

BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 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

WORSHIP IN HEAVEN - Revelation Chapters 4 and 5

November is the month when we remember the saints. For some of us perhaps, especially at this time our thoughts are with those we love who have died.

I find these chapters very encouraging when I think of my mum, who died last year, particularly chapter 4 verse 6 "Also before the throne there was what looked like a sea of glass clear as crystal".

Mum and I often visited Sewerby. We enjoyed sitting watching the sun, glinting on the sea in Bridlington Bay. It seemed to us a perfect picture of that crystal sea.

For the last ten days of her life Mum was in hospital. It was a struggle for her. I longed for her struggle to be over and for her to experience the joy of being in God's presence in heaven across the "crystal sea".

It is my hope that she is there now, worshipping with the angels, "thousands upon thousands" (Rev 5:11) and with the saints who have gone before us.

I really recommend reading the whole of chapters 4 and 5 to get the whole picture, it's amazing!

I pray that it will be an encouragement to us all.

Anne Newbould

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the NOVEMBER edition of the Minster Magazine.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher, Terry Munro, Gareth Atha, Anne Newbould, Marjorie Neaum, Ben Merrell, Jeannie McMillan, Neil Pickford, Andrew Hancock, Thomas L Alexander, Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins.

Cover: The Minster choir on tour in Germany. Photo by Liz Groves.

Contributions for the next edition to: julian.neaum@gmail.com



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 am a citizen of..." well, where? Your Minster Choir has just been on its first tour on foreign soil. Acklam's Coaches and P and O Ferries looked after us, and Beverley's twinning with Lemgo in Germany became a reality for over 50 of us. You will be pleased to hear that we were complemented on our singing in German, and one day we may just give you a verse of 'Praise to the Lord the Almighty' in its native tongue.

There was much talk of Brexit amongst our youngsters. They wondered what their new passports would look like without the words 'European Union'. They calculated the rate of exchange now that the pound was worth less. We all marvelled at the ease of crossing the border into Germany from the Netherlands, and we were patient as we tried to get back into Britain. We noted how different Germany felt – not least because in Lemgo they sat to sing the hymns but stood to say their prayers.

Being a citizen of one country and visiting another makes you look carefully at your identity. Being a citizen of a country which has decided to 'take back control' and break its current links with 26 others makes that search for identity all the more clear. When my parents were the age our choristers are now Britain and Germany were at war. We visited Hameln (Hamelin, of Pied Piper fame). It is very proud of being rebuilt and restored from the 1960s to the 1990s. It was not difficult to work out why it needed rebuilding.

We produced our passports. We ate different food (processed meat at breakfast?). We struggled with the language (a review of our concert said the choir sang with 'Klangfülle' which I think is a good thing). We received hospitality, and sang music from our hosts' history as well as our own. We assured our new friends in Lemgo of our continued friendship. And we came back to our own country and saw it differently.

November puts citizenship into full focus. Later this month we will remember those whose responsibility to their country led them to make the ultimate sacrifice, and we will pray that countries once at war will walk the way of peace. November 1st is All Saints' Day, where we give thanks for the company of heaven, and all those who rejoice in 'a country far beyond the stars' (from an anthem we sang on tour).

The Christian is a citizen of the Kingdom of God, and of their earthly country. It is our task to live so faithfully as a citizen of heaven that the kingdoms of this world indeed become the kingdom of our God. I for one am sad that the consequences of the referendum vote have made expressing our friendship with other countries and races more complicated. As we remember the saints, and the fallen, this November, may we live in such a way that we rejoice in our heritage, open our arms in friendship and service, and bring the Kingdom of God near.

My pictures this month:

A participant in the Gruffalo Day feeding the ox in the west door; The Minster Choir being filmed by a drone; St Nikolai Lemgo, where the choir sang on tour; the choir arriving at the Jugendherberge in Detmold.



FLOODLIGHTING THE MINSTER SPONSORS IN NOVEMBER (from the Minster website)

- 1st FREE NIGHT
- 2nd FREE NIGHT
- 3rd Beverley Decorative and Fine Arts Society (NADFAS)
- 4th Mr J Dunning
- 5th Mrs M. Flynn
- 6th Mrs A. Rutherford
- 7th Mrs Bernadette Robb
- 8th Mr Brian D. Burnett
- 9th Mrs F. Hall
- 10th Mrs C. Anderson
- 11th Mrs Margaret Jenkins
- 12th Miss Anouska Sissons
- 13th Morrisson Supermarket
- 14th Mr Sugden
- 15th Miss J. Atkinson
- 16th I.R. & H.S. Usher
- 17th FREE NIGHT
- 18th FREE NIGHT
- 19th Mrs Yvonne Taylor
- 20th Mrs B. C. Morris
- 21st M. Saxby
- 22nd Mr & Mrs L.V. Barratt
- 23rd FREE NIGHT
- 24th Mr & Mrs Parkin
- 25th Brenda & Ian Stansfield
- 26th Sandy & Chris Try
- 27th J & A Branton
- 28th John & Lesley Taylor
- 29th The Percy Family
- 30th Mrs P. Gray

Dates are available in November. If you wish to sponsor an evening (just £15) please contact Elly 07970 709575

A CELEBRATION OF FAITH 1876-2016

The largest women's organisation in the world with over 4 million members celebrated its 140th anniversary this year, with a commemorative service addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Winchester Cathedral in September.

