

The Quarterly Magazine

St. Mary's, Carden Place

**Harvest
2021**



FROM THE RECTORY

As I write this, I can see that it is raining outside and that the Rectory garden is in dire need of some TLC. The trouble is, time is an issue for all of us these days. On my one day off per week, I would much rather devote myself to reading and little else, however that is never the case. Having to catch up with all of the little jobs around the house takes up the whole day and there is always something that ‘falls off the edge’ and almost always never ends up getting done. In my case it is the garden. Don’t get me wrong, it just needs a good cut and a lot of weeding, and I will, no doubt, get it done over the next week or so when and if we get a break in the weather.

Anyway, enough about my tribulations. I have been very busy since our last quarterly magazine. As most of you will know, we (St Mary’s Vestry Committee) have been extremely busy in making various grant funding applications to help with the ongoing maintenance work at the Church. One of these applications, with ‘Viridor Credits’, has been successful, and thanks to Mrs Freddie Stephens, we have managed to secure just about enough to help with the completion of said works. Freddie worked very hard on this and I am deeply grateful for her astute attention to detail in submitting the application, together with the follow-up questions that came afterwards.

We are also now waiting on approval from ‘outside interested parties’ before we submit a Canon 35 application to the Diocese to further our intention to replace the old carpet in the Choir Vestry with engineered wood flooring. For those of you who do not know what a ‘Canon 35’ approval is, in order for any significant changes to be made to the structure/appearance of a Church, and particularly a listed building as St Mary’s is, there are many hoops to be negotiated before work can commence. Once interested parties, and this includes our congregation, have made any submissions, the complete package, which is comprehensive, is submitted to the Diocesan Building Committee who will then approve/disapprove/advise before anything can be done. We are hopeful that we will obtain the necessary permissions and that this work will go ahead as planned later this year.

We are also awaiting news on an application to the Provincial ‘Recovery and Renewal Fund’ before we begin the same process above for a ‘Peace/Therapeutic’ garden at the front of the Church. So as you can imagine, this takes up quite a bit of admin time, not to mention the odd meeting or two.

Speaking of meetings, I had my first meeting as a member of the Global Partnerships Committee (GPC) for the Scottish Episcopal Church (SEC). I now

have the portfolio for Asia and I will be responsible for overseeing applications for small funding grants to support church projects from this region. The GPC is part of the Mission Board of the SEC.

The first semester at Aberdeen University has commenced and in continuance of my History studies, my first course until mid November, is 'Stewart Scotland 1406-1603'. The reading list is, shall we say, challenging!

It would be naive of me to ignore what has been taking place within our Diocese during the past year, and I am eager to share my views. Bishop Anne has been the subject of some very uncomfortable media attention of late, most, if not all of which, has, in my opinion been totally unjustified. The 'Torrance Report' which was supposed to be confidential until an official release was made, was leaked to the press. This resulted in a barrage of media responses both in newspapers and radio. Who leaked the report we may never know, but the damage caused by this action has not only caused great stress to Bishop Anne and her family, it gave rise to our diocese becoming the centre of some very unwanted attention from outside agencies. When the report was released, as was always promised, central figures named within were hounded via the press and social media. Of course, many of those who made the biggest noise remain anonymous and are able to shield themselves from the intrusion that others have been suffering. You will also be aware that the Very Reverend Dr Dennis Berk, has recently tendered his resignation as Dean of this diocese due to the stress and pressure that this matter has brought to his doorstep. This was indeed sad news to hear, but in writing to Dennis, I expressed my full support for the basis of his decision and that his general health should come first. I know you will join me in keeping Fr Dennis in your prayers.

St Mary's had its first Baptism in a while when young Kevin Abugwu was recently officially welcomed into the Church. It was a joyous occasion for all who attended and Kevin was just absolutely perfect.

