

ST TERNAN'S SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL
CHURCH MUCHALLS

MAGAZINE

October 2018



Sunday Service 10.30a.m.

Scottish Charity No. 023264

www.stternans.co.uk

THE WAY I SEE IT: What is 'health'? Canon David Winter

This summer we've been celebrating the 70th anniversary of the National Health Service. I can recall, years ago, my GP pointing out that it was the National *Health* Service, not the National *Illness* Service. This was when our local practice changed its name from 'Medical Centre' to 'Health Centre'. It seems a pedantic point, but in fact it touches on a huge issue. What is 'health'?

In the Gospels the healing miracles of Jesus are sometimes called 'cures' and sometimes 'making well or whole'. These are attempts by the translators to convey a difference in the nature of what had happened. People who had 'conditions' (blind, lame, infirm) were 'cured'. Those with serious illness were often said to be 'made whole'. When Jesus was faced with ten people with leprosy, nine were described as 'cured' and one - the Samaritan who came back in gratitude, was 'made whole' (Luke 17:19). So was the woman with a long-term haemorrhage, who touched the hem of the Lord's garment: 'your faith has made you whole (well)' (Luke 8:45).

This suggests that 'health' is more than being free of sickness. Indeed, it seems to imply that health relates to *our whole life experience* - to be truly healthy, we are 'well' mentally, physically and spiritually. I think I would go further: I have ministered to people who were desperately ill but in the deepest sense of the word radiantly 'healthy'. That may sound odd, but just as 'peace' is not simply the absence of war, so 'health' is not just the absence of illness. I suspect many of those working in the NHS know the truth of that.



Elizabeth Green
24th February 1924 - 22nd August 2018

Elizabeth Green died on the 22nd August 2018. I attended her funeral which was held in Christ Church Morningside Edinburgh on Friday the 31st August 2018.

Lovely Church; very ornate and every window has stained Glass. When I arrived, the organist was already playing. This was Elizabeth's son Michael playing the organ for his mother's funeral. Very Rev Susan MacDonald conducted the service. Susan is also the Dean of Edinburgh Diocese. Some of you may remember that Susan was Rector of the "Tartan Kirkie" St Mary's in Aberdeen and was a leading light in the LCM (Local Collaborative Ministry) There were approx. 50 people in the congregation. I am afraid to say I only knew Michael, Cooty, (one of Elizabeth's daughters), and Susan the Rector of Christ Church Morningside.

Her Son Michael gave the Eulogy

Elizabeth was born 24th Feb 1924 in North Wales, she died aged 94. Loved the hills and the open air, and Elizabeth was a very keen Gardner. Not sure what she thought of me when we turned the veg garden into a car park. She also loved bridge and reading books.

Elizabeth studied medicine at St Andrew's University, where she met her husband David who was also a doctor. However, Elizabeth specialized in anaesthetics and even at the age of 50 was adding to the qualifications she already had. In their working career they lived in Dundee.

On retirement Elizabeth's husband became a priest and was rector of St Ternan's from 1979 to 1988.

On David's death Elizabeth bought a house in Muchalls, and I thoroughly enjoyed the Bible Study sessions we had there, with a mixture of Catholics, Methodists, Church of Scotland and Episcopalians all taking part.

When she was less able Elizabeth moved to a small flat in Stonehaven, attending St James's. When you visited her, she was always interested in what was happening at St Ternan's. Unfortunately, 3 years ago Elizabeth suffered a stroke and never regained consciousness and was in a home in Edinburgh close to her family.

Elizabeth was a wise, kind, intelligent lady who will be missed by us all. May Elizabeth rest in peace and rise in glory.

George Masson

Grow an attitude of gratitude- *The Rev Tony Horsfall*

Harvest is a time of thanksgiving to God for all His provision for us. It is good to cultivate a grateful heart, and studies have shown that people who practise thankfulness tend to have a more positive outlook on life, be more optimistic about the future, and are generally healthier than those who do a lot of grumbling and complaining.

On one occasion Jesus met a group of ten lepers (Luke 17:11-19). They called out to Him in a *loud voice*, asking for Him to have pity of them, which He did. He sent them to the priest, and on the way they were healed. However, only one of them returned to give thanks to Jesus, and he was a Samaritan. He threw himself at the feet of Jesus and thanked Him, giving praise to God in a *loud voice*.

