

CRUCIS

Magazine of St. Salvador's Scottish Episcopal Church Dundee

September 2015

"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...

Summer? What summer?

It's what a lot of people around here are asking now that August is over. The weather has not been kind. As we take stock of the season that is passing, it is the rain, wind, low temperatures and brooding skies that we recall. We may feel hard done by. And weather is not something we can do something about, anyway. We have to take what we get.

So, reflecting upon the summer that is past, our feelings of resentfulness at having been short-changed may combine with a sense of helplessness at not having been able to do anything about it. We may conclude that a real summer was for somebody else. The southern English. The rich who could go on holiday. The elderly ex pats retired in Spain. Poor us. Poor me.

What a whinge!

Wanting what someone else has may often shift subtly toward hating them for having it. Envy is never a very pretty sight when it raises its head. It demonises those we think have something better than we have.

This summer has been highlighted – if "highlight" is the appropriate word – by the unfolding human tragedy on Europe's borders of countless refugees who have given up everything to make their way to our fortunate, prosperous and peaceful continent.

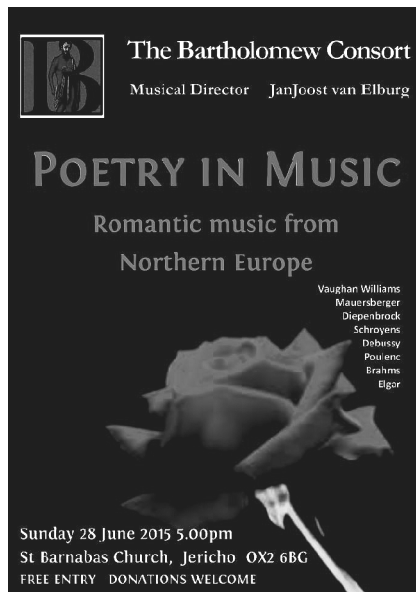
These poor, vulnerable crowds of human flotsam want the lives we have. But they don't hate us for having what we have. Those who hate us for the lives we lead stayed home. They are busy making the hell that their countrymen are fleeing from in order to come to us.

Our attitude toward these refugees should be Christ-like and compassionate. We should not fear them. Rather, those whom we should fear are those who are not coming to us. They are the ones who have stayed at home to nurse their resentments and their grudges, and to plan further outrages against the innocent and fortunate. How they hate us for who we are and what we have!

It makes our sense of being short-changed a real summer seem rather puny, doesn't it?

Blessings
Fr. Clive





Poetry in Music

Hot on the heels of my splendid day in Wiltshire singing under the direction of contemporary composer, Bob Chilcott, I was delighted to have the opportunity to sing the very next weekend with the Bartholomew Consort in Oxford. My trip began on the afternoon of Thursday, 25th June with a flight from Edinburgh to London City Airport and thereafter an overnight stay in London ready to head to Oxford in good time for the start of rehearsals on Friday afternoon. After a relaxing morning and pleasant lunch, I caught the Oxford train from Paddington arriving in just enough time to catch the bus up to Summertown arriving at St Michael and All Angels' Church just before five o'clock when rehearsals were due to begin. As always, it was lovely to catch up with the other members of the consort as they really are a lovely bunch of folk and all such excellent singers. Once again, it was the talented and inspirational JanJoost van Elburg who was conducting and would put us through our paces in preparation for Sunday's concert.

The programme consisted of romantic music from Northern Europe with texts taken from a diverse selection of poetry – hence

the title, "Poetry in Music". Poets included George Herbert (Wales, 1593 – 1633), Andrew Lang (Scotland, 1844 – 1912), Christina Rossetti (England, 1830 – 1894), Paul Verlaine (France, 1844 – 1896), Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (Germany, 1749 – 1832), Guillaume Apollinaire (Italy, 1880 – 1918), Paul Éluard (France, 1895 – 1952), Charles d'Orleans (France, 1394 – 1465), Emily Dickinson (U.S.A., 1830 – 1886), and Wilhelm Müller (Germany, 1794 – 1827). An eclectic mix I'm sure you'll agree. The composers were equally varied with music from England, The Netherlands, France, Belgium, and Germany.