Freda Watson, Beverley Minster's Branch Leader, and a Mothers' Union member for over 54 years, was present at one of the two services held on September 22nd and on the following day at the General Meeting. She wanted to share some of the highlights of the three great occasions with magazine readers.

At the Cathedral were women from all over the world and their singing, including a Peruvian *Gloria*, was led by the Mothers' Union Mary Sumner choir from Zambia. Representative tokens were received during the opening processional hymn from members of 36 Provincial Mothers' Unions across the globe. In his sermon, Archbishop Justin Welby looked at how far life has come since Mary Sumner started to make changes in a time 'when children were not nurtured, women were at risk, households were unstable and the church was not doing very much about it other than preaching.' He outlined the many parallels with today and went on to say that 'in almost all circumstances of human life the greatest source of hope, and the main location for despair, is found in the family, the household,' quoting the aims of the Mothers' Union: 'the focus ...is on promoting marriage and building stable family life within local communities', and described the three strategic steps towards these:

- ◆ Pray for relationships to be flourishing and loving.
- ◆ Enable development of all kinds: economic, relational and personal so that family life is strengthened.
- ◆ Campaign for social justice for those on the margins and for greater recognition of the value of stable family life.

He talked about the challenges facing the Mothers' Union today, as families in their widest contexts are complicated things, and he referred briefly to his own experience in such an environment and described as a 'gift of grace' the stable, safe family. Some of those challenges are met every day in all parts of the world: in providing education; in tackling underdevelopment, poverty and ignorance; in helping victims of AIDS and reducing the stigma of being HIV positive.

Thousands of members are themselves the poor and marginalised, with the courage and persistence to help other individuals and families in their communities and to pray - endlessly.

The Archbishop concluded by acknowledging that the circumstances of the modern family unit is very different but the needs of human beings are the same as in 1876, and that as today's Mothers' Union seeks to set a new pattern for Christian family life, God will answer all prayer.

Mary Sumner was a Hampshire vicar's wife and it was when her eldest daughter became a mother, that she re-experienced vividly her own

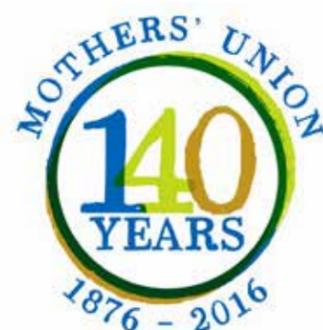
anxiety at carrying the responsibility for not only the physical but also the spiritual care of her children. She invited a group of local mothers to the vicarage and thus the Mothers' Union was born. For her time, Mary stood out with her instinctive awareness that women of all classes should be included, as the movement grew. She had a clear vision for inclusive membership and encouraged the 'upper class' ladies in her vicinity to use their influence in this regard, for the unmarried as well as the married, the childless and the stepmothers within their communities. The connection with Winchester Cathedral dated back to when Mary's husband was appointed Archdeacon of Winchester just after the formation of the Mothers' Union, and then in 1885, to a suffragan post in the diocese, and the couple lived at no. 1, The Close and are both buried in the church.

For the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Mothers' Union, the General President wrote about Mary Sumner: 'Her foresight, her wisdom and judgment laid the great foundation stone for us. And as the building grows, and far and wide her early message goes forth - the same message, through to a different generation - we pray that the faith which shone through her every word and thought may illumine ours...' The Mothers' Union prints a daily prayer diary, for use at midday, wherever members are. It's known as the Wave of Prayer, and always includes the special Mothers' Union prayer:

Loving Lord, We thank you for families around the world.
Bless the work of the Mothers' Union
as we seek to share your love
through the encouragement, strengthening
and support of marriage and family life.
Empowered by your Spirit,
may we be united in prayer and worship, and in love and service
reach out as your hands across the world.
In Jesus' name.

Mary's own prayer is also used worldwide, like a personal checklist:

All this day O Lord, let me touch as many lives as possible for thee:
and every life I touch, do thou by thy Spirit quicken,
whether through the word I speak,
the prayer I breathe or the life I live.



MN

Last month I wrote about the work that we as a Minster do with the young people of our town and parish. This month I'd like to talk about the work done with children and families.

I think as with all the work that we do, working with children and families can be rewarding and very challenging. Younger children are able to take delight in simple things that adults may find trivial, then knock us over with an incredibly profound observation. (Ask Jeremy about what foundation class think vicars do...)