It occurs to me that most of us make a loud noise when we are in need of help, but we are much quieter about giving thanks. We are not inhibited when making our needs known to God, but how many of us make a point of giving Him thanks when we have received His help? Do we sing His praises loudly? Do we give clear testimony to what the Lord has done?

Why not try and cultivate the discipline of gratitude in your life? Make it a rule to thank anyone who helps you in some way, or who encourages you. Let them know you appreciate them. Review each day before you sleep, reminding yourself of every good thing that happened, and offering your thoughts to God as a prayer. Introduce a short time of giving thanks in your church service. In your home group have a time of praying short, sentence prayers of gratitude to God. Keep a gratitude diary. Rather than focus of what you don't have, or what has gone wrong, train your mind to focus on what you do have, and what has gone right. You will be surprised at the difference it can make.



Our Harvest Festival Service will take place on Sunday 14th
October at 10.30am

Diary of a Momentous Year: October 1918 - *Canon David Winter*

October 1918 was the month when both sides, in their different ways, decided that they had had enough war. The Germans, following their defeat at Amiens, no longer had any hope of a strong negotiating position in peace talks, let alone victory. Their economy was struggling, and morale was low. The Allies, now sure of final victory, wanted it all over without further disastrous casualties. The politicians, fearful for their own futures, wanted time, but the generals were now calling the shots. The time had come for a ceasefire, then let the negotiating begin.

The military won this battle, at least. The word 'Armistice' was banded around: not a treaty, but simply (as the Latin word suggests) as a laying down of arms. The three most influential national leaders on the Allied side agreed, and the Germans and their dwindling band of associates had no choice but to go along with the solution. An Armistice was agreed for a memorable date: the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year. Following preliminary discussions, a negotiated treaty would be finalised at Versailles in the following January. Compared to Brexit, that is express progress!

The Armistice was, in some ways, simple. The guns would go silent, killing would cease from that designated hour. The Versailles negotiations, on the other hand, would be complex, though somewhat simplified by the fact that the Germans came naked to the table. They were desperate to save their land from occupation, whatever the cost. In fact, it cost them £6.6 million in reparations (probably about six billion pounds today).

Each of the Allies had important items for the peace agenda. France wanted Alsace-Lorraine restored to French sovereignty, and the Rhineland demilitarised. Britain wanted German military power negated and problems in the Middle East solved. The Americans wanted democracy restored and the will of the people recognised throughout Europe. The three leaders – David Lloyd George and Presidents Clémenceau and Woodrow Wyatt agreed about most of the agenda, including the carving up of The German colonial empire in Africa. Peace would come at last, but not, as one wise man observed, the 'kiss of peace'.



El Quesir Revisited - or Morag's Summer Hols

Those of you who avidly read the St Ternan's newsletter will perhaps remember a short article this time last year in which I recounted my volunteering holiday in ElQuesir, Egypt. To be accurate the Roots camp is about 15 miles north of the town of El Quesir on the Red Sea coast.

Well, we went and did it again!

My husband and I, very fond of a bit of heat decided to return to our summer camp for four weeks of sun, sand and sea. For those of you who didn't see the previous article, or who can't remember it - your erstwhile organist and her husband, Pete, spent a month last summer clearing coral reefs of plastic waste- mainly fishermen's lines caught and discarded in colourful, living, coral, which is then mainly killed off by said trapped fishing lines- unintentional, of course, but causes these life-giving creatures to be strangled and stop providing sanctuary and sustenance for many sea beings.

So, there we were - ready to do it all again! The first morning in and Morag noticed that the middle finger of her right hand looked bigger than usual. A lot bigger, in fact practically the size of a small courgette! Although it was bright red not green.... Not good, she thought! Our employers concurred, and I was given readily available pills and potions. "Poisonous ant bite" was the verdict.

By lunchtime, however, the red-throbbing courgette-finger was turning a blue-black colour and Morag was not happy! "To the hospital" they cried. And so, it was.

An hour later in an accident and emergency department swarming with locals bruised and bandaged, the Egyptian doctor congratulated me on my team's victory. You will note that this excursion took place at the beginning of July when England were still in the World Cup. I couldn't help myself and despite the blue-throbbing courgette finger I informed the doctor that I was Scottish, not English. "Ah," he replied, knowingly "Alex Ferguson!"

