

BEVERLEY MINSTER MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 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

HELLO
AND
GOODBYE



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

A Listening Ear

A listening ear I have in heaven,
An empathetic heart I have in heaven,
An unconditional love I have in heaven,
A never ending patience for me, I have in heaven.

Jesus, you are always listening for me,
Jesus, your heart knows my heart better than I do,
Jesus, your unconditional love is the grace you offer me,
Jesus, your patience for me hears my prayers.

Wilf Fowler

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the SEPTEMBER edition of the Minster Magazine.

Contributors this month are:

Sally George, Jeremy Fletcher, Barbara Gilman, Terry Munro, Gareth Atha, Wilf Fowler, MN, Clive P Waddington, Jeannie McMillan, Val Sargent, Steve Rial and Paul Hawkins.

The photos on the front cover show George Oakes, our new Assistant Virger, who has recently taken up his post, and Emily Hoe who leaves us after 3 years as our Youth and Children's Minister.

Contributions for the next edition to:

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Dates are available in September. 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.

I'd known for a while that there was a village in Brittany called Saint Jean Brévelay. It is a small ambition of mine to visit every church dedicated to Saint John of Beverley, and this place – a whole village – was next on my list, after the trip I made in 2012 to visit the ones in England.

I also knew that the village was not exactly a tourist hotspot, and not something to impose on a long suffering family. But we found, on our holiday in Brittany in August, that Saint Jean Brévelay was on our drive back to the ferry, and it made a good place to stop for a coffee. And it's true: Saint Jean Brévelay is nothing to write home about, except for its name.

Why is there a village named after our saint in the southern part of Brittany? Explanatory material in the Roman Catholic church there says that in the tenth century Bretons had to flee from the invading Normans. They took refuge with their Breton cousins in Cornwall and Wales, and, when it was safe to return to Brittany they took with them devotion to some English saints. How they got to know of John of Beverley is not recorded, but they are said to have obtained a relic of Saint John, and this is housed in the church to this day (in the head and shoulders figure in my photo: it is by the main entrance door and has a holy water stoop).



The village was originally called Saint Jean, but there are lots of Johns, and they chose to make it more specific. I wish I'd had some time to make contact with the priest and mayor of Saint Jean Brévelay, but at least I got there on a mini pilgrimage. And we'll be back to Brittany, which is fabulous. So perhaps we'll be able to form a link with the village, which for some reason is twinned with Botley in Oxfordshire.

And now there is only one more St John of Beverley Church to visit. It's north east of Boston in the United States. One day...

Jeremy



The Dominican Pilgrimage from Beverley to York. Participants in the East Riding Carers Service.

EVIE AND THE LORD OF THE ISLES

(A short story set in the Hebrides)

The Loganair flight from Glasgow to Stornaway was boarding. The Twin Otter aircraft stood a little removed from the main traffic, its pilot and co-pilot welcoming passengers. Ronald Cameron (Ronnie), the captain, knew many of them. There were the usual commuters, a few tourists and a number of 'locals'. Old Murdo was the last to arrive at the steps, drunk as usual and singing - 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll', an empty bottle in his hand. He hailed Ronnie saying, "Slainté (good health) ma brae man!" and stumbled forward. Murdo was returning to his wife in Lewis - again.

"D'ye think Lizzie will know ye, Murdo?", laughed Ronnie. Murdo put his hand heavily on the pilot's shoulder "Ah, but I will know her!" He muttered and grimaced as he finally made it onto the aircraft. After viewing the seated passengers he shouted "To the lasses!" and collapsed at the back where a caged parrot 'in transit' croaked "Who's a clever boy then!"

When the plane was airborne and on a north-westerly heading, Jamie McCloud the co-pilot turned to Ronnie. "Will ye be taking her back tonight?", he asked, referring to the scheduled return flight to Glasgow. "Nae -- that'll be you and Alasdair - I've an appointment with a young lady." "Away wi ye and the lasses - who is she?" Ronnie gazed ahead as they left land behind, flying out over the grey-green sea. "Ah, but this one's special", he murmured.

If Evie sat up a bit in her wheelchair she could see the bay from the window and geese flying in skeins from the deep blue horizon. It was a beautiful summer's day, warm and breezy. Auntie Chrissie had opened the french doors wide and salt-laden air wafted into the room. The child listened to the sounds of the grasses which grew on the machair (dunes) close by. She turned slightly to look at 'the wag at the wa' a clock, so named because of its pendulum. It was early afternoon and Evie was waiting -- her little body making some restricted movements. Disabled from birth, Evie compensated for her physical problems by possessing a sensitivity and intellect well beyond her years.

"Now then ma we girl" said Auntie Chrissie, bustling into the room. "The doctor will be here soon and he will nae want to see you with a dirty face!"

