

BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 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

TWO YOUNG ORGANISTS
THE CHOIR TOUR
AND ALL OUR REGULAR
FEATURES
INSIDE



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

TEN TO TWELVE

Ten minutes to pray with all my heart,
Ten minutes to seek your face,
Ten minutes to hear your voice,
Ten minutes to receive your love,
Ten minutes to remember I am forgiven,
Ten minutes to feel your peace.

Lord, you turn ten minutes into an eternity.

Wilf Fowler

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the OCTOBER edition of the Minster Magazine.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher, Barbara Gilman, Terry Munro, Gareth Atha, Wilf Fowler, Diana Watkins, **Harry Hainsworth-Staples**, **Ben Merrell**, **Jeannie McMillan**, Mary Mead, Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins.

The cover photo is of two of our songmen, Harry and Luca, who are receiving organ lessons under the Young Organ Scholars' Trust scheme. Luca wrote a piece in the June edition and now it's Harry's turn. See page 5.

Contributions for the next edition to:

julian.neaum@gmail.com

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

1st	Fairhurst
2nd	FREE NIGHT
3rd	Attwood
4th	Woodward H
5th	Mrs Carol McKie
6th	FREE NIGHT
7th	Mr J.Wragg
8th	P Quimby
9th	Mr & Mrs A.M.Uscroft
10th	K & A Sugden
11th	Maureen Yates
12th	Mrs J Odoni
13th	Paul & Louise Gowland
14th	Mrs Fay Wildey
15th	Mr C Burrows
16th	Roland, Jane & Sarah Peck
17th	Betty & Rodney Mackey
18th	Mrs Bates
19th	R & LM Uzzell
20th	Y. Berry
21st	Mrs Patricia S. Robson
22nd	Mr & Mrs S.P. Dannatt
23rd	Mrs W Powell
24th	Maureen Ellerby
25th	Mrs B.A. Lavine
26th	Sue Griffith
27th	Margaret E. Kirkwood
28th	Barbara English
29th	Mrs J Salt
30th	Judge & Mrs Walker
31st	FREE NIGHT

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



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.

A report to be published in October will tell the world that Beverley Minster is the largest parish church in England. This was a surprise to me, as I thought that prize belonged to Holy Trinity Hull, or Great Yarmouth Minster. But no, according to Historic England (English Heritage as was), who have done clever things with mapping and have calculated our 'footprint', we are the biggest. 3,489 square metres, if you're interested.

The report, paid for by Historic England, is all about 'major' parish churches. There are 300 of these, defined by their size and significance. Around fifty, because of their 'cathedral-like' ministry and their civic and tourist role are in the Greater Churches Network; the Minster was a founder member. All 300 have conservation and development needs which go way beyond the 'typical' parish church – average planned repair costs are at least double.

It's been a privilege to be on the steering group of the project, and to learn about churches like ours (though of course no church is like the Minster because we're the biggest. Did I mention that?). It's reminded me that history has given us some amazing buildings with immense challenges but great opportunities. Tens of thousands of people visit us

each year. Many will have heard of our worship and mission, but the vast majority come because the Minster looks amazing.

Churches like ours have the opportunity to do spectacular and unusual things. Yesterday (as I write) I showed another film company round, following our being Westminster Abbey for Victoria on ITV. Tomorrow (as I write) we welcome the Vintage and Retro fair. Our new What's On, out in October, includes concerts, literary events, a food and drink fair, a graduation, carol concerts and services for hundreds of people, and our own Christmas events: last year over 2,500 worshipped over 24 hours.

All of that brings complications and joys. It's a ministry not every church is called to, or required to offer. But we, with our friends at St Mary's (in the top 30 large churches at 1552 square metres) have a duty to celebrate our history and architecture, welcome visitors, open our buildings to their community, and make them places of vibrant worship.

I'm writing this on the seventh anniversary of becoming your Vicar. It's been a challenging and exhilarating time. What a privilege to inhabit a church like the Minster. Did I tell you it was the biggest?

Jeremy



This month's pictures are of Emily and Donkey as we said farewell on September 4; the East Yorkshire regiment standard flying on Quebec Day (September 13) and the Church in Tickton planning to 'twin' their new toilet so that a community in Africa can have clean sanitation.



TO MAKE YOU THINK

AH ... AUTUMN!

The season not just for falling leaves, but for raining paper notes: The Money Season! I had resolved not to write anything about “giving” this year on the grounds that everything that could possibly be written – or that anybody would ever want to read – had already been written and read. But it seems I was wrong. Clive Waddington’s piece in the September magazine raises three interesting issues related to giving which for convenience I’ll designate the Three P’s: Pique, Percentage and Pain.