But to more serious matters. I was promptly wired up to intravenous antibiotics which very soon rendered my finger into a very presentable pink broad bean pod- I was on the mend!

Just as well. We had our work cut out for us. In addition to diving/snorkeling, cutting away the masses of abandoned fishing line on the coral reefs, we had been "invited" to rescue the local school. Whilst private schools are well funded, public schools are anything but. Only the very basics are provided. Even then no public sector department is responsible for repairs- as Pete said when he looked at the school furniture- "I've put better wood on the fire!" Along with other volunteers we set about repairing broken desks, chairs and tables. Hammering, gluing, nailing and varnishing. My finger just had to get better!

Power-washing the school "facilities" and white-washing walls- all in a day's work. One of the local teachers, we were told, had been given a verbal warning by the headmaster because she had dared to clean her classroom.... Different mores indeed...

Husband's evenings were spent painting (as in artistic not as in decorating). By the end of our stay the camp had acquired several sea-themed art works- the smallest measuring 4foot but 3 foot. Jellyfish, sharks, stingrays- if it swam in the Red Sea Pete could paint it!

As for myself, I gathered discarded bottle tops from the beaches, covered each one with fabric remnants (old clothes) and turned 61 of them (precisely) into a useable mat. Then another 61, then you get the picture!

All in all, we left the place a bit prettier for the workers, and cleaner and more conducive to learning for the children, and the coral healthier.

Til next year!

Morag Hill



Psalm 121 – the God who knows and cares - *The Rev Paul Hardingham*

A man asked a friend about the two greatest problems in the world. The friend responded, *'I don't know, and I don't care!'* *'You got them both!'* the man replied.

Psalm 121 presents a God who both knows and cares about our problems. As the first Song of Ascent (Psalms 120-134), it was used by pilgrims going to the great festivals in Jerusalem. Just as this road was full of dangers, this psalm speaks to our problems and set-backs, whether illness, family or work issues, or fear.

Where do we look for help? *'I lift up my eyes to the mountains...My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.'* (1,2). The hills speak of a Creator God, who is bigger than our troubles, for whom nothing is beyond His reach.

What is His care like?

It is constant: 'He will not let your foot slip - He who watches over you will not slumber' (3). God is never off duty in His care, as we are constantly His concern.

It is close: 'The Lord watches over you - the Lord is your shade at your right hand' (5). God is not watching us *'from a distance'* as the songs says! His care operates at close quarters, to take the heat out of situations, or when circumstances are dark and uncertain.

It is continuing: 'the Lord will watch over your coming and going both now and for evermore.' (8). God's care is all encompassing, through life and eternity. We are not immune from difficulties, but in the bigger picture, God will use these in His eternal purpose for our lives. The psalm is fulfilled in Jesus, who has secured eternal life for us.

So let's trust His care for us, and not be like the lady who asked: 'why pray when I can worry?'



Nigel Beeton writes:

I am occasionally writing poems about those who give up their time and their skills to enhance our worship and to make sure that our churches run smoothly. This month I am thinking about our pianists, organists, and musicians. I know you can sing to a CD but most would agree that musicians bring a great deal to Christian worship. My piano teacher plays in church every single Sunday, but he tells me how he has to respond dynamically and skilfully to the congregations, and that is something a CD cannot do. But I also know how long he spends practicing, and how many years of hard work he put in in order to reach a standard where he can play as part of Christian worship.

So, we must tell our musicians how very much we appreciate them, or we will all end up singing to CDs!

The Pianists and Musicians

A long row of black and white keys
You'd think you could master with ease!
But blood, sweat, and tears
And practice for years
Are needed before one can please!

Yes, singers must be in no doubt
Musicians don't simply come out
To support all we singers
With those skilful fingers –
If they did, you know you'd soon shout!

I'm afraid that there's only one way
That these people can skilfully play
In order to wow us
They practice for hours
They practice by night and by day!

Next Sunday, when they have played well
Their music entranced, like a spell
Set aside what you've planned
And go – shake their hand!
They won't know you're glad 'less you tell!



The story behind the HYMN: Stand by me

We've recently mourned the death of the Queen of Soul, Aretha Franklin. So, it is a good time to remember another African American song-writer, Charles Tindley. He not only used his gift to give voice to thousands of people struggling with pain and rejection, he also gave them good reason for hope – in God.