"Why has the doctor to come?" Evie protested. "I'm not ill!"

"Doctor Ewan is coming to see your daddy", said auntie, rubbing a soapy flannel on the child's face.

"But daddy is taking me flying!" cried Evie, "He promised."

Auntie Chrissie looked at the child, her curly auburn hair and blue eyes. Yes, she was like her daddy. The woman remembered how, when Evie's mother died suddenly, Ronnie begged her to care for the baby: "I canna look after her, Chrissie -- I'm too busy." "The child needs you" his sister had said: "she needs her daddy, now Marsalli has gone."

Ronnie was making his final approach into Stornaway. The runway spread out beneath him as he touched down and the parrot passenger squawked "That's the way to do it!"

Old Murdo was snoring and Jamie turned to Ronnie. "Will I see ye tomorrow, man?" Ronnie did not reply. As he left the aircraft he heard Murdo shout, "Where can a body get a drink on this 'dry' island!" He headed for his jeep, threw in his bag and set off at speed out of the airport in a westerly direction.

It was fifteen miles to Callanish and his daughter Evie. Ronnie knew that his old pal Ewan, the doctor, would be waiting, ready to admonish and again tell him that Evie was very ill and needed him. Ronnie focussed on the winding road. He switched on the radio and caught the end of a song from the musical 'Carousel' - 'You can have fun with a son but you gotta be a father to a girl'.

Ronnie had not been a father to Evie. He did not want a girl. He did not want a disabled girl. Suddenly as he turned a corner, in the distance he saw the Callanish Standing stones, huge strange monoliths, glittering in the bright sunlight. They seemed to tell him a truth, something hidden that he had so far not acknowledged. What was it? As he turned into the drive of his sister's bungalow he saw Evie sitting in the doorway. She tried to wave and he heard her shout: "Daddy, daddy".

In a second he had gathered her up in his arms, holding her tightly to him and brushing tears from his eyes. The truth was that he loved her. The father carried his daughter to the jeep, carefully placing cushions in the passenger seat and strapping her in. Evie suddenly produced a teddy from under her coat and pushed it into his face - "Can Dougal go flying?" she asked. "He can that!" said Ronnie. "Let's go."

As he got behind the wheel, Auntie Chrissie rushed out. "Ronnie, Ronnie," she shouted. "Ewan isn't here yet! She may nae be well enough. Ye canna take her up in that thing!"

'That thing' was Ronnie's light aircraft, a Cessna, and his pride and joy. It was named after his late wife Marsalli, and parked up in a quiet corner of the airport. It was too late for anything Chrissie might say; Ronnie and Evie were already heading back to the airport. He knew he had a clear slot weather-wise that afternoon. The sun was the brightest he had ever seen for the time of year and the sea in the distance beckoned, blue and turquoise. Evie could not wait to see the plane, and, in what seemed only seconds, there it was, poised like a great bird. Evie spelled out her mother's name on the fuselage and also the registration: "Alpha, Charlie, Lima" chanted Evie. As Ronnie carried her across, he stopped and looked at her: "How d'ye know that, Evie?" "I've been practising" she said, "and so has Dougal!"

"I'll make you comfortable, ma wee girl", he said, gently arranging the cushions in the passenger seat and adjusting the harness. Dougal sat apprehensively on Evie's knee!

Ronnie knew that the circuit was fairly quiet at that time with few incoming aircraft. Once settled in the pilot's seat, he put headphones onto Evie and quickly did his safety checks. "Listen", he said to her, "you'll hear the tower giving us clearance for take-off."

TITHING



Evie watched as her father released the brake pedal and pushed in the throttle. He called Air Traffic:- “Alpha, Charlie, Lima requesting clearance for take-off. One passenger, Evie Cameron”. The reply came back:- “Alpha Charlie, Lima you are clear. Runway three one.”

Within seconds, Ronnie had lined up the aircraft and put on full power. They flew out of Stornaway on a southerly heading. Evie gazed out of the window, as below her, the island of Lewis became just a green bit of patchwork. With great joy she saw the Isles spreading out in the gleaming sea - Harris, Uist, Barra, Benbecula. Ronnie took the aircraft down a little so that Evie could see mountains, lochs, roads, rivers, all perfectly formed, reflecting the light, the sky and the sea. The father glanced at his daughter, watching the excitement in her eyes. The view, which ordinarily would have been just another place to fly over, suddenly became meaningful. How wonderful it was, as if some hand had arranged it, not in a haphazard way, but neatly and precisely. Rivers and streams, trees and hills, rocks and waterfalls: they were all special.

“I cannot reject what I have created” Ronnie thought, and a gleam of sun caught his eyes which were wet and tearful.

As the flight drew to a close, Ronnie turned to the child:- “You can make the final call to the Tower, Evie. Speak clearly, now”.

