept asking as he helped Carl to his feet. Carl just passed a hand over his brow and sighed, shaking his head. "Just some kids. I hope they'll wise-up someday." His wet clothes clung to his slight frame as he bent to pick up the hose. He adjusted the nozzle again and started to water.

Confused and a little concerned, the minister asked, "Carl, what are you doing?" "I've got to finish my watering. It's been very dry lately," came the calm reply. Satisfying himself that Carl really was alright, the minister could only marvel. Carl was a man from a different time and place.

A few weeks later the three returned. Just as before, their threat was unchallenged. Carl again offered them a drink from his hose. This time they didn't rob him. They wrenched the hose from his hand and drenched him head to foot in the icy water. When they had finished their humiliation of him, they sauntered off down the street, throwing catcalls and curses, falling over one another laughing at the hilarity

of what they had just done. Carl just watched them. Then he turned toward the warmth giving sun, picked up his hose, and went on with his watering. The summer was quickly fading into fall. Carl was doing some tilling when he was startled by the sudden approach of someone behind him. He stumbled and fell into some evergreen branches. As he struggled to regain his footing, he turned to see the tall leader of his summer tormentors reaching down for him. He braced himself for the expected attack. "Don't worry old man. I'm not going to hurt you this time." The young man spoke softly, still offering the tattooed and scarred hand to Carl.

As he helped Carl get up, the man pulled a crumpled bag from his pocket and handed it to Carl. "What's this?" Carl asked. "It's your stuff," the man explained. "It's your stuff back. Even the money in your wallet." "I don't understand," Carl said. "Why would you help me now?" The man shifted his feet, seeming embarrassed and ill at ease. "I learned something from you," he said. "I ran with that gang and hurt people like you. We picked you because you were old and we knew we could do it. But every time we came and did something to you, instead of yelling and fighting back, you tried to give us a drink. You didn't hate us for hating you. You kept showing love against our hate." He stopped for a moment. "I couldn't sleep after we stole your stuff, so here it is back." He paused for another awkward moment, not knowing what more there was to say. "That bag's my way of saying thanks for straightening me out, I guess." And with that, he walked off down the street.

Carl looked down at the sack in his hands and gingerly opened it. He took out his retirement watch and put it back on his wrist. Opening his wallet, he checked for his wedding photo. He gazed for a moment at the young bride that still smiled back at him from all those years ago. He died one cold day after Christmas that winter. Many people attended his funeral in spite of the weather. In particular, the minister noticed a tall young man that he didn't know sitting quietly in a distant corner of the church. The minister spoke of Carl's garden as a lesson in life. In a voice made thick with unshed tears, he said, "Do you best and make your garden as beautiful as you can. We will never forget Carl and his garden."

The following spring another flyer went up. It read: "Person needed to care for Carl's garden." The flyer went unnoticed by the busy parishioners until one day when a knock was heard at the minister's office door. Opening the door, the minister saw a pair of scarred and tattooed hands holding the flyer. "I believe this is my job, if you'll have me," the young man said. The minister recognized him as the same young man who had returned the stolen watch and wallet to Carl. He knew that Carl's kindness had turned this man's life around. As the minister handed him the keys to the garden shed, he said, "Yes, go take care of Carl's garden and honour him." The man went to work and, over the next several years, he tended the flowers and vegetables just as Carl had done. In that time, he went to college, got married, and became a prominent member of the community. But he never forgot his promise to Carl's memory and kept the garden as beautiful as he thought Carl would have kept it.

One day he approached the new minister and told him that he couldn't care for the garden any longer. He explained with a shy and happy smile, "My wife just had a baby boy last night, and she's bringing him home on Saturday." "Well, congratulations!" said the minister, as he was handed the garden shed keys. "That's wonderful! What's the baby's name?" "Carl," he replied.

The world is full of Carls; quiet people who never make a fuss, but quietly make a positive impact on the world around them. We never know what effect our actions or our words will have on somebody, or even, in Carl's case, our inaction. Our actions often define who we are more than our names do or our jobs or our families do. As Christians, our actions really do define who we are, and wisdom is needed to decide when to act, and when not to act. We never know what positive things come out of the way we handle our dealings with others. This month, let us all have a look around for the Carls in our community, and let us celebrate their quiet presence among us. When angels come, they come quietly, and often unobserved. Let us thank God for their presence amongst us.

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www.godslittleacre.net/inspirationalstories/carls_garden.html

THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

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Baptisms

At Beverley Minster
05 June 2016 Noah George Joseph Green

At St Leonard's, Molescroft
22 May 2016 Teddy Thomas Griffin
05 June 2016 Annie Rose Burgin

At St Paul's, Tickton
22 May 2016 Grayson George Hewitt
29 May 2016 Henry James Ian Svenson
12 June 2016 Laurence Grayson Drifill

Weddings

At Beverley Minster
21 May 2016 Jason Anthony Kenneally & Samantha Jane Lunn
04 June 2016 Barnes Harry Thomas Simpson & Jessica Louise Hides
04 June 2016 David Richard Borrill & Elizabeth Anne Park

At St Paul's, Tickton
03 June 2016 David Christopher Alden & Jody-Grace Collinson

At All Saints', Routh
11 June 2016 David Thomas Allen & Philippa Claire Caley

Funerals

09 June 2016 June Teare (80)
10 June 2016 Eric Arthur Godson (83)

MINSTER MAINTENANCE

In the last few weeks, parishioners have been asking where the peregrine falcons are. Well the photos below, taken on the 16 June, show a peregrine falcon on the upper level of the NW Tower.

The photo below shows a couple of crows exploring a turret top at the east end of the Minster.

Steve Rial & Paul Hawkins



**Beverley
Minster**
MAGAZINE



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