

ST. ANDREWS UNITED REFORMED CHURCH

Upper Hanover Street, Sheffield, S3 7RQ

MESSENGER

Price £1.25

May and June 2023



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CALENDAR for May and June 2023

Tues	2 May	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	7 May	10.45 am	Worship Group Coronation service
Tues	9 May	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	14 May	10.45 am	Elders' service
Tues	16 May	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	21 May	10.45 am	Mrs Pauline Ratcliffe (Leprosy Mission)
Tues	23 May	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	28 May	10.45 am	Worship Group - Pentecost
Tues	30 May	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	4 June	10.45 am	Worship Group - Trinity (ecumenical service)
Mon	5 June	2.30 pm	Elders meeting
Tues	6 June	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	11 June	10.45 am	Rev Fleur Houston - 170 th Anniversary Service and Baptism
Tues	13 June	10 am	Community Choir
Thurs	15 June	10 am	Management Team meeting
Sun	18 June	10.45 am	Rev Kirsty Massey and Annual Church Meeting
Tues	20 June	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	25 June	10.45 am	Mr Chris Limb
Tues	27 June	10 am	Community Choir
Sat	1 st July	3 pm	Tennis Club 100 th anniversary
Sun	2 July	10.45 am	Rev Dr David Stec - Communion
Tues	4 July	10 am	Community Choir
Sun	9 July	10.45 am	Worship Group
Tues	11 July	10 am	Community Choir
Thurs	13 July	2.30 pm	Elders meeting
Sat	16 July	3 pm	Tennis Club Open Day
Sun	16 July	10.45 am	Rev Canon Adrian Alker
Tues	18 July	10 am	Community Choir
Thurs	20 July	10 am	Management Team
Sun	23 July	10.45 am	Rev Dr Michael Bayley
Sun	30 July	10.45 am	Ian Wilman (Salvation Army)

FLOWERS

Instead of a weekly rota of people who donate flowers for our Sunday service, we now have a beautiful arrangement of artificial flowers in place.

If anyone wishes to provide fresh flowers to commemorate some special date or memorial, please do so, and then write your name on the list on the back of the vestry door.

There is also the opportunity to bring a small fresh bunch to give to the visiting preacher; again, if you do this, please sign in the relevant column on the list.

SERVICE SHEET

If you have any notices to go in the service sheet, please send them to the person who is preparing them for that month. The rota now is:

Judith Adam: January, May and September

Sheila Cooke: February, June and October

Jean Dickson: March, July and November

Douglas Jones: August, December and April

COFFEE

Sheila Cooke is keeping the rota for coffee after service on Sundays. Please tell Sheila if you would like to help.

GREETINGS

We hope you are enjoying the summer, gardens, holidays, days out and visiting. The weather has been kind to us so far and what a difference it makes! This issue covers our activities in the last 2 months.

RECENT SERVICES

At church we have been stimulated by a busy and varied sequence of services. The Worship Group led us with coronation reflections on 7 May and led again at Pentecost. The service on 14 May was planned by the Elders on the theme of Why I come to church. Eight members spoke very movingly about what church and attendance meant to them and chose a fitting hymn. Read what they said on pages 9-16.

On 4 June, Trinity Sunday, three other Christian groups who share our building took part in the service. A leader from the Ethiopian, Congolese and Zimbabwean churches each read a chosen lesson and told us something about their Community of Love, and their choirs sang.



JFAN Choir

Anniversary: On 11 June we celebrated the 170th anniversary of the founding of St Andrew's. Former minister the Revd Fleur Houston led the service, former minister Rev Sarah Hall was present and read the lessons, and we were delighted to see so many community representatives, friends and former members. Fleur gave a well researched account of our history and the church's work and outreach over the years.

The service also included a marriage blessing for Victor and Aimee Li and the baptism of their baby Luke. Victor worshipped with us while studying medicine at Sheffield University and Aimee is a talented artist in glass. They were married in Canada but Fleur's blessing seemed like a wedding ceremony all over again and they were very touched. Baby Luke enchanted us all!



Our regular pulpit supply leaders continue to give us much food for thought. For instance, Pauline Ratcliffe of the Leprosy Mission spoke most enthusiastically about her visits to Nepal, and showed a video and many photos of the work the hospital does there, in a very professional presentation. It covered a wide range of aspects from distress and despair to health and hope and a new life. The Leprosy Mission started in 1896; at first all it could really offer was love and care, but now medical science has moved on to the point where not only treatment for symptoms can be given but even the hope of a vaccine to prevent it.