“This is Alpha, Charlie, Lima on finals, requesting permission to land” she shouted. “Alpha, Charlie, Lima, you are clear. Runway three one.”

The aircraft touched down and Ronnie saw his daughter’s eyes close; she was smiling and sleepy. He taxied quickly to the apron and brought the plane to a halt. Releasing the harness, he looked intently at her. She opened her eyes as he kissed her on the forehead. “Daddy”, she said, “You are the Lord of the Isles.” When Ronnie got out of the aircraft there seemed a great silence everywhere, not a breath of wind, just the hushing sound of the sea and a sort of stillness. Suddenly two figures appeared nearby. It was Auntie Chrissie and Ewan. The doctor hurried over, opening the passenger door and looking at the child. He saw her eyes closed and her lips slightly blue. He turned to Ronnie. “I’ve called an ambulance, Ron”, he whispered, “come away now, man.”

Auntie Chrissie wept, saying “Ma poor wee girl”, but Ronnie took a blanket, and wrapping Evie in it, carried her to a quiet spot, cradling and rocking her, as the sea sang a lullaby. He stood alone clasping his daughter tightly, a tiny scrap of humanity on the edge of the earth. When he finally turned to his sister, he said:- “She is just sleeping --.”

Jeannie McMillan

As a Deanery Finance Adviser under Archdeacon David Butterfield, we were gently harangued (if that is possible) about tithing a percentage of our income – or a fraction, since the word apparently comes from “tenth”. Any significant percentage of my income seemed too much. I have always revisited my charitable giving from time to time, trying to restrict it to 8 charities, otherwise it becomes too fragmented. I have had various reasons for amending my giving, e.g. increasing the contribution to my favourite, Médecins Sans Frontières, because of ongoing and new desperate situations in so many parts of the world or stopping my £20 a month to what was then the Holderness Foodbank after receiving no acknowledgement or thanks after 5 or 6 months. On becoming churchwarden at the Minster I decided another review was needed as I had only been giving through Gift Aid envelopes though I did give regularly to Brandesburton Church, again stopped when having received no thanks or acknowledgement!

With David Butterfield’s strictures in mind, I decided that what I needed to do was to work out how much I should have left at the end of each month after all regular expenses – this could be called disposable income or be regarded as money to fritter. This seemed the best way of approaching the problem. I was fairly appalled as to how much this amounted to.

So, I decided that 10% of my disposable income was the least I could offer. I was gob-smacked when I realised this is 5 times my normal giving! It actually works out about 4% of my taxed income but in my defence, an argument David has heard many times, in the “old” days the Church was the charitable institution in the community – all good deeds were channelled through the Church.

Anyway, I took the plunge and made out a Standing Order (I still want control!) for this amount. I have not yet suffered any pain. Maybe I will be able to increase it again soon when I get over the initial shock. Please - go through the same exercise. It will very probably surprise you how much you can afford to give in Jesus’ name. It is very unlikely to be less than you are giving now. If it is, thank you.

Clive P Waddington

TO MAKE YOU THINK: THE LOST STANZAS

*Still the small inward voice I hear
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of
hostile Heaven.
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel the Saviour in my heart.*

Can you place this stanza in the hymn it originally came from? If I hadn't stumbled across it on the internet, I certainly could not have done. It appears in the earliest published version of Charles Wesley's hymn *And Can It Be*. This original version had six stanzas, the above being stanza five. Thus it came in between the dramatic dungeon stanza ("my chains fell off") and the triumphant final stanza ("No condemnation now I dread").

The hymn was written in May 1738, just days after Wesley's life-changing conversion experience. It was first published the following year in John Wesley's *Psalms and Hymns*, and again in 1739 in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. But by the time the *Wesleyan Hymn Book* came out in 1780, stanza five had been dropped – never, as far as I can tell, to reappear. Since Charles Wesley was still alive in 1780, it is reasonable to suppose that it was dropped because he wanted it to be.

We can only speculate as to the reason. But is the hymn the poorer without this stanza? Following on from the dungeon verse – the awakening, the flaming light, the loosening chains – stanza five would seem to be something of an anti-climax. Despite the cataclysmic release from the bondage of sin and fear described in stanza four, it is as if Wesley still needs constant reassurance that he is indeed saved and forgiven, that the experience he had was "real". Could it be that by 1780 Wesley the mature, septuagenarian Christian no longer feels the need for such continual assurance?

Whatever the reason, I think it is a pity that stanza five was lost. The problem is not so much the presence of the stanza in the hymn as its position. Rather than breaking into the rising climax of stanzas four and six (the final two stanzas of our present day version) it might be better placed after stanza three: "Tis mercy all, immense and free / For O my God, it found out me!" Then: "Still the small inward voice I hear ..."