Charles Albert Tindley knew all about hardship and suffering. He was born to a slave father in Maryland in 1851, ten years before the Civil War began. Although his mother was free, she died when he was very young, and so he was raised by his aunt and father. They lived in poverty, and from early childhood he was hired out – 'wherever my father could place me'.

Yet Charles wanted more out of life. As a teenager he taught himself to read and managed to get to night-school. He had become a devout Christian and felt called to the ministry. And so, after completing a seminary course by correspondence, he was ordained a Methodist pastor, and went to Philadelphia. He did not go alone; when just 17 he had married a local girl, Daisy. They would share 56 years of marriage and produce eight children.

In Philadelphia, Charles and Daisy began a small church in a poor section of town. He was quickly noticed – at 6 foot four inches, it was hard *not* to see him! He was a born leader, and his little church soon began to grow.... from nothing to finally 10,000 people. When he spoke, people could hear an authentic voice of painful experience,

and yet always Christian hope as well. Charles knew about poverty and believed Christians should help: his church offered food banks and clothing drives to the local community, as well as a soup kitchen from the church basement. Charles often went out into the streets of his rough neighbourhood, visiting the bars to talk to desperate people about Jesus Christ.

Like Aretha Franklin, Charles knew that most African-Americans felt trapped in hopeless situations, and that they were regarded as second class citizens. So his music urged them to have hope in the love of God, and in His protection for them. This hymn reflects that shining faith.

Stand by me *By Charles A. Tindley*

1. When the storms of life are raging, stand by me;
when the storms of life are raging, stand by me.
When the world is tossing me, like a ship upon the sea,
Lord, who rules the wind and water, stand by me.
2. In the midst of tribulation, stand by me;
in the midst of tribulation, stand by me.
When the host of hell assail, and my strength begins to fail,
Lord, who never lost a battle, stand by me.
3. In the midst of faults and failures, stand by me;
in the midst of faults and failures, stand by me.
When I've done the best I can, and my friends misunderstand,
Lord, who knows all about me, stand by me.
4. In the midst of persecution, stand by me;
in the midst of persecution, stand by me.
When my foes in war array undertake to stop my way,
Lord, who saved Paul and Silas, stand by me.
5. When I'm growing old and feeble, stand by me;
when I'm growing old and feeble, stand by me.
When my life becomes a burden and I'm nearing chilly Jordan,
Lord, the Lily of the Valley, stand by me.



From Peter Smart's last sermon to St James' and St Ternan's

I used to travel a lot when I was working at Aberdeen Business School. One of my regular destinations was China. The first time I went, I probably spent half the flight wondering what kind of third degree I would be put through by Chinese immigration before they let me into their country. Surprise, surprise! There was no third degree, just an inscrutable look at me then at my passport photo, a quick check of my visa, and chop, chop. That was it, all of 30 seconds. Fortunately, I never had any truck from Chinese immigration and customs and frequently I was at the 'meet and greet' point looking out for my driver within half an hour of getting off the plane. After a hair-raising drive I would be at my hotel. It was not unusual to have a meeting set for early afternoon, at the British Embassy or a Chinese university. Between about 10.00 and 12.30, I perfected a routine: take off my travel creased clothes; unpack my business attire; lay on the bed for an hour; have a shower; re-dress and be ready to take on whatever was in my diary. Jet lag? What jet lag?

I used to thrive on the buzz – the crowded streets, the food, the chopsticks, working through an interpreter if my meeting was with a Chinese counterpart, getting some spare time to see the sites. I still love to travel: for me, the journey, people watching and meeting new cultures is as important as the destination.

But I doubt I would ever have been able to take on Jesus, with the itinerary of his three-year earthly ministry. Just think of Mark's account of the start of Jesus' ministry. Baptism in the Jordan. Forty days in the wilderness. By the Sea of Galilee. Capernaum. Throughout Galilee. Back to Capernaum. If we take the urgency of Mark's Gospel as an indication, that must have all been before Thursday lunchtime!

But aren't we all on a journey? May be more than one at a time, depending on the complexity of our lives. I've been on a journey as your Interim Ministry Co-ordinator. And at just over 3½ years, it's lasted a tad longer than the whole of Jesus' earthly ministry.