FAMILY NEWS

We omitted last time to congratulate **Bill Smyllie** on his 98th birthday in April. Bill still sings in the church choir, as he has done for over 70 years - a record, surely. We love to see him every Sunday.

Good news on the health front is that **John Fall** is making better progress now after his hip surgery, and is about to have his cataract operation. **Claire Brooks** at last got the pot off her leg and is able to drive again.

Dorothy Adam is now in a nursing home. We send her all good wishes and prayers and hope she settles comfortably there. **Sheila and Martin Dunstan** have both had some health issues recently, with consequent hospital follow up. Martin is still in pain from a cracked vertebra. Nonetheless, as train enthusiasts, they enjoyed a weekend in the Yorkshire Dales including a ride in the Flying Scotsman. **Wilma Love** has settled well into a lovely retirement complex near her daughter in Kidderminster; it seems very well run and sociable, with a coffee time every morning for those who wish. Unfortunately, however, Wilma had a fall and has broken her pelvis. We send her all good wishes for a speedy recovery and are glad she is so much nearer now to family and help. **Christina Stark** has been settling up her home in Florida, sadly, as her partner Dave is about to start radiation therapy after major surgery for cancer of the jaw.

As we celebrate our 170th anniversary, we remember all those who have worshipped here over the years and been part of the fellowship of St Andrew's, and we give thanks for their lives and service, and the memories they have left with us. To those members who can no longer come to church, we send our greetings; you are in our thoughts and prayers, and your contribution to the life and fellowship of St Andrew's is remembered with thanks.

DISABLED ACCESS

At time of writing, the ramp for wheelchair access is almost finished. We hope to see more people able to use the church. Watch this space.

The **TENNIS CLUB** is proudly celebrating its 100th anniversary this year. A big reception on Saturday 1st July will be attended by civic leaders, LTA officers, former members and friends, and St Andrew's will be represented. The club started as a social outlet for St Andrew's members but now is independent and open to all. At least four church members still play there. It is the only club in Sheffield with Italian shale courts, and it offers training to young players.

ASYLUM SEEKERS

The young men who have been accommodated in hotels in Wath on Dearne are gradually being moved into houses in cities such as Newcastle and Glasgow. Several had started on courses at Rotherham College to gain trade qualifications. Eight of them came for an afternoon at the Tennis Club, started to play and enjoyed afternoon tea, thanks to Margaret Fall and Barbara Macmillan.

OUT AND ABOUT

Our musical members have been busy. Elisabeth Wheat is first violin with Sheffield Symphony Orchestra, who gave a concert at Ecclesall Parish Church on 10 June. And on 17 June Sterndale Singers, in which Judith Adam sings, gave a delightful and varied concert of choral music inspired by nature at Millhouses Methodist Church.

This is the season to visit lovely Derbyshire villages to see their **Well Dressings**. There is one on somewhere nearly every weekend.



The **General Cemetery** is open again after extensive improvements and makes a most interesting visit. Started in 1836, it is one of the earliest commercial cemeteries in the country and is listed Grade II. Many famous Sheffield worthies are buried there (eg John Cole, Mark Firth, George Bassett, Samuel Holberry) and there is a fine display of monuments and rare catacombs. The two chapels (Anglican and Nonconformist), the Gatehouse and the original Cemetery Office are all listed buildings.

ENCOUNTER:

Monica Hanna was on the Tube in London recently when a number of white-robed people got on, obviously Ethiopians on the way to church. Monica found that they knew all about our St Michael's congregation and similarly our friends here know about the Orthodox churches in London. They often travel some distance to meet up for services.

OLD STAMPS

If you still have any of the old stamps without barcodes, you have until 31 July to use them up. This applies to 'regular' stamps, not special issues (eg Christmas). They will not be valid after 31 July and the recipient may have to pay a surcharge. You can swap the old ones for new valid barcoded stamps by sending them to Royal Mail; not at a post office.

THE END OF THE LINE – 5

(Another episode in Robert Beard's life on the NHS 111 Helpline).

Picking up the story again, after a hip replacement (resulting from a cycling accident) and a second bout of Covid (almost certainly contracted on a bus before I was able to cycle again), I find myself in the happy position of having just won the Herts Urgent Care (HUC) monthly award for productivity, measured by the percentage of my logged-on time I was available to receive calls, and the number of calls I handled; for this I shall receive a voucher whose value I don't yet know. In other words, I've been living in what the Chinese proverb might call 'interesting times'.