In our own day something might have to be done about line four – "that quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven". While it is clear from Wesley's writings immediately before his conversion that this is how he perceived God's attitude towards him, it is understandable that some Christians today might be uneasy with this line. But it could easily be changed without impairing the conceptual integrity of the theme.

And Can It Be has always been my favourite classical hymn. Charles Wesley is said to have written more than 6000 hymns and sacred poems, only a handful of which are known and sung today. He wrote other inspiring and uplifting hymns concerning his conversion. Why the enduring popularity of this particular "conversion" hymn? I believe one reason may be the rousing tune to which it is invariably sung: *Sagina*.

This immensely popular tune by Thomas Campbell was not composed until well into the nineteenth century – decades after Wesley's death, and more than a century after *And Can It Be* was written. The hymn was sung to a number of different tunes; but in this country at least, only *Sagina* made it into the twentieth century. I have never heard the hymn sung to any other tune; nor, I suspect, has anybody else reading this. But without the accompaniment of *Sagina*, would we still be singing the hymn today?

*Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home
Fills my soul with holy longings,
Come my Jesus, quickly come!
Vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee.*

Even allowing for the change in the structure and rhyme scheme of the final two lines, you will probably have little difficulty in identifying the above stanza with that well-loved hymn of William Williams, *Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah [Redeemer]*. But have you ever come across this stanza in any modern hymnal? Ever sung it? It did make a somewhat surprising appearance when the hymn was sung at the funeral of Princess Diana in 1997. In more recent times Prince William and Kate Middleton included the hymn in their wedding service as a tribute to the Prince's mother; but this final stanza was omitted.

Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah was of course originally written in Welsh and had five stanzas. Some of these were translated into English by the Rev. Peter Williams (a contemporary but no relation of the author) and subsequently underwent a number of changes. Of the three stanzas we sing at the Minster today, the first is based on the original translation by Peter Williams; the last two were translated by the author himself. But when William Williams translated these two stanzas into English he added another, written in English, which is the one reproduced above. For some reason it has never caught on – not even after its unexpected appearance at Princess Diana's funeral. Is the hymn the poorer without it?

William Williams was a contemporary of Charles Wesley and was, like Wesley, a renowned evangelical preacher and a prolific hymn writer. He is said to have written 900 or so hymns in all, 800 in Welsh and 100 in English.

Only *Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah* is widely known and sung today. (As with *Sagina*, could the rousing Welsh tune to which we sing this hymn – *Cwm Rhondda* – have contributed to the hymn's enduring popularity?) Like Wesley, Williams was, for that era, long lived. But life was precarious and uncertain. The line "Vanity is all I see" suggests a sense of disillusionment. By the time he wrote this concluding English stanza, it seems that Williams was already beginning to feel the longing for a more secure, perfect and permanent Home.

But if the original Welsh hymn had five stanzas, what happened to the other two? The verses we have today are stanzas 1, 3 and 4 of the original. Below is Peter Williams' translation of stanza 5, which reads like a concluding commentary on the rest of the hymn:

*Lord, I trust Thy mighty power,
Wondrous are Thy works of old;
Thou deliver'st Thine from
thralldom,
Who for nought themselves had
sold.
Thou didst conquer
Sin, and Satan and the grave.*

As with the stanza from *And Can It Be*, I came across this stanza on the internet. I later found it also in *Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology* (2nd edition 1907). But I have never seen it in any modern hymnal that I have used. Has anyone else? As for stanza 2 of the original Welsh, I have so far been unable to trace any English translation. The Welsh version of the hymn is reproduced in full in *Julian's Dictionary*. While tantalisingly incomprehensible to me, stanza 2 would be readily understood by my Welsh-speaking relatives in Australia, so maybe this stanza will not be lost to me after all. But even if it were to appear in an acceptable translation – would it ever catch on?

Barbara Gilman

FAREWELL

Dear Friends,

Saying goodbye is never easy, especially when you're happy and settled – that's usually when God calls you to go and minister into a new challenge and context. I've made many life-long friends here, experienced God doing some truly remarkable things, and been blessed by many excellent colleagues.

So, as I sit in a resources-strewn office trying to remember what I brought with me three years ago and what belongs here, I am pausing for a few moments to reflect, and think how to express my gratitude and sadness. I'm sad to be leaving you, truly, but the next chapter in mine and Lisa's lives, and in the life of Minster Youth and Children is beckoning, and I invite you to turn the next page with me.