Our big event for families are our **Family Days**. The last one was at the beginning of October where we welcomed over 200 people to the Minster. Of those, 18 families hadn't been to the Minster before. There are families who have come to other events since, citing the welcome they received at the Minster as a major reason for them returning.

We run or support toddler groups at the Minster, Tickton, and after half term, Molescroft. These are great, regular events where friendships can be made among the carers who attend as well as the children. **Me & My Dad**, a monthly group catering for dads specifically, grew out of these groups, and has grown to be a great support for young dads (like me!). These events are designed to provide a support service for families and create community, and they become a key link between a lot of families and the Minster.

Following on from these baby and toddler groups, we run **Messy Church** every fortnight. This is an interactive, all age, worshipful experience where we explore a story or theme from the Bible. This term we have been thinking about the promises that God makes in the Old Testament, working towards the promise that Jesus will be born at Christmas. It has been great talking about different prophets using different, often messy, crafts. A key part of the Messy Church ethos is sharing a meal together as part of the worship. Providing a hot meal is an important part of what we do, and enables families who might

otherwise not be able to attend to come along and know that they don't have to think about cooking tea as well.

A lot of the children and families who come to our events go to the church schools in our parish, and we keep in regular contact with them in the classroom or assembly hall as well. There is a team who provide collective worship in Minster, Tickton and Woodmansey primary schools. This is something that I am new to, but I'm enjoying the challenge of preparing and providing these. BSCT run lunch clubs in most of the primary schools in the parish, and this is supported by volunteers, some from the Minster. We are also involved with running events in schools such as **Experience Easter** and **Christmas** and hosting **RE:action**. All of these help to give the children at the primary schools a good foundation in Christianity, an experience of worship and hopefully, help with their journey with Jesus.

All of this leads to the work done here in the Minster. Our **All-Age** service is just that: welcoming babies and toddlers and younger children as part of the uniformed services. When it isn't All-Age, we provide Sunday Club during the service and the creche area at the front for the younger ones.

With all of these events, we hope that they show the Minster to be a friendly, welcoming place where families and children can be at home. To grow in their relationship with God, it helps so much to explore and ask questions with people who have asked similar questions before. It helps to be in community with people who not only understand the current issues you are dealing with, but have been through them and come out the other side. I feel blessed that Isla feels so comfortable in the Minster and with everyone in it; I hope that in time this is the place where she can explore her relationship with God. I pray that with God's help through the work we do, other families experience that blessing.

Ben Merrell



THE SHETLANDER PART 2

AN EX-VIRGER WRITES

...He knew that he was alive, that was all. He was still alive.

The Margaret-Jane, a herring boat from Stornaway, had been told to divert to the crash site to search for possible survivors. The captain and his mate scoured the surface of the water looking for anything. The crew used binoculars shouting to each other as they took in the area strewn with the remnants of the helicopter.

“What’s that - ahead -!” a young man cried, pointing. The captain cut the engines and there, bobbing for’ard, was a man in a lifejacket. It was Shem. He gazed up at the vessel, his eyes scarcely able to focus. Within minutes he was being hauled aboard. He felt hands removing the lifejacket, feeling for his pulse, taking off his wet clothing. Then warm blankets wrapping him up like a mummy. He knew he was shivering but he could not stop himself, he could not speak and in a second, everything was black. When he opened his eyes he could see nothing but blue. Was it the sky? Was he still in the sea? He felt himself shout out and, at that point, the blue parted and a bespectacled man with a stethoscope dangling around his neck appeared. The doctor put aside the blue curtain slightly and looked at Shem with a concerned smile.

“And how are you now, ma brae man?” Shem blinked, still bewildered and disorientated. “Where am I?” he managed to say. “Glasgow Royal. I’m Doctor McLeish and you are the man of the moment!” He bent down and took Shem’s wrist, feeling his pulse. “The press want to speak to you - TV and so forth - but not yet - “. Shem could not take in what he was saying “Am I OK?”

The doctor looked at him with amusement, “You are that! A few cuts and bruises, hypothermia; you need to rest. No interviews yet.”

“Interviews?” asked Shem. “Why would I be interviewed?” Doctor McLeish patted him on the shoulder: “You’re the only survivor of the Galaxy 2 helicopter crash - no wonder they call you the Shetlander - you -”.

Shem tried to sit up and at the same time cried out, his eyes full of tears. “No - it can’t be! What about Alec - and Jimmy? What about young Roddy? No!” He felt he could not bear it. The doctor moved forward and attempted to calm him. “I’m sorry. They were all lost, every man except you - your luck was in. Lie back, try to rest; a nurse will bring you some tea. Take heart man, you’re alive.” Doctor McLeish was about to depart, but stopped. And turning again to Shem said, “you’re like the Ancient Mariner - you can tell your tale to the world. D’ye know the poem?”