When Bishop Nigel asked me to take on the role, I willingly accepted because my home church at Montrose had, after only 21 months' interregnum, appointed a new rector. We were to all intents and purposes up to strength in the clergy department, so I could be spared to help and support the congregations at St James' and St Ternan's. I suppose I did agree with a little trepidation. 'What will they be like? Will I get the third degree?' Not even an inscrutable look, as far as I can remember! Just a great and continuing welcome.

What have I learned about you? In both places, there is a relatively small but faithful congregation. What Alice Mann – if you remember her from Mission 21 in the early 2000s – would have described as a 'family church'. You meet together, sometimes eat together, worship together, enjoy social time together. Like all families, there may be the occasional disagreement, posturing, uncertainty about what the future holds. All perfectly natural. It happens in all families.

Both churches wish to see growth, spiritual, in Christian discipleship, in congregational numbers and in giving. Yes: both churches here, along with almost every other congregation in Scotland. Whilst you know where you want to go, you haven't yet found the atlas or handbook that will help get you there. And I doubt you'll find the answer on google, Bing or by asking Alexa! There is unlikely even to be one single answer that will be suitable for both St Ternan's and St James'. Equally I doubt whether either would be able to go it alone unless a generous member of the congregation wins some Euro millions!

There is the issue of age profile of the two congregations. None of us, including me, is getting any younger. Many of us have less energy than we had five, ten, twenty years ago. Some of us want a rest from our jobs around the church, but there is no one to take them on. We've all got to find a way to help them.

Both churches are a credit to the Lord in the ways in which you have recently mended, replaced, modified and refurbished your buildings, tackling problems that many of us would shy away from. You have both been fortunate in attracting grants that have minimised the drain on your financial reserves. You are meeting your duties as trustees of the real estate. But the problem is that, for every pound spent on buildings that's a pound less to put towards ministry. What about your duties as trustees of the spiritual life of the church? Which is your priority?

There's a danger, too, that if just one of your higher givers' leaves, for whatever reason, you may find yourselves in a big financial hole. The income from book browses, coffee mornings and bring and buys, however helpful, won't fill that kind of hole.

Before I depress myself – and you – with what seem to be negative observations, let me turn to the people. After all, church is God's people. It's not the buildings, however much historical and present-day merit they have. Christ taught and preached and healed in the temple. But he also taught and preached and healed on the sea shore, on the mountain, in people's houses. Both churches had to decant to a hall during part of last year – warm, cosy, bringing

people closer to people. Are there ways of making your current buildings even more flexible and reintroducing some of that feeling of cosiness? Or is 'my pew' the overriding consideration?

Until you come to the front of the church to preach, read, pray or make an announcement, you'll never know how difficult it is to engage the whole congregation when you're spread from the two guinea front stalls to the half-crown seats at the back. In the end, it's your choice. All I'm asking you to do is think about some of my observations. If we want to grow, how shall we make newcomers welcome? And can we make even better use of the space we have?

Now, let me make one of my most positive observations of this valedictory rant! Both congregations are truly blessed with hard working people – from the cleaning squad and the flower 'girls' to those who stand up here week after week, leading, reading, praying, preaching, celebrating the Eucharist or administering Communion from the reserved sacrament, many multi-tasking. You are an asset to the Lord. Without you, neither church would be able to continue with its current diet of worship and activities. A family is small enough to support one another, to encourage and cajole, to discuss and find ways forward to the benefit of all. As a family church, that includes you!

So, may I offer one further thought? You are both families within God's family, presumably with a common goal to love and serve the Lord, albeit using different liturgical approaches. I would ask both congregations to consider whether there are more things you might be doing together, to ease the burden on you all. Look after, be kind and loving to one another. I say this because the church is not always the kindest place to be. Sometimes our processes and support for those in ministry are lacking in compassion or in rationality. I bear the scars. I've taken some knocks – no, not from any of you, thank God, but from something that happened at the centre of the SEC. Without going into any detail, in late 2015 I was minded to

leave the SEC altogether. Why did I not? Because I cared too much for you – both at St James' and St Ternan's – and felt your need was greater than a blow to my ego.

Now, as you know, I feel called back to Montrose and Brechin. Not through any dissatisfaction with you. Quite the opposite. But I feel that some of my colleagues in those churches possibly now need more support than you do. In conclusion, let me just say two things. One, I am truly disappointed that together we have not been able to find a way of achieving a more permanent priestly or pastoral presence here. Like you, I haven't been able to see the way forward. Then, nor could Nigel, or Francis, or Kerry. Let us pray fervently that

Bishop Andrew will be guided by the Holy Spirit to help you discern a way forward. I shall watch with a keen eye and will celebrate with you if he does, you do.