The prospect of working at Beverley Minster was a daunting one as well as an exciting one. The best words of wisdom given before I moved here were "Don't worry pet, you'll grow into it." And that, I think, is what happened over the three years I've been privileged to work alongside you. You've kept me smiling, showed me kindness, grown with me, and been a steady rock every day. I've needed a Jeremy, a Ben, a Gareth, a Val, a Rachel, a Fiona, a Ray, our brilliant Youth and Children's Team, and many many others too numerous to mention, but you know who you are and I am extraordinarily grateful to you for all of your love, support, guidance and friendship.

It's also been a time of great change and upheaval in my own life, and I will never forget how amazing you have all been in walking with me on this journey. I leave a more complete person, and take with me the things I have learned with you, and put them into practice in a new place of ministry.

Over the last three years we've seen the development of Messy Church, the changing face of Youth Café (of which a newly revamped version is anticipated before the end of the year), successful Youth Kaf in Tickton; many dads bringing young children along to 'Me & My Dad' breakfasts, ten Gruffalo Family Days (I had to count those back carefully!); innovative work has gone on with Minster Primary, Woodmansey, Tickton, Molescroft, Swinemoor, Keldmarsh, St Nics, St Mary's, High School, Grammar and Longcroft, including REaction and Experience Christmas, Easter, Pentecost events; All-age has developed (puppetry, and Jeremy, will never be the same again!); we've worked closely with Beverley Town Council on Wednesday Market events; many of our young people from Emmaus, Cre:8, Damascus and our choristers have been confirmed, and just this last month a fifteen year old was baptised, among many, many other things! This is not to pat myself or ourselves on the back, just to remind us of the wonderful and varied ministries possible when God pulls teams together and inspires them. God is truly amazing, and it's been humbling to be a part of these things.

As I move on to become Childrens and Families Missioner for the Birmingham Diocese, I leave with so much love in my heart, respect and gratitude, and a renewed desire to serve. On behalf of Lisa and myself: Thank you, thank you, thank you. You are in my thoughts and my prayers, and should you ever be passing Birmingham, there will always be a coffee-stop / bed for the night. The Parish Centre will have my contact details, keep in touch!

Bless you, Emily



SAINT LUKE'S WORDS ABOUT JESUS - 7

Of all the miracles of Jesus, only one is recorded in all four Gospels - the feeding of the five thousand. There is one other miracle which occurs in John, Mark and Matthew but which is absent in Luke - Jesus' walking on the waters of lake Galilee.

The feeding of the five thousand (or two such feedings, if you rely on Mark and Matthew) is an event in the life of Jesus which has been loved by theologians and preachers throughout the whole existence of the Church. It has generally been seen as both a response by Jesus to an immediate need, but also as an opportunity for a challenge to the believers, in this case the apostles - how can Christ and His followers in all ages meet the needs of the world? The challenge is most detailed in Mark, but individualised in John, where it is one apostle, Philip, who is given the question, for reasons which even the greatest scholars have never managed to discern. But all seem to agree on the Jewish significance - the prophesied banquet of God and his people in the final age. Luke, the most gentile of the evangelists leaves out the reference in all the others to the 'green grass' on which it was prophesied that all the sharers in God's banquet would be able to sit.

Luke's account of the feeding is considerably different in detail from that in Mark and Matthew. As is often the case, Matthew provides what is principally an abbreviated version of Mark but Luke has some quite significant variations. He includes the fact of Jesus welcoming the crowd and teaching them about the Kingdom.

None of the three 'Synoptic' Gospels make reference to the 'boy with a picnic' which John alone supplies! This, along with the naming of the disciples involved and also the consequence of the 'feeding' - that the crowd wish to make Jesus king - makes the feeding narrative far more important in the whole of John's Gospel story. However, there is the interesting agreement in all the accounts of the quantity (and variety) of food, although New Testament theologians wonder about differing sizes of basket for the leftovers - they so often seem to need to have something to worry about!

Although it is not in Luke, we might briefly consider the second 'feeding' in Mark and Matthew. All I would want to point out that is that it is the numbers that seem to matter to the Evangelists. Fewer people are fed, needing a larger amount of food -- and there is less left over. You might like to puzzle out the 'why' of this -- and let me know the answer! Finally, on this miracle, look out when

you are in Bridlington for a café called '5 and 2'.

Luke has another nature miracle that occurs only in his Gospel. This is the miraculous catch of fishes which, in Luke, leads to the calling of the first disciples. Matthew and Mark record the same act of calling, but place it on the lake edge, where the disciples-to-be are mending their fishing nets. Luke places Jesus in the boat to preach to a crowd on the shore and the miracle comes when the disciples (unwillingly) obey Jesus' command to go fishing. There is however a strange parallel to this miracle in John's Gospel. There are enough coincidences to be certain that the stories are related. However John's miracle is an appearance of the risen Christ at the very end of the Gospel. Christ instructs the disciples, who are already fishing (unsuccessfully). John also gives the information that this time the net doesn't break -- and the odd number 153 for the number of fish caught. The most important connection between the stories is the involvement of Peter. Luke's miracle leads to Peter's call and commission; John's leads to the restoration of the penitent Peter. The whole complex has kept New Testament scholars occupied for two millennia, the more so in recent times when the authenticity of the final chapter of John has been repeatedly questioned. One of the most telling reasons for this is that John 20 provides a perfectly adequate ending for the Gospel. On the other hand there is no manuscript evidence for John minus chapter 21.