Shem did not reply. He was still floating in the cold sea, alone. He was unaware then that all those he knew and worked with were dead. How had he survived? Why? He tried to think of the croft, of Ruraigh, and Alice-Ann. But it all seemed so far away. He could not fight his fatigue any longer. His eyes closed and he drifted into sleep. But on his lips there was one word, one name. He said it drowsily, several times:- “Katrine”.

A group of medical students pushed their way through the doors of A&E. They were noisy and excited, going onto the wards. A nurse stepped forward, hushing them and quickly dispatched individuals to various areas. Katrine

Erikson was the last to get her briefing. The young woman knew that this was it. This was for real. This was the culmination of her studies. The craziness of student life now took a back seat. She stood tall and fair-haired, a new stethoscope around her neck. She was poised for reality, to make decisions, to ‘deal’ with situations. She was now the one who had come to heal the sick, to comfort, to ‘know’ what to do and to behave in all respects like a doctor. She walked nervously to the first bed. Her information was that the patient had survived the Galaxy 2 helicopter crash and was set to make a complete recovery. Lack of experience and sheer terror stopped the young woman from checking the patient’s name and notes immediately. She put aside the blue curtain and looked at the sleeping man. Standing for a few seconds she shuffled through the papers on her clipboard and found his details. This was ‘Shem Erikson of Mealista, Isle of Lewis’. Katrine gazed at what she was reading with disbelief. Here was her own surname and the place of her birth! Trying to regain her composure she spoke:- “Mr Erikson, are you awake?” Shem was dreaming of Shona and how she looked. There had been photographs of her in his bag which he always took to the rig, but they were gone, lost. The horror of it woke him up. He trembled and looked around feeling weak. There, standing over him was a young woman, not much more than a girl. She was slender and blue-eyed with a gentle almost familiar expression. Father and daughter gazed at each other for the first time. Katrine moved forward and looked more closely at him.

“Are you a doctor?” Shem asked. “Not yet”, she replied, “ I’m a medical student”. Shem made himself sit up so that he could see the

young woman properly. “You look familiar” he whispered, “You - - “. At that moment Katrine knew that all she had learned about doctor-patient relationships was useless in this situation. She was no longer a doctor, she was no longer a woman. She was a child, now face to face with the father she had never known. She put aside the stethoscope and clipboard, holding out her hands as tears began to stream down her face:- “Daddy... “ she wept, “you’re my daddy. Oh dad ...dad “. Within seconds she had clasped him to her and Shem felt the love and warmth of his daughter, the baby he had never seen, never held.

“Katrine” he murmured, kissing her, “Ma wee girl. This is why I survived for you”.

Father and daughter clung to each other weeping and laughing, not able to say anything. When they finally found words, Shem wanted to know about Shona.

“Mammy died two years ago. She never stopped loving you, dad, or the place where I was born”. Shem brushed aside tears and held Katrine’s hands. He stroked her face and shook his head still not completely believing that it was all real and true . But Katrine said:- “When you are well, we will go back to the island together and step onto the soil I left as a babe. We will listen to the sea crashing on the shore and the roar of the wind. We will hear the screaming of the gulls and the bleating of the seals. When we see our sheep and the dogs sitting at the door, we will know that we are home.”

*Jeannie McMillan
September 2016*

Just ten years ago I picked up the larger of the two verges in the virgers’ office for the first time. It was for a special service – Remembrance Sunday 2006 and, as assistant (therefore junior) virger, it was my responsibility to lead a visiting priest in procession. Head Virger John Dell had the greater responsibility of leading the incumbent of the time but it just so happened that this particular visiting priest was the Archbishop of York, so I was leading the second-highest cleric in the Anglican community of England. What could top that as a first outing?

All good things come to an end however and, six months ago, I finally placed the huge bunch of keys (that had cut through many trouser pocket linings over the previous nine and a half years) inside the virgers’ safe and wandered up the road to a new job, without ceremony but with a deep sense of fulfilment.

It’s fair to say my time as assistant virger in Beverley Minster has been the most satisfying working period in my life (so far). Back in 2006 I’d just been made redundant from a well-paid job in publishing (for the fifth time) and was recovering after treatment for a misdiagnosed heart condition – with no idea what to do next. Gill saw the vacancy advertised in the parish news sheet and suggested I applied – and I’m so glad that she did.

From the very first moment in the job, when John said: “Don’t worry about job titles here – we’re a team,” to those final quiet moments in the vestry before I locked the door for the last time and passed the key to the shop volunteers, I have been aware that the daily demands on a virger in Beverley Minster required a completely different mind-set to what I’d had before – and this mindset produces a much better way of living.