First, the Pique. Though annoying, is receiving no thanks or acknowledgement necessarily grounds for cancelling a donation? Some charities do not acknowledge donations unless specifically requested to, and donors understand this. Formal acknowledgements cost money. The question of the Brandesburton Church which Clive specifically mentions is somewhat different in that this is a small institution where he is presumably known personally; so it is arguable that there has been a lapse in good manners, if nothing else. An appreciative email would have cost nothing. But speaking generally, is penalising the needy because of negligence on the part of the organisers of a charity either logical or compassionate? What are our real motives for giving? There is of course nothing wrong with wanting to know how your money is being spent; but thanks and acknowledgements do not always tell you this. I recently contacted one of the charities I support to ask what the salary of their CEO was. I received an immediate and courteous reply. Another much larger charity to whom I put the same question emailed that they were “trying to find out”. I found this response less impressive.

Next, the Percentage. Clive seems to be suggesting that giving to the church should be based on what one has left at the end of the month “after all regular expenses”. How are these defined? Personally I think it is reasonable that they should take account of our giving to other charities since as Clive points out, much of the charitable work originally carried out by the church has now been taken over by other organisations. (In any case a substantial proportion of the money we give to the church is spent on keeping the massive Anglican show on the road rather than on actively helping the needy.) But “regular expenses” would cover everything we pay for on an ongoing basis. This could include anything from the Council Tax (a legal obligation) to membership of a gym or the local golf club (a luxury).

People vary tremendously in their interpretation of tithing income (or as Clive more aptly expresses it – giving a specified fraction). Some brave souls “tithe” their gross income, others their net income after tax. Some may deduct council tax, rent /mortgage or the maintenance of dependents who by reason of age or infirmity cannot provide for themselves. Others may go further and include things such as utility bills and insurance. Yet others may take account of anything they have on finance. All the above – and more - would come under the heading of “regular expenses”. As a rule of thumb I would say that the higher our net income the less account we should take of such “regular expenses”. A sliding scale that was fair to everyone would be impossible to establish; yet it has been noticed that it is often the churches in deprived areas whose members give proportionately the most. This should surely give us as an affluent church in an affluent town pause for thought.

Which brings us neatly on to the last point: The Pain. After taking out his standing order, Clive remarks that he has “not yet suffered any pain”. I am not clear as to whether he is expressing surprise or relief here, but he does talk about an “initial shock”! Should giving be painful? If so – how painful? Should it entail real sacrifice or not? Giving up our holiday? Or giving up our home? During a discussion about giving I remember Roger Chapman once saying “What about the widow’s mite?” I have often wondered about that. Was it literally all she had, or was Jesus making a point? If the former, was that what God really wanted of her? What happened to her subsequently? We can only speculate. But we cannot avoid the issue on principle.

Clive talks about “revisiting” his regular charitable giving from time to time, as I’m sure most of us do. I “revisit” mine each April because that is when (and only when) my income changes. The Minster’s main appeal happens when everything restarts in September. Though quite logical from the church’s point of view, this may not be the best time from the point of view of the giver. It is, for instance, totally irrelevant to me as far as regular giving is concerned. Having thoughtfully made up my mind in April as to what causes I was going to give to regularly, and how much, why would I change my mind in September when there has been no change in my income? To do so would surely imply that I could have been more generous in April! This is of course a possibility I have to keep in my head, whatever the time of year. But personal circumstances aside, people’s finances are often at a low ebb at the end of the summer holidays, with the prospect of higher fuel bills over the coming winter months; and of course, Christmas, easily the most expensive time of year. There is more likely to be a financial feel-good factor in the spring, with the costly winter safely out of the way and hopefully a few government giveaways to help us along. Would not the church do better to time its main appeal to coincide with this?

Barbara Gilman

THE PLAYING OF THE MERRY ORGAN

... continues with choir songman Harry Hainsworth-Staples

I first started learning to play the organ when I was 13 after being approached by Robert Poyser about a remarkable opportunity. This was the new Young Organ Scholars' Trust that was funded by Dr Martin Clarke to encourage the next generation of organists.

I was interviewed to prove my commitment to practising and learning the organ and then I began my probationary year in the autumn of 2012. Midway through the year I was in a skiing accident which left me with a broken leg and unable to play the organ for 6 months. This meant that during this time I was only able to practise my keyboard skills rather than the pedals.