The greatest frustration I experience at work arises from the utter inadequacy of dental service provision in England, since about half of the calls I receive involve callers unable to find local NHS dentists who are taking on new patients. HUC provides a dental triage service by telephone for urgent cases, and the dental nurses who staff this can sometimes arrange emergency appointments for patients with very serious dental injuries or infections; but where the problem is toothache, no matter how severe, the best we can offer are details of

local dental practices. Although NHS 111 itself can sometimes book appointments with GPs, we are unable to book dental appointments. It is heart-breaking to have to tell a parent whose child is screaming in pain, but not seriously ill, to go to the nhs.uk website and scroll through dental practices in the hope that they find a surgery willing to offer a one-off appointment, which may be 50 or more miles distant, if available at all.

Two more tasks have been added to my lot since I last wrote.

The first is 'comfort calling'. As the number of patients in England increases, and the number of full-time-equivalent clinicians falls, the pressure on already overstretched NHS services continues to grow, especially over weekends and public holidays. The recent Easter weekend, with its two bank holidays, was particularly stressful, not least because so many local services are closed for the full four days. When significant delays to return-calls from clinicians are unavoidable, we non-clinicians try to fill the occasional gaps between our own calls by phoning patients who have been waiting longer than we should like, to reassure them that they are still in the appropriate queue, and to check whether they are experiencing any new or worsening symptoms which might justify reassessment and a more urgent response. These are invaluable in identifying patients whose condition has deteriorated, and usually welcomed as a sign of the service's continuing care.

The second task involves trying to trace patients who provide demographics – names, addresses, dates of birth etc. – which the call handlers are unable to match against the national database. To avoid unnecessary delay to patients' treatment, these cases are sent electronically to a 'trace queue', and it's now my responsibility in quieter moments to help link the names provided to their NHS numbers and associated details. Sometimes this is easy, for instance when it involves simply a change of address; other cases require spelling corrections to misheard names, places or postcodes, and these are not always obvious or even soluble. The 'element of fun', as Mary Poppins would call it, lies in the wonderful variety of names, which often reflect the history of this land, such as the Anglo-Saxon 'Wainwright' and 'Cartwright' or the Norman-French 'Marston Moretaine', to say nothing of those reflecting more recent immigration and integration. Sometimes a name is familiar from a totally different context, such as 'Jim Hawkins' (my favourite – Arrrrggghhh!). Strangest of all are the first names with which some parents see fit to saddle their offspring. I fear for the schooling of some of these children: I mean, surely 'Harper-Blu' should be a bathroom cleaner...?

Robert Beard

WHY I GO TO CHURCH

THE ELDERS SERVICE on 14 May had the theme of 'Why do we go to church?' Six members of the congregation gave their reasons and chose a hymn to follow. We started appropriately with the hymn 'God is in his temple' (R&S 32)

Indonesian Christian goes to the British Church

When Sheila Dunstan first asked me to tell "Why do I go to the church?" it made me reflect a lot. Why do I choose to go to the church every Sunday instead of sleeping or doing something else? What is the importance of the church for me?

I was born in a Christian Protestant family. My father was also born Christian, but my mother was converted from Muslim. At first, my parents brought me to the church at around five years old, so I joined the Sunday school. As the time went by, going to the church became a habit for me. I felt hollow if I didn't go to the church. Going to the church has become a need for me, not just because I want to.

The first time I arrived in the UK in 2015, I was 'church hopping'. I went to different churches and explored to see how the service felt like. I was trying to find a church that is kind of similar to my church. However, I realized that it's not about the church building; it's about the community. In Indonesia, a church is called Gereja. It is taken from the Portuguese language 'Igreja', which originated from the Greek word "Ekklesia", and it means "gathering of those summoned" or "a called-out assembly or congregation". It reminds me of an Indonesian Sunday school song, "Aku gereja, kaupun gereja", roughly translated as "I am the church, you are also the church". One part of the song says, "The church is not the building or the tower. Open the door and see inside; the church is the people". The peace I felt at the church was not solely because of the beautiful architecture. It is the people who are so lovely and welcoming to me. That's what I felt at St Andrew's URC.

In Matthew 6 chapter 33 is written, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you". Following and worshipping God has made my life smooth with all the privileges I receive. I believe everything is from God because I have served God almost my whole life. Many times, there are obstacles in my life, but God always lifted me. When I feel burden in my life, going to the church will remind me that God is always there for me.

Based on my experience in Indonesia and the UK, I am going to the church because it is where I can seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness. It is a sanctuary where I can find peace and solace. Also, it's where I can reflect, pray, build meaningful relationships with other Christians and feel connected and supported. The church is not only about attending the service but also a community of people who gather to worship and grow together. The church is the people, not the building. Therefore, no matter where I am in the world, as long as I'm with fellow believers, I'm home.

Billy Aryanto

Hymn: 'What a friend we have in Jesus' (R&S 413)

Why do I come to church?

This is a very tricky question. It demands a lot of soul searching and self appraisal. I found myself wondering why on earth I had agreed to put myself up for this self scrutiny!! I do feel a bit ashamed to say that my first thought was that going to Church had become a bit of a habit. However, I soon realised that there is much more to it than that.

I've brought along a few props to help me. Firstly I was born into a family of Church goers. I was the 4th daughter, hence the name on my well used Christening mug (prop 1). My parents had run out of family girl's names by the time I came along! (Sisters Margaret Anne, Elizabeth and Sandra). Here's the last baby gown (prop 2) discovered after my Mother had died aged 95. It was probably worn by all four of us for our Christenings. Both parents were teachers. My father was also a church Elder and he set up a Boys Brigade group in Longforgan (near Dundee) where we lived until I was 8. So you will see that right from birth I was guided towards the ways of Christian Faith.

As I grew up I attended Sunday School (prop 3). Here's a book prize for diligence and attendance! There was never a question about whether or not I'd like to attend - I did what I was told! Thankfully my memories of Sunday School were happy ones. There I learned the foundations of Christianity through bible stories and learning parts of the bible by rote eg The Ten Commandments, the names of the books of the bible and other well known passages.

I was lucky that there were plenty of books in our house and Enid Blyton was a favourite author. I remember reading 'The Land of Far Beyond' which was her children's version of 'A Pilgrim's Progress' (prop 4). The characters with their various sizes of loads attached to their backs intrigued me. When I went to High School one of our first year reading books was in fact 'A Pilgrim's Progress' so I was able to grasp its meaning to some degree and it helped to reinforce the messages about how and why I should try to live a good life.

When we moved to the nearby village of Errol (near Perth), Church activities continued to be part of my life. I remember one very special minister who took us teenagers for Youth Fellowship. Donald Smith had been a prisoner of war in Burma working on the railway line. I have his book (prop 5) 'And all the trumpets' - an amazing and very moving read. Sadly, the print is tiny and my eyes are getting old! He was such a kind and gentle man who had known and survived great suffering.

While still on the subject of books I have brought my 1953 copy of The New Testament (prop 6) which was issued to all local children from the Education Committee of Perth and Kinross to commemorate the coronation of our late Queen. Religious education was part of the school curriculum. As a young adult I confess I did not go to Church very often. The swinging sixties was a time of liberation and I wanted a taste of it! Fortunately I survived. I was married in Kirkton Church in Carluke in 1970 and had two children by 1975.

It was then that I was drawn back to Church in Carlisle where I lived for 40 years. I helped out in a variety of ways over the years and my children attended Sunday School and Boys and Girls Brigades. Times have changed so much. Sometimes I have struggled to keep up and feel so glad that I found a safe, familiar, church haven here in St Andrews since I came to Sheffield 10 years ago.

So far I have mentioned the importance of people, books and education on my journey of faith. Music has also been a big influence on me and definitely needs to be mentioned. I have memories of singing hymns not only in Church but in school too. Although I'm not much of a singer I really enjoy it and appreciate that it can affect me deeply. When asked to choose a hymn for today the one that sprung to mind was 'Look Forward in Faith'. It has not been a simple feat to get this hymn for us today as the music seems to be only printed in the Scottish hymn books. Thanks to Douglas for his time and persistence, we will be able to hear it played today. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I do.

Most importantly I do believe in the power of prayer. When going through difficult times I have sometimes found it hard to pray. Going to Church offers me the opportunity to receive help in ways I would never have imagined. Looking back to the Pandemic with all its restrictions, it was the cause of much distress - not just for me but I imagine most people in the whole world.....

I hope this snippet of my life history has answered the question. I come to church to listen and learn, to chat, sing and pray. I come here because I need and want to.

Barbara Macmillan

Hymn: 'Look forward in faith' (in Scottish hymn book)

Story Telling

Everyone loves a good story. Jesus knew the power of storytelling. His stories caught the imagination of those listening to him. They could picture what he wanted to tell them, how to live a good life, encouraging them to love one another, help the stranger, feed the hungry, give generously and forgive easily. All the stories we remember from childhood.

This morning I want to tell you a story about a journey of four friends that is simple in many ways, but has had such an impact on so many people that it has become an all-time bestseller.

Our Granddaughter Anna had a birthday coming up. She was also about to start her first teaching job, teaching English in a large girls' school (2000 pupils) in south London. The birthday present she wanted was the print of a drawing in a book called "The boy, the mole, the fox and the horse". I had never heard of it. She wanted to hang the print in her classroom for all the pupils to see. Quite intrigued, the next time I was in a book shop I noticed the book, flicked through the pages, liked what I saw, and decided to buy it.

It is written by a man called Charlie Mackesy, printed in his hand writing with his own beautiful ink pen drawings. The story is of a lonely boy who meets a little mole who loves to eat cake and they become friends. As they walk along together they meet a fox trapped in a snare. The fox would have eaten the mole under normal circumstances but couldn't reach him. The kind mole nibbles through the wire, releasing the fox who is grateful to be free, and decides to join them on their journey. They then meet up with a large and wise horse, who carries them all on his back and looks after them and who can fly.

It is a simple tale but alongside the delightful illustrations it is the conversations, the questions and answers and simple heartfelt philosophy between the four friends that makes this book so special. It has sold more copies than any hard back book this century. It somehow fills a need that many people can relate to, particularly those who have struggled post pandemic.

This morning, I would like to give you a taste of some of these conversations.

"What do you want you be when you grow up?" asks the mole. "Kind," said the boy.

"Nothing beats kindness," said the horse; "it sits quietly beyond all things."

"What is the bravest thing you have ever said?" asked the boy. Help," said the horse. "Asking for help isn't giving up, it's refusing to give up."

"We have such a long way to go," sighed the boy. "Yes, but look how far we've come," said the horse.

"I have discovered something better than cake." "No, you haven't," said the boy. "I have," replied the mole. "What is it?" "A hug. It lasts longer."

"What do we do when our hearts hurt?" asked the boy. "We wrap them with friendship, shared tears and time, till they wake, hopeful and happy again".

I think Jesus would have loved this story.

Sheila Cooke

Hymn: 'One more step along the world I go' (R&S 549)

Why do I come to church?

I was asked to say a few words on the subject 'Why do I come to church?' and we could also think about 'Why would anybody come to church?' or perhaps 'Why do people not come to church any more?'

These are weighty and deep questions, which have exercised great and gifted Churchmen over the years, so I will confine myself to the first part of the question, where my comments are more relevant.

Coming to Church helps us learn to focus more on God and less on ourselves. We are a gathered people, more than a building, following Christ's teachings and accepting his gift of salvation. We depend on each other for spiritual

nourishment to help us grow in our faith. The Holy Spirit gives life to the Church so that we may worship, serve and teach in fellowship with one another. For me an important part of coming on a Sunday morning is to be able to spend some time in silent prayer and contemplation. Everyday lives are busy and stressed, full of unexpected ups and downs. Time in Church helps me to step down from the merry-go-round of a busy life and listen to a still small voice of calm.

Some years ago I had a Cancer scare which involved many weeks of chemotherapy. I was advised that because my immune system would be affected, I should avoid contact with big groups of people. I phoned our minister at the time, who was Sarah Hall, to let her know the situation. I said that I was just taking each day one at a time, keeping my eye on the light at the end of the tunnel. She was kind and supportive and said that she would pray for me. She added that she would mainly pray for lots of light. Actually that was exactly what I needed.

I have been coming here to St Andrews Church, on and off for over 60 years. The family tradition goes back for generations and it has become my custom and practice also. First I came with my parents and sisters, also my Granny and a selection of great-aunts. Then I came with my husband and children with extra nephews, nieces and friends for special occasions. More latterly I have come with my elderly mother, or just by myself. There have been Weddings, Christenings and Funerals, times of great celebrations and times of great sadness. Through all of this, the church has been there for me and the warmth and fellowship of this congregation has been a great blessing.

Linda Callear

Hymn: 'Hushed was the evening hymn' (R&S 526)

Why do I go to Church?

I'd like to give you a very theological answer. But I'm sorry... I can't do that. But the question has occupied my mind since I was asked to do this piece.

AND THE ANSWER JUST SIMPLY HAS TO BE Because I've always done so. Now one clearly doesn't keep on doing something without a reason.....

Well, let's start at the beginning...a little village in mid- Northumberland , and I do mean little...but it had a church, it had a forge, and a tiny sweetie shop, and an ancient market cross, and St John's, an ancient parish church with only one bell, the other having been hidden from marauding...maybe Vikings. Gran and Grandfather were Presbyterians but the next village was where the Presbyterian church was so we went to the parish church, and I joined the Sunday School, which led to the possibility of Communion once appropriate classes had been attended...to be learnt by rote... What is your name, N or M ?...well, I could understand the M...but N?

And the church had a small organ with bellows which needed to be pumped...and this I did occasionally...my first example of doing something useful in a church.

However, at the age of 10 life changed and a new Mother, a new house, new school, new friends, and a contact with the Presbyterian Church and Young Presbyterians. And no need to decide between N or M. At 14 Young Presbyterians became members of the Fellowship of Youth.

FOY was not just a group meeting after Sunday evening service to tackle any religious challenges or principles but a group which provided a huge social life as each church held hops and barn dances all over the Presbytery from Newcastle to Tynemouth, in villages, small towns and city suburbs. St Andrew's Kenton was my church. FOY catered for all up to the age of 31...covering the ages when careers were chosen and trained for and when lifelong friendships were established. It was a National Organisation and wherever jobs and University took the young of the Presbyterian Church there was an FOY to join up with.

I moved to London and St Andrew's Froggnal was a welcoming FOY group... What a church that was, the Lords and Ladies of Hampstead, the bright young people attending a wide range of academic establishments...and it was a place where discussion, fun, social activities and opportunities to take part in church life were readily offered and available.

I was fortunate to meet John during this time and introduced him to FOY and its ideas and its friendship. Marriage and a move to Sheffield followed and John joined the Presbyterian Church. Another St Andrew's but with no FOY; but this solved what I had always seen as a problem...we were becoming too old for FOY. What did Sheffield have to offer?

The association with the Presbyterian Church in Newcastle and London did mean I knew the organisation and St Andrew's here has allowed me to fully participate in Church governance.

At all my churches there has been a blend of the religious and the secular, what is the church about, what is its role, what are its challenges. What did it offer in a tiny village...a freezing cold church but wonderful village fetes. In Foy, fun and laughter based on pretty wholesome principles, challenges as to what career should be followed, and how one's income distributed.

As time passes I haven't stopped seeing my attendance on Sunday as something which has to happen. It is a familiar, it is a moment of peace in a hectic world. Age has allowed me to see three kings, many Prime Ministers of different hues with their worthy and so often unachieved aims, during this time nuclear bombs have been dropped, wars between nations have caused untold hunger, poverty, sadness and tragedy to countless families. Massive challenges of climate change, economic mismanagement, political power, with nations caring only for status and forgetting the needs of the people and families.

Sunday by Sunday life rolls on but for me a church called St Andrew's has always been part of it. This church here has the opportunity to respond to challenges that present themselves on our doorsteps. That's what keeps me here. As a member of FOY I had dramatic and powerful ideas about our world

and my place in it. Now I am operating on a smaller scale. I have learnt that through the church one can have an attitude towards all the major topics life throws up. The world lives around us here in Broomhall...many of the social and economic problems of the world are right here on our streets, we have the opportunity through the use of this building and money saved by our forefathers to make a difference on a very local scale.

Our building is used by many Christian and non-Christian groups for worship and secular activities to provide a sense of belonging, support and familiarity. Through this Church, its buildings, its ethos, we enable groups or individuals, individually or collectively, to try to provide answers to meet some of the worldwide problems of which we, with our long lives, are aware. We can and should have opinions on the topics of today...and here at St Andrew's we can try to do something which makes a difference...and I want to help.

Now we sing 485, a hymn I first sang in early Kenton FOY and then at our wedding and if you look at Verse 5 perhaps we can all get inspiration: "to dwell within the shadow of thy throne, to speak, and work, to think and live, and move, reflecting thine own nature which is love".

Margaret Fall

Hymn: 'Almighty Father of all things that be' (R&S 485)

Why be Jesus centred?

Some years ago I was asked at lunch by a Muslim colleague, out of the blue, "Why do you go to Church?" I had been teaching a course on Evidence-based medicine in the Library at Alexandria, in Egypt, a monument to knowledge from ancient times. After some thought, I replied that I valued a quiet hour in the week, without distractions, when I could uniquely listen to a thoughtful analysis of some behavioural principle that I could apply to my own life.

On another occasion, when we were deciding how to describe the ethos of St Andrew's, to put on the website, I recall Jean Russell, a member of St Andrew's at the time, emphasising that it should be "God-centred", and that was adopted. However, I have always had a problem with that. In teaching evidence-based medicine, the principle is to base any conclusion on evidence and to acknowledge that for which there is no evidence. If I apply that principle to religious knowledge, there is a distinct lack of evidence, but much opinion.

I acknowledge that all human civilisations have had a god or gods, so I think that humans have a need for something to explain the inexplicable, a much greater need when science was less advanced. On the other hand, there have been histories which describe the battles of good and evil, as in the Mahabharata for the Hindus, the Quran for Islam or the Old Testament for Jews. In those times they needed to seek support in war, for a

successful harvest or simply to achieve a desirable objective. Nowadays, we give thanks, analyse our situation or put forward a proposal for a solution to a problem. This is called prayer, or in a professional environment, counselling.

By contrast, Jesus is an historical figure and his teachings are recorded in the New Testament, certainly some time after his death. He told stories to illustrate ethical principles. Who does not remember the bible stories told regularly to children, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal son? Every week stamps depicting these stories were issued to the children in Sunday School in Australia and I could proudly present my completed book for a prize at the end of the year. In Russia today, using stories to describe unpleasant situations and offer remedies is a very effective technique and is their cultural norm.

In medicine I teach ethical principles. These are: do good, do no harm, allow people to make their own free choices, be honest, keep secrets and be fair. These principles are well illustrated in the bible. They form an historical record in the Old Testament and are part of the description of Jesus' ministry in the New Testament. For me, these constitute evidence in a form which is quite different to the assertions attributed to God, not least as described in the theology of Paul's letters. God is meant to be mystical, the Jews could not name him and he is beyond description. But the starting point for rational thinking is a description.

The acceptance of traditional religion was challenged in the Enlightenment with the emergence of science and independent intellectual thought in France, Germany and especially in Scotland. Today, information changes all the time and there is a continual need to review one's opinions and apply that new understanding to every scenario; this is the application of intelligence.

However, stories, traditional and modern, illustrate features of human nature and consequent actions, and these can be judged even in different ages, from Aesop to Roald Dahl. The stories told by Jesus are beautiful examples of eternal verities, evidenced from an authentic source. They act as guides to behaviour, even in a modern world, a good reason to be "Jesus-centred".

Ian Cooke

Hymn: At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow' (R&S 261)



CORONATION AFTERTHOUGHTS

Seven schoolgirls from the Chapel Choir of Methodist College in Belfast were among the choir performing at the Coronation service in Westminster Abbey. Methodist College is Monica Hanna's old school and has always been known for its music. The girls sang with the choirs of Westminster Abbey and HM Chapel Royal, St James's Palace along with girls from Truro Cathedral Choir.

They found out in February that they would be part of the service and were working non-stop since, alongside revising for AS and A-levels. They rehearsed every day before the concert, sometimes three times a day, and as well as a rehearsal weekend in the Abbey they had days of rehearsals with the choir and orchestra. "This is probably the first and last time we will ever sing those pieces - because so many of them are so difficult - they're not the type of thing we will ever sing in school - so we have thoroughly prepared for just one performance but we won't have the opportunity to sing them again."

It was a momentous occasion but it meant an early start for the girls. After their warm ups, the nerves dissipated and they enjoyed seeing all the dignitaries, royals and celebrities to be spotted at the service. An event to tell their grandchildren about. The girls also had tickets for the Coronation Concert in Windsor on Sunday night and were most looking forward to seeing Katy Perry perform.



ANOINTING OILS

In the O T, the oil used to anoint the chief priest and the sacred vessels was mixed with certain spices, according to a specific formula set out in Exodus 30:22-33. There was a strict prohibition on the production or use of oil made according to this formula for any other purpose. We are not told anything about the nature of the oil used to anoint kings, but we can assume at the very least that it was oil of the finest quality.

The oil used to anoint King Charles at his coronation was created using olives harvested from two groves on the Mount of Olives, one of which is at the Monastery of Mary Magdalene, where the King's grandmother, Princess Alice, is buried. This oil was perfumed with spices and flowers, according to a formula used for the anointing of other monarchs, including that of Queen Elizabeth II, and was consecrated at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

6th May 2023 - **CORONATION DAY IN LONDON**

It was a grey drizzly day when Andrew and I set out to walk from our hotel at Russell Square to Trafalgar Square to join the celebrations. The roads were quiet, partly because it was only 7 am, but also because a lot of the roads were cordoned off for the Coronation Procession and most Tube stations were closed.

Although we were heading for the Mall we could only get as far as Admiralty Arch, but managed to get a vantage point on an island in the middle of the road. This was not far from a bunch of "Not Our King" demonstrators, but luckily we were not sucked into that.

We had packed some provisions for the morning, including some tasteful cardboard crowns and Union Jack flags. Other people had been much more enthusiastic with folding chairs, picnic hampers and flamboyant costumes. The crowd was friendly and good-natured and it was interesting to meet people from all corners of the UK and various more far-flung places.

The procession came past at the appointed time and we caught a glimpse of the Diamond Jubilee Carriage and the shiny helmets and plumes of the Household Cavalry. I did my best to get a picture on my phone, but really, being 5 foot 3 and a half put me at a great disadvantage.

At this stage we felt the need to repair to a café to get warmed up and dried out. Fortunately we found a lovely Ukrainian tea-shop selling vegan drinks and cakes – an interesting experience.

Later we went back to catch the procession on its return from Westminster Abbey, but it was difficult to get near enough for a good view. We heard rather than saw the triumphal marching bands, but the subsequent fly-past was spectacular.

In the evening we met up with family at the Royal Albert Hall for the Coronation Prom performance. This was a wonderful way to end the day when we participated in a piece of history.

P.S. Don't be concerned that I may have missed out on the BBC commentary, the moving service at the Abbey, the fashion show of the rich and famous, or the frustrated picture of Harry in the third row. I caught all of this on I-Player when I got home.

CORONATION STREET PARTY (Harley Road)

Our young neighbours down the road had arranged a very successful jubilee party. We persuaded them to do the same for the coronation. They made the arrangements for blocking off the street from 10.30 am until 4.00pm. The men gathered from 10.30 onwards to set out the tables and hang up the bunting and put out chairs and tablecloths. At about 12 noon everyone began to arrive carrying trays of gorgeous food, often in royal colours. This was all laid on one large table for people to help themselves. The highlight was a dressed whole salmon. Lots of puddings and cakes, individual meringues and my apple crumble.

At the jubilee I had made an appearance as the Queen, even had my marmalade sandwich in my handbag. I thanked them graciously for their invite and shook hands (gloved of course) with all the children. This time everybody was sorry Martin had not come as King Charles. I should have got him ears to wear. I had a fascinator that would have done for Camilla!!

We all sat and chatted, getting to know each other better until it was time to clear away. We were fortunate to have such a glorious day.

Sheila Dunstan

THE RACE!

In July 1952 my father took up the post of headmaster at Errol Junior Secondary School. That was around the time of my 8th birthday so by June 1953 I was still settling in to life in a village much bigger than Longforgan, also in the Tay valley.

Strangely, the Queen's Coronation doesn't really feature in my memories of the summer of 1953. On speaking to my sisters, I believe that my parents, Sandra (14) and I saw it on TV in Dundee, squashed into my aunt's living room with other members of the family. Sandra clearly remembers the little black and white TV and that she was not much impressed with the occasion. Elizabeth (17) remembers seeing it somewhere else and loving the Queen's dress. I can only guess that I would have been itching to go out to play as I have absolutely no memory of that day!

However, I have vivid memories of celebrations that summer. The schoolhouse backed onto the large Village Green so I was able to have a grandstand view of all the activities taking place over the old stone wall. There were football and cricket matches and playing rounders with lots of the villagers participating. When the fairground came, I had my first taste of Waltzers, Carousels and Airplane chairs, candy floss etc. It was all so very exciting.

Next there was a crowning of our own Gala queen. However, the biggest delight for me that day was sports for all the children. I discovered that not only was I fast but also there were money prizes. I'd never made so much money having all that fun! The shillings and florins kept coming! The final race was a full circuit of the track. I remember asking why I was made to start so far back from the others and being told this was a handicap race. I had no idea what that meant but decided it wasn't fair. As the race progressed, I'd overtaken all but one. When I passed her, she fell over. At the end of the race, and much to my amazement, she insisted I had pushed her.

I don't think I was disqualified but the occasion certainly gave me food for thought and no doubt some questioning. I must confess there was one race I did not win and that was the sack race. I'd never done that one before and kept falling over. Instead of struggling on, I picked up my sack and walked off. It was good to learn so young that to be a poor loser is not admirable behaviour.

I'm so glad to have these childhood memories and to know that I've much to be grateful for.

Good luck to our new King. His Coronation was magnificent.

Barbara Macmillan

LECTIONARY FOR JUNE AND JULY

June 4 <i>Trinity</i>	Genesis 1 :1-2, 4a; Psalm 8 ; 2 Corinthians 13 :11-13; Matthew 28 : