

CRUCIS

Magazine of St. Salvador's Scottish Episcopal Church Dundee
October 2016

"Far be it from me to glory except in the cross of Christ,
by which the world has been crucified to me and I to the world." Galatians 6:14

In the Beginning...

There is a story that the great architect Christopher Wren was escorting a royal visitor around the newly-opened St. Paul's Cathedral in London – Wren's masterpiece. When the royal pronounced the building "awful" and "dreadful", Wren didn't take offence. It was a compliment. At the time, the words meant "awe-inspiring", filling one with "holy fear". And so it did.

In the Old Testament, Jacob knew that same feeling of being overwhelmed in the nearer presence of God. On the run, Jacob was asleep in the open with only a rock for a pillow. He awoke from a dream of angels ascending and descending on a ladder to heaven, with God in all His glory at the top, renewing with him the covenant once made with Abraham. Filled with fear, Jacob exclaimed: "How awesome is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

There are still many places like that, special places where the line between the seen and unseen worlds is especially thin. We are privileged to worship regularly in just such a place. Its design and its use leave worshipper and visitor alike in no doubt that this is holy ground.

As dear as St. Salvador's is to us, ours is not a building that projects comfort and familiarity. It is no place to sit cosily, but rather it is a wonderful gateway to pass through to even greater wonders. There is no doubt that we are here being summoned to ap-

proach the throne of God to conduct the serious business of worship.

And yet....

St. Salvador's is no theatre or museum. Its shabbiness here and there (despite our best efforts at maintenance) and its signs of frequent and continuing use (despite our best efforts at cleaning), speak to us of Christ who for our sakes became poor, and who gives us the privilege through this gateway of meeting Him among people who may be of little worth to anyone but Him.

Here, both beauty and poverty combine to draw us near to God in holy fear.

With every blessing,
Fr. Clive





Opening Doors at St Salvador's

Saturday made a bright and breezy start for the Dundee Doors Open weekend, and we were pleased to be able to participate once again. Previously organised by the University, Dundee Institute of Architects had picked up the baton at short notice, when it was feared that the event might not take place at all this year. Despite somewhat patchy advertising, word of mouth and prior knowledge of this important annual event gave us a record number of 75 visitors. Most generous ones too, and we were grateful to receive £135 in donations for our church funds.

It felt more like late summer than autumn with some of the corn fields as yet uncut as I drove through the sunlit Angus countryside. The occasional small party of house martins fluttered round as though loath to depart for warmer winter climes. There were also still a few intrepid red admiral butterflies eagerly seeking pollen. The church was already clean, tidy and polished, so there was time to pause outside after putting up the distinctive blue banner and balloons. There was a wealth of bird song emanating from the nearby cherry trees, and a chance to exchange a greeting with one of our regular neighbourhood dog walkers. I was interested to learn from her that following the great success of the recent Oor Wullie trail, there were plans afoot to create one around the Broons cartoon in

the future. Dundee really is trying its best to be a vibrant and lively city at the moment, despite all its problems.

We had the usual rather gentle Saturday morning start, probably relating to our less than central location, which allowed time to talk in some depth to the visitors we had. As ever there was a wealth of stories, visits from old contacts with the church, wonder at its beauty, expression of surprise and concern at its struggle to survive financially and practically, and interest in our mission activities. People seemed genuinely pleased to learn more of the history of the place and its current life. One of our first visitors was an ex-neighbour of my mother's who came for her 'annual fix' of the beauty of the church building, and wandered happily around catching up with her favourite things. Another man told me that he had been married in the church 49 years ago, and attributes the success and continuation of his marriage to the wise words of Fr. Clifford Jones, whom some of you will remember. There were comments and questions about why our church was not more widely known, how it could be more regularly used for other activities and suggestions of various contacts which could be made. Clearly food for thought at this time, as networking is vital to inspire fresh ideas for enabling our continued existence. At one point I noticed that my bunch of balloons on the fence had totally dematerialised, and I hoped that at least someone might be enjoying playing with them. Later another lady came along and found the pew where she had regularly sat as a youngster, and showed me her certificate to prove that she had been confirmed!

After lunch time more people flocked in, and I was fortunate in my happy little band of volunteers who had clearly done their homework and were able to inform, enthuse and share as they joined the different groups of visitors. These sort of sessions do also help us to notice small details ourselves, which can often otherwise blur into the general decorative patterns when busy with our regular duties. At one point we had great fun trying to decipher and translate the

two brasses in the chancel. It was interesting that taking a rubbing of one of the puzzling words added great clarity to it! The main one of course is the fine memorial to Fr. James Nicolson, Bishop Forbes chaplain and our first priest, which has an intriguing fossil marble slab. The second one marks the anonymous benefactor who came up with the final subscription to fund the building of the church, who refers to himself as a miserable sinner, perhaps hoping that God would notice his generosity and act appropriately!

I was particularly touched to note the attendance both of work colleagues of two of our helpers, and also several people who had been so inspired by their visit last year that they had returned bringing new folk with them. My brother also came and having looked at various points of interest, sent an email on his return to Edinburgh with an extract from the Pevsner guide to Dundee which clarifies which of our stained glass windows were executed by Burlison and Grylls, and which by Clayton and Bell. I have always felt that our windows were most pleasing not just for the lovely delicate medieval colours and interesting subjects such as the rather esoteric Scottish saints Ternan and Palladius, but the exquisite detail of flower and pattern around the edges. If you should have time to stop and stare for a moment, I would heartily recommend taking up your position in the chancel of our church and looking at the first window opposite the organ! Those in the chancel, east end of the nave and side wall of the Lady Chapel form a harmonious group designed by Bodley and made by Burlison and Grylls, as of course was our stunning reredos. However the round wheel window at the back of the Lady Chapel, our oldest window originally sited in the first church which is now the Upper Hall, and the great WW1 memorial window at the back of church were actually both made by Clayton and Bell. These two have rather bolder brighter colours, although the simple and direct style of the early one which dates from 1859 developed into perhaps a more traditionally decorative style for the second one which dates

from 1922. As I was standing in the chancel musing on the beautiful ceiling I was also struck by how many times a rose was used in the decoration around the building, and checked to confirm that this was also a symbol of Our Lady. This ceiling for example has a lovely white rose in each of its panels.

Sunday morning suddenly became much more autumnal with leaves drifting gently down, although there were as yet no V's of geese winging through the clouds. However the usual charm of goldfinches were chattering in the tree tops and I could hear the merry peal of the church bells drifting up from the city centre, making it feel like a proper Sunday. We had half a dozen guests before the Mass, including an enthusiastic photographer with a 'proper' camera, and one lady with time to fill in who stayed around and seemed to enjoy the service, different though it was perhaps from what she was used to. There was a further flurry of activity once the church was over, right up to and after our closing time. It is so good to know that people are still excited about coming to see our church, and as ever a great joy to be able to share it with such a wide range of visitors who had never been across the threshold before. One couple lived only a street away, several regularly walked past on their way to work but had never ventured inside, while others had travelled from various parts of Scotland.

Comments in the Visitor's Book included 'stunning, a little gem, a real blessing, extraordinary, astounding, a very impressive building, inspiring, so lovely, and a real surprise'. Good to think that others too think it is a wonderful place for all, and not to be lost!

Are we not fortunate to have it for our daily worship, solace and inspiration?

Many thanks to my three volunteers on Saturday who did sterling service in supporting the day.

Kirsty Noltie

A Sermon
preached by the Rector
on Sunday, 25 September, 2016

*In Jesus' story, Abraham said: "If they will not listen to Moses and the prophets, they will not be convinced even if someone were to rise from the dead."
Luke 16: 31*

There's an old story preachers probably over-use to make a point. You've probably heard it before. A devout Christian's home is overwhelmed and destroyed in a flood. The Christian is hanging on to a piece of wreckage, bobbing around in the flood waters. He prays harder than he's ever prayed before: "God, help me!" A helicopter comes by and they offer to winch him up. He sends them away, saying, "God will help me." Presently a boat comes by and the crew offers to bring him aboard. The man sends them away, saying, "God will help me." Finally he drowns. In Heaven, he's very angry and he complains to God: "I prayed and you didn't help me!" "What do you mean," God replies, "I sent you a helicopter and a boat!"

God sent His People the Law but the Pharisees judged and marginalised those God had intended to know Him. Religion became a very narrow door through which only a few might pass. God sent His People the Prophets, but the righteous, like the Pharisees, didn't listen, and even killed some of them. The calling to conversion of heart and care for others fell on deaf ears. Both the Law and the Prophets pointed to the Messiah sent by God. Here, in Jesus, He was standing right in front of the Pharisees. And yet He remained unacknowledged by them. Their hearts and minds were closed to all that God had done to save them. What would it take to make these blind guides see? Would God need to raise the Messiah from the dead? From Our Lord's story, we can see that even He doubted that. And He was right.

What makes someone so stubbornly blind to God? What keeps us from seeing God and His ways more clearly?

Jesus told this parable "to those among the Pharisees who loved money". Perhaps He is telling this same parable to us today. Whether we are rich or poor, our concerns can be so fixed on getting, protecting, increasing, and spending money and on enjoying the material things and comfort money offers that we become blind to everything and everyone else. Even God.

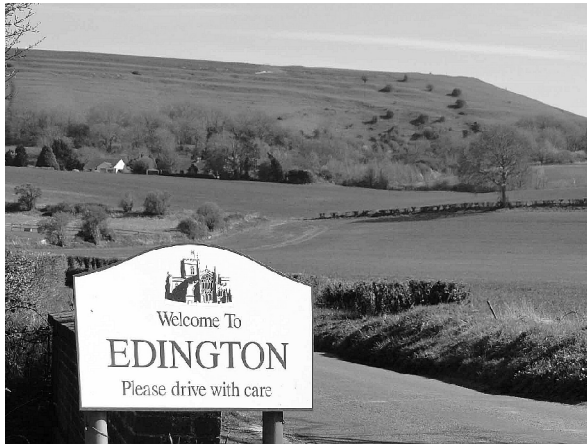
There's nothing wrong with money. St. Paul's words

to Timothy in today's Epistle reading are often misquoted. It is "the LOVE of money that is a root of all kinds of evil", not money itself. Whether we are rich or poor, loving money blinds us to God and each other. Loving money hardens our hearts to the needs of others and distracts us from our duties toward God. We can lose our way and wander from the faith. We can get hurt.

Loving money is wrong, but using money for the glory of God and for the good of others is not. Christians must never tire of doing good. We need to do good to avoid damnation – being damned to not recognising Christ where He told us we could find Him: in the eyes of the poor and the jobless, the sorrowful and the homeless. The more disinterested we become from those who need us, the more detached we become from God. We cannot see Him anymore. And that is a very scary definition of Hell.

We also need to help others so that we can give back to God what is due to Him. In ancient Jewish teaching all landowners were God's tenants, so they owed taxes to God for their good fortune in the form of alms to the poor. The same principle came to be applied to wealth gained through business. Doing good to the poor was seen as a way of honouring God, and not doing so was regarded as theft from God of what was owed to Him. God still has claims upon us for how we use our resources. We are His stewards. Our giving isn't a matter of generosity; it's expected of us. We give because He has the right to expect that we can do with it blinds us to God and to each other. Loving money puts our own needs and wants first in our lives.

Our giving gives us away. It makes clear what our priorities are. We can spend money on ourselves or we can glorify God with it. In Jesus' story, Abraham says that the rich man and his family already know how they should behave towards the poor. So do we. Not doing anyone any harm isn't enough; we can do that by ignoring them. But we are called by Christ to do good to others, to stop our own quest for comfort and serve others as we would serve Him. Jesus once described His ministry as preaching good news to the poor. The word 'gospel' means 'good news'. Is our message still good news? And for whom?



Edington Music Festival 2016

The Edington Festival of Music within the Liturgy, which has taken place each year in Edington Priory Church in Wiltshire since 1956, constitutes the highlight of my singing year. Running from Sunday to Sunday throughout the last week in August, it is an extraordinary celebration of the best of Anglican liturgy and sacred music.

I have written about the festival in some detail so many times now, I thought that this year I would try to condense things (at least a bit) recounting the musical and social highlights day by day. If you are interested in finding out more, I have copies of the comprehensive Festival Companion booklet which you are welcome to read at your leisure. It contains an immense amount of information listing all those involved in the festival and giving full music details and original texts and translations. The 2016 festival drew inspiration for its theme from the 400th anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare and was based on the "Seven Ages of Man" speech from *As You Like It*. I have noted the theme of each day beside the date as well as a few descriptive words which were included for each of the seven full days.

Saturday 20th

The best part of my pre-festival day was arriving in Edington before 6pm and being treated to a large G&T by my hosts for the week, Anne and Stephen, after an exhausting, eight-hour drive with heavy rain much of the way down the M6. It had been a tiring and headache-inducing journey so it was particularly nice to stop and put my feet up for a while. The evening was spent at a small party for those who had arrived early and were assisting with the preparations for the festival – a lovely way to spend the evening before the busy week began.

Sunday 21st

The sixty or so singers arrive around 2.30pm and it is particularly nice to catch up with many friends whom I see only once a year before rehearsals get underway. As well as the many familiar faces, there

was a new batch of choristers this year from Gloucester Cathedral; Kingston Parish Church; New College, Oxford; Norwich Cathedral; St George's Chapel, Windsor; Salisbury Cathedral; Southwark Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; and Westminster Cathedral. The boys are usually among the more senior trebles in their choirs and bring musical experience and character in equal measure to the festival.

Once everyone had gathered and had been welcomed and briefed, it was straight down to rehearsals for the three choirs: the Consort (mixed voices), the Nave Choir (men and boys), and the Schola Cantorum (men's plainsong group). The opening service is Compline at 9.15pm which provides a contemplative start to the festival. An organ prelude by Louis Vierne followed by plainsong responses, antiphon and psalm began the service which continued with music by Robert White, John Blitheman (both 16th century), and concluded with pieces by Herbert Howells and Francis Poulenc (both late 19th/early 20th century). The church was well filled for the first of the week's twenty-six services. It was good to see a number of familiar faces in the congregation including the indefatigable Dick Been who, in his 84th year, still makes the journey each year from Star Lake in the Adirondack Mountains in St. Lawrence County, New York.

Monday 22nd (*INFANT – Birth, wonder, creation, innocence*)

Our beloved Schola director had moved our early morning practice even earlier this year . . . to 8.20am in the chancel of the priory church. So, I was on the go at 6.30 to give myself time to get ready, have breakfast, and drive along the road from Bratton to Edington ready to sing. The first of the day's four services is the plainsong Matins at 9am which is followed by a quick tea break then further rehearsals until the Eucharist at 11.30am. This service included a musical highlight for me – Tomás Luis de Victoria's beautiful Mass setting *O Magnum Mysterium*. After lunch in the Parish Hall we met in the church car park ready to take the choristers on their first



afternoon outing. It was – once again – to the Fleet Air Arm Museum at Yeovilton . . . my sixth annual visit! My car load included ex-choristers George and Max who this year were thurifer and crucifer respectively, Max, who sings at St George’s Chapel, Windsor, and Tom who is studying opera as post graduate degree at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Despite previous visits it was an enjoyable afternoon and having been so often, I am able to act almost like a tour guide! We were home for tea by 5.30 ready for evening rehearsals, Solemn Evensong at 8pm followed by Compline sung by the Schola at 9.15pm. Evensong included a superb rendition by the men and boys of the Nave Choir of John Tavener’s (1944 – 2013) *The Lamb*.

Tuesday 23rd (*SCHOOLBOY – Learning, rebellion, enquiry*)

Matins at 9am, rehearsals, then Solemn Eucharist at 11.30am which included plainsong Mass XIV and compositions by Byrd, Gibbons, and Vaughan Williams. After lunch at 1pm we headed for a completely new destination for our afternoon outing . . . the intriguingly named “Wookey Hole” near Wells in Somerset. It took about an hour to drive the thirty or so miles from Edington but the countryside was looking beautiful and the weather was warm and dry. So, we opened the sunroof, put some music on, and just took our time. Arriving at 2.30, there was plenty time for everyone to explore the caves and enjoy the Victorian penny arcade afterwards.

Wookey Hole is an interesting place. Archaeologists’ finds indicate man has lived in and around the caves for 50,000 years. It is said that the caves at Wookey Hole were a safe and even comfortable place for people in ancient times to live. They were dry, easy to defend, warm in winter and cool in summer. Today the caves are home to horseshoe bats which hibernate in the caves during the winter and sleep there at other times of the year. Workmen digging a canal in 1857 found the remains of prehistoric man, including flint tools, as well as the bones of animals such as hyenas, mammoths, rhinoceros and lions. There is an extensive network of tunnels and chambers which we were given opportunity to explore with the help of an enthusiastic guide. Coloured lighting adds to the atmosphere and the visual effect of the stunning array of stalactites and stalagmites.

The boys loved the arcade which has biggest collection of original penny arcade machines in the country. The attraction has a vast supply of pre-decimalisation pennies to use on machines such as one armed bandits and penny coin pushers. They were particularly intrigued by the dates on the coins and the fact that there were 240 of them in a pound. After a lovely afternoon, we were back in Edington by 5.30 in time for a tea of bangers and mash after

which the Schola Cantorum spent the evening rehearsing whilst the Consort and Nave Choir sang Evensong. We then sang Compline and, as always, this was lit by candlelight and provided a restful end to a busy day.

Wednesday 24th (*LOVER – Youth, passion, impulsiveness, self-abandonment*)

It was midweek and BBC Radio 3 is in town. But, before the day’s live broadcast, there were two services to be sung: Matins and then Solemn Eucharist. As always, I was up early and in church around 8.15 for rehearsals. The musical highlight of the morning for me was another Tomás Luis de Victoria’s Mass setting – *Missa Simile est regnum caelorum* which was published in his *Liber Primus* in Venice in 1576. Described as a “parody Mass”, it derives its material from a motet of the same name (also published in Venice, in 1570), by his important Spanish contemporary and personal friend, Francisco Guerrero (1528-99). The text of the motet (Matthew 20, 1-4) is the parable of the hired servants.

After lunch, we were back in church for BBC rehearsals for Choral Evensong. A lot of time is spent timing the length of each musical piece, the readings, the organ voluntary and other parts of the service. In addition, the producer wants to judge the balance of the choirs versus the organ and check for clarity of diction. It all takes time and we had barely twenty minutes’ break before we were live on air at 3.30pm. The Schola Cantorum was contributing a substantial amount to the programme and opened the broadcast with a short piece of plainsong, *Mihi autem nimis* (But to me, O God, your friends have been greatly honoured). We also sang psalms 91 and 116 followed by the office hymn, *Exsultet caelum laudibus* (Let the round world with songs rejoice). Our director, Peter Stevens, accompanied the plainsong on the small chamber organ in the chancel. The effect of this transforms the single line of sung music into something very special and serves to emphasise the beauty of the plainsong. The purists don’t like it . . . but we do! Also included in the broadcast was the magnificent *The Twelve* by William Walton with wonderful solos by two of the choristers, Daniel and





Barnaby. This year's Festival Commission was a setting of *Mihi autem nimis* by the uncle of one of my singing friends in the Schola, Francis Pott (b. 1957).

After a successful radio broadcast there was time for a quick game of football in a nearby field which kept everyone amused until it was time for tea. Never a dull moment, one of the choristers decided to use me as a human climbing frame to allow him to retrieve the football stuck in a high hedge. "I'm light but strong!", he told me as he clambered up to stand on my shoulders to reach across the nine foot hedge to successfully retrieve the ball.

Because of the broadcast, there is no service in the evening so instead we went ten-pin bowling in nearby Melksham. There is plenty time for two games of bowling which, with five or so to a team, fills the evening. The members of my team: Tom, Thomas, Emeka, and Max were quite evenly matched . . . but I managed a couple of strikes and ended up winning both games. I'm not competitive, honestly! As well as the bowling, there is also a pool table and an air hockey table which kept the kids entertained. Come 9 o'clock, it was time for me to get back to the church to prepare for Compline which is scheduled at 10pm on the Wednesday because of a dinner for friends of the festival in the nearby marquee.

Thursday 25th (*SOLDIER – Duty, routine, obedience*)

After the excitement and pressure of the live broadcast the day before, it was back to the usual morning routine with Matins in the chancel followed by Solemn Eucharist at 11.30am. A beautiful Renaissance mass was sung – Francisco Guerrero's *Missa De la batalla escoutez* (Battle Mass) as well as a rousing version of the 19th century hymn *Mine eyes have seen the glory* with a rising key change between each verse which always causes mild amusement. Thursday afternoons are always quite pleasant as we remain relatively local and merely walk the choristers along the quiet country lanes to a nearby park. So,

after a brief post-lunch rehearsal, we headed for the park with its football pitch, swings, roundabouts and climbing frames which gives everyone the opportunity to get some fresh air and let off steam. After a very pleasant afternoon and tea, it was back to the belfry for further practice for that evening's Sequence of Music & Readings. Included in the service were the much-loved *Locus Iste* (This dwelling) by Anton Bruckner as well as his *Os iusti* (The mouth of a wise man) and other offerings by Bach, Tchaikovsky, and some plainsong for good measure. As always, the Schola sang Compline to round off the day with the church bathed in gentle candlelight.

Friday 26th (*JUSTICE – Experience, wisdom, maturity*)

Friday is the day I am afforded a long lie but, instead of lazing about for the morning, I like to head to church, get a good seat in the nave, and let the music of Choral Matins wash over me. It was a beautiful service sung by the Nave Choir and the Consort with offerings by John Rutter, John Streeting, Francis Jackson, Benjamin Britten, and William Byrd.

After lunch there was the traditional festival cricket match along the road at nearby Erlestoke. We enjoyed glorious weather throughout the afternoon and the match finished, as usual, in a "draw" by a well timed pitch invasion. Tea, further practice then at 8pm was the Solemn Requiem which always takes place on the Friday of the festival. The setting was Mozart's *Requiem in D minor* (K626) with the *Dies Irae* and *Lux aeterna* sung to plainsong. There is the customary invitation to add dearly departed to the prayer list and this year we prayed for, amongst a number of clergy, the soul of Paul Harvie, priest. I am sure he would have approved of the liturgy and music involved in this extraordinary festival! Compline by candlelight. Bed.

Saturday 27th (*OLD AGE – Stillness, reflectiveness, repose*)

This is the final full day of the festival and after Matins at 9am and further rehearsals, the Solemn Eucharist included Palestrina's *Missa Aeterna Christi mu-*



nera (The eternal gifts of Christ the King), Stanford's *Iustorum animae* (The souls of the just), and *When to the temple Mary went* by Eccard. After lunch we drove the mile or so along the road to Bratton to a generous local resident who throws open her home to the choristers and associated helpers for an afternoon of activities with the choice of swimming, tennis, croquet and an informal game of cricket. A few hours swimming and lazing around by the pool – especially with the pleasant, sunny weather – made it a very enjoyable afternoon.

After tea, there was time to do a bit of extra practice before Peter Stevens, our choir director, gave a pre-service organ recital. He played the *Prelude and Fugue in A major* by J. S. Bach, César Franck's *Prière*, and *Preludium in F sharp minor* by Buxtehude. As soon as Peter had concluded, we processed into church for Solemn Evensong at eight o'clock which included a fine selection of music with Responses by Bernard Rose, Canticles by Kenneth Leighton, and Parry's anthem *Lord, let me know mine end*. After the service, as is now tradition, the members of the other choirs change out of their robes and come back into the quire to listen to the Schola sing Compline. It is the one opportunity we get to sing polyphony instead of plainsong – and we make the most of it. The choice this year was Palestrina's *Salve Regina*. We obviously hit the spot because, just before Matins the following morning, the officiating priest turned to us and said, "Gentlemen, last night's *Salve Regina* was the most holy moment of the entire week". What else can one do after such a moment but . . . have a fireworks display?! The weather was fair and, watching from safe distance in the Parish Hall car park, we were treated to a wonderful display from the nearby field with a huge bonfire kindled in part by plainsong manuscripts which had been sung and disposed of throughout the week. Perhaps the reason the fire had such wonderful golden flames!

Sunday 28th (*SECOND CHILDISHNESS – Resurrection, rebirth*)

The final day, which is always a mixture of sadness and relief after such an enjoyable and tiring week, had arrived. In brief . . . practice at 8.20am, a service at 9am, more practice until a brief break for a cup of tea, special extra rehearsal just before 11am practising the final piece of music sung by all three choirs, and then the final Solemn Eucharist at 11.30am. The Mass setting was partly Louis Vierne's *Messe solennelle* and partly plainsong *Missa XI*. For good measure, the beautiful motet, *Memor esto verbi tui* (Remember your word to your servant) by Josquin Des Prez was included during Communion. However, the best was yet to come as each and every singer made their way into the chancel to gather immediately before the dismissal and sing the stunning *Ave Maria* by Robert Parsons (c.1535 – 1572). A

wonderful climax to an incredible week.

It only remained to tidy the church, collect all the "No Waiting" signs that line the surrounding roads, and then head to the marquee for a light lunch. The Festival Director, Ben Nicholas, gave a humorous yet heartfelt thanks to all those who had contributed to making it such a successful festival. It was particularly touching to be thanked in person and called up to receive a bottle of very fine red wine from one of the choristers. As people began to head their separate ways, I said my final goodbyes and was on the road before three o'clock. A wonderfully smooth journey north meant I was back in Dundee by half-past-ten, rather tired but with a wonderful assortment of happy memories upon which to muse at my leisure.

Graeme Adamson

HOLY CROSS DAY

There was a good attendance—with many visitors—for our annual Holy Cross festival on 14 September. As usual, it was observed with a Solemn High Mass and Procession. Our Bishop was Celebrant. Due to our Guest Preacher's loss of voice, the Rector stepped in to preach. The music, played by Chris Bragg and sung by Cantiones Sacrae, was superb.

Many thanks to all those who contributed to another successful occasion!

All Souls List

Throughout the month of October there will be a list at the back of the church for names of departed loved ones and friends to be remembered at our Requiem Masses on All Souls Day, 2 Nov., at 10 AM and 7 PM.

W5: Who, What, When, Where, Why

"Asperges" is a word from Latin meaning "to sprinkle". It is the title given to the traditional sprinkling with Holy Water on the Altar and the People that precedes the Sung Mass on Sundays. It serves three purposes: (1) as a penitential rite to remind us that we are sinners, (2) that it is God who has the power to cleanse and save, and (3) as a reminder that through our Baptism into Christ's Death and Resurrection we may stand with Him before God our Father.

Come Celebrate!

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St Francis of Assisi, Deacon and Friar (4 October)

Born in 1181, the son of a wealthy merchant, Francis gave up everything to obey literally the words of the Lord: 'Leave all, and follow me'. He lived in complete poverty, preaching the Gospel. Others came to join him, and they lived by a simple rule based on the Gospel. From them grew the Franciscan Order, which spread rapidly during his own lifetime, though Francis ceased to be its leader and left its administration to others. His life was a putting into practice of the Beatitudes, and was characterised by faith, joy, service of others, prayer and love of all created things. Two years before his death in 1226, his life being so closely linked with that of the Saviour, Francis received the Stigmata, the marks of the wounds of Christ, on his body.

St Kenneth, Abbot (11 October)

Born around the year 525, Kenneth was a friend and companion of St Columba. The son of a bard from county Derry, he later founded many monasteries in Ireland. One of these foundations became the principal monastery in Ossory diocese. Wales and Scotland cherish their link with him also: there is evidence of his missionary activity in Fife. St Kenneth's Abbey in St Andrews, the earliest there, is said in the Roman tradition to be of his founding. The only mediaeval cathedral to survive in Ireland at Kilkenny is dedicated in his honour. A lonely figure, he copied the scriptures and became known as the preacher who loved the countryside and animal life. He died in Ireland around the year 600.

Elizabeth Fry, Reformer (12 October)

Elizabeth Gurney was born at Earlham in Norfolk in 1780. At the age of twenty, she married Joseph Fry, a London merchant and a strict Quaker. She was admitted as a minister in the Society of Friends and became a noted preacher. The appalling state of the prisons came to her notice and she devoted much of her time to the welfare of female prisoners in Newgate. In 1820 she took part in the formation of a night shelter for the homeless in London. She travelled all over Europe in the cause of prison reform. She was a woman of strong Christian and evangelistic impulse and this inspired all her work. She died on 12 October, 1845.

St Luke, Evangelist (18 October)

Luke is the author of the Gospel bearing his name, and also of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. From Acts we learn that he was a gentile convert to Christianity, a doctor, who accompanied St Paul on his second and third missionary journeys, and who stayed in Rome with him while he was in captivity. Eastern Christians credit St Luke with having produced the first ikon. He is thought to have died at the age of eighty-four in Greece.

Henry Martyn, Priest and Missionary (19 October)

Born in Truro in 1781, Henry Martyn went up to Cambridge at the age of sixteen, where he came under the influence of the great preacher and evangelist Charles Simeon. Martyn became interested in missionary work. In 1805, he left for Calcutta as a chaplain to the East India Company. The expectation was that he would minister to the British expatriate community, not to the indigenous peoples. Nevertheless, Martyn set about learning the local languages and then supervised the translation of the New Testament first into Hindustani and then into Persian and Arabic, as well as teach-

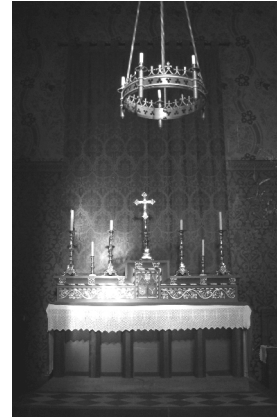
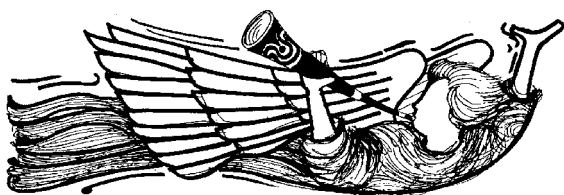
ingin mission schools and preaching. He went to Persia to continue the work but, suffering from tuberculosis, he died in Armenia on 19 October, 1812.

St James of Jerusalem, Martyr (transferred to 24 October)

James, 'the Lord's brother', was a leader of the Church in Jerusalem from a very early date, and is regarded as its first bishop. Though not one of the Twelve, St Paul includes James among those to whom the risen Lord appeared before the Ascension, and records that James received him cordially when he visited Jerusalem after his conversion. James was regarded as the leader of the Jewish community when the Church expanded to embrace the Gentiles, and was successful in bringing many of his fellow Jews to faith in Christ. He presided at the Council of Jerusalem. He is thought to have been stoned to death around the year 62.

Ss. Simon and Jude, Apostles (28 October)

Simon and Jude were named among the twelve apostles in the gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke. Simon is called 'the Zealot', probably because he belonged to a nationalist resistance movement opposing Roman rule. Luke describes Jude as the son of James, while the Letter of Jude has him as the brother of James, neither of which negates the other. It seems he is the same person as Thaddaeus, which may have been a last name. The two apostles are joined together on 28 October because a church which had recently acquired their relics was dedicated in Rome on 28 October in the seventh century.



Food Cupboard Ministry

Over recent weeks we have been blessed with donations of goods from a number of harvest festival celebrations held by local churches. We are grateful for these donations and for the many that we receive from individuals and groups on a regular basis. We have quite a quick turn around time for the donated foodstuffs which either go into the small bag of groceries which are handed out or in our semi regular "share box" from which our Sunday afternoon visitors may choose an additional item to take away with them along with the regular supply of fruit and bread or rolls.

On 27 October Fr. Clive will be making a presentation on our Food Cupboard outreach to the United Guilds of Dundee at St. Andrew's Church of Scotland. They have chosen us to receive part of their fund-raising for good causes this year.