There is one other 'nature' miracle common to the first three Gospels -- the stilling of the storm. The odd thing here is how different the three accounts are. First, Mark and Matthew relate the voyage as having to do with Jesus seeking for relief (or escape) from the crowds following him. Luke simply introduces it with what might be best translated as 'One day...'. For him, it is not the fact of the miracle but Jesus' response to it that produces the fear in the disciples, which ends the story. In other ways, a few phrases occurring in Matthew, but not in Mark, seem to emphasize the dependence here of Luke on Matthew, rather than on Mark. Otherwise we are left with the feeling that this miracle was firmly embedded in the earliest traditions about the life of Jesus - but the Evangelists weren't quite sure what to make of it.

Next time we look at how Luke deals with the events leading up to the Crucifixion.

Terry Munro

THE S.P.A.C.E. BUS



This summer the Beverley Schools' Christian Trust had a wonderful project involving a double decker bus.

The focus of the activities within the bus were around "Change and moving on ...". Weeks of prayer and preparation had taken place in the planning of the activities, to stimulate the children and encourage them to express themselves freely.

Within the bus were varied areas of activity. One involved a large circular mirror, and the children were encouraged to sit around the mirror and reflect on what they would like to celebrate in their lives. One by one they said their celebration sentence out loud and sprinkled a handful of confetti into a bowl of water. One child responded,

"I want to celebrate my friendships"

Another group wrote the amazing qualities and talents they each possess on golden stars and hung them up for all to see and appreciate,

"I am me and no-one can change that".

There were butterflies for each child to decorate as they were given the opportunity to talk to an adult about how their life was changing as they grew.

The Big Question Area concentrated on "Why? Who? What? How? And If Only?"

Their big question could be written and hung up, for example "If I could ask God one question, what would that be?" I think most adults including myself, would find that a challenge. But we have lost the gifts the children have to think in an innocent and open way in our questioning. Jesus treasured children and encouraged them to come to him and listen and for us to see them as an example of how to approach God.

Other areas of the bus were there to encourage the children to talk about their hopes and dreams, with some astonishingly thought-provoking replies. Prayers and other thoughts were written on postcards and sent to a God who loves them, sees and hears their hopes and dreams, and cares for them.

The name of the project was the S.P.A.C.E. Bus, which stands for Social, Personal and Christian Exploration. There were very positive responses from the children, their teachers and the volunteers from the five local churches who manned the bus.

Funding was thanks to the Local Authority and support of the Beverley Schools' Christian Trust. Beverley Minster has been happy to include BSCT in their Mission Giving as part of our outreach to the local community and working with churches and schools in the area.

I must thank Cathy Beynon, who worked on this project, for the information and permission to quote the children.

If you want to hire the bus for your school, you should contact Emily Finch (details on www.busstop.org.uk and www.bsct.org.uk)

Valerie Sargent
Beverley Minster Mission Action Group



FROM THE ARCHIVES



There is usually some mention of holidays and travel in the parish magazines and especially as I am now concentrating on the 1950s, a few years after the war when people were able to afford a few luxuries and treats such as days out or a week away. Whilst we were 'island hopping' on the Scottish Isles this year we went to a Sunday morning service at the parish church of the Isle of Coll. The Locum Minister was the Rev. Alex Stuart from a parish in Glasgow enjoying 4 weeks on the island (Coll does have a golf course) whilst leading Summer worship for parishioners and visitors.

In the September 1950 magazine, the report from Tickton mentions that the Vicar had been on an exchange of parishes with the Vicar of Lower Brixham in Devon. (This was probably the Rev. Sparrow from Hornsea parish who had been leading worship at Tickton to help out). Apparently he reported that it was a shock to come back and find the church wall knocked flat by 'a motor which skidded and hit one end with the bonnet, spun round and hit the other end with the luggage boot. Fortunately no one was hurt.'