During the past few weeks, we have resumed fellowship after our Sunday 10 am services. This has been a welcome return to some state of normality, and it is good to have a sit down and a chat over a cuppa after our services again. Fellowship is also a feature after our 10 am service on Wednesday mornings too.

Dare I say it, but Christmas is fast approaching and we sincerely hope that it will be different from last year, in that everyone will feel more safer and be prepared to relax a little bit more after the necessary restrictions that the Covid pandemic brought to our doorsteps during the past 12-18 months.

My wife Sam and I were having a discussion the other day and realised that in the 3 years we have been in Aberdeen, we have become grandparents to two beautiful girls, Hannah and Harriet in Kettering, and a truly handsome boy, Daniel. In that small space of time our lives have changed considerably. Ok, we haven't seen much of them for a while, and we have yet to see Daniel at all as he lives in Hamburg, but we are making all the necessary plans to put this right.

In conclusion, I would like to reiterate my gratitude to all at St Mary's, and that includes our brothers and sisters from St Andrew's, who work so hard and participate in the life of our Church. The late and great Celtic Football Manager Jock Stein was quoted as saying "football without fans is nothing". How true and apt is that statement when we look back on what our society has had to endure during Covid. We had church doors being closed and locked for several months, which was unheard of in modern times. We then went through a period of limited numbers allowed to attend, together with stringent measures regarding social distancing. We disinfect our hands and greet each other from behind a face mask still, yet, even during these more relaxed times, we are acutely aware of the heartache and loss many have suffered, and this makes us even more determined to see this through. For those whom we have lost and for those who continue to mourn, I pray for you as I have done from the beginning.

I look forward to seeing many of you returning to our services at St Mary's and until then, please stay safe, say your prayers, and know that you are loved.

Blessings Always

Canon Terry

(Photographs thanks to Gillian Rose)



REV. DONALD STRACHAN

An obituary paying tribute to the Rev Donald Strachan, who passed away earlier this year, was published recently in the *Press & Journal* newspaper.

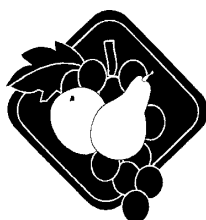
Mr Strachan served as Curate at St Mary, Aberdeen 1962-64. He then became Priest in Charge at St Paul, Aberdeen 1964-66, and served as Chaplain at St Andrew's Cathedral, Aberdeen 1965-68. He was an Itinerant Priest in the Diocese of Moray, Ross and Caithness from 1968 to 1973, then became Rector at St John's in Coatbridge from 1973 to 1985.

He served as Chaplain at HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow 1984-87, and held Permission to Officiate for the Diocese of Argyll & the Isles 1987-2006 and then a Warrant, Diocese of Argyll & the Isles 2006-21.

In 2013, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee of Ordination to the Priesthood with services in the Diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney where he had been ordained and in Glasgow where he had served until retirement.

The *P&J* obituary introduction says: 'We look at the life of the man who loved God, people, railways and chocolate!'

(from *Inspires*)



AUTUMN – A SEASON OF ANTICIPATION AND PRAISES

Psalm 146:1-2

“Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, O my soul!

I will praise the Lord as long as I live;

I will sing praises to my God all my life long.”

I like Autumn and the Harvest festivals very much. I often wonder why? My thinking is that this is one time of the year when our thoughts and prayers turn to thanksgiving to God for those who work the land, the richness of the soil and the right balance of nature's goodness –

thereby, providing a bountiful harvest of crops, grains and flowers. Consequently, the uplifting and joyous hymns and songs that are sung reflect our praise and thanksgiving.

Not wishing to cast a dark cloud over the beauty of harvest but there must be people in our world whose harvests are not plentiful and who will find this season a struggle because without their harvest what do they have to feed their animals and make money to feed their families? Quite often in these situations people praise God even more than those who have plentiful – why you may ask? I believe that is because God may well feature deeper in their crying hearts and thoughts. God is leant on, depended on and in their despair those people will place their lives, livelihoods and hopes for the future on God's shoulders.



My favourite Autumn flowering bulb is the Bowden Lily. It doesn't grow and flower instantly – I walk a journey of anticipation with it as its green leaves start to brown and shoots start to form and grow, flower heads then start to form and once these open there are up to six beautiful pink 'fingers' separating out. The anticipation doesn't stop there because the 'fingers' don't all open out together. From each 'finger' the plant will gradually reveal to the world their secret, their beautiful unique and individual curly edges. Like us, I don't think this flower should be in isolation because amongst the others I have a flowing river of pink beauty.

I gladly share pictures of my Bowden Lily with you all and I give thanks for the opportunity of sharing God's Love through the bringing back to life this once dormant bulb. If God can work such wonders through these bulbs just think what He can do through all His creation – including ourselves.



Margaret R McKinnon

REPORT FROM GLEN 21

I was so happy that we could have Glen this year. Though nothing will beat the real thing, seeing all these wonderful people online and then, briefly, in person for local meet ups and the final church service was a true blessing. It was so nice being in each other's company again and being able to take part in activities in person. Despite the majority of the provincial youth week being on zoom, the sense of community and belonging was unaltered as we enjoyed pizza making, movie night, rounders games and worship together. I am very grateful to all those who had any part in making this week possible. It has been, once again, a highlight of my year.

I am now the Diocesan rep on the Provincial Youth Committee, so if anyone knows of any young person who would like to get involved, please let me know.

Elizabeth Mills

LETTER FROM THE MISSION TO SEAFARERS

‘On behalf of the Mission to Seafarers, thank you so much for the parcel of knitted hats which I have received today, and do please pass on our thanks to anyone who may have contributed in any way. We are so appreciative of such efforts on our behalf and seafarers acknowledge such kindness shown to them when they are able to meet with our chaplains and volunteers, not always having been possible during the pandemic, but seafarers do not forget a kindness shown to them and one seafarer told how on a past visit to our shores he had received a warm handmade gift, a kindness he had not forgotten and was so grateful for.

On the 11th. of July, as I am sure you know, we celebrated Sea Sunday in our churches, a special time when we remind everyone of the commitment given by all who work at sea. The theme often chosen by Ministers on that day is the story of Jonah which reminds us of the many storms facing seafarers not just at sea but also within their own lives. We are reminded of those storms when we hear of seafarers abandoned on vessels in foreign ports, attacked by pirates, being sick, injured or bereaved. It has been a difficult time for everyone over the past year and a half, and seafarers in particular have found not being able to get home to their families when devastating events occur so much harder to bear. They do so much for us, we are there for them. Your support makes our work possible.

We have enjoyed a pleasant summer, but it is always cold at sea so please do keep the knitting needles clicking for us again whenever you are able. You remain, as always, in our prayers.

Jennifer K. Gray

Knitting Coordinator, MTSS

OUR FAVOURITE HYMNS



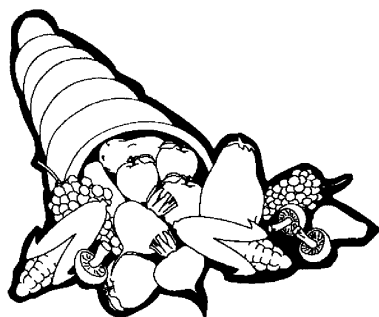
*Come, ye thankful people, come!
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All be safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin.
God our maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied –
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!*

In 1843, while we were having our Disruption up here in Scotland, down in Cornwall the Rev. Robert Hawker decided to hold a special thanksgiving service for the Harvest at his church in Morwenstow. The idea was a popular one, and though it may have been chance it was certainly a happy coincidence that the publication of *Psalms and Hymns* the following year contained, for the first time, *Come, ye Thankful People, Come*.

The author, Henry Alford, was thirty-three at the time, and a man completely embedded in the Church of England. From a family of clergy, he was ordained himself in 1833 and rose by 1857 to become Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, a position he held until his death in 1871. He was in his day a renowned scholar and hymn writer, though none of his other hymns ever reached the popularity of this one.

There are several Biblical references within the hymn – the growing seed from Mark 4 appears in the second verse, and the distinction between crops and weeds from Matthew 13 is the theme of the third verse. In the fourth verse, however, Alford makes the link between harvest and judgement stronger with a reference to Revelation 22, which means that this can be a hymn not only for harvest but also for services connected with redemption, mission, and Pentecost – it also gives it a frisson that is not there in other harvest standards like *We Plough the Fields*.

The tune to which it is nearly always sung today, St. George's Windsor, was originally composed by George J. Elvey for James Montgomery's hymn *Hark! The song of Jubilee*, some years after the publication of Alford's words. When the new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* appeared in 1861 the two were linked for the first time. Elvey named his tune after the Royal chapel where he was organist for forty-seven years. The *Psalter Hymnal Handbook* calls it 'this serviceable Victorian tune ... a foretaste of heaven's glory'. Altogether, a hymn with layers!



THE BOY THAT BROUGHT THE FOOD

I wasn't that happy that Mum made me carry all the food. But then, she was helping Gran, and Hannah, my eldest sister (the bossy one), had Becca, my youngest sister (the whingey one), on her hip, and Simon was keeping an eye on our wee brothers, yelling at them, so it was my job. And it wasn't too hot, a warm spring day, the hills around Bethsaida still green and soft-looking, not dusty the way they get in the summer.

Not that we were that keen on spending the day together. Mum was always grumpy these days, and Gran was getting confused, and Simon was working so hard on the shore, helping the fishermen, that he was always tired and in a bad mood, and the baby was teething. But Mum insisted we were going to have a day out, whether we liked it or not.

Typical Mum. Nobody else around us was carrying much, but she always has to go out as if she's taking a camel train to Jerusalem – we had blankets, and water skins, and a cushion for Gran's leg, and a string to keep the dog out of fights, and some ointment to ward away the insects, and who knows what else. Each of us had a pack over our shoulder. It was just mine that smelled of fish.

Of course, in Bethsaida we get the freshest fish, straight from the lake. Nothing to touch them for quality. Still, I'm glad the weather wasn't too hot, or we'd have had all the dogs in the crowd following us, instead of just our own mutt on his string.

Oh, the crowd – my, you never saw a crowd like it! It was as if the whole of Bethsaida had come out on to the hillside, a whole town up and going.

Thousands, there were. How they all thought they were going to hear anything is beyond me. But I suppose when one person heads out, other people just follow. And the word was going round about that Jesus bloke from Nazareth and the things he said. A couple of our neighbours, people I knew, were actually following him round the place. Not that I expected to hear anything from Jesus. The crowd was much too big. It was just going to be a day for being there, no work to do (apart from lugging the food about), hoping to find a bit of shade to sit in, maybe play a game or two with Simon, try to keep the wee ones amused. A day out, a wee holiday with a picnic.

It was odd, though: that Jesus fellow was really too far away for us to hear anything, but somehow his words seemed to reach us. We heard him talking to people, asking them questions, blessing them – and then we saw people coming back through the crowd with a weird look in their eyes, talking about being healed. Adam who lives along our street, sits and begs in the market place because one of his legs is withered – I saw him dancing! Dancing! His face was all lit up from inside, and the others were the same. Weird.

So the day passed quickly, actually. There was always something to look at, something to listen to. And there was a kind of a feeling about the place – all those people, you'd think there would be noisy groups and people gossiping or arguing, or breaking away to go and do their own thing, but even as the sun began to set no one seemed to be in any hurry to get up and go home. Gran was leaning back against the blankets, her legs on her cushion, the sun on her face, and Mum was smiling at her, laughing at something Becca had said. Hannah was playing with the wee ones, with Simon – our family's never this quiet! It was like some kind of a miracle – a happy miracle.

Then I noticed that some of the blokes who had been down on the shore with Jesus, they were walking round through the crowd, as if they were looking for something. I was just wondering what they were up to now when Mum said,

‘Seth! Might as well get that food out now, do you think?’

‘Yes, come on Seth!’ called Hannah, but she said with a grin on her face. ‘We’re all starving – it’s dinner time!’

But they were all too relaxed to pay much attention to what happened next. I pulled out my pack and opened it, checking to see that the bread and fish hadn’t been too mushed up on the way. And one of Jesus’ men was just walking past at that moment, and I recognised him.

‘Oy, James!’

He lives near us in Bethsaida – well, he did up to recently. He’s old Zebedee’s son – he and his brother John headed off to follow Jesus. He’s only a bit older than me, though. His wee brother’s in the same class as me at the synagogue.

‘Seth!’ James looked over, and I was dead pleased he remembered my name. But then he saw the bread and the fish. ‘Right, lad, you’re with me,’ he said, and grabbed the pack in one hand and my arm in his other and the next thing

I knew he was dragging me through the crowd down to the shore. This is going to be embarrassing, I thought. Am I going to be told off? There'll be people here will know me – it'll be bad tomorrow morning! What does he want me for?

And there, ahead of us, was Jesus.

It was suddenly quite hard to breathe.

James hauled me over to him, all pleased with himself.

'We've a lad here with – let me see – five loaves and two fish!'

'That's not going to go far,' muttered his brother John – I know him too – and James went pink.

'It's a start,' he retorted.

'It is indeed,' said Jesus, turning to me. 'Do you give this willingly, Seth?'

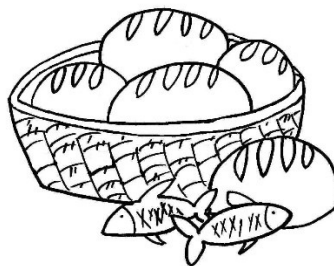
How did he know my name? James hadn't bothered to tell him.

I couldn't say anything, though. I just nodded. I wasn't sure what Mum was going to say when she found her food was gone – but I'd deal with that later. She would be flaming ...

'Right, we'll need some baskets,' said Jesus, and from somewhere they brought up baskets, and Jesus reached into my pack with both hands and murmured something, and then he drew out bread and fish and filled the first basket. And then he did the same with the next one, and the next one, and the next one, on and on. I tried to look into my pack and see where on earth he was getting the stuff from, but it was all a bit foggy in there – I mean, the sun was really sinking now and it was hard to tell, but Jesus just went on reaching in and scooping out food, and you could tell from the noise of the crowd that everyone, all of them, were tucking in and enjoying their supper. Finally the men closest to him sat down on a rug and filled their plates, and Jesus himself turned and smiled at me.

'Thank you,' he said. 'Just what we needed.'

Not that I really heard what he said. The smile was enough.



Later on, when we were all nearly too full to move, Jesus told his followers to do a bit of clearing up, and they took the baskets round again for the scraps. I didn't think there'd be much, but I counted at least twelve baskets coming back full – where had all that come from? But it was a good thing to clear up. After all, the food was great and there were plenty of poor people in Bethsaida who could do with it – no sense in leaving a mess out there on the hillside. And at last I left them to it and took my pack and went back, stumbling through the crowd to find

my family. All the people – so many people, even by then – were slowly packing up to go home, contented smiles on their faces, quietly discussing all that had happened, talking of healing and feeding and Jesus. If I had to give a word to the people I saw – well, it's odd, but I'd have called them refreshed.

And there at last was my lot, with Mum wiping down the wee ones' faces and Hannah shaking out the blankets, and Simon helping Gran to her feet.

'Where have you been?' asked Mum at once. 'Did you not know it was supper time?'

'Seth'll have found food, Mum,' said Simon. 'You know him.'

Hannah stopped folding the rugs and looked at me more closely, as if I had crumbs on my face.

'What's wrong with you? No, wait,' she said. 'There's nothing wrong with you. What is it?'

Simon looked over, then Mum, then Gran.

'He's sort of ... shining,' said Hannah.

'Aye, right,' said Simon, then he looked more closely at me. 'No, you're right. He does look ... right, doesn't he?'

Mum said nothing, but she came over and gave me a hug, as if she thought she'd lost me. Then she took my pack, and looked inside. I held my breath.

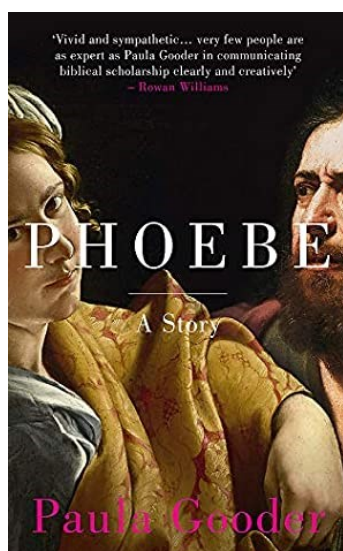
'Plenty of food left,' she said cheerfully. 'That'll do us all for breakfast. Well done for looking after it, son.' And she handed it back for me to carry. But the look she gave me told me she somehow knew what had happened.

Some kind of a miracle. A happy miracle.

L.C.



BOOK REVIEW



Phoebe, by Paula Gooder: Gooder's academic works on Christianity, particularly on the New Testament, are noted for their friendly, approachable tone and this comes into its own here in

a novelised version of the visit of Phoebe, a wealthy deacon mentioned in Paul's letter to the Romans, to Rome. Gooder invents her story but places it in her own scholarly studies of the Roman world at the time and peoples it with likeable, interesting, essentially human characters. Perhaps not a natural novelist, Gooder nevertheless tells a good story with charm. The last 30% of the book – in which, in fact, Gooder is quite happy to admit that she is not a novelist – gives a quantity of fascinating background information and scholarly sources on which she based her story.

ACCOUNTS

July 2021

Income:	3,905
Expenditure:	<u>5,398</u>
Net result for month:	-1,493
Balance unrestricted funds:	50,327
Balance restricted funds:	26,011
Balance at month end:	£76,338

August 2021

Income:	3,442
Expenditure:	<u>7,292</u>
Net result for month:	-3,870
Balance unrestricted funds:	53,623
Balance restricted funds:	36,011
Balance at month end:	£89,634

August 2021

Income:	13,583
Expenditure:	<u>6,417</u>
Net result for month:	7,166
Balance unrestricted funds:	57,493
Balance restricted funds:	36,011
Balance at month end:	£93,504

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Rector: Rev. Terry Taggart 07768 219984 / 01224 588776

Assistant Priest: Rev. Jason Hobbs

Rector's Warden: David Rose

People's Warden: t.b.a.

Vestry Secretary: Elizabeth Smyth

Vestry Treasurer: Lydia Ross

Lay Representative: Nicola Mills

Sacristan: Anne Farquhar

Organist: Matthew McVey

Lunchtime Fellowship: t.b.a.

Protection of Vulnerable Groups Co-ordinator: Graham Thomson

Flower Convener: t.b.a.

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The deadline for the next magazine, our Christmas 2021 issue, is planned to be 20th December. Hard copy when required to Nicola Mills, or telephone 01224 488700, or e-mail to palaeography@aol.com. Thank you!

Your Magazine

You can order your St. Mary's News to be sent to you each quarter by e-mail, or ask for a Large Print version, or ask for any back copies of editions you may have missed. Just contact the Editor!

St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Carden Place, is a charity (Scottish Charity No. SCO 14062).