Having rehearsed for around four hours on Friday to familiarise ourselves with all the music and, after a good night's sleep, we began practising again at 9.30 on Saturday morning. After a break for lunch and further rehearsal in the afternoon, by 6pm everyone was ready to retire to a nearby wine bar for a glass of Prosecco and a relaxing chat. Come Sunday morning the music was really taking shape and we worked until noon before taking a couple of hours out for a lunch break. We then met up in the performance venue – the beautiful church of St Barnabas, the parish church of Jericho, Oxford, which has served the community since it was founded in 1869. The final touches were put to the performance over the next couple of hours which left time for a cup of tea before the choir readied itself for the performance at five o'clock.



The concert began in England from a musical perspective with Edward Elgar's (1857 – 1934), *My love dwelt in a northern land* and two pieces by Ralph Vaughan Williams' (1872 – 1958): *Sweet Day*, and the stunningly beautiful *Rest*. The latter is such a moving piece where Vaughan Williams' music and Rossetti's poetry blend elegantly. The text . . .

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching,
Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hush'd in and curtain'd with a blessed dearth
Of all that irk'd her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

We then sang two pieces by the Dutch composer Alphons Diepenbrock (1862 – 1921): *Chanson d'automne* (Autumn Song) and *Wandrer's Nachtlied* (Wanderer's night song). I had never even heard of Diepenbrock let alone sung any of his music. It is very attractive and, drawing on an article about him, it is said that he "combined 16th-century polyphony with Wagnerian chromaticism, to which in later years was added the impressionistic refinement that he encountered in Debussy's music."

Couldn't have put it better myself!



Next stop was France. I just love the music of late the 19th century/early 20th century French composers and we sang several pieces by two favourites: Francis Poulenc (1899 – 1963) and Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918). The first section consisted of three of Poulenc's "Sept Chansons": *La blanche neige* (White snow), *A peine défigurée* (Hardly disfigured) and *Belle et ressemblante* (Beautiful and life-like) with poetry by Apollinaire and Éluard. These pieces are individually short but quite exquisite. Debussy's "Trois Chansons" are equally beautiful and are also quite diminutive pieces. They are however quite tricky with difficult syncopated rhythms – especially for the basses in parts. The texts are by the poet, Charles d'Orléans, who became the Duke of Orléans in 1407 and was subsequently captured in battle in 1415. He then spent some twenty-four years in England as a prisoner of war and while in captivity wrote over 500 poems. The first song is a young man's description of his bride-to-be, *Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!* (God, what a vision she is!), the second describes a traditional May festival but reads as a lament – perhaps for the imprisoned poet's lost homeland and personal freedom, *Quand j'ay ouy le tabourin* (When I hear the tambourine), and the last *Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain!* (Winter,



you're nothing but a villain!), a condemnation of the cruelty of winter.

Monday began with a leisurely breakfast and then what should have been a quick journey to Oxford town centre to catch the 10.30 train to Paddington. However, there are major road works in the centre of Oxford at present and the place was grid-locked. I decided to abandon my lift for a short walk (or should I say, run!) to the station and boarded the train ten seconds before the doors closed. What a relief. I was meeting my composer friend, Nicholas Wilton (who writes some exquisite music that I have the pleasure of singing with Cantiones Sacrae) for lunch and arrived at our favourite Pizza Express in Victoria Street bang on 12.30. After a pleasant catch-up I headed to Westminster Abbey for the sung Eucharist in celebration of St Peter, Apostle, Martyr, and Patron of Westminster Abbey. I managed to get a seat in quire right next to the choir which made me feel very at home! We were treated to a splendid celebration which included Julian Anderson's *Bell Mass* and Palestrina's motet, *Tu es Petrus*.

The Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend Dr John Hall, preached on what was a special day for him. He began by saying that St Peter had been the Abbey's patron from its foundation in AD 960. He went on, "The special significance goes back exactly forty years to the day when I became a cleric and was made a deacon in the Church of God by Mervyn Lord Bishop of Southwark in his cathedral church of St Saviour and St Mary Overie." It was good

to be there to share in this special occasion. As always, the choir acquitted itself very well and there was the chance afterwards to say hello to some familiar faces who had sung at the Edington Festival over the last few years.

The trip was almost over and after a quick post-service drink with friends I caught the Tube and DLR train to London City Airport ready for the flight home. Take-off was at 9.20pm and we landed in Edinburgh just over an hour-and-a-quarter later meaning I was home well before midnight after what had been a very fulfilling weekend. My next trip is to Wiltshire for this year's Edington Festival of Music within the Liturgy which takes place at the end of August. I hope to have time to put pen to paper again in time for the October edition of the magazine.

Graeme Adamson

HOLY CROSS DAY is on Monday, 14 September. This festival is our special parish occasion, to which we invite friends from across the city and throughout Scotland. Attendance by all our members would be most desirable. Our celebration will begin at 7 PM.

As in previous years the service will take the form of a Sung Mass with a festal procession.

Our Bishop will be our guest preacher. The music of the Mass will be sung by a vocal ensemble from the University of St. Andrews under the direction of Mr. Charles McGlone.



Doors Open 2015

Did you know that your church doors will be open once again over the weekend of the 19th and 20th September during the Dundee Doors Open Event? Although we always enjoy welcoming a wide variety of visitors from the city and much more far flung places at this time of year, perhaps you too might consider paying a visit and really looking at what a beautiful building we have in our care.

Learn more about its past history - it really is fascinating and well worth thinking about, and the detail Bodley lavished on its interior endlessly is rewarding to look at in detail.

We can all take for granted the beauty around us when we come week by week, and sometimes it takes a new visitor to remind us of some special symbol or artistic feature around the church, to make us look at it with fresh eyes. It is an inspiring building and a fine aid to worship. Your doors are open - do come along and share it with others!

Kirsty Noltie



A man goes to see his Priest. "Father, something terrible is happening and I have to talk to you about it."

The Priest asks, "What's wrong?"

The man replies, "My wife is poisoning me."

The Priest, very surprised by this, asks, "How can that be?"

The man then pleads, "I'm telling you, I'm certain she's poisoning me, what shall I do?"

The Priest then offers, "Tell you what. Let me talk to her, I'll see what I can find out and I'll let you know."

A week later the Priest calls the man and says, "I spoke to her on the phone for three hours. You want my advice?"

The man says, "Yes"

His Priest replies, "Take the poison."

Some years ago a small rural town in Spain twinned with a similar town in Italy.

The mayor of the Italian town visited the Spanish town. When he saw the palatial mansion belonging to the Spanish mayor, he wondered aloud how on earth he could afford such a house.

The Spaniard replied: 'You see that bridge over there? The EU gave us a grant to construct a two-lane bridge, but by building a single lane bridge with traffic lights at either end, I could build this place.'

The following year the Spaniard visited the Italian town. He was simply amazed at the Italian mayor's house: gold taps, marble floors, diamond doorknobs, it was marvellous.

When he asked how he'd raised the money to build his house, the Italian mayor said: 'You see that bridge over there?'

The Spaniard replied: 'No.'



Shattering News

Recently our sanctuary lamp fell down again, shattering its glass globe. Unlike the previous occasion some years ago, when corrosion had caused it to come apart and crash down, this time a weak link allowed part of it to tip sideways, depositing the glass and its contents on the sanctuary floor.

Both of these accidents occurred before, or just after, services. People were still around, and a few were nearby, but no-one was hurt.

Thankfully, repair of the damage this time is minimal. Martin Andrews is undertaking it. On the last occasion, the lamp itself needed to be renovated; this time only the weakened link needs to be repaired or replaced, and a new glass globe procured. The total cost of this repair will be about £30.

New lamps for old? No, we'll fix this one again!

Going for Growth

Fr. Clive

Although born a British citizen, I grew up in Canada. Canada has two languages: French and English. Canada also has two national sports. To distinguish them, we call one our national "sport" and the other our national "game".

Canada's national "sport" is lacrosse. It was devised in Canada among the native people and adopted by the white man after he arrived. Here in the UK it's considered mainly a posh girls' game. In Canada it has no such reputation except for being a really tough sport. Even there it isn't played or watched widely and has never captured the passion of the nation.

Canada's passion is reserved for ice hockey. It is the national "game" – played, watched or followed by almost everyone. It may not in fact have been invented by Canadians, although it is thought to have been invented in Canada. One of the contending theories of its origin is that someone at some time started playing the game of field hockey on ice. Some have said that the originators may well have been British soldiers bored with garrison duty during the long cold Canadian winter.

Winter is the great fact of Canadian life. Its length varies depending on where one lives, generally lasting from six to nine months. Everyone prepares for it. Canadians are great storers and preparers, which may go some way to explaining why as a people we are often considered cautious, hardworking and frugal. No-one wants to be caught out. We're experts at storage and preparation.

Having a winter sport as one's national game – even when winter takes up much of the year – presents a country with a problem: what do you do during the summer months? In Canada, it's generally baseball, or its more genteel variant, softball. It's an American game with its origins in "rounders". Canadians have taken baseball to their hearts. It is played and followed very widely. There's hardly a city, town or village anywhere in the vast country where, in the long summer evenings, the crack of the baseball bat and the thud of a hard ball on a leather glove isn't heard.

Like cricket, baseball is a beautiful game to

watch. Because (again, like cricket) it is a game with statistics, it is also a sport where the past matters. People remember and cherish the great players in the history of the game who set a benchmark for all those who came after. Baseball also has a certain romance about it that may explain to some extent its passionate following. Many films have been made about it. One of the most recent and popular was the sports fantasy “Field of Dreams”, starring Kevin Costner.

In the film, a farmer hears a voice telling him to plough his crop under and build a baseball field. Realising that this might drive him to financial ruin and the loss of his home and farm, he questions the voice. “Build it and he’ll come” the voice tells him. Who is this “he” who will come? The farmer thinks it might be one of the great heroes from baseball’s past. He builds the field, despite the risks and the ridicule from neighbours and others. Sure enough, after the field is built, he sees a team playing there that consists of all the old giants of the game, including his particular hero. The problem is, at first, that he’s the only one who can see them. Eventually the farmer comes to realise that he was told to build the field not only to see his baseball heroes from the past, but also his own father, who loved the game and from whom he had become estranged before he died. “Build it and he’ll come”. Still confronted by financial ruin at the end of the film, the farmer wonders whether anyone will come to the middle of nowhere to watch a game of baseball being played on his field of dreams. He’s told that people will come: Build it and they’ll come. The film concludes with a stream of car headlights coming through the summer evening to the baseball field he built.

Many people seem to have odd ideas about what we do here in church – our own “field of dreams”. Some of those people come to church and many do not. Some see it merely as an opportunity to socialise. Others see it as a form of entertainment. Some regard it as a learning experience. Others see it as a habit – something some people do for their lives to be normal. Some regard it as a meeting of the like-minded. Others see it as a meeting of the closed-minded.

Whatever going to church may or may not be in many people’s minds, it is certainly true that coming together to pray, worship and serve here

in church reflects the discovery that something is missing from life, something that only coming to church can fill. What is it?

First of all, there’s that God-shaped hole in everybody’s life that only God can fill. Most people ignore it most of the time and forget Him, but the lack of fulfilment remains. “Why do you need an imaginary friend” the world scoffs at us, as if they too were not on the same search as we are. All human beings were meant to look for God. All of us do. We’re hard wired for it. Finding Him is the whole point of human life. Those who realise it come here, where we have a better chance of finding Him. Those who don’t look for God look for some other thing to fill the gap. When it comes to human fulfilment, we’re ALL looking for an imaginary friend. We’re looking for a particular friend in this place. He isn’t imaginary, and He wants us to find Him.

Secondly, we come here not because religion is something we enjoy, like a hobby or entertainment, or because we need a crutch to get through life, or because it is a club for the like-minded and the closed-minded. We come to be with God and with each other. We come for fellowship. We come to be part of God’s life individually and with others. Those others include not only the people we see around us, but also all those who have gone ahead of us: the saints and all our departed loved ones – our heroes who have set a benchmark for us.

Thirdly, we come here to present to God, to each other and to the world outside, a vision of the City of God – not a holy club, but God’s own house, where God is our life, where all have a place, where children and adults, men and women can grow, where everything is shared and no-one goes without whatever it is they need. It is the building of this City that is our primary task here. Everyone who comes here is welcome to join us in that wonderful and daunting enterprise. Everyone is welcome to build the City of God here – our own “field of dreams” – to make it real.

Is anyone looking for God? Let us together build the City of God. “Build it and he’ll come”. How do we fill this church with others who will help us in this task of building God’s City in this place? Build it and they’ll come.

Come Celebrate!

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The Martyrs of New Guinea (2 September)

The Church in Papua New Guinea was enriched by martyrdom twice in the twentieth century. James Chalmers, Oliver Tomkins and some others were sent to New Guinea by the London Missionary Society and were martyred in 1901. During the Second World War, when New Guinea was occupied by the Japanese, 333 Christians of all denominations died for their faith. Among them were priests Henry Holland, John Duffill and Vivian Redlich, who remained with their people after the invasion in 1942; evangelists Leslie Ariadi, Lucian Tapiedi and John Barge; May Hayman, a nurse; and teachers Margaret Brenchley, Lilla Lashman and Mavis Parkinson. Also remembered is Bernard Moore, shot while presiding at the Eucharist in New Britain.

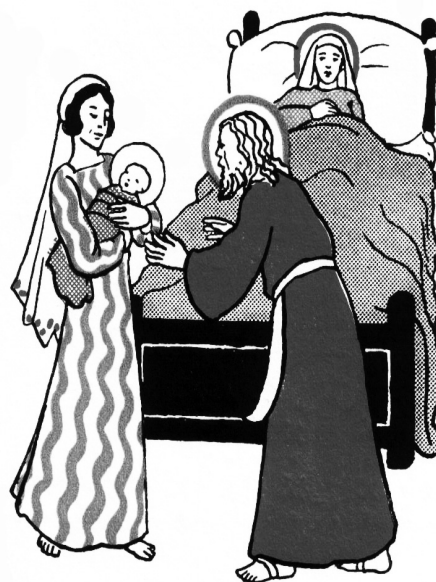
The Birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary (8 September)

This festival in honour of the birth of the Mother of God the Son is of long standing, and is celebrated on this day in both the eastern and western Churches.

Holy Cross Day (14 September)

The cross on which our Lord was crucified has become the universal sign of Christianity, replacing the fish symbol of the early church. After the end of persecution early in the fourth century, pilgrims began to travel to Jerusalem to visit and pray at places associated with the earthly life of Jesus. St 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

8th NATIVITY B.V.M. Mary's Birthday



Cross of Christ. A basilica was built on the site of the Holy Sepulchre and dedicated on this day in the year 335.

St Ninian of Whithorn, Bishop and Missionary (16 September)

Ninian was born in about the year 360, the son of a Cumbrian chieftain who himself had converted to Christianity. It seems that Ninian visited Rome in his youth, where he received training in the faith. He was consecrated bishop in the year 394 and returned to Britain, setting up a community of monks in Galloway at Whithorn, from where they went out on missionary journeys among the southern Picts, as far as Perth and Stirling. His monastic base was called 'Candida Casa' – the White House – a sign and a landmark for miles around. Ninian died in about the year 432.

St Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist (21 September)

Matthew was a tax collector, born at Caper-

naum, called by Jesus, for whom he left everything and turned to a new life. His Gospel was written in Hebrew originally, for Jewish Christians. Tradition tells that he preached in the East and was martyred there.

St Adamnan of Iona, Abbot (23 September)

Adamnan, ninth Abbot of Iona, was born in County Donegal about the year 624, a relation of St Columba, whose biography he wrote. As Abbot of Iona, he travelled widely in evangelistic endeavours and on political missions. He was concerned to bridge the gap between Roman and Celtic traditions and travelled between Scotland and England in negotiation. He himself accepted the Roman customs, but met with strong resistance from his own community. Thereafter he went back to Ireland, returning to Iona just before his death on this day in the year 704.

St Michael and All Angels (29 September)

A basilica near Rome was dedicated in the fifth century in honour of Michael the Archangel on the 30th of September, beginning with celebrations on the eve of that day. The 29th of September is now kept in honour of Michael and the two other named biblical angels, Gabriel and Raphael, as well as those whose names are unknown. Michael means 'who is like God?', and he has traditionally been regarded as the protector of Christians from the devil, particularly in the hour of death. Gabriel means 'strength of God' and he announced the birth of Christ to the Virgin Mary. Raphael means 'the healing of God', and he is depicted in the apocryphal Book of Tobit as the one who restored sight to Tobit's eyes.

St Jerome, Priest and Teacher (30 September)

Jerome was born about 342 on the Adriatic coast of Dalmatia, and studied in Rome, where he was baptised. He lived for some years as a hermit in the Syrian desert, then returned to Antioch and was ordained priest. He lived in Constantinople and then in Rome, preaching asceticism, and studying. Eventually he settled in Bethlehem, where he founded a monastery and devoted himself to study. Knowing both Hebrew and Greek, and with his polished skills in rhetoric, Jerome's scholarship was unparalleled in the early Church. He translated the Bible from its original tongues into Latin (the 'Vulgate'), wrote biblical commentaries, and other works. He fought against the heresies of Arianism, Pelagianism and Origenism. He died on this day in the year 420.

BACK TO CHURCH SUNDAY

Know someone who used to come to St. Salvador's? Do you have a friend, neighbour or relative who has been going through a rough time and might respond to what we offer here? Is there someone you've been meaning to ask to come to church?

Just ask: WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME TO CHURCH WITH ME? And bring them with you!

National Back to Church Sunday is on 20th September. We have nothing to lose, and those you bring have everything to gain!

**Sermon preached by the Rector
on Sunday, 23 August, 2015**

“When many of [Jesus’] disciples heard it, they said, ‘This teaching is difficult; who can accept it?’” John 6: 60

The Church of Scotland broke from Rome in the 1500s in order to reform itself. The reformed national church contained within it two main groups. There were those who wanted to take the church in Scotland in a more radical, Protestant direction, and there were those who wanted to retain all the essential bits of the church’s Catholic heritage. These two groups began to fight with each other, and the war continued for about 150 years. The conservatives lost, and the Church of Scotland followed a more definitively Protestant way from that time onward. The losers were kicked out.

The losing side formed themselves into a structured church community continuing the ministry, sacraments and teaching Scottish Christians had always known. They were called “Episcopalians” because among the Catholic essentials they were defending was the ancient ministry and apostolic succession of the Church through the order of Bishops. (“Episcopalian” is a word meaning “to have bishops”.) As a movement within the Scottish Church, it had attempted to inform the present and shape the future by faithfully presenting it with its past. As a group outside the national church, Episcopalians still tried to fulfil this vocation within Scotland.

Time moved on. Among the Episcopalians there emerged subtle, and at times sharp, differences as to how to go about their role. There were those who appealed more to the rational and Protestant tastes of the Scottish people, and there were others who appealed to Scotland’s more traditional and mystical character. As a shorthand, people called the first group of Episcopalians “low church” and the other “high church”. Our congregation has always represented this second

group, the “catholic” or “high church” element within the Episcopal Church.