Summer Camp with the thriving Minster Scout troop always brought a good report by the Scoutmaster. I had just been reading about the camps in the September magazines of 1950 and 1951. Their motto of 'being prepared' was the subject at our recent 'All Age Service' Our Rev. Gareth gave a talk on the bible reading Luke 12: 32-40 about being prepared and having God on board for our Christian journey and how B.I.B.L.E. stands for Basic Instruction Before Leaving Earth! However, as the parable is rather obscure, Emily and donkey gave a modern interpretation using the Scouts who were very good at being 'well prepared' after their excellent training. The 1950 camp was held in the grounds of Dalton Hall with trips to Sledmere, Garton on the Wolds and a Scouts Own Service at Camp. Visitors Day involved a special Camp Fire where friends and parents 'were initiated into the mysteries attendant upon the decease of one, Black Crow, the ancient chant of 'Ging-gan-gooli' and the Troop Song and Troup Yell, as well as many others'.

It was an extremely wet summer camp in 1951 for the 4th Beverley (Minster) Boy Scouts.

Goulton Grange near Swainsby, on the edge of the Cleveland Hills in North Yorkshire was the site and a lot of outings and activities had to be abandoned. The highlight of the week, though entirely unplanned, turned out to be the Church Parade at Swainsby, the Vicar, himself being a Scout. The special service went so well with the singing of well known hymns, enhanced by the choir boys who are members, that the Troop were persuaded to return to the Church to sing a few more hymns! This was followed the next evening by a full-dress camp-fire with a nearby scout camp, the Vicar and villagers. The Scoutmaster, Trevor Hopkinson, praised the troop for the way in which they kept going and maintained a cheerful spirit throughout the heavy rain. The eighth Scout Law certainly seems to have been well and truly digested by them: "A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties". On the Shetland Isles there is a notice which says there is no such thing as bad weather, just inappropriate clothing. So we must remember to be prepared for our walk with God.

Sally George



BEFORE AND AFTER

Sally George spotted that Andrew Gomersall, the Minster Stonemason, had posted some photos of his work on Facebook.

He said, "My 4th and 5th full pinnacle renewals on Beverley Minster were all done in time for our big day."

He married Kim Alexandra Craig on Saturday 13 August in the Minster.

Sally says: "Apparently I introduced them at Salsa classes over 7 years ago, so I am responsible!"

CURATE'S CORNER

GARETH ATHA

I have recently entered into the realms of conducting two weddings on a Saturday. This is peanuts as far as some churches are concerned, and fairly normal practice in our church. The thing which strikes me most about weddings is how different they all are. There are similarities of course: elaborate bridal dresses, nervous grooms, large wedding cars, befuddled bridesmaids. Of course, the words of the service are the same as well. But some weddings are large and some are small. Some wedding have guests who really raise the roof with the hymns, and some have so few singers that I sing All things bright and beautiful solo. Each wedding is as unique as the couples involved, and behind each wedding is a story. Fortunately for us clergy, we get to learn a little of that story.

We never know what the future holds of course, but for the time they are with us, our wedding couples are one another's world, despite the nerves and the stress of the final few days before to the ceremony. I am always struck by the fact that when our couples say their declarations, where they publicly affirm their intention to marry one another, they vow to love one another, in the future. That's a scary thing to do, because the future could hold anything and a vow has been made to keep love alive despite what the world throws at the couple.

For those of us who are married, maybe we remember when we made this same vow, and we could reflect on how we have kept that vow. For those who have lost loved ones, perhaps we could reflect on the years that the love was kept alive.

What we are asking our couples to do at this special moment in the service is to keep the faith with one another, because love is founded on faith. That is why, when faith in a lover or partner is shaken for any reason, it is devastating. We are asking our couples to move beyond the high feelings of their wedding day and reach into the stuff of life, in all its goodness as well as its badness, its highs and its lows, and to find the strength to keep the faith in one another alive.

I have had a discussion with someone who has found that their faith hasn't survived the test of time. Their faith wasn't with a lover or partner, but with God. God had somehow let them down, or at least that's how they felt. I wonder whether God really had let them down or whether this person had simply given up on God. I wondered whether they had allowed the relationship to fizzle out and die. God isn't an easy person to be in a relationship with, but then, aren't the best relationships the ones that are also, at times, the hardest to bear? Marriage isn't easy; couples have to decide day by day and hour by hour to remain married to one another. The same is true with our relationship with God. We have to decide, day by day and hour by hour, to remain in relationship with him. We have to decide to keep the relationship alive.

How we do that will be as individual as we are, because all our relationships are different. They may have the same elements, in the same way that the weddings that we do here at the minster all have the same elements. However there will be much that makes our relationships with him unique. It is these things that we must focus on to keep those relationships alive. Are you someone who feels close to God? Relish that closeness. Are you someone to whom God seems distant, but always there none the less, explore the distance and explore also what it means for you as you walk with him. Perhaps God seems like he's always been there, and perhaps he seems to be gone and then come back. However you experience your relationship with god, take time over the next month to discover what it is that makes your relationship with him unique. Then choose to hang onto those factors, because they are very precious.