Once again we are hoping to be able to give out an additional bag to each person attending the Drop In on the Sunday before Christmas with a few extras for the festive season. Given our storage constraints and taking note of the things we get asked for during the year we would like to include a 100g jar of coffee, hot chocolate, a bag of sugar, some chocolate and an extra tin of meat for each person. Any donations, between now and Dec 11th, specifically for these Christmas bags would be much appreciated. Please let Katie or Father Clive know if your items are for the Christmas bags so they can be stored separately.

Kalendar

Sun., 2 Oct.: Trinity 19: Masses at
9 & 11 AM
Tues., 4 Oct.: St. Francis of Assisi:
Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 5 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 9 Oct.: Trinity 20: Masses at
9 & 11 AM
Tues., 11 Oct.: St. Kenneth: Mass
at 7 PM
Wed., 12 Oct.: Elizabeth Fry: Mass at
10 AM
Sun., 16 Oct.: Trinity 21: Masses
at 9 & 11 AM
Tues., 18 Oct.: St. Luke: Mass
at 7 PM
Wed., 19 Oct.: Henry Martyn: Mass
at 10 AM
Sun., 23 Oct.: Trinity 22: GIFT DAY:
Masses at 9 & 11 AM
Mon., 24 Oct.: St. James of Jerusa-
lem: Mass at NOON
Tues., 25 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 26 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 10 AM
Fri., 28 Oct.: SS. Simon & Jude:
Mass at 7 PM
Sun., 30 Oct.: Trinity 23: Masses
at 9 & 11 AM

Tues., 1 Nov.: ALL SAINTS:
Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 2 Nov.: ALL SOULS:
Requiem Masses at 10 AM & 7 PM
Sun., 6 Nov.: Trinity 24: Masses
at 9 & 11 AM
Tues., 8 Nov.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 9 Nov.: George Hay Forbes:
Masses at 10 AM & 7 PM
Sun., 13 Nov.: Trinity 25: REMEM-
BRANCE: Masses at 9 & 11 AM
Tues., 15 Nov.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM

Wed., 16 Nov.: ST. MARGARET OF
SCOTLAND: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 20 Nov.: Christ the King:
Masses at 9 & 11 AM
Tues., 22 Nov.: St. Cecilia: Mass
at 7 PM
Wed., 23 Nov.: St. Clement of Rome:
Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 27 Nov.: Advent 1: Masses
at 9 & 11 AM
Tues., 29 Nov.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 30 Nov.: ST. ANDREW,
PATRON OF SCOTLAND: Mass at
10 AM

CHURCH FLOWERS

Recent donations of flowers have come in from Ann Farmer, Jeannette Coutts, Phyllis McIntosh, and the Conlans. Many thanks!

If anyone would like to assist with flower arranging, Fr. Clive is very anxious to hear from you!

VESTRY NEWS

This is more a “dates for your diary”!! Gift Day is on Sunday, 23 October. Please help us to continue our ministry at St. Salvador’s. Our AGM will be held in the Lower Hall on Sunday, November 20th after the 11am service. The next parish lunch is to be held on Sunday, Dec 11th after the 11am service. We hope that you will be able to attend all three parish occasions.

K. Clapson, Vestry Sec.

Diocesan Website:
www.brechin.anglican.org

The deadline for the next issue of ‘Crucis’ is Sunday, 23 October. Please send any material to the Editor (the Rector) by that day. Thank you!

St Salvador's Directory

Web: www.stsalvadors.com Registered Charity SC010596 **E-mail:** enquiries@stsalvadors.com

St Salvador's Church, St Salvador Street, Dundee, DD3 7EW (access via Carnegie St)

Saint Salvador's is a member of the Scottish Episcopal Church (SEC) and is in the Diocese of Brechin. The SEC is part of the Worldwide Anglican Communion headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

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Diocesan Bishop	The Right Rev. Dr. N. Peyton	Tel: 01382 562 244 (office)
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Honorary Secretary	Mrs Katie Clapson	c/o The Rector Tel: 01382 221785 vessecstsal@hotmail.co.uk
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Alt. Lay Representative	Miss J. Coutts	
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Envelope and Gift Aid Secretary	Mrs J. Cassells	c/o the Rector
Sacristan	Mrs Evelyn Kelly	c/o the Rector
Flowers	Situation Vacant	
Cantor, Choirmaster & Webmaster	Dr Graeme Adamson	c/o the Rector

Magazine

Please send comments, corrections and material to the Rector. Note: material may be omitted, or edited for length and suitability. Postal subscriptions £17 p.a. inc. p&p. Also available free as a PDF.