This made for an interesting showcase performance in June 2013 when four of the young organists from the Trust were invited to play at York Minster. Thankfully I was able to play a manuals-only piece as they understood that I had not had the time to master playing with both manuals and pedal. Although the experience was petrifying, I realised that there aren't many people who can say that they were able to play the York Minster organ at the age of 14!

During the next year Robert gave me some amazing opportunities to play in several services in Beverley Minster. This helped me in achieving my grade 4 in organ in the autumn of 2014.

Subsequently, during the run up to my grade 5 exam, Robert suggested that I should give a public performance of the pieces I was studying at

the time. After a great deal of practice, I was able to achieve this goal in November 2015, when I gave a short recital in the Minster.

Playing regularly helped me achieve my grade 5 in March 2016. It also helped in my performance during my second showcase at York Minster. For this occasion, Beverley Minster could present 2 organists, as, shortly beforehand, Luca became the newest recruit to the Young Organ Scholars' Trust. After just a few months of playing, Luca was able to display some impressive skills and a great deal of confidence performing to an ample crowd of musicians including Dr Francis Jackson (organist and composer).

Later in the summer of 2016 I had to take another break from playing the organ due to taking my GCSEs. However, I now am back to playing the organ regularly and hope to continue doing so for the foreseeable future. Playing the organ is a great deal of fun, expanding my musical knowledge and awareness. It has opened my eyes to a career I didn't know could be possible for me, and is simply a joy.

(Luca's account was published in the June edition of the magazine.)

And sweet singing in the choir will continue, although three young songmen will be sorely missed as they go up to university: Peter Micklem-Cooper to Magdalen College, Oxford, Bradley Read to Newcastle, and Felix Dickenson to Bristol. Congratulations to all three for their academic achievement and our best wishes go with them. We hope that their choral skills will give many more the pleasure we have known at Beverley Minster.

CHOIR TOUR TO LEMGO

There will be 47 of us including staff and we leave on **Friday 21 October** travelling via the Hull-Rotterdam ferry. Our first stay is at a youth hostel near Detmold.

The first concert is on the **Saturday** in Marienmunster and on **Sunday** the choir will sing at the morning service at St Nicolai, Lemgo, which will also be the venue for a concert that evening.

Free time will be spent exploring Lemgo and having lunch with members of the Beverley-Lemgo Twinning Association (who have been key in the planning of this tour).

On **Monday** we will visit Hermann's Monument, which stands over 175 feet tall and commemorates the victory of Germanic warriors over the Romans in AD9. We will then go on to Hameln



(Hameln), with time to explore before an evening concert.

On **Tuesday** we will head back to Rotterdam to catch the evening ferry, arriving back in Hull on **Wednesday** morning.

The music for the concerts has been chosen to demonstrate the breadth of the repertoire that the choir sings during the church year. The concerts will showcase music by 16th and 17th Century English composers as well as those from the 19th Century and early 20th Century and include works by Peter Aston, Hubert Parry, Thomas Tallis and Thomas Weelkes. The choir will also perform Mozart's *Spatzenmesse* and music by Johannes Brahms and Anton Bruckner.

Mary Mead

THE SHETLANDER

The departure lounge at Stornoway Airport was busy. It was early morning and 'riggers' were standing around one of the check-in desks, where a tiny auburn-haired woman tried to keep some order. "Will ye nae crowd me lads!" she shouted, "It'll be another half hour before your transport".

"Hear that Alec" laughed a tall thin, red-faced man. "Our transport! I like that Trixie, I like it. How's tricks Trixie?" he continued, starting to roll tobacco into a paper.

"And where will ye smoke that?" said Trixie, "Not in here!"

There was a general murmuring, rustling and shuffling as the men became increasingly impatient. They wanted to be off to the Galaxy 2 Platform to start their shift. Bad weather in the Western Isles had delayed their flight and it was very much a hit and miss situation. Boarding cards in their hands, they stood restlessly, waiting for the sound of the helicopter on the tarmac.

Trixie peered out over the mass of heads and suddenly saw a familiar figure. It was Shem Erikson. The man stood tall above the rest, swarthy and blonde-haired, he was known to all as 'The Shetlander'. Trixie called out to him: "Shem, Shem, what ye doing here?"

Shem made his way to the desk, his grey-blue eyes smiling in a sad sort of way. He put his boarding card into Trixie's hand. "My last shift" he said, "then I'm back to the croft for good". "How are ye, Shem?" asked Trixie. "Fine, fine" he replied quietly, "but I canna leave Ruraigh to do the work at home - he's a good man, but it's my place...."