Our wedding couples may have life long marriages, some may not. Either way we send them away from church with a prayer for God's blessing, and leave the rest up to him, and to the couples themselves. For us, there is no divorce from God, no trial separations or "conscious uncoupling" from him. There is only the daily decision to be in a relationship, or not. To be a person of faith, or not. This is the decision we make every day. What has your choice been today?

May God bless and keep you always.

WOULD I STOOP SO LOW?

(poet unknown)

See how he has stripped off His cloak of divinity
And girded Himself with the apron of a servant
slave,
See Him stoop down to wash away all the
obscenity_
The dirt of sin we have picked up from the road
of life;
Sin, symbolised now in the washing of our dirty
feet.

Kneeling, He looks with love into our wondering
eyes
And may speak our name and whisper a special
word,
Unique to each one of us; a word of grace, a
precious prize,
To give encouragement and hope, and to lead us
on to serve
And to live that life of love which He so freely
shares.

No lower can He stoop to serve us with His love
And minister to the victims of this earthly strife;
The voiceless ones, the broken ones, the hopeless
and despised.
Our Lord Sustainer, who comes to meet our
every need
Has no love of status, no pride in power or high
position.
Money and possessions have no place in Him
Who left His Father's side to be now in apron
clad,
That linen cloth of his humility, our selfless God
Who calls us now to give our hearts to serve,
And to be His love in this very hurting world.

But Oh, would I stoop so low to serve like him?
To be His love to those He holds so dear,
The rejected ones, and scoffed at ones,
And the 'underclass' so oft called dim?

Oh Lord, free me from this wretched pride of self
And lead me to where you would have me be.
Help me to serve you now and, with your
humility,
That at the last, I may come to see you face to
face
And humbly kneel to worship you for all eternity.

MN

THE REGISTERS OF BEVERLEY MINSTER

Published SEPTEMBER 2016

Baptisms

At Beverley Minster

26 June 2016	Finley Rex Chapman
26 June 2016	Finley Paul Best
26 June 2016	Libby Jemima Crawford
26 June 2016	Edward Grant Healey
26 June 2016	Ruby-Leigh Rose Robinson
10 July 2016	Belle Elizabeth Strawhorn
10 July 2016	Joshua Maxwell Nicholson
24 July 2016	Annabel Jean Smith
24 July 2016	Ethan George Benson
24 July 2016	Kallen Gordon Eric Moulson
24 July 2016	Summer Kim Ida Touray-Smith
24 July 2016	Bailey Alan Smith
07 August 2016	Sacha Cook

'Thanksgiving for the gift of a Child' at Beverley Minster

17 July 2016	Sophia Mary Dixon
31 July 2016	Sebastian James Gray

At St Paul's, Tickton

24 July 2016	Madeleine May Hague
10 August 2016	Ella Grace Gibson

Weddings

At Beverley Minster

02 July 2016	Joseph Albert Lambert & Amy Annie Ophelia Albudri
02 July 2016	Antony Richard Moore & Jessica Rachael Pinkney
09 July 2016	Simbarashe Gift Magwenzi & Kayleigh Louth
16 July 2016	Ellis Paul Robinson & Samantha Claire Booty
06 August 2016	Christopher John Shields & Chloe Louise O'Connor
06 August 2016	Jay Samuals & Leanne Marie Warcup
13 August 2016	Alex Perkin & Deborah Ann Levitt
13 August 2016	Morgan Marjan Leskiewicz & Michelle Whitaker

Wedding Blessing at Beverley Minster

13 August 2016	Andrew Gomersall & Kim Craig
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Funerals

22 June 2016	Rodney (Rod) William Mackey	(79)
24 June 2016	John Bielby	(84)
04 July 2016	Vera May Robinson	(96)
06 July 2016	Jennifer (Jenny) Ann Standing	(77)
14 July 2016	Alice Watkins	(97)
15 July 2016	Valerie Leighton	(80)
21 July 2016	Wendy Powell	(71)
26 July 2016	Christine Ann Oglesby	(73)
26 July 2016	Ray Walker	(80)
10 August 2016	Bronwyn Hinch	(76)
16 August 2016	Joan Rangeley	(84)

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

MINSTER MAINTENANCE

High Roof Repairs

If you have been looking up at the Minster high roofs lately you will have noticed various scaffolding covering large areas of lead roofs. These scaffolds have been erected by B & A Scaffolding of Hull, so we can access various holes and splits in the Minster roof lead. Lots of leaks have been located and repaired this summer. These repairs are a constant on-going job due to lead roof coverings now at the end of their life. Some of the lead is two hundred years old! The Church and the Minster Old Fund are working tirelessly together to raise funds for a programme of lead renewals.

Steve Rial & Paul Hawkins

Examples of holed and cracked lead before and after repair.



**Beverley
Minster**
MAGAZINE



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