Second, I wish to re-affirm what I have already said several times before. I shall remain a key advocate for both churches in any discussions and debates in the wider diocese and beyond. If you ever feel you want any help, just let me know. God bless you all and thank you for your support and love and friendship over the past 44 months. I shall miss you. Amen

Farewell

Whose fault is it, anyway?

In a small town a businessman put in planning permission to build a nightclub complete with dancing girls. The local church started a vigorous campaign to block it from opening. The church launched a petition and held prayers in public. Work progressed, however, right up until the week before opening. Then one night a bolt of lightning strike hit the nightclub and it burned to the ground.

The church members were rather smug after that, until the nightclub owner sued them all - on the grounds that they were responsible for the fire. Loudly protesting their total non-involvement and innocence, the church members were all taken to court.

As the case began, the judge looked over the paperwork and observed: 'I don't know how I'm going to decide this. It appears that we have a nightclub owner who believes in the power of prayer, and an entire church congregation that doesn't!'



What the UK Church looks like in 2018

The church is both declining and growing! There are 270 different denominations in the UK, 95 of which exist in Scotland. For simplicity these are put into 10 groups, the three largest of which are the Anglicans, Catholics and Presbyterians. Between them, these three Churches account for one fifth, 20%, of all the denominations. But sadly, three-fifths, or 60%, of all the members, and of all three Churches, are declining.

Two smaller groups, the Baptists and the Methodists are also declining. Together, they represent 4% of the denominations and 7% of the members.

That leaves five groups: the Independent Churches (such as FIEC and the Brethren), New Churches (such as Vineyard and Newfrontiers), Orthodox, Pentecostals and the Smaller Denominations (such as the Salvation Army, Quakers, Seventh-Day Adventists, all the many immigrant churches, and so on). Each of these five groups is *growing* in membership terms. They account for 76% of the UK's denominations but only 33% of church members. Unfortunately, the decline by the larger denominations is too great to be offset by the growth.

The faster growing denominations fall into roughly three equal groups:

1) *Immigrant churches* (especially Poles, Romanians, and Filipinos and Koreans in England and Chinese in Scotland). Most of the Poles are Roman Catholic; many of the Romanians are Orthodox, but the others are mostly Evangelical.

2) *The Pentecostal churches*, which are mostly Black, although welcoming all nationalities. The largest of these is the Redeemed Christian Church of God [RCCG] (planting 800 churches in the UK in the last 20 years). The RCCG uses a mantra straight out of Nigerian bush country, "Plant a church within 10 minutes walking distance" (of where people live), which is equivalent to about a ½ mile circle.

3) *Other growing denominations* include Hillsong, Churches of Christ, the FIEC, Vineyard, and Messy Church. These churches are planted where there is a need or an opportunity

Seven reasons why our churches need more men

You probably have already guessed that there are more women than men in UK churches. In general, the ratio is about 40 men for every 60 women. Now recent research into this gender imbalance has also found:

1.8 million fewer men than women in the UK say they are practising Christians.

Up to one-third of Christian women overall (and half if they are middle class) will either have to marry a non-Christian or remain single and childless.

54% of single Christian adults say that they haven't dated for at least a year.

More women than men are married to a non-Christian. Over 90% of Christian couples expressed happiness with their marriage, while it was 66% of those in a mixed marriage did so.

Fewer children are growing up in a family with two Christian parents. If current trends continue, only about 16% of today's church's grandchildren will have two Christian parents.

The research was done in the preparation for 7 Reasons Your Church Needs More Men by contributors including: Christian Vision for Men, Ridley Hall Theological College Cambridge, Marriage Foundation, New Wine, Youth for Christ, and Care for the Family.



What is the origin of evil spirits? *Preb Richard Bewes*

Halloween is the month of ghosts and witches and evil spirits. Have you ever wondered where evil spirits come from, and how we are to view the unseen world of evil and occultism?

The Bible tells us that evil spirits come from the created angelic order. They were not created as evil beings, for all of God's creation was good (Genesis 3:1). The Bible tells us that a number of angels, headed by Satan, or Lucifer, rebelled against God's authority and fell (Isaiah 14:12-15; Ezekiel 28:11-19).

The serpent, Satan, is leader of the fallen angels, and opposes himself to God. But evil and good are not co-equal. 'Dualism' (belief in the equal and permanent existence of evil alongside the good) has no place in the Bible. Unlike goodness, evil has a beginning and will have an end. Satan's final destruction is already assured. (Revelation 12:12; 20:10).

The world of the occult (from the Latin: occultus, 'secret', 'hidden') is the intrusion into the forbidden territory of superstition, fortune telling, magic and spiritism. Its downfall is finally assured through Jesus. His early ministry established a bridgehead against the evil unseen world; hence the hostile, and sometimes violent, reaction of the demons. (Mark 1:23-27; 32-34).

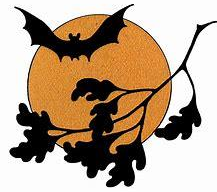
Jesus had no fear of demons, and nor need the believer. It is important that Christians avoid becoming obsessed by the unseen world, to the extent that we become either intimidated, or fascinated. After the showing in London of a film featuring the occult, a number of cinema viewers went for counselling. They were under the impression that

they had been 'taken over' by evil spirits. They had not. All 20 recovered after a course of prescribed tablets. They had only been victims of suggestion. We are wise, then, not to imagine, as some do, that every sin, habit, illness or misfortune is due directly to the activity of the Devil and must therefore be 'exorcised'. Terrible damage has been done in this respect by well-meaning but uninformed Christian leaders.

Faced by Christ's authority, the kingdom of spirits has no option but to shrink and retreat. Magic spells and charms have no power over the true Christian (provided we do not open ourselves to their influence), for 'the One who is in you is greater than the one who is in the world' (1 John 4:4). If we resist the devil, he will flee from us (James 4:7).

All occultism is to be ruthlessly shunned (Leviticus 19:31; 1 Samuel 28; Isaiah 8:19, 20; Acts 19:18-20).

The Bible is quite clear that the demonic world is already doomed and defeated (Colossians 2:15; Hebrews 2:14,15). It is the death of Jesus that has achieved this victory. We are to be confident, but not complacent – for Satan's kingdom has yet to concede its defeat at the Cross. Its final destruction will be at the return of Christ.



Is it Joe or Jo? Amy or Aimee?

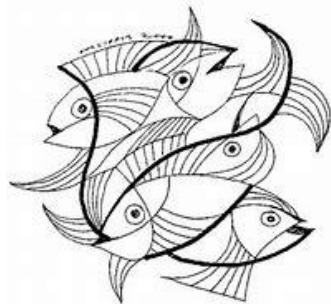
How do you spell popular names for boys and girls? This argument has rumbled on for years. Now a recent YouGov poll has asked the public, and some results point to a swing back to preferring more traditional spellings.

Joe 87 per cent; Jo 4 per cent
John 79pc; Jon 9pc
Mark 78pc; Marc 9pc
Alan 76pc; Allan 9pc
Stuart 55pc; Stewart 21pc
Carl 54 pc; Karl 23pc
Geoffrey 48pc; Jeffrey 28pc
Stephen 47 pc; Steven 29pc
Abbie 47pc; Abbey 12 pc
Amy 79pc; Aimee 10pc
Sarah 72pc; Sara 10pc
Rebecca 83pc; Rebekah 6pc
Claire 66pc; Clare 13pc
Deborah 68pc; Debra 17pc
Theresa 51pc; Teresa 27pc
Catherine 48pc; Katherine 26pc

St. Francis - and the Life of Simplicity

Just about the only thing most people know about Francis of Assisi is that he talked to the birds. Church-goers also know the popular hymn based on his famous prayer, 'Make me a channel of your Peace', which was sung at the funeral of Princess Diana. However, Italy's patron saint, whose feast day is this month (the 4th) was a more complex, and some would say controversial character. His life spanned the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries. He was born into a very wealthy family, but after what he called his 'conversion' standing before a crucifix. He renounced all his possessions. In fact, he stripped himself of his of his wealthy garments in a public square in his home-town, Assisi. For the rest of his life he and his followers, including his feminine counterpart. St Claire longed, prayed and worked for a life of simplicity – a lifestyle without luxury or privileges. For the Franciscan brothers and the Poor Claires. This meant no private possessions at all. Francis saw that many poor people without these things, actually seemed to live happier and more fulfilling lives than the ambitious rich. He spoke of a simple life not shaped by money or power but by love and mutual concern. As his hymn says, 'it is in giving of ourselves that we receive'.

Of course, poverty; in our modern western world is seldom a matter of blissful simplicity, as present-day Franciscans recognise. For too many it is a matter of poor diet, over-crowded rooms, rough sleeping and unemployment. The call of today's followers of Francis and Claire is that those who are better-off should 'live more simply, so that others can simply live'. Christians follow a Master who said that he came with 'good news for the poor'. They believe that many of us today can be that good news.



It is no use
walking
anywhere
to preach
unless
our walking
is our
preaching.

St Francis of Assisi

Whatever happened to ties? - Canon David Winter

I've recently been sorting through some family photographs. What struck me was how easy it was to date them by what people were wearing. My grandmother always wore black, with a crinoline blouse, and had her hair in a bun. I picked up a photo of her in 1945. She looked, to a modern eye, distinctly elderly. Actually, she was in her sixties. But even pictures from more recent times - the sixties and seventies - display how fashions change. The men all wear ties. The women are almost all in skirts (even if mini-skirts!).

As I pondered, I wondered when I first saw someone read a lesson in church wearing jeans and a tee-shirt - let alone the shorts that became universal during our recent hot August. And whatever happened to ties? Even male cabinet ministers don't wear them. On television only, the news readers always wear a tie, perhaps in tribute to Lord Reith's instruction back in the 1920s that those who

read the news bulletins on the radio should wear dinner jackets (even though no-one would see them). As for women wearing hats in church, I noticed that even our prime minister was not wearing one at the service of commemoration of the Battle of Amiens in the cathedral.

It doesn't matter, of course. Fashions have always changed, and it's quite possible that the next change will be towards dignity and formality. Meanwhile we can all cherish our own prejudices. My personal *bête noire* is flip-flops underneath cassocks. I wonder if St Paul had such things in mind when he pleaded for all things to be done 'decently and in order'?





Rock (*Matthew 7:25*)

In the changing seasons,
in the terrifying, changing world
where landscapes are no longer recognisable,
where things spin so quickly out of control,
You are the one still point.
You are unchanging,
always faithful,
always present.

In a world of shifting sands
You are the rock on which I stand,
I am secure in You alone.
You are the rock on which I stand,
Jesus,
My Saviour.

By Daphne Kitching

Ministry Team

Interim Minister: Very Rev Dr Francis Bridger

Tel: 01382 739035

George Masson Tel: 01569 739283

ROTA - OCTOBER 2018

Date:	CELEBRANT/ Pastoral Assistant/ Address/Chalice	Readers/ Intercessions:	Readings:	Sidesman	Cleaning/Flowers Teas
07/10/18 PENTECOST 20	ARMA ILES <i>Sheila Usher</i>	Carl Nelson John Usher Di Driver <i>Sue Selway</i>	GENESIS 2: 18-24 HEBREWS 1: 1-4; 2: 5-12 MARK 10: 2-16	Sue Selway	Sue Manson/ Di Driver Rhoda Nelson
14/10/18 PENTECOST 21 HARVEST THANKSGIVING	JOHN USHER <i>Irene Butler</i>	T.B.A	T.B.A	Jan Horn	Sheila Usher Katie Gill
21/10/18 PENTECOST 22	ROXANNE CAMPBELL <i>Sheila Usher</i>	Carl Nelson Sue Manson Ken Tonge <i>Muriel Hargreaves</i>	ISAIAH 53: 4-12 HEBREWS 5: 1-10 MARK 10: 35-45	Eric Hargreaves	Rhona Vassilikos Carol Masson
28/10/18 PENTECOST 23	GEORGE MASSON <i>Russ Huddleston</i>	Katie Gill Carol Masson Sue Selway <i>Sue Selway</i>	JEREMIAH 31: 7-9 HEBREWS 7: 23-28 MARK 10: 46-52	Carl Nelson	Kathleen Northcroft Peggy Tonge
04/11/18 PENTECOST 24 ALL SAINTS	JOHN USHER <i>Irene Butler</i>	Di Driver Jan Horn George Masson <i>Ken Tonge</i>	ISAIAH 25: 6-9 REVELATION 21: 1-6A JOHN 11: 32-44	Sue Selway	Sue Selway Rhoda Nelson