"I know how it was" said Trixie, "how hard it was when they left - ". "Aye, aye -" murmured Shem. His eyes wandered to the open doors where wind and rain battered the runways and the faint sound of the sea echoed. It had been just such a morning when Shem stood waiting on the Galaxy Platform, to board the helicopter back to Stornoway and his family. A Shetlander by birth, Shem had left his native islands, when he married Shona. They set up home in Mealista on the west coast of Lewis. At first, the croft flourished, but there were increasing problems and finances dwindled. Shem reluctantly decided to work the

rigs again. His trusted friend Ruraigh promised to help Shem's pregnant wife with the day to day running of the farm.

"I should have been with her when Katrine was born" he murmured, looking gravely at Trixie. "She might not have left then",

Trixie shook her head "Nae, nae, ye canna say how it would ha been". But Shem knew that it was all too late. When he arrived at the airport that morning eager to see his newborn daughter, Shona was not there. With a sense of growing unease he had rushed to his pick-up and headed off in rain and storm to the wild western edge of the island. The croft stood on a little wind-swept bay. He remembered approaching the house and seeing no smoke from the chimney, no washing on the line, no chickens clustering around the door. His home appeared deserted, no sign of life, just a strange whistling wind which had blown open some windows. With a fast beating heart, he pushed open the door and shouted "Shona. -- Shona!"

It was a hollow sound which was not answered. All was neat and tidy but baby things and clothes were missing. It was a silent shell of a house, all evidence of home gone. A gust of wind blew a piece of paper across the table. He grabbed it, holding it up to his tearful eyes. It was Shona's handwriting, a note which read "Tha mi dullich (I'm sorry) Shem. I'm away to the mainland with Katrine. Please don't try to find us. Shona".

Shem recalled how he clutched the note and crumpled it up, weeping and shouting "No --!" The baby daughter he had never seen - gone - as if she had never existed. Through a wall of tears Shem suddenly saw Ruraigh, his friend, standing in the doorway. He had rushed at him angrily, grabbing his shoulders and saying: "Man, man; where are they?"

Ruraigh had no time to answer as Shem dementedly raced outside "Shona - Katrine!". His voice was lost in a whirlwind of sand and sea. He ran haphazardly to his neighbour's cottage. Alice-Ann was taking in her washing. The old lady heard him call and saw him stumble into her garden. She threw down her sheets and blankets and gathered him into her arms. "Alice-Ann, where are they - where have they gone?" She stroked his face and took his hands

"Oh don't be greeting (crying) Shem. She could na manage here with only Ruraigh. She had the wee bairn. She could na manage it all by herself. They've gone to Glasgow to some kin."

Shem sank down on the sandy garden, the sea pounding behind him and bits of dry grass from the machair tumbling around. He knew that he had lost something so precious, something irreplaceable, something that would just become a memory.

Shem started up as a voice blared out "This is the last call for Galaxy 2 workers; boarding at gate 4; last call".

The helicopter was waiting. Shem grabbed Trixie's hand, gazing at her intently "It's been nineteen years!" he shouted, "yet just like yesterday - nineteen years since they went." Trixie could not reply as he rushed away to join the remnants of workers as they headed onto the wet wind-blown runway. Two men came alongside him, grabbing his shoulders "Ha ye got the pipes wi ye Shem?" asked one. "I have" he replied. "Then it's a ceilidh tonight lads". Shem struggled into his lifejacket and boarded the helicopter, sitting down quickly and fastening his seatbelt as the blades started to rotate. Within minutes they were airborne and heading out over the dark ocean to the oil platform.

"What will ye play, Shem lad?" asked an older man. "Will it be 'Over the road to Maggie's' or 'The Dark Isle'?" Shem gazed out of the window watching the white foaming backs of the waves. As a boy in Lerwick, his grandad had said to him: "Those are the seahorses, ma wee man - at night they gallop ashore and away to the glen where trolls ride them until dawn."

"The Dark Isle' is what I'll play" said Shem.

Alec was shuffling cards "How's your luck today Shem - you in?"

A group of men were sitting around for a game. The helicopter lurched its way across the ocean. No-one had expected the storm which suddenly blew up. Turbulence shook the the airframe and blinding forks of lightning darted down into the sea. The riggers were used to rough crossings, but this one was proving to be the mother of them all. The pilot's voice cut across

conversations:- “Sorry lads, we’re going back.” There was a united exclamation of annoyance. “Time for a wee dram then” said Alec, producing a flask and passing it to Shem.

