

GRAPEVINE

No 108

Winter 2015

THE MAGAZINE OF THE DIOCESE OF BRECHIN

The Bishop of Brechin writes:

The Journey

A cold coming we had of it, just the worst time of the year for a journey, and such a long journey: the ways deep and the weather sharp, the very dead of winter. So wrote T. S. Eliot in his 1927 poem 'The Journey of the Magi'.

For me the defining world image as this year draws to a close is of Syrian refugees – young adults and middle-aged couples, babies in arms and the frail elderly, carrying meagre possessions – making the long and dangerous journey from the Middle East in search of a better life in Europe. The innocence of their fearful expectation pierces us in the eyes of their children.

The scene is repeated with many nationalities across numerous countries: the flight from poverty and extremism, violence, fear and religious persecution. And above all from hopelessness. Muslims and Christians, Jews and Yassidi. Refugees, asylum seekers and economic migrants. All arriving at the gates of Europe begging so many questions: just who is my neighbour? Is the door open or shut? Their arrival in such large numbers coincides with uncertainty about economic recovery from recession, worries about the cost of social welfare and the very future of the European Union itself. Are these people a blessing or a curse? Our hearts are full of generous compassion while our heads worry – just how can we cope?

Making the journey lies at the heart of the Christmas story. Both evangelists Matthew and Luke record journeys of expectation and danger. Quirinius the governor of Syria, under the decree of the Roman Emperor Augustus compels citizens like Mary and Joseph to travel to their town of birth to be registered for the purposes of taxation. Despite being pregnant Mary and her

betrothed make their way arduously to Bethlehem, the city of David, which is predictably overcrowded with visitors. The compassionate innkeeper offers shelter and the Christ-child is born: shepherds and wise men make their journeys, following angels and a star from near and far to the humble stable of the Son of God.

The return journeys are as hazardous as the outward. Fearing the wholesale massacre of infants by Herod, the Holy Family flees to Egypt seeking refuge there until it is safe to travel back to Nazareth, a long detour indeed, captured affectionately in many Renaissance paintings. Similarly the Wise Men, having outwitted Herod, prudently went home by another way. And returning, they pondered the timeless thoughts of all travellers: what was that all about, and looking back, would we do it again?

All this was a long time ago, I remember, and I would do it again, but set down this: were we led all that way for a Birth or a Death? There was a Birth, certainly, we had evidence and no doubt. I had

seen birth and death and thought they were different; this Birth was hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death. We returned to our places, these kingdoms, but no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation.

It remains to be seen whether the tide of migrants fleeing northward will be turned any time soon. Their homelands are immeasurably diminished by their leaving and the rebuilding of nations seems a distant dream. Some bishops in the Middle East have encouraged their people to stay, but Christians feel unsafe in their homes and unsafe in refugee camps, so they carry on walking in hope. The lives of the Syrians and their fellow travellers will never be the same again. For now it is determinedly a one-way ticket.

My guess is that this liminal challenge will be a defining moment for Europe and that none of our lives are going to be quite the same again. So as we make our annual journey into the Christmas story we might perhaps reflect on how we are changed when our lives meet God in the lives of strangers. As T. S. Eliot wrote in his 1942 wartime poem, 'Little Gidding': *The end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time.*

+ Nyl



International Commission for the Anglican-Orthodox Theological Dialogue

I was delighted to receive an invitation as Lord Lyon to attend a choral evensong in Westminster Abbey followed by a dinner hosted by the Nikaeon Club to mark the work of the Anglican Orthodox Theological Dialogue. These events took place on 3 November and were both a joyous and profound occasion.



Archbishop Justin Welby and Ecumenical Patriarch Bartholomew

The Anglican Orthodox Theological Dialogue began in 1973 and held its first meeting in Oxford. The resulting discussions produced an excellent theological reflection culminating in a series of documents known as "The Moscow Agreed Statement 1976" and "The Dublin Agreed Statement 1984". Both documents recorded a measure of agreement on a wide range of specific topics, while still acknowledging continuing divergence on other matters.

The third phase of the Dialogue began in 1989, concluding in 2006 with the Cyprus Agreed Statement entitled "The Church of the Triune God". These dialogues were marked by friendship, honesty and a sense of spirituality. They affirmed many of the precious doctrines of the Church, such as the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Resurrection, placing these doctrines clearly in the mission of how we share ecumenically our

concerns around injustice in many parts of the world and a dialogue with the clear aim of praying for the poor, the oppressed and those caught up in conflict and war. It was further agreed to explore awareness of how to raise environmental issues, commonly known in ecumenical circles as "ecumenical environmentalism".

They also committed to upholding the Christian values of human dignity and religious rights.

The event in London commenced with a choral evensong in the Abbey in the presence of His All Holiness The Ecumenical Patriarch Bartholomew and His Grace The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Most Reverend Justin Welby.

The service of evensong and the dinner which took place later were held within an atmosphere of friendship and warmth. The leaders committed

themselves to the continuation of reflection, the importance of theological dialogue and greater cooperation in common interests in what is an increasingly secular and pluralistic world – particularly in Europe.

During the joyous and uplifting evensong with its great Anglican choral tradition, three significant acts took place. The first was the exchange of the latest Agreed Statement "In the Image and Likeness of God" – which explores the theological concepts around human personhood and its implication for the doctrine of creation. Secondly, during the singing of a motet towards the end of the evensong, the suites of the Archbishop and the Patriarch went to the Shrine of St Edward the Confessor, the Founder of Westminster Abbey, to pray together. Thirdly, at the end of evensong, the blessing by the Patriarch and the Archbishop was a moving experience.

The event was an example of ecumenism at its best, where those involved refused to look inward but rather looked forward to the common doctrine of the Church and the responses which need to be made in the world today. This occasion in the life of the ecumenical activity of the Church was an example of how the Kingdom of God is possessed but at the same time is sought after. As a personal reflection after the event, "It is all about Grace".

Dr Joe Morrow

For those of you who love the Anglican choral tradition as I do, the music for the evensong was as follows:

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis: Collegium Regale by John Tavener (1944-2013)

Anthem: Beato Mundo Corde, from Gradualia 1 (1605) by William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

Motet: O Nata Lux Cantiones Sacrae (1575) by Thomas Tallis (c. 1505-1585) (sung during the time the Archbishop and the Patriarch and their suites were at the Shrine of St Edward the Confessor).



Procession at the end of the service

*Images courtesy of
AndrewDunsmore/Westminster Abbey*

SWAZILAND

an update and thank you to all friends in the Diocese of Brechin

I want to thank all those who have supported various projects during 2015 through which we have sought to work alongside our Companions in the Anglican Diocese of Swaziland. The generosity and continuing commitment of friends in the Brechin Diocese have meant that we have all shared in something very worthwhile: I hope that we will continue to work together to make a difference.

During 2015, we continued to support the purchase of food and basic medical supplies for the Neighbourhood Care Points (NCPs) where the poorest children are given their only regular meals and where packages of food, medicines and personal care items are made up for very sick people living at home without adequate support.

We also embarked on two new and exciting initiatives:

1. We responded to Bishop Ellinah's request for support in providing school uniforms for the poorest children in mainly rural areas. Responses to this request were most generous and this work is on-going. I wrote about it in an earlier edition and included some photos.

2. We have embarked on a new initiative, with the support and approval of Bishop Ellinah, our Swazi Companions and Canon Bill McAusland and his family.

Vegetable gardens of just over an acre each are planned at two rural NCPs. The gardens will enable these small communities to be more self-sufficient and to provide fresh seasonal vegetables for the children whom they struggle to feed daily.

The first of these gardens was proposed following Olive McAusland's funeral service, when the retiral collection was given for Swaziland – a cause very dear to her heart. When she was well,

Olive loved her garden and so it seemed appropriate that we use that donation to start the planning and funding for the first garden at Luve. It is to be called 'Olive's Garden'. In fact, we managed to raise enough funds to start a second garden at Hlathikhulu, which is very exciting. (In our prayer list for our companion dioceses we remember the parish of Luve on the 17th day of each month and Hlathikhulu on the 24th.)

A young Swazi man whom I know, called Mncedisi, has a good degree in Agricultural Studies, but, like many well-educated young Swazis, remains unemployed. He has agreed to plan, manage and oversee the gardens for a small honorarium. Under his expert care, I feel confident that these two gardens will flourish and we all hope that more will follow in other rural parishes. Some of his friends from the Swazi Youth Group have offered to help out in the gardens as volunteers.

Our Swazi Companions are very grateful for our involvement and I'd like to share with you an extract from an email recently received from Mandla, who oversees our involvement in all the projects on behalf of Bishop Ellinah.

"I just want to say thank you very much for all the wonderful job you have done to raise funds for the school uniforms project. I know the Bishop will write to you formally but on behalf of The Walkers I would like to say thank you very much

for the money you have raised. In the beginning when we started this it seemed very impossible but this project has made many people to believe in possibilities. For me my faith in the Lord has increased through this project. I wish you were here to see the joy from the children when receiving the uniforms. The Teachers in the schools could not believe it seeing their pupils transformed. This project also brought hope to the many children who never thought of having a proper school uniform a new one for that matter.



Watering in seedlings

"Mncedisi has been engaged now and he has been to Luve and Hlathikhulu to survey the land and see how we will get started. I will give him your email address so that you can be able to be in touch with him.

"May our good Lord Bless all those who took their time and played a role in bringing hope to the Swazi Child."

I'm not sure what our work in 2016 will bring, but I feel sure that we will continue to work together to support these on-going projects – and maybe some new ones too! My thanks,

Patricia A Millar
Companion Links Officer
Diocese of Brechin

The Fisherman

by Bruce Gowans

Man and boy I'd worked on lakes,
Work my hands inherited,
To gut, to pull, to run on ropes
And haul aboard, unmerited,
The fish that teemed at God's command,
Boned and scaled and nerved,
And plundered where deep waters rolled
His bounty – undeserved.

That night the waves were running high
And hands held hard to wood
And Christ came walking down the wind
'Til at a boat length stood
As like a man as ever seen,
As God as man may see,
He stood upon the water
And there He beckoned me.

Man and boy I'd lived on lakes
And once I nearly drowned,
But Christ, who cured the paralysed,
Had made the water ground
And if my eyes saw waves and swell,
My eyes he'd still dumbfound
And full of zeal I stepped across
And on the sea I found

My feet sustained, as on a beach,
Where just the topmost grains
Are pushed aside and pile and yield,
But underneath remains
As solid as a man may need,
To step out where he will
And Galilee I paced, at first,
Towards where Christ stood still.

But then I looked across and saw
My boat that rocked and heaved
And staring down beheld the deep -
It took what I believed;
And down my feet began to sink
Like fingers pushed in clay
I panicked like a child
And couldn't think, or swim, or pray

And cried out "Save me Jesus"
As water clenched me round,
Cold upon my legs and hips:
I feared I should be found,
Upstanding, on the rocks below,
A seaman turned to stone,
Not worthy of his Master,
A lesson to his own.

I looked to where the Christ had been-
Now desperate not to die -
But only empty space I saw
And once again the cry
Of "Save me Jesus" cleft the wind
And when I looked about
I saw Him right beside me:
I felt the drowning doubt

That undermined and sank me down
Start ebbing from my soul,
As Jesus stood and touched my arm
And drew me up, to roll
My slipping feet on waves again
Like ribs of shoreline sand,
And felt beneath my shaking arm
His steady, saving, hand.

"Your faith – is very small" He said,
Relief and guilt contended,
My blaze of faith was snuffed and gone
And whether Christ intended
That I should stand admonished, or,
Was only speaking true,
I never asked Him afterward
I had no need – I knew.

For later, I would find once more,
That surge of courage wanting
"Never I, deny you Lord!"
Would be my shame and haunting
But for the hand that stirred the fire,
The questions "Do you love me?"
That plucked me from the depths again
To Christ who stood above me.



Leadership of the Young

Having been born and raised in St Andrew's Church in Brechin, I spent much of my youth involved with the Church. I remember Bishop Neville beaming with pride at the fact he had 3 members of General Synod under the age of 30 – and at the age of 21, I think I was the youngest.

The last 10 years, though, perhaps sums up the lifestyle of many young people today. My opportunity to work overseas has brought new meaning to the phrase 'flying the coop', while my connection to the Diocese and the Church has declined – ironic when my first two trips overseas were through opportunities provided by the Church.

the children to support themselves, their families and their communities well into the future. This new chapter for me hopefully starts a new chapter for the charity.

Starting new chapters, though, can involve painful closures and I was reminded of that in October when I had the privilege of attending a service at York Minster presided over by the Archbishop of York. We were there to celebrate the centenary of the Order of the Holy Paraclete. These incredible women have dedicated their lives to God and to others for 100 years and touched the lives of children in a way that most don't really comprehend.

I witnessed that in my close association with Jacaranda in Swaziland – a project that many in the Diocese supported. When this small home was closed in 2012, it was difficult for our Jacaranda family, and many people still ask me how the

children are now doing. I thankfully still have the opportunity to visit them periodically and they do continue to thrive. Life is not the same as it was 4 years ago, but Facebook and Whatsapp have become great tools for the older girls (now young women) to keep in contact – and also a good way for them to ignore my brotherly advice.

It is hard to explain the impact my work has had on me over the last 10 years. The children I know in Swaziland and Tanzania have gone through ordeals that no adult or child should ever have to go through. I have seen children who have been raped, others who have lost both parents, and young children dying from AIDS-related

diseases.

But these children are not to be pitied. They have a terrific sense of humour, are incredibly talented, and have so many gifts to offer. They are able to smile when many of us would crumble. In short, they are an inspiration. It is these children who continue to drive me in my role today in Peterborough – even on the toughest days when leading a small charity can leave you feeling down.

So why do I write this today? As a 'graduate' of the Church I hope that there are many in the Diocese who are interested to know what I am currently doing. But, it goes beyond this. It is perhaps a challenge to the Church to re-think how we view children and youth – both in developing countries and on our own doorsteps. Children are incredibly strong individuals that have so much to give. They have to be encouraged, supported and inspired. However, when the Church is struggling to keep its youth, maybe it is the adults that need to allow the children and youth to inspire.

David Christie



David Christie with youngsters in Tanzania

2015 has marked the start of a new chapter for me. Having previously been based in Swaziland, Tanzania and Canada, I have taken on the role of Executive Director with the International Children's Trust. I surprised many on a recent trip back to Brechin when they learnt that my base is now Peterborough – not quite the exotic destination they all had in mind.

For nearly 50 years, we have worked with children living on the streets, including children with disabilities and child workers, in Africa, Asia and Latin America. We do not support their immediate needs but take a long term approach to their physical and mental well-being that will allow

Prize Crossword

Sincere apologies for the error in the crossword in the last edition of *Grapevine*. Unfortunately although all the answers to the clues fitted the grid at one intersection there was not the same letter.

Two people did send in the crossword with both answers, but because others probably did not do so because it was unsolvable it didn't seem right to name a winner.

There is another crossword on page 14 and this time there is no mistake (so the editor hopes!)

Sign spotted on the wall of a church:

"Please don't leave your personal things unattended lest someone assumes that they are answers to their prayers."

COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF LOOS

I was ashamed – ashamed that having been born and brought up in Perth with half of my family roots in Dundee, having studied the First World War at school as well as the poetry of Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon and others, that I had never heard of the Battle of Loos – a battle that had had the most devastating effect on both Perth and Dundee and very many other places besides.

The first I heard of this battle that has so scarred local memory was when I was asked by Bishop Nigel to attend a meeting at the City Chambers in Dundee to plan a service to commemorate it one hundred years on.



Their Royal Highnesses with the Lord Provost greeting the First Minister and other dignitaries

The Battle of Loos in Northern France began at 6.30 a.m. on 25 September 1915 on a 20-mile front between Arras and La Bassée. Not since Culloden in 1746 had so many Scots been involved in such a serious military undertaking. Within four hours 8,000 of the 10,000 men that made up the 12 attacking battalions were dead. By the end of the battle, British casualties numbered nearly 60,000. Scottish losses were so dreadful that it has been said that no part of Scotland was left unaffected, nowhere more so than in Dundee, Perth and the surrounding towns and villages which were the recruiting fields for the Black Watch regiment.

It was the first battle in which the British Army employed the use of poison gas, one of the great blights of the First World War leading to Wilfred Owen's graphic description of a soldier who fails to get his gas mask on in time:

*As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues...*

But even one hundred years on, it was the sheer futility that got to me – historians seem to be agreed that Loos was a completely unnecessary battle that was, in strategic terms, meaningless. I thank God that at least the anxious parents, wives, lovers who in the very streets we live in now, received the news they had been dreading, could not possibly have known that their loss was for nothing.

However, even if school history classes forgot to mention Loos, as inconceivable as that now seems to me, Dundee, in its collective memory, has not forgotten.

Another thing I had not realised was that the granite tower atop Dundee Law remembers these local men of the 4th Battalion of the Black Watch killed at Loos.

Each year on the anniversary of the battle the beacon within the memorial is lit and shines over the city.

And so, because of this, Dundee had been chosen to host the UK national commemoration of the battle to be attended by their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Rothesay, the First Minister, Nicola Sturgeon, and a massive gathering of the armed forces. After huge amounts of preparation which included liaising with the Scottish Government and Clarence House, the day of commemoration dawned on 26 September.



The Clergy in attendance



Prince Charles laying his wreath

After the initial hiatus of my managing to break the glass holder for the peace candle somewhere between the Cathedral and City Square, having to leg

it along to Debenhams for a replacement, then managing to get my black cassock covered in white paint from a wet lectern and having council officers scrub white spirit into it as the helicopter carrying royal guests passed overhead signalling their imminent arrival, the event went off without a hitch and was suitably dignified and moving.



St Paul's Cathedral Choir with Dundee High School Chamber Choir

A thousand people were seated in City Square as clergy of the Church of Scotland, the Roman Catholic Church and the SEC (Bishop Nigel and I), as well as the Chaplain General to the Armed Forces, led the service. Music was led by Stuart Muir and the Cathedral choir who were joined by the chamber choir of the High School of Dundee. Poetry was read by a Dundee school pupil and local actress, Leslie Mackie. Massive red cloths cascaded down the pillars of the Caird Hall as a piper walked behind the pillars playing Flowers of the Forest in a mist of red dry ice. It was a dramatic and poignant moment as we stood in silence pondering on the sacrifice of those young men 100 years ago.



It feels right that we pause in the midst of the devastating conflicts around the world today, to reflect upon what our world may yet learn from those WW1 experiences as well as to remember the millions who died in that and the numerous conflicts since; and to ask God to hold and protect all those who still suffer from war in its various aspects, all countries and communities affected by conflict; and together to pray for the Peace of the world.

Provost Jeremy Auld

Images courtesy of Alan Richardson Photography

'Soup 'n' Soul'

Over the past year staff and volunteers at St Paul's Cathedral in Dundee have been hosting a free soup lunch on Wednesdays, open to anyone who wants to stop by. 'Soup 'n' Soul' is an initiative of the Dundee Centre of Mission, and the idea is to facilitate a better connection between the Cathedral and the thousands of people who work, visit and live in Dundee's city centre.

A significant number of those who attend these lunchtime meals are people with difficult life circumstances, such as homelessness and substance abuse issues. 'Soup 'n' Soul' is therefore a safe environment where they can enjoy shelter and warmth, food, good company and – should they need it – a listening ear.

A few months ago Jack walked into the Cathedral for one of these Wednesday lunches. Not long out of prison, he was living in a hostel and stealing and begging on the streets to feed his drug and alcohol habit.

The Rev'd Kerry Dixon remembers, "After lunch I sat down to talk with Jack and he told me he was fed up with his life and wanted to change it – could we help him?"

So staff from the Dundee Centre of Mission began to meet regularly with him, offering Jack emotional and spiritual support as he began to make different life choices – in particular by no longer taking drugs. But it is certainly not easy to move away from a lifestyle of drug misuse, especially when former addicts are housed in hostels together with people who are still using.

"It is particularly difficult if you are known as a former drug user; so one day Jack and I went out to try to find him some suitable alternative accommodation," says Kerry.

"Incredibly, upwards of twenty people stopped us to try to sell Jack drugs – despite the fact I was wearing my dog collar! – even offering them for free when he told them he had stopped taking drugs."

However despite these continued pressures – including the death of a friend from a drugs overdose – Jack is doing well. He has already had several clean tests from a local drug centre, is reconnecting with his estranged daughters and grandchild, and now regularly attends Café Church at St Luke's, Downfield.

Kerry says, "It is still early days – understandably there are still many ups and downs – but Jack is doing really well in his quest for a new life, and last August he decided to make a public declaration of his new faith, with a baptism in the sea."

Jack's baptism was a real celebration for the whole Café Church congregation, marking it with singing, a shared picnic and cake on the beach at Broughty Ferry.

"It was also Jack's 40th birthday," says Kerry, "and really symbolic of his hope for a new start."

160 – Not Out!

A gold chasuble, dancing, jute bags, a walk, music, sore legs, poetry, music, paintings, eighteenth century silver – what is the common denominator? All, in one shape or form, played a part in the week of celebration at St Paul's Cathedral marking three anniversaries in the life of the Church and the Diocese: 160 years since the opening of St Paul's Church, 150 years since its consecration and the 110th anniversary of St Paul's Cathedral as the mother church of the Diocese of Brechin.



St Drostan's Tarfside heather

It had been long in the planning resulting in a pretty packed week and ending with a sigh of relief when it was over.

It began a week in advance of the celebratory week when three members of the congregation, Dawn Wood, Yvonne Magee and I surveyed 48 paintings laid out before us in a silent and empty Cathedral and contemplated arranging them and hanging them for the opening of the art exhibition. Seven and a half hours later after much physical effort clambering over pews, banging in hooks for 48 paintings, hanging and straightening them and, it

must be said, much hilarity, we were able to survey what was a very impressive display of art by eleven professional artists. It revealed to me that comments by helpful bystanders such as, "Do you know that painting is squint?" tended not to add to our sense of humour!

The exhibition over three weeks brought many people into the Cathedral either visitors to Dundee or in many cases Dundonians born and bred in the city but who were visiting the cathedral for the first time and all of whom were genuinely taken aback by the beauty of the interior. It is surely one of the best kept secrets in Dundee. A pleasing number of paintings were sold and we are extremely grateful to all the artists who took part and to Dawn who organised the whole event.

On Tuesday, 27 October a group of some 20 intrepid souls gathered outside the Cathedral at lunchtime on a blustery, cold, damp and foggy day to be guided by the City Archivist, Iain Flett, on a historical walk from the cathedral to the site of the new V&A. What followed was a fascinating tour revealing hidden buildings, remnants from Dundee's past as well as construction which will become part of the city's future. It reinforced the realisation that it is easy to walk round an area and yet to be ignorant of the history of buildings that still exist and of the immense changes that have taken place over the centuries.

The following day in the warmth of the Cathedral Iain Flett again



The ship of St Paul's

captivated his audience with an illustrated talk on the area surrounding the Cathedral with a series of fascinating slides showing the city from medieval times to the present day.

As well as paintings, the other arts played an important part in the week's activities. An evening of poetry and music was enjoyed by a reasonably sized audience. The sound of the sacred music of Cantiones Sacrae filled the Cathedral and was juxtaposed by



"This place was made by God" – the introit at the Festival Eucharist

three poets, two of whom, Andy Jackson and Dawn Wood, are members of the congregation reading their own poetry.

Thursday morning saw a hive of activity with groups of ladies – and gentlemen – from across the Diocese arranging floral displays

illustrating different saints. The originality was impressive and created splashes of colour throughout the building. Everyone who saw the flower exhibition (and it was good to see so many



Inverbervie's saints, rooted and blossoming

visitors from the Diocese) will have had their favourite exhibits. For me the two which stood out were the heather cross from St Drostan's and 'All Saints' from St David's, Inverbervie. Who could have thought that saints could be created out of potatoes, onions and carrots?

In contrast to the music at the Tuesday concert, Friday saw the appearance of Hillfoot Harmony, based in Dollar, which is an award

winning group of Sweet Adelines. They put on a vibrant concert which, sadly was very poorly supported with the choir's friends from Dollar in the audience outnumbering those from the Cathedral community.

The centrepiece of the week's events was the Festal Eucharist on Saturday afternoon attended by a large congregation. Bishop Nigel presided and a memorable sermon was preached by the Right Reverend Idris Jones, former Primus of the SEC and a former Cathedral Chaplain. He struck exactly the right note of commemoration and thanks for the inheritance left by Bishop Forbes.

And what of Bishop Forbes? His heavily embroidered golden chasuble, stole and maniple were out on display together with other historic vestments and chalices which would have been to familiar to Bishops and Provosts from bygone years.

And what of the sore legs I mentioned earlier? Well they were the result of a lively and thoroughly enjoyable ceilidh the same evening bringing the week's festivities to a close.

Everyone involved will have his or her own memories. For me the one thing I shall always

remember was carrying the Cathedral Cross (it is extremely heavy, by the way!) at the start of the Festal Eucharist. I became acutely conscious, as the opening notes of the organ sounded and the choir and congregation sang the processional hymn, the glorious 'Christ is made the sure foundation', of the history of the building and of the unique legacy bequeathed by Alexander Penrose Forbes. Over these 160 years the Cathedral has been at the centre of so many lives and loved by so many and still is. It was right to celebrate that inheritance but I believe that Bishop Forbes would not wish us to dwell in the past but to look to the future as he surely did and to ensure that going forward in 200 or 250 years that place will still be a sacred spot for the worship of God.

Mike Duncan



Bishops Nigel and Idris

Excerpts from *The Rt Rev'd Idris Jones' sermon:*

What is a Cathedral anyway and why do they exist?

It began with the office of bishop, as the Cathedral was the bishop's local church in which he ministered and from which he led his Diocese. So there was something of primitive practice in the way that Bishop Forbes lived next door in Castlehill; and in Dundee there has always been a special personal link between Cathedral and Bishop not reflected in other Dioceses. As the role of bishop developed from pastoral to managerial, the life of the cathedral was handed over to clergy appointed for the task and the bishop was then to be seen in the Cathedral only at major festivals. When Bishop Ted preached at my own consecration he commented "the bishop is to be a bishop in mission, the servant of the community for Jesus' sake. He ought to be freed to do this; not held back by administration and endless committees and meetings, which tend to force him to be re-active rather than pro-active". At the very least the Cathedral

must be a centre of mission creating a climate out of which the bishop can lead forward.

Cathedrals were also from the beginning associated with a particular type of worship. As opposed to the monastic communities cathedrals represented a form of worship that was accessible to all whatever that may mean. What made the cathedral so appealing in the 4th century was a service "characterised by symbol and ceremony and by the singing: the services were offices of praise and prayer. This was to contrast two ways of worship: the austere and the exuberant. Both traditions are alive and well in Scotland but in a remarkable way this Cathedral manages an uplifting synthesis of different strands of worship which are patently accessible, as is witnessed by the footfall to its doors.

There is a future for St Paul's Cathedral, Dundee provided it strives to respond to the community within the city and does not sit content to bask in the glories of the past – magnificent though they have been.

The Rev'd Canon Douglas Mackay, R.I.P.

It was a beautiful late summer's day as we gathered on the feast of St Michael and All Angels, the feast day of his ordination, to say our farewells to Canon Douglas Brysson Mackay – or Dougie as he was known to most of us. We gathered in the beautiful church of the Holy Rood in Carnoustie which had been his 'gaff' for 25 years in the town where he had continued to live with Rena after his retirement to the day he died. That Dougie's ministry had touched the lives of so many was evident from the over-capacity congregation that spilled over into the nearby church hall.

Dougie had been born in 1927 into one of the roughest housing estates in Glasgow, Possil Park, where he grew up. Another great Episcopalian, Bishop Richard Holloway, was also born there a few years after Dougie. Both were baptised at St Matthew's Episcopal Church in Possil Park which began a lifelong association with the church, and although they could not have known it then, with each other. So it was poignantly appropriate that Bishop Richard was the one to give the moving tribute that he did at Dougie's funeral.

The Anglican monks at Kelham Theological College were always on the look-out for young men of promise from deprived areas and they took Dougie under their wing as they later would do for Richard. And so Dougie began his theological training at Kelham in Nottinghamshire.

But, as Richard said at the funeral, the timing was not right and he left before the end of his training and returned to Scotland. Back in Glasgow, he decided to study to become a goldsmith earning the Diploma of the National Association of Goldsmiths in 1954. Meanwhile, away from Kelham, Dougie felt

able to propose to the love of his life, Catherine (Rena), and they were married in 1952. They subsequently had two daughters, Jane and Catherine. Nonetheless, the call to ordained ministry was never far away and in 1956 Dougie went back to complete his theological training, but this time at Coates Hall in Edinburgh. Dougie was ordained deacon in St Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness on the Feast of Michael and All



The Rt Rev'd Richard Holloway, Canon Douglas Mackay, The Rt Rev'd Nigel Peyton and The Very Rev'd Jeremy Auld

Angels in 1958 and began ordained life as Precentor at the Cathedral. He was ordained priest a year later.

Completing his curacy at the Cathedral in 1961, Dougie moved on to become priest-in-charge of the Gordon Chapel in Fochabers which had been built as the private chapel of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon. He was there for three years before being appointed priest-in-charge of St Margaret's Church in Aberlour and chaplain to the Episcopal orphanage there, which at the time housed 500 children. By this time, orphanages were no longer fashionable and it was closed in 1967. Its legacy lives on in the work of the Aberlour Child Care Trust which continues to support orphaned and other children in family settings. It was therefore appropriate that the collection at the funeral was in aid of the Aberlour Trust. Douglas remained, however, at St Margaret's,

Aberlour until 1972. During a Diocese of Moray synod, Dougie had absented himself for a 'comfort break' only to discover that in his few minutes of absence he had been elected Synod Clerk of the Diocese of Moray and Canon of St Andrew's Cathedral, Aberdeen.

In 1972, Dougie and Rena left Aberlour to take up appointment as Rector of Holy Rood Church in Carnoustie and so began a truly remarkable ministry spanning twenty five years, a ministry shared very much with Rena where the Rectory door was always open and the kettle nearly always on. On leaving the Diocese of Moray, he was made a lifelong Honorary Canon of the Cathedral in Inverness. In 1981, Dougie was appointed Synod Clerk to the Diocese of Brechin and Canon of St Paul's Cathedral, Dundee, an office he held until his first retirement in 1997 when he was made an honorary Canon of the Cathedral in Dundee.

During his time at Carnoustie, Dougie became involved in the twinning arrangement with our companion Diocese of Iowa resulting in an exchange with a parish in that Diocese and Dougie being created a Special Deputy Sheriff of Jasper County

Back in Carnoustie, though, he was heavily involved in the local community, becoming President of the British Red Cross there between 1974 and 82, chairman of Carnoustie Community Council between 1979 and 81 and president of the Carnoustie Rotary Club in 1976. With local GP, Sandy McKendrick, Dougie also founded the Carnoustie Community Care helpline in 1981. The helpline won the Queen's Award for Voluntary Services in 2010 and a few years earlier in 1998, Dougie was made Carnoustie's Citizen of the Year.

Dougie retired from full-time ministry in Carnoustie in 1997 and he and Rena moved just down the road to Phillip Street.

Always destined to be active in retirement, Douglas took only two years off before being appointed first Chaplain of St Paul's Cathedral, Dundee and later Vice Provost during the controversial but never dull incumbency of Miriam Byrne. During this time he was also a founding fellow of the Institute of Contemporary Scotland, he took up the office of Chaplain to the British Legion in Carnoustie and was a tutor and examiner in Communication Skills in Primary Care Medicine for Tayside based at the University of Dundee. He finally retired in 2012 at the age of 85!

I discovered at his funeral that Dougie had also been Chairman

of the Truth and Unity Movement, a movement in the Scottish Episcopal Church opposed to new liturgy and to the ordination of women. This surprised me because, by the time I knew him, Dougie appeared to have fully embraced both women at the altar and the 1982 Liturgy although not necessarily in that order! He even encouraged experimental departure from the Blue Book to more radical forms of liturgy! But as Bishop Richard later said, Dougie was holding on to a distinctive Scottish Episcopalianism, traditions that he valued and loved and which he could see being eroded away by new ideas – it was the tradition that he had discovered as a child at St Matthew's, Possilpark and which had done nothing short of save his life.

But for my part, I shall be

forever grateful to Dougie for his warm welcome to me when I came to the Cathedral, his wise counsel and quiet support which undoubtedly saw me through the first year. Even when health prevented him coming to the Cathedral, he remained interested and would always have sage advice to offer in tricky situations. I became fortunate enough to count him as a friend and so it felt so appropriate to be the one to anoint him at Ninewells just before he died and an honour to be asked by Rena to conduct the service in Holy Rood and thereafter at Friockheim. There are many, many more than I who shall miss Dougie's warmth, humour and hospitality.

May he rest in peace and rise in glory.

The Very Rev'd Jeremy Auld

SHOCK WAVES from BETHLEHEM

Sometimes the utter simplicity of the Incarnation is almost too much for us to take in; the astonishing fact that God became a human baby. Sometimes it's hard to think 'outside the box' which the sweet scenes of some Christmas cards impose on our minds. So we should welcome the chance to re-think as we see it in this story. It comes from a black township in South Africa where the weary parish priest found he had to attend a school play during the last week of Advent.

This is his story...

After the wise men had come and gone I noticed the arrival of three more strange characters – one was dressed in rags, hobbling along with the aid of a stick. The second was naked except for a tattered pair of shorts and was bound in chains. The third was the most weird – he had a whitened face, an unkempt grey wig and sported an Afro shirt.

As they approached, a chorus of men and women cried out, "Close the door, Joseph, they are thieves and vagabonds coming to steal all we have." But Joseph said, "Everyone has a right to this

child – the poor, the rich, the unhappy, the untrustworthy. We cannot keep this child to ourselves. Let them enter."

The men entered and stood staring at the child. Joseph picked up the gifts that the wise men had left. To the first strange man he said, "You are poor: take this gold and buy what you need. We will not go hungry." To the second he said, "You are in chains and I don't know how to release you. Take this myrrh – it will heal the wounds on your wrists and ankles." And to the third he said, "Your mind is in anguish. I cannot heal you. Maybe the aroma of this frankincense will soothe your troubled soul."

Then the first man spoke to Joseph. "Do not give me this gift. Anyone who finds me with gold will think that I've stolen it. And sadly, in a few years, this child will end up as a criminal too." The second man said, "Do not give me this ointment. Keep it for the child. One day he will be wearing chains like these." And the third man said, "I am lost. I have no faith at all. In the country of my mind there is no God. Let the child keep the incense. He will lose his faith in his father too."

While Mary and Joseph covered their faces the three men addressed the child. "Little one you are not from the land of gold and frankincense. You belong to the country of want and disease. You belong to our world. Let us share our things with you." The first man took off his ragged shirt. "Take these rags. One day you will need them when they tear the garments off your back and you walk naked."

The second man said, "When I remove these chains I will put them at your side. One day you will wear them and then you will really know the pain of humanity." The third man said, "I give you my depression, my loss of faith in God and in everything else. I can't carry it any longer. Carry my grief and loss with your own."

The three men then walked back out into the night. But the darkness was different. Something had happened in the stable. Their blind pain was diminishing. There had been a kind of epiphany...

...They were noticing the stars now.

Christmas can remind us, as it did the strange visitors, that the most extraordinary things happen in the most ordinary moments.

Assisted Living not Dying

An address given Bishop Nigel on Holy Cross Day 14 September 2015 in St Salvador's Church, Dundee

Last Friday the vote on the Assisted Suicide Bill was emphatically defeated in the House of Commons. The end of life is an emotional topic and this proposal has engendered strong opinions for and against on both sides of the Border and across the political divide. Earlier this year a fit and well lady in her seventies obtained assisted suicide in Switzerland simply because she feared growing old and frail. My GP practice, concerned about recent talk of old people being an increasing burden, issued a sharp reminder in its newsletter, that 'older people are an essential, valued and valuable asset to society' whose 'wisdom and maturity are much in demand ... celebrate it, don't apologise.'

In my view the well intentioned move to assist those very determined few with terrible illnesses to hasten their end, opened up a Pandora's box, changing forever the doctor-patient relationship and endangering far greater numbers of sick, disabled and elderly people to pressure and exploitation. As a parent for many years of a disabled child I fear for those whose bodies and minds don't fit some idealised norm. I have to question a society that legislates to extinguish an eternal soul.

Surely assisted living and dying well is what we need to be about? I hope the debate attracts research funding and more resources into medically and socially caring for those I prefer to call 'the differently able'. For supported living, respite care and hospice communities.

The badge of the medical profession is a snake entwined around a staff – the Rod of Asclepius, an ancient Greek deity associated with medicine and healing, and the foundation of medical practice – the Hippocratic Oath to preserve life.

Further back in Old Testament times we are reminded of the Nehushtan, the poisonous serpent

on a pole, set up by Moses under God's direction to encourage the sick and anxious Israelites in the wilderness, fleeing Egypt, arguing with each other, with Moses and with God about whether they were doing the right thing or not. As God delivers his people from slavery and death in captivity into freedom and a new life in a promised land, so the serpent of bronze set upon a pole becomes a symbol of health and hope in the face of decay and death – the people looked upon it and lived. And so the story was handed down the generations.

When Nicodemus the Pharisee furtively visited Jesus, asking how he might be renewed in faith, and born again, Jesus reminds his night-time visitor of the story of Moses and the serpent held upon a pole, but now in order to explain how the 'Son of Man must also be lifted up', that 'whoever believes in him may have eternal life.' The lifting up turns out to be the Crucifixion on Calvary, the rubbish tip outside Jerusalem's walls. Not a promising start for the salvation of humankind.

And yet, the cross on which our Lord was crucified has become the universal symbol for Christianity. Early in the Fourth Century, pilgrims began to travel to Jerusalem to visit and pray at the places associated with the life of Jesus. Helena, mother of the emperor, was a Christian, and whilst overseeing excavations in the city, is said to have uncovered a cross, which many believed to be the Cross of Christ. A basilica was built on the site of the Holy Sepulchre and dedicated on 14 September in the year 335.

For St Paul, the witness of Christ crucified, seemingly foolishness and a stumbling block to belief in the popular mind of the day, is, paradoxically, the sign of the eternal life-giving power and wisdom of God. And so veneration of the Cross by believers, both explicit and implicit has become part of Church life. For Catholic Christians the sacramental

embodiment of Christ is emphasised; for Evangelical Christians the work of atonement for sin is emphasised.

Jesus memorably said that, above all, he wished 'life in all its fullness' for people. Furthermore, Jesus promised that his Father delivers believers from eternal death. His ministry and teaching was all about helping those who felt poor, sick, left-behind and marginalised to discover fresh hope in their lives and to flourish. As a wonderful Christian Aid publicity slogan once said, 'we believe in life before death.'

St Salvador' Church is the Church of Our Saviour, and Holy Cross Day became its Feast of Title. Indeed, the formal opening of the still incomplete but usable church took place on Holy Cross Day 1868. Built to bring glory into the lives of the resilient but impoverished residents of a densely populated part of a Victorian city worthy of a lengthy Charles Dickens' novel, St Salvador's Church, school and social outreach brought relief and hope for desperate families in the surrounding tenements and mills.

A century and a half on we renew our Christian determination to renew the faith in our generation and to serve the poor and needy, and to encourage generosity from those well placed to help. The Food Cupboard, the Community Garden, the Community Centre are significant works of faith and outreach for those who don't always feel that they fit in, and for those who do not readily identify with the Good News of Jesus Christ.

Like the bronze serpent of Moses and the Cross of Calvary, our prayer is that St Salvador's Church is also lifted up as a sign of hope – so that those who look upon its beauty and its efforts to support all-comers will find life in all its fullness. Assisted living and life before death is what we are all about as a Church in this 21st century city.

Forthcoming
**James Gregory Lectures
on Science and Religion**

5.15 p.m.
in the main Physics Theatre
St Andrews University

Monday, 8 February 2016

Professor Eleonore Stump

'Natural Law, Metaphysics, and God as Creator'

Eleonore Stump is Professor of Philosophy at Saint Louis University, where she has taught since 1992. She has published extensively in philosophy of religion, contemporary metaphysics, and medieval philosophy. Her books include her major study *Aquinas* (Routledge, 2003) and her extensive treatment of the problem of evil, *Wandering in Darkness: Narrative and the Problem of Suffering* (Oxford, 2010). She is past president of the Society of Christian Philosophers, the American Catholic Philosophical Association, and the American Philosophical Association, Central Division.

Monday, 7 March 2016

Professor Alister McGrath

**Science and Faith: Conflict – or Mutual
Enrichment?**

Prof. Alister McGrath read chemistry at Oxford University, before carrying out research in molecular biophysics at Oxford under the supervision of Professor George Radda, FRS, who went on to become the chief executive of the Medical Research Council. After studying theology at Oxford, he took up the Naden Studentship in Divinity at St John's College, Cambridge, which enabled him to begin serious study of Christian theology, including its interaction with the natural sciences. He went on to become Professor of Historical Theology at Oxford University, and President of the Oxford Centre for Evangelism and Apologetics.

His research interests focus on the relation of the natural sciences and the Christian faith, and he has published extensively in this field. His best-known book is *Dawkins' God: Genes, Memes and the Meaning of Life* (2004). In 2006, Prof. McGrath accepted a Senior Research Fellowship at Harris Manchester College, Oxford, to enable him to concentrate on several major research projects, including the reformulation and renewal of natural theology, before accepting the newly-established Chair of Theology, Ministry and Education in the Department of Education and Professional Studies at King's College, London.

What the Donkey Saw

by U.A. Fanthorpe

No room at the inn, of course,
And not that much in the stable,
What with the shepherds, Magi, Mary,
Joseph, the heavenly host —
Not to mention the baby
Using our manger as a cot.
You couldn't have squeezed another cherub in
For love or money.

Still, in spite of the overcrowding,
I did my best to make them feel wanted.
I could see the baby and I
Would be going places together.



**Announcements found in other church
magazines:**

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be "What Is Hell?" Come early and listen to our choir practice.

The Lower Sixth will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 p.m. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

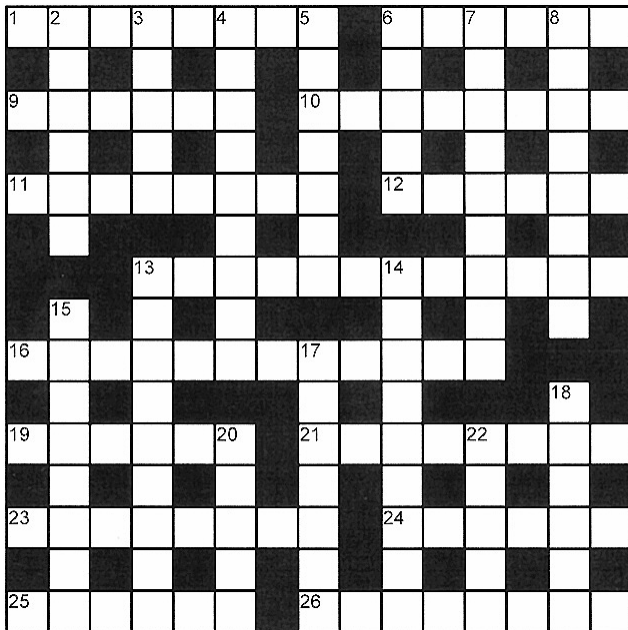
Ladies, don't forget the jumble sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Don't forget your husbands.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

The Rector will preach his farewell message after which the choir will sing: "Break Forth Into Joy."

CRYPTIC PRIZE CROSSWORD

Seven of the answers will be found in the verses of the carol 'Good King Wenceslas'. Send your entries to the editor at the address on the back page by Saturday, 1 March at the latest putting your name and address in the box provided.



CLUES ACROSS:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 A major male rabbi will season the stew (8) | 13 A bout of flu hastens if you practise constancy (12) |
| 6 As far as I wander (6) | 16 An officer who is both important and ordinary (5,7) |
| 9 Mrs Pie starts to make it (8) | 19 As if the manuscript is that large! (6) |
| 10 A nun consuming ices is a pest (8) | 21 Is the dog upset at a snail? (8) |
| 11 To make him more powerful Ron gets a gram (8) | 23 He and me both make an enormous creature (8) |
| 12 Threefold singer? (6) | |

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 Eccentric Margaret makes an alternative mace (6) | 6 Surely he doesn't work at sin! (5) |
| 25 Hound an idiot impaled on a stake (6) | 7 Elf and Rat ran together as friends (9) |
| 26 Determined eel tours around (8) | 8 Sounds as if a marine hulk is missing something (8) |

CLUES DOWN:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 An extra era tends to fill with gas (6) | 17 Sounds like an alternative atmospheric condition (7) |
| 3 Um! ... Job is the elephant in the room (5) | 18 You would have to be mental to do it (6) |
| 4 Writing one's name again and leaving (9) | 20 The saint for cool Jack (5) |
| 5 Leader has no charm (7) | 22 Whole dram for a beginner (5) |

Name

Address.....

.....

.....

IN MEMORIAM

People were very sad to hear of the death of Olive McAusland. She died in Ninewells Hospital on Thursday August 6 at the age of 77. They remember her as the curate's wife from 1959-64 and as Rector's wife from 1971-79. They remember all her kindness and support in the social life of the congregation and the enormous help she gave to her husband, Bill, throughout his ministry.

Olive was born in Motherwell in the west of Scotland. She was a member of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in that city and she met her husband-to-be at the Church's youth club. Once Bill had completed his training in Edinburgh, they were married and

then moved to Dundee where Bill served his curacy under Dean Matthew Gibson.

In 1964, they moved back to Glasgow. Bill became Rector of Holy Cross Church from 1964-71. During that time, they adopted three children which provided Olive with an enormous challenge. But it also brought out all her gifts of love, care, courage and compassion.

When Dean Gibson died in January 1971, the Vestry invited Bill and Olive to come back to St Mary Magdalene's which proved more difficult than they had expected. However, in 1979, they moved to St Margaret's where they enjoyed a more pleasant and

fulfilling ministry for 22 years. Olive was Treasurer and Lay Representative at St Margaret's and she also played her part in the Diocesan Buildings Committee for many years.

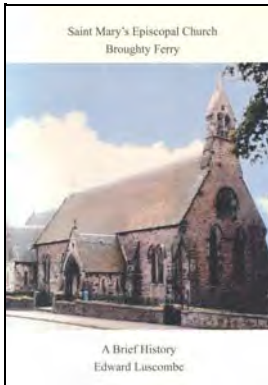
Since 2001, they have lived in Broughty Ferry and worshipped at Holy Trinity Church in Monifeith. Olive's funeral service was attended by over one hundred friends and family. The Church was packed. The Rev'd Kenny Gibson, who took the service, reminded us that she and Bill had been married for 55 years – a loving, generous and hard-working partnership which had survived all life's storms. May she now rest in peace.

BOOK REVIEW

Saint Mary's Episcopal Church, Broughty Ferry: A Brief History by Edward Luscombe

Saint John the Baptist Episcopal Church, Dundee: A Brief History by Edward Luscombe & Stuart Donald

The Scottish Episcopal Church, and the Diocese of Brechin in particular, will be grateful for the historical writings of Bishop Ted Luscombe – ten publications in the last two years alone. The two latest booklets are part of Bishop Ted's project to produce brief histories of all the Episcopal churches in Dundee, following his earlier publications on St Paul's Cathedral and St Salvador's. The strength of Bishop Ted's histories lies in the little nuggets of information that pepper the story of each of these two charges.

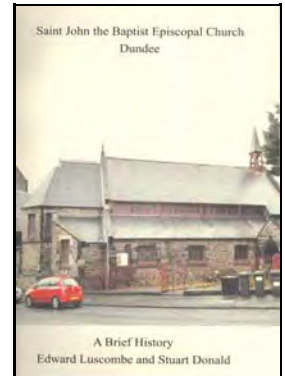


Broughty Ferry was originally a small fishing settlement which grew during the nineteenth century as a holiday resort and the home of Dundee's wealthy.

Broughty Ferry became a police burgh in 1864, but was absorbed into Dundee in 1913. St Mary's was established in 1848, the first of Bishop Forbes's new missions in his diocese. The original mission hall in Brook Street was replaced by the present St Mary's built in Queen Street in 1858. Bishop Ted leads us through the by-ways of St Mary's history, chronicling the building's gradual enlargement, the fact that Bishop Jermyn was a parishioner (he lived just along the road at Forbescourt), and that seat rents were only abolished as late as the 1950s. In addition to its life of mission to Broughty Ferry, St Mary's from the 1950s acted as a training ground for a succession of young clergy. As well as being one of St Mary's longest serving rectors, Robert Breaden was also one of the Diocese of Brechin's longest serving deans.

Another first for St Mary's has been the recent appointment of a husband and wife team, Francis and Ruth Bridger, as rector and associate rector.

The charge of St John the Baptist was established in 1876 in a row of cottages that Bishop Forbes had acquired before his death in 1875. Bishop Forbes had identified a need for a mission in the north-eastern edge of Dundee where there were numerous tenements around King Street and Albert Street and a growing suburb to the north around Maryfield. The present church was built in 1886, supplemented a few years later with a church hall. Bishop Ted leads us through the life of the church through its early growth years, the inter-war years of depression and the demographic changes in the area that resulted from the demolition of tenements and relocation of folk in housing schemes beyond the Kingsway. The church hall had to be leased out to help pay the incumbent's stipend and was sold (after the discovery of dry rot) in the early 1980s. A decade later a new hall was built – and the old hall was bought back – and refurbishment of the whole complex provided much needed community facilities in a period of resurgence. Difficulties have since ensued and the future of St John's is currently under review, with all Sunday services now being held at St Martin's.



*Dr David M. Bertie
Diocesan Archivist, Diocese of Brechin*

Dr Joe Morrow – Appointment as Queen's Counsel in Scotland

On 22 September 2015, Dr Joe Morrow was introduced to the Court before the Lord Justice Clerk as one of five new Queen's Counsel in Scotland. New Queen's Counsel are appointed by the Queen on the recommendation of the First Minister. They are nominated by the Lord Justice General.

The rank and dignity of Queen's Counsel is generally reserved for those who have given distinguished service. They can use the post-nominal QC and are appointed by Letters Patent to be:

***“one of Her Majesty's Counsel,
learned in the law”.***



Dr Morrow QC wearing the robe
and Full Bottom wig of a QC

QCs are often referred to as “Senior Counsel” or “Senior Advocate”. They wear a distinctive silk gown, which is the reason for the appointment often being referred to as “taking Silk”.

In Scotland, the position of Queen's Counsel was not recognised before 1868 and was initially a status reserved for the law officers such as the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor General for Scotland.

In 1887, a petition by the Faculty of Advocates for the establishment of a Scottish role of Queen's Counsel was approved and the first appointments were made a year later.

Buy your Christmas Cards today!



Help to educate, guide and protect street children throughout Africa, Asia and Latin America this Christmas.



Four cards featuring the designs of children from projects in India, Sri Lanka, and Zimbabwe.
£3.95 for a pack of 10 cards

To view the full range of cards and purchase, visit
www.christmas-cards.org.uk/internationalchildrenstrust.

For more information about the International Children's Trust, visit www.theict.org



The choirmaster had a brilliant new idea
for playing "Ring out, wild bells"

St Mary Magdalene's Church
Constitution Road, Dundee

A Spring Coffee Morning

will be held on

Saturday, 19 March

from 10 a.m. until 12 noon

Come and join us

You will be most welcome

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS OR THE EVERLASTING TURKEY

On the first day of Christmas, my true love said to me
I've bought a big fresh turkey and a proper Christmas tree.

On the second day of Christmas, much laughter could be heard
As we tucked into our turkey — a most delicious bird.

On the third day of Christmas came the people from next door,
The turkey tasted just as good as it had done before.

On the fourth day of Christmas, we had the turkey cold,
With mashed spuds and salads, our appetites to hold.

On the fifth day of Christmas, outside the snowflakes scurried,
But we were nice and warm inside. We had the turkey curried.

On the sixth day of Christmas, the Christmas spirit died,
The children fought and bickered — we had the turkey fried.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love he did wince.
When we sat down at the table and were offered turkey mince.

On the eighth day of Christmas, the doggie ran for shelter,
He'd seen the turkey pancakes and the glass of alka seltzer.

On the ninth day of Christmas, by lunchtime Dad was blotto,
He knew the bird was back again, this time as a risotto.

On the tenth day of Christmas, we were drinking home-made brew,
As if that wasn't bad enough, we were eating turkey stew.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, the Christmas tree was moulting,
With chilli, soy and oyster sauce, the turkey was revolting.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, we had smiles upon our lips,
The guests had gone, the turkey too; we dined on fish and chips!

The next issue of **Grapevine** will be coming out for Easter Day, 27 March 2016.

All articles, letters, comments should be with the Editor by 7 March 2016.

Preferably articles should be no longer than 500 words.

The Editor of Grapevine, Beattie Lodge, Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, AB30 1HJ
(E-mail: office@brechin.anglican.org) or mjturner@btinternet.com)