The chief characteristic of catholic Episcopalians can be said to be discipline through our submission to the Church’s age-old teaching, worship, and practise. In a sense, what we are doing within the Episcopal Church is the same as what the Episcopal Church has up to now felt called to do within the whole Christian community in Scotland: to inform the present and shape the future by faithfully presenting the past. We are convinced that we are passing on something of great value, beauty and relevance to our age. We are servants of tradition and mystery. It is our duty. It is also the right of everyone to hear and receive what we offer.

This has never been a comfortable, easy or popular role to play in our church, let alone in Scotland as a whole. Indeed, perhaps it has become increasingly difficult. These days everything is about accessibility and convenience. What we are calling people toward is something quite demanding. To some, what we say and do here might even seem to be judgemental. Prodding the complacent and exposing the shallowness of the trendy is hardly likely to win wide acceptance. And, it must be admitted, high church Episcopalians are very easy to caricature as old-fashioned, out of touch, and eccentric. We may be all of those things and worse. But are we wrong?

We are called to love one another and the whole world. But, as our Lord found in today’s Gospel, that love can be rejected. There is such a thing as “tough love”. Maybe people are looking for the wrong thing. It’s not the Church’s job to give them the wrong thing, but to bring them to Christ through what is tried, tested and true – the mystery of the Gospel – even though some cannot accept it and may simply walk away.

Tues., 1 Sept.: Feria; Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 2 Sept.: Martyrs of Papua-New Guinea; Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 6 Sept.: Trinity 14: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Tues., 8 Sept.: Nativity of the BVM: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 9 Sept.: Feria: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 13 Sept.: Trinity 15: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Mon., 14 Sept.: HOLY CROSS DAY: Mass at 7 PM
Tues., 15 Sept.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 16 Sept.: St. Ninian: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 20 Sept.: Trinity 16: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Mon. 21 Sept.: St. Matthew: Mass at NOON
Tues., 22 Sept.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 23 Sept.: St. Adamnan: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 27 Sept.: Trinity 17: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Tues., 29 Sept.: St. Michael & All Angels: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 30 Sept.: St. Jerome: Mass at 10 AM

Sun., 4 Oct.: Trinity 18: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Tues., 6 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 7 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 11 Oct.: Trinity 19: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Tues., 13 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 14 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 10 AM
Sun., 18 Oct.: Trinity 20: St. Luke: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Tues., 20 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 21 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 10 AM
Fri., 23 Oct.: St. James of Jerusalem: Mass at 7 PM
Sun., 25 Oct.: Trinity 21: Masses at 9 AM & 11 AM
Tues., 27 Oct.: Feria: Mass at 7 PM
Wed., 28 Oct.: Ss. Simon & Jude: Mass at 10 AM



Our friend Margaret Grant of Aberdeen has donated to St. Salvador's her late husband Michael's Home Communion kit.

Michael, a long-time supporter of, and visitor to, St. Salvador's, was a licensed minister of the Sacrament in the Diocese of Aberdeen, taking Holy Communion to those unable to attend Mass through illness or disability.

This is a truly thoughtful and useful gift, for which we are very grateful, and it is a fitting memorial to the devout servant of the Church that Michael was.

Diocesan Website:
www.brechin.anglican.org

Many thanks for donations toward flowers from: Jeannette Coutts, Ann Noltie, Bishop Ted Luscombe, and Dr. Kirsty Noltie.

The deadline for the next issue of 'Crucis' is Sunday, 20 Sept. 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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Lay Representative	Mrs. Katie Clapson	As above
Alt. Lay Representative & Protection of Vulnerable Groups Officer	Situation Vacant	
People's Churchwarden	Mrs Muriel McKelvie	Tel: 01382 580065
Rector's Churchwarden	Mr Martin Andrews	Tel: 01382 223465 mhdeta@blueyonder.co.uk
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

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