“Nae, nae” he said. “I need a clear head if I’m going to win this game”.

There was a general roar of laughter which suddenly died as a huge bang shook the aircraft. Within seconds the lights had failed and a whirling whistling noise screamed through the fuselage. “Lightning strike!” shouted someone. Shem checked his lifejacket just as everything started to go topsy-turvy. The helicopter was spinning out of control. There was a grinding sound as the rotors slashed against the wind.

“Ditching - ditching!” came a voice from the cockpit. “Brace - brace!”

There was no time to carry out any emergency procedure. The cabin doors flew open and men and gear were tipped into the sea. Shem felt himself fly through the air for what seemed to be a lifetime. He saw the body of the helicopter veer off at a distance and then strike the waves. As he hit the water he remembered shouting something. It was:- “Katrine”.

Shem’s body plunged downwards. He felt the sting of cold water and his mouth filled with salt water. He knew he was drowning. The darkness of the ocean engulfed him. By some means he pulled at the cords on his lifejacket. It inflated and propelled him to the surface where he lay like a baby gasping and gurgling. He was looking upwards and floating helplessly amongst the wreckage of the helicopter. A seat crashed past him and some bags, ripped open, their contents spilling onto the surface of the sea. Shem tried to steer himself away from sharp pieces of metal but his arms and legs would not move. Suddenly the strobe light on his lifejacket began to flash. He knew that this was his only hope. To his relief he began to drift away from the dangerous mass of metal and engines. It was almost light and the sea already calming. He wept out loud. He did not know what he said and his body was now becoming increasingly numb. He knew that he was alive, that was all. He was still alive...

TO BE CONTINUED

Jeannie McMillan

Thank you for your prayers and support for the Esther project:

Helping young women in Africa to become beautiful in Christ and take a stand for God in their generation.

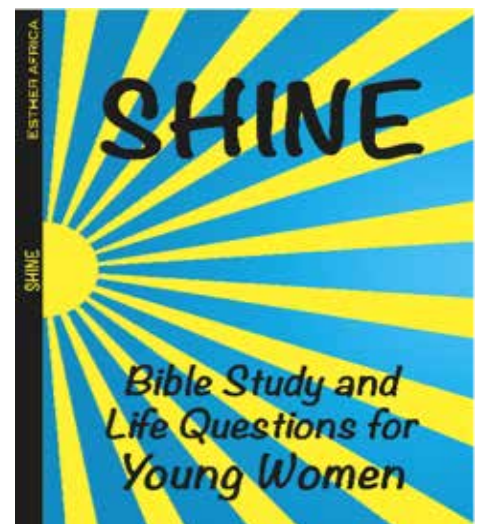
These past few months have been very busy and strategic as we get the “Shine” book of Bible studies ready for English Speaking Uganda, Kenya and Cameroon. It has been printed and the books have been shipped ready for distribution in those countries. The books will be used by student ministries, churches and missions to run small groups where young women can read the Bible for themselves, connect the Word of God with the real concerns in their daily lives and learn to pray. The sessions use stories in the Bible of many women in scripture and a few teaching passages, to deal with everything from forgiveness, beginning relationship with God through sexual sin, sexual abuse, standing in persecution, pure relationships, to prayer, new identity and a changed heart. In all the sections of scripture used, it is clear that God meets with people just like the young women reading and Jesus can teach, heal, free, cleanse, lead and change them to live in relationship with God.

The books that have gone to Cameroon will be used by a large group of over 200 churches. They have already been running small groups for younger girls for teaching, praying and helping, talking openly about their sexuality and what it means to live for Jesus as a woman. They were thrilled to have Bible studies and a prayer guide for young women (about 16-25). Some begin to be approached by men as young as 13 so they have to be very careful to draw them to the truth in Jesus for their bodies and relationships early on.

An exciting group of 20 young women in Nairobi, Kenya will use the books in their group with a missionary. These young women have all been involved in some form of prostitution. Imagine how they will find reading in the Bible of Tamar who was raped, of Jesus meeting with the woman at the well, the woman from a shameful lifestyle who wept at Jesus’ feet and the woman who fearfully touched Jesus’ cloak. I wish I could be there to see them realize the full acceptance, cleansing, healing and transformation they can have with Jesus as their Saviour. We are expecting a deep work of the Holy Spirit in their lives.

Please pray:

- For Jesus to use every book to change lives and get them safely to every individual who needs to use them.
- Pray for wisdom and connections for me so that every church or student ministry who needs the books can have them.
- For the Holy Spirit to work in churches in Cameroon using the book with their young women’s groups.
- Pray that Jesus will meet powerfully with those 20 young women using the book in Nairobi.



Diana Watkins

SAINT LUKE'S WORDS ABOUT JESUS - 8

One of the most distinctive things about Luke's Gospel is the emphasis it makes on the importance of Jerusalem in God's plan for salvation through Jesus Christ. In the first part of the narrative, we have this in the stories surrounding Jesus' birth and infancy with at least two visits to Jerusalem. In our final article in two months' time, we will find the Resurrection appearances and the Ascension firmly placed in and around the Holy City. Between these the Gospel can almost seem to be the travelogue of a long journey from Galilee to Jerusalem by an unnecessarily tortuous route. The way is illuminated by healings and parables. The really significant portions start (as in the other Gospels) with Jesus' arrival in the Jerusalem area, a couple of weeks or so before the Passover.

The so-called 'Triumphant Entry' into Jerusalem is recorded in all four Gospels. Luke's version is simple and avoids Matthew's oddity of having two animals for Jesus to ride on, which is easily explained as the result of the writer's failure to understand how Hebrew verse worked. Ask me personally if you want the details!

All three Gospels have the 'Cleansing of the Temple' as the first major event of what we would call 'Holy Week'. Luke is notable for his omission of the cursing of the fig tree which sandwiches the temple event in Mark and Matthew. Luke probably realised the problematic nature of this story in that Passover time was nowhere near the time for there being figs to harvest!

The next few days in Luke, as in the other Gospels are a blend of controversy and teaching (especially teaching about what is to happen in the 'last days'). Luke emphasizes the fact that almost all this teaching takes place in the Temple. From now on everything will happen in, or around Jerusalem.

Before we reach the preparations for, and the actual event of the Last Supper, there is only the strange omission by Luke of the anointing of Jesus by a woman in Bethany. Apart from this, we have the opportunity to follow one story through all the Gospels. It is such a familiar series of events that, when I have given you the chapter references, we can concentrate on the bits where Luke has a distinctive voice, either by difference or omission.

At the Last Supper itself, we have one major oddity, which I can relate but not explain. Luke has two cups of wine, one at the beginning and the other at the end of the meal.

At the betrayal, Luke alone records the healing of the servant who has lost his right ear. John alone blames Peter for the incident.

In the trial sequence, Luke places Peter's denial of Jesus at the very beginning, adding the touching incident of the Lord turning and looking at Peter. He also adds the strange extra mini-trial before Herod who has had John the Baptist executed.

We are then presented with the episode of the 'women of Jerusalem's encounter with Jesus on the road to Calvary. This leads to the greatest of the contrasts between the crucified Jesus of Mark and Matthew and that in Luke and John. Mark and Matthew emphasize the silence of the dying Lord. Apart from the dreadful cry of dereliction, there is nothing. In Luke (and in different ways in John), He speaks. In Luke, He prays for those crucifying Him, gives hope to the penitent thief and commits His own soul to His heavenly Father.

Perhaps it would help if you read two of the Passion accounts side by side. Read the whole of Mark, chapters 14 & 15 and Luke, chapters 22 & 23. A great Anglican teacher and scholar of the mid 20th century, John Fenton, suggested that for Matthew and Mark, the Cross was a gallows, for Luke, it was a pulpit, and for John, it was a throne!

We will look at these ideas in detail next month and see how John Fenton's suggestion makes sense as we look closely at Luke's account of Christ's last hours on the Cross. Through the three 'sayings' on the Cross, we will try to make sense of what Luke thought was missing in Mark and Matthew -- and even discover what links Luke's version to John's rather different account!

Carry on studying!

Terry Munro

MINSTER YOUTH AND CHILDREN

Over the next few months, I'd like to take the time to shine a light on some of the work MYAC does with the different groups we have contact with. In youth ministry, our work isn't always clearly visible to the congregation as a whole, I hope to give some insight into what we do to support the young people in our community and strengthen their relationship with God.

Our work with secondary school aged children is varied and can be challenging and rewarding in equal measures.

Our "starting point" is Emmaus youth group, a weekly social gathering held in the Parish Hall. You may have seen (or heard!) us there on Wednesday evening between 19.30 and 21.00, as a group of 20-25 teenagers can make themselves very visible and audible! There are games and a tuck shop, but it is mainly a social space to meet with friends in a safe environment. Inevitably, as the young people become comfortable, it is a place where they can access whatever support or interaction they require, our role becomes less supervisory and we become people they can trust with their concerns and issues.

As I'm sure you can all empathise, being a teenager is a tumultuous time, not assisted by the age of 24/7 contact and the apparent anonymity of the internet and social media.

Some of our young people can be dealing with very serious issues and Emmaus isn't always the time or place to cover these, so once a week there is an informal mentoring session which is an important opportunity to build relationships with our young people and offer them more support.

By building these relationships we aim to show our young people what it is to be in a Christian community, and our principle aim is to help our young people develop their relationship with God, in whatever form that takes.

Damascus is our weekly study group where we encourage dialogue, searching and exploration of faith through study of the Bible. This often considers current issues and also those issues and situations that can be so overwhelming for teenagers, such as school and friendships. We have recently started to encourage our young people to attend Sunday at 7, to introduce them to church in a form they may not expect, and at Easter each year we have a residential-style experience. This allows our young people to be immersed in the Easter story, giving them a more personal understanding of this most important part of our faith.

We have more recently been able to develop our links with BSCT, working together to

provide a lunch club at Longcroft School to reach a different group from that which we see in the Minster buildings, and through this I have also taken part in the Living Faith Library and in providing a temporary prayer space at the new East Riding College campus. These are links that we plan to develop over the coming year.

We accept that everyone is at a different stage in their journey with Christ, and that the work we do must be tailored to the individual. Our primary ambition is to introduce young people to Jesus, and give them the guidance and wisdom to grow that relationship and discover their purpose and meaning in this world. For some this will be an academic discussion about faith, for others it is providing a safe place where they know they are cared for and loved.

We have recently been blessed in having one of our young people committing themselves to God through baptism and we hope that through us, God's church will continue to grow.

I am always available to discuss the work the MYAC team and I carry out, next month I will be writing about our work with our Primary School aged children so if there are burning questions please ask and I will attempt to answer them!

Ben Merrell



FROM THE ARCHIVES



Recently, in the church calendar, 'Giving' is usually an annual event taking place in October. This doesn't just mean giving 'money' as it is just as important to give 'time'. We have examples of this in the November 1951 Magazine as the Vicar writes from the Vicarage on 18th October, 1951.

He states:-

"My dear Friends, I spent most of yesterday in the Minster receiving Gift Day envelopes. It was very pleasant sitting quietly at a table in front of the organ screen (by an electric fire specially rigged by Jim Pateman) to greet the many who came with their gifts. Last month I ventured to suggest two hundred pounds as the total to strive for. It was a bit hard to ask for more than we have raised in past years now that prices all round have risen and leave us very little to spare. So you will realise how happy I am to thank and congratulate you all on having given the two hundred pounds and more.

There are so many claims upon us that it is impossible to give all our

takings to one cause. So Foreign Missions, the Diocese and our own Parish Funds will each have a part. We are asked, as is every Parish in the Kingdom to contribute every year a sum of money for the work of the Church of England as a whole, in helping both the Central and the Diocesan Funds. This money is spent on any urgent necessities, including aid to the poorer Parishes in the Diocese for Assistant Clergy and Church repairs. Small villages with ancient Churches cannot be expected to raise many hundreds of pounds to prevent them from falling into ruins. They are entitled to expect assistance from Parishes that are better off. Our share in the Diocesan Quota, as it is called, is now £170. There is no compulsion to pay a penny of it. But he would be an unworthy Churchman and a bad neighbour who did not. We have never, to my knowledge, paid our Quota in full. Ninety to a hundred pounds has been our average since I came to the Minster. I am anxious that we should keep this obligation in mind and try every year to send as much as we can possibly afford. I regard it as a 'family' expense." (Note, I understand that our annual giving to the Diocese in 2015 is £175,000. These days there is no set "target", it is a Free-will Offer, but it remains what we can afford as our contribution to the "family expenses")

An example of giving up of one's 'time' comes in the same Magazine under the report for Woodmansey:-

"Mr. Hobkinson, who lives in Thearne Lane and has a post at Hull University, has offered us his services as Organist and Choirmaster in succession to Mr. Marinus Los, and at a recent meeting the Church Council appointed him to the post. He requests that we shall not pay him the usual salary, but asks that this amount be ploughed back into Church funds. This is both a generous gesture on his part and also a great help to our Church finances. He stresses the fact that he is not an expert Organist but has some experience of teaching singing."

Back in today's world, I was reading an article on Facebook from 'Bright Side' on research carried out into what makes people happy and the paragraph that stood out was in relation to dedicating time to giving:-

"No matter how busy their daily schedule is, positively minded people make sure to allot some of their time to committing good deeds. And, interestingly enough, those good deeds have a tendency to eventually 'return to sender'! By doing something nice for others, we enrich our own lives as well. Be it voluntary work or simple acts of kindness, such activity has a beneficial effect on one's physical and mental condition."

Just one kind word can make someone's day.

Sally George

CURATE'S CORNER

GARETH ATHA

As I write this I have a song going around and around in my head. It's a children's song called the duck song and, thanks to my nephews who are fascinated with it, it's well and truly stuck in my head. If you were to hear it, I'm sure it would get stuck in your head as well. It's a children's song by Bryan Olden about a duck who keeps going to a lemonade stand and asking for grapes. Again and again he asks for grapes and the stall holder gets steadily more annoyed with him. Eventually though he agrees to take the duck to the shop and buy him some grapes. The problem is that when the duck has the grapes, he decides that what he really wants is a nice glass of lemonade.

This little duck can exemplify our lives (and yes, I really didn't think I would ever write a sentence like that). He keeps going after what he wants, in a single minded pursuit of what he wants, failing to see what else he could enjoy. When he finally gets what he wants, he decides that he really wants something else. I wonder how many of us could identify with at least some of that story? We all have things that we not only desire but actively pursue, whether that is material things, or emotional things such as happiness. Often in life the things we seek are things that we really need, but often they are not. When we continually go after these things that we don't need we can get stuck in a rut and fail to lift up our eyes to see what is around us – to see how blessed we are to have what we already have.

As I write this, not only do I have a children's song playing on loop in my mind, but I'm also preparing to attend a conference on church growth. Over four days I will accompany some members of the St Leonard's congregation as we explore how we can help our church to grow. I'm wondering why churches don't grow faster than we do. After all we

offer so much that the world seeks – a sense of place and belonging, reassurance in a tumultuous world, a community in an increasingly fragmented society. We offer somewhere to go and be social, roles for those who are willing, and comfort for those who need it. All of this is done in and through the love of God. Yet often our churches are seeing their congregations getting smaller and smaller. Why?

Well, maybe one reason is that there are too many "ducks" in our society. Maybe too many people are continually seeking what they think they want, trying to fill the hole they perceive as being in their life, instead of seeing the inherent value that is already present in their lives.

During Jesus' ministry he had very little of material worth – nothing except the clothes he stood up in. What had become of his possessions from before he began his ministry? We don't know, but he certainly didn't take them with him. He saw that real value in life comes not from what you have, but from who you are. Because this was his teaching, people flocked to hear him. His followers grew and grew until sometimes he couldn't even get into a house because of them all. If only we could see such growth nowadays! Perhaps one way we can grow, and encourage our brothers and sisters to join us in church, is to be less like the duck in the song and more open to what is around us. Instead of pursuing what we think we want from church, let us see what we are blessed to already have, and let us share that good news with those around us.

Let us do away with our inner "ducks" and see the many ways that our loving God has blessed us all.



AVAILABLE FROM THE MINSTER
OR TO DOWNLOAD FROM THE WEBSITE

THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

Published OCTOBER 2016

Baptisms

At Beverley Minster

21 August 2016 Maisie Leanne Greasby
21 August 2016 Oliver Mark Kettlewell

At St Leonard's, Molescroft

04 September 2016 Zack William Lonsdale
11 September 2016 Oliver James Peck

Weddings

At Beverley Minster

20 August 2016 Vince Frederick Bayeto & Oluwademilade Akomolafe
27 August 2016 Ruari Conor McCafferty & Adele Louise Dunn
27 August 2016 Bernard Anthony Carpenter & Helen Thompson
02 September 2016 Jamie Louis Kendall & Danielle Louise Leanne Kemp
09 September 2016 Gary Leslie Sutton & Elaine Patricia Frith

At St Peter's, Woodmansey

03 September 2016 Michael John Docherty & Samantha Marie Bristow

Funerals

22 August 2016 Geoffrey Helyard (66)
25 August 2016 Gladys Bradshaw (92)
16 September 2016 Margaret Hunt (78)

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

MAINTENANCE REPORT

From Steve Rial & Paul Hawkins

Views from the roof as work continues repairing the lead.



**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 NOVEMBER edition: **Friday 21 October**

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.