It’s hard to describe to anyone who’s not done the job what it really involves. I know there were some members of the congregation and PCC in the past who thought we existed merely to ‘tote that barge, lift that bale’ on demand. However, John and I both had a background in business and were eager to do more for the Minster than merely move chairs and dust things so, for example, we started offering daily tours in the roof (which earned more than £110,000 for funds over seven years) while John came up with the idea of help-yourself coffee in the north transept, which raises a few thousand pounds a year for very little effort and gives succour to visitors. This was very satisfying but was not, however, the reason why I loved my job.

It was when dealing with other people that I found a virger’s life to be most fulfilling. I admit to entering employment in the Church of England with a very high opinion of myself. Learning how to stand back and serve the needs of other people, from all backgrounds and with a wide range of concerns, required a degree of empathy I’d never had to call on before and, to my pleasant surprise, it was very satisfying. Over the years I’ve sat down with tortured and grieving people of all ages, as well as one suicidal individual who had swallowed a large number of potentially fatal tablets just before entering the church. I had one much-loved parishioner die in front of me while his wife was nearby and, of course, met hundreds of bereaved families before and after funeral services.

I learned how to listen to people, to shut up and not lead a conversation; how to guide it when someone clearly still had more to say but didn’t want to say it. I stood by and watched as one tortured individual had a moment of epiphany in St Katherine’s Chapel and I’ve seen enlightenment dawn on the faces of schoolchildren of all ages as they’ve suddenly understood how and why Beverley Minster was built in the first place.

I don’t miss it, insofar as my present role at Monks Walk requires many of the same people-skills I developed as a virger. I’m also still moving chairs, dusting things, cleaning the toilets, organising 101 things to make the day go smoothly for my staff and visitors and making sure the stocks are ordered and in the right place at the right time. One bonus is that, these days, I can come into the Minster and enjoy it as a simple civilian – and I do. And the fellowship of the Minster continues outside the building as well as indoors.

But I’m a different person to the individual who first donned the black robes back in 2006 and, if for only that reason, my family and I continue to be hugely grateful that I was once a virger at Beverley Minster.

Neil Pickford

SAINT LUKE'S WORDS ABOUT JESUS - 9

An interesting but almost lost tradition in the Church of England is the Good Friday Three Hours' Service. This was often based on the 'Seven Words from The Cross', the total of the sayings of Jesus at his death, recorded by the four Evangelists. They consist of the one cry of dereliction in Mark and Matthew (Mt 27:46; Mk 15:34), three different sayings in Luke (Lk 23:34; 23:43; 23:46) and three more different ones in John (Jn 19:26-27; 19:28; 19:29-30). We are primarily concerned about those peculiar to Luke but may find that we have to consider how his words connect with the others.

Luke's first 'word' (Lk 23:34) shows a special example of the principal divine command of love, even for enemies. One of the commonest temptations for the Christian is that of trying to limit the command to love, even the enemy. Jesus' prayer at this point seems to open the door to not forgiving those who know what they are doing but the escape is an illusion. His other words about loving those who hate you, despise you, etc. and so forth make the prayer of Jesus on the cross one of universal application.

The second 'word' (Lk 23:43) is that of hope for the penitent thief. The point of this is often muddled by sentimental optimism. I am not often lost for the source of a quotation, but here is a precious gem of unknown origin: "We are given in the Gospels, one instance of a death bed conversion. There is one in case we despair. There is only one lest we presume!"

Lastly, there is Jesus' final prayer to His Father (Lk 23:46). This has the interesting detail in Luke of being uttered with a loud cry -- language identical to that in Mark and Matthew for Jesus' last action before death. It also relates to John's last word from the Cross -- "It is finished", which is now usually regarded as a triumphant call of successful completion of the task that Jesus has been given by His Father. John even emphasizes this by using a strange word for Jesus' dying. There is an 'active' verb which suggests that Jesus does not simply die, but hands back His life to the one who gave it!

Perhaps we can add as a postscript to this reading, the change that Luke makes to Mark/Matthew's account of the events immediately following the death of Christ. The earlier Gospels record the Roman soldier as stating that in Jesus' death, 'Truly, this was a Son of God!' In Luke this to our ears is diluted to "Certainly, this man was innocent!" This presumably has to do with the different readership for whom he writes.

Next month will be the last of our planned studies -- Luke's distinctive accounts of the Resurrection and Ascension.

However between now and then I would welcome any questions that have arisen in your minds in the past months, with the possibility of one extra study. To help you and me in this I would like to add to this piece, a couple of views I have about the Gospels and their authors.

First whilst I absolutely believe in their inspiration by the Holy Spirit, I am sure that they were ordinary people doing what they felt they had to do to express what they knew and felt about Jesus, but they did not lose their normal humanity. So, there is no way that Luke knew that he was writing part of the New Testament. He was simply responding, as best he could to a request from his friend, Theophilus for a better account of what he had heard about Jesus. It was the Church, generations later, that decided that the resulting text was Gospel. All the same, he was driven to provide what he thought was lacking in the earlier attempts, especially that of Matthew.

Secondly, we actually know very little about the authors of the Gospels themselves. Luke himself only enters the story from the idea that a character mentioned in Paul's letters may have been a companion of Paul in the Acts of the apostles, who gave rise to passages in Acts written in the first person. In our final main article, we will have to appreciate how much the four Gospel writers diverge in their accounts of the last days of Jesus' earthly life.

Terry Munro

WE REMEMBER

My poem, 'We Remember' (on page 11), was written for the centenary of World War One. It tells a story but also responds to words written at that time and offers assurance to those who serve in our armed forces today.

The words penned by Robert L. Binyon, poet, who was too old to enlist, have become the Royal British Legion exhortation or tryst for ceremonies of remembrance. It was written in mid September, 1944 after the Battle of Mons, the Battle of Le Cateau and the First Battle of the Marne:

*They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.*

For those who live long and full lives their memory will live on at least for a time, through children, grandchildren and friends, a photograph on the wall or distinction in some field. For some who fought and died, remembrance is a name on a memorial in a foreign land and on one of over 100,000 war memorials in this country.

John Maxwell Edmunds, poet and writer of epitaphs, published an epitaph in 1919 for a village war memorial:

*Ye that live on 'mid English pastures green,
Remember us, and think what might have been.*

For some who died early in the battle he wrote in an article titled 'Four Epitaphs' published in the Times on 6 February, 1918:

*Went the day well?
We died and never knew
But, well or ill,
Freedom, we died for you.
His epitaph, to be found in the Kohima Allied
War Cemetery, is well known and brings
together remembrance and sacrifice:
When you go home,
Tell them of us and say
For their tomorrow
We gave our today.*

On 3 May, 1915 shortly after losing a friend in Ypres, a Canadian doctor, then Major John MacCrae, penned 'In Flanders Fields' from which these words are taken:

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

*It is said by his biographer that John Macrae
'was satisfied if the poem enabled men to see
where their duty lay'.*

At the west end of the nave of Westminster Abbey there is the grave of the Unknown Warrior, buried on 11 November, 1920. Set in the floor is a slab of black Belgian marble, the only part of the Abbey floor on which no foot is placed, on which is an inscription which includes these words:

**THUS ARE COMMEMORATED THE MANY
MULTITUDES WHO DURING THE GREAT
WAR OF 1914 - 1918 GAVE THE MOST
THAT MAN CAN GIVE; LIFE ITSELF,
FOR GOD, FOR KING AND COUNTRY
FOR LOVED ONES HOME AND EMPIRE
FOR THE SACRED CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND
FREEDOM OF THE WORLD.**

The sweep of the inscription states the reasons for which the multitude gave their lives.

Resting beneath the stone, the body of a British Warrior, unknown by name or rank, provides a focus for those who grieve for a Warrior whose resting place is known only unto God.

On the left side of the slab is the text:

Greater love hath no man than this

This is taken from the words of Jesus in the Gospel according to John, chapter 15, verses 12 to 13:

*This is my commandment, That ye love one
another, as I have loved you.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a
man lay down his life for his friends.*

In the Gospel according to Matthew, chapter 28, verses 19 to 20 we find the Great Commission:

*Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Father, and
of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit: Teaching
them to observe all things whatsoever I have
commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always,
even unto the end of the world.*

For those who have stood, as I did as a young officer, beside a fallen comrade, the memory endures. We think of what they have given in the service of mankind, we ponder on what life might have held for them, and we hold high that freedom torch for which they died. And this resonates throughout the land each November as the nation falls silent.

In this the centenary of World War One and for all who have died for the sacred cause of freedom of the world, we can truly embrace the last verse of 'We Remember':

*We remember their great sacrifice,
Our freedom gained at such a price.
Their freedom torch, we hold it high,
They can rest beneath the sky.*

Over these ever passing years, it is for us to tell the children of our time of the great sacrifice that is still made for the freedom of the world, so that they will remember and with us give comfort to those who mourn or suffer in body or mind.

May these children seek first the kingdom of God (Matthew, chapter 6, verse 33) that in the impermanence of this life they can know the permanence of eternal life; that in the conflict of this world they can know the gift of Jesus to every Christian of peace with God, with our fellow men and women and of heart and mind; and that in life where there is no clear purpose they can know the second greatest commandment as stated by Jesus, to love your neighbour as you love yourself (Matthew, chapter 22, verse 39) and hold high that freedom torch for which so many have given their lives.

Thomas L. Alexander
2 July 2016

On the last day of September a 'Discover Beverley Minster at Twilight' event was held where several keen photographers came with tripods to capture the beauty of the church at sunset. Of course, the magnificent building would just be a monument without the people who use it, maintain it and the congregation and visitors who worship God and pray in the peaceful and tranquil setting within its walls. I was reminded of this whilst reading the Minster Magazine of November 1950 in Reverend Collwyn Hargreaves' letter from the Minster Vicarage. First of all he tells us how much we owe to the voluntary workers for the good of the Minster and without them he realises that he could do very little. He then goes on to say:-

At a meeting of the Finance Committee on Wednesday evening one of the members said it ought to be our aim to leave the Minster in as good a state as we found it. Another added: "Yes! And better if we can". We were thinking of the Minster itself and particularly of the organ. But the Minster is more than the stones that make it and the beauties in wood and stone that adorn it. The Minster includes the people loving and serving God in their day and generation. One man who brought his Gift envelope last Wednesday stopped for a moment to examine the organ screen. "My uncle helped to make that," he said. "My family has been in Beverley four hundred years." I told him as he left: "Then you can say that you are the Minster".

Also in the same magazine were reports of the Harvest Festival services around the parish where there were many donors of fruit, flowers and vegetables plus volunteers to decorate the churches. The produce was gathered in to be distributed among the sick and lonely people of the parish and the remainder to the Children's Homes in Railway Street and the Almshouses in Beverley. The report from Tickton says that upon

arriving at the Home in Railway Street the children's eyes shone at the sight of the fruit while one little boy staggered along with the mammoth vegetable marrow. From Woodmansey there was a further gift of a pair of beautiful new door curtains provided by the Ladies' Sewing Party. These were put in position to eliminate winter draughts from the church door. Donations to help defray the cost were to be gratefully received by Nurse Gibbs, Holiday Villa and Mrs. Pearson, Plaxton Bridge.

The Vicar's letter ends with a note that he had recently been to the Regal Cinema on Norwood (opened in 1935, closed in 1968 and since demolished, the building having been incorporated into the fabric of the 18th century Assembly Rooms extension). The film he saw was 'State Secret' starring Douglas Fairbanks, junior, Glynis Johns and Jack Hawkins which portrays a thrilling adventure in a country where the rights and the freedom of the individual have ceased to exist and where truth is what the people are told to believe. A faithful representation of what society becomes when God and eternal values are left out. The hero is told that he is to be killed because it is expedient that one should die for the people. The Vicar goes on to say:

When Caiaphas, the High Priest, wished to implement his determination to kill Jesus he advised his fellow councillors: 'It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people'. (S. John 11, v.50). Such things really can and do happen. That is why our Christian Church needs always to be keenly and actively missionary.

*Yours sincerely,
Collwyn Hargreave*

Sally George

ST LEONARD'S HARVEST WEEKEND

Over 160 adults and children were welcomed to St Leonard's Church over the four day Harvest Weekend.

The Friday evening BCP Evensong Service with Robert Poyser and the Minster Choir along with an inspirational sermon by Jeremy, followed by a Harvest Supper provided by the Church congregation was very much enjoyed.

An open day on Saturday in Church with floral arrangements by Kevin, Louise, Barbara, Shirley, Edna, Maureen and Louise Trew were much admired, again with excellent refreshments.

The Sunday All-Age Service was well attended, taken by Gareth with help from Ben, followed by refreshments.

The Monday evening concert by the Royale Accordion Band (pictured), opened with prayers by the Revd. Irene Shaw was a musical extravaganza, particularly the second part of the evening with audience participation - singing along and dancing. The evening was complemented by an excellent supper enjoyed by all.

The weekend was an ideal opportunity to extend a welcome to many different people and proved a wonderful opportunity for mission in Molescroft. A massive amount of food was delivered by Kevin Hara and Andrew Hancock to Hull HARP, the homeless charity which the congregation of St Leonard's support throughout the year.

Shirley Westra's collection from teas and coffees for the past six months with donations amounted almost to £250 for Hull HARP. Many Thanks to all involved.

Andrew Hancock



Memory really is a wonderful thing, it helps us to keep on track of what we need to do, and, at a deeper level, it helps us to feel connected to loved ones that we are separated from, or who are no longer with us. When memory fails us, it is often a cause for mild embarrassment, such as forgetting the name of an acquaintance, or more serious concern, such as during the onset of Alzheimer's disease. Memory is one of God's greatest gifts to us. It connects us with the past and it informs our present and future.

Autumn is the season of remembrance, from the remembering of the attacks in America in September to bonfire night and Armistice day this month. At this time of year we intentionally remember atrocities from the past so that our presents, and, more importantly, our futures, can be different. Politically speaking, 2016 has been a year of turmoil – Brexit, a new Prime Minister, the US presidential election. It seems that democracy has been tested to the limit, yet at the same time the people have been given an opportunity to speak up about issues that matter to them. Surely this is one of those things for which those who fell in war made the ultimate sacrifice for: the freedom to speak up.

What will future generations remember of our years? I hope that they would remember the way we speak up for free speech, for those who are different, and for the resident alien.

If any of you had loved ones who gave their lives in war, I hope and pray that as you remember them you will be blessed by your memories. For many local people, these memories are preserved on our cenotaph in the Minster. This and the military chapel next to it tell of an interesting history. In the early 1780s, the American War of Independence was raging and the war was not going well for King George's army. In 1782, shortly before the end of the war, His Majesty's 15th Regiment of Foot arrived in Beverley. While they were here, a circular was sent to the colonel of each regiment asking them to choose a name for their regiment from the local area. It was hoped that choosing names for the regiment would help bolster flagging recruitment. Lt General Sir William Fawcett was the Colonel of the 15th and he chose the name The East Yorkshire Regiment.

After military reforms in the 1870s and 80s, the East Yorkshires were able to form a stable base here in East Yorkshire, in Victoria Barracks in Beverley, now Morrison's supermarket. This chapel was formed to house the various standards that the regiment held during its various campaigns. After the end of the First World War, the war memorial to the left was also constructed, to house the names of those men of the East Riding killed in action.

Sacrifice is being willing to give up something precious for something better. These men sacrificed their lives for freedom, democracy, and the good of the country. Life is full of boundless opportunities, but the transformation of a possibility into a reality often involves the sacrifice of something. Often in order to fully become the people we were created to be we must sacrifice something just as Jesus was willing to sacrifice his life on the Cross in order to bring about our unity with God. As we move from this place to the sanctuary of the church, let us consider whether we are being asked to give something up in order to be the people we are meant to be.

WE REMEMBER

We remember their great sacrifice
Our freedom gained at such a price.
Body and mind, they gave it all
Many of them too soon would fall.

Bravely they rallied to the call
Marching forward, standing tall.
Sons and brothers, husband, friend,
Knowing not what was their end.

Into battle and over the top
Facing a terror that would not stop.
Comrades found and comrades lost,
Freedom won at such great cost.

That freedom torch they hold it high
Blazing brightly as they die.
When to every comrade thrown
Not for them to then disown.

Over these hundred passing years
Memories that fill eyes with tears.
Passed to daughter and to son
Memories of a battle won.

We remember their great sacrifice
Our freedom gained at such a price.
Their freedom torch, we hold it high,
They can rest beneath the sky.

Thomas L. Alexander - 2 March 2014



THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

Published NOVEMBER 2016

Baptisms

At Beverley Minster

25 September 2016 Abigail Janette Arnott
25 September 2016 Mason Francis Geoffrey Loft
25 September 2016 Florence Martha Doughty

Thanksgiving for the gift of a Child at Beverley Minster

16 October 2016 Violet-Esme Teresa Donegan

Weddings

At Beverley Minster

17 September 2016 Richard Antony Jackson & Sapphire Ross Sutcliffe
30 September 2016 Thomas Oliver Davies & Lorrissa Jade Crisp
08 October 2016 Benjamin Richard Watts & Rachel Grace Morris
15 October 2016 Daniel Matthew Broom & Rebecca Louise Howe

At St Paul's, Tickton

17 September 2016 Stephen Alan Teal & Natalie Jean Booker

Funerals

21 September 2016 Ramona Angela (Angie) Winder (52)
07 October 2016 Stanley George (Bob) Bandy (89)
14 October 2016 Janet Walker (83)
14 October 2016 Colin Bloomfield (84)

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

MAINTENANCE REPORT

From Steve Rial & Paul Hawkins

THE MAKING OF LEAD WELDING RODS

During the summer months the priority of Minster maintenance is to repair the large amounts of high roofs leaks. We have reported in past issues how these leaks are traced and repaired. The rods in question are cast from scrap lead in house. A main part in these repairs is the use of lead welding rods.

To achieve this firstly we have to melt down scrap lead with a calor blow torch into an iron ladle [1]. Once the lead is in a molten state, all the dirt, iron etc which is not needed forms on top of the molten lead, this is called slag which is now skimmed off.

This now leaves a shiny ladle of very hot molten lead, which in turn is now poured into channels on a cast iron casting block [2]. Whilst pouring care has to be taken to create a constant required thickness of welding rod [3]. Once cool the rods are wrapped in towel roll and sealed in plastic bags. This is done because if not the rods would tarnish and discolour. We do not want this to happen as it hinders good welding results. This shows one of the reasons why lead is 100% recyclable.



2



3



**Beverley
Minster**
MAGAZINE



Beverley Minster Parish Centre, 38 Highgate, Beverley, HU17 0DN Telephone: 01482 868540
Email: minster@beverleyminster.org.uk Website: www.beverleyminster.org.uk

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 DECEMBER/JANUARY edition: **Friday 18 November**

Editorial Team: Content: Marjorie and Julian Neaum (julian.neaum@gmail.com) design: Mervyn King
(e:kings@three.karoo.co.uk), distribution: John Grimshaw (t: 01482 871370), proof-reading: June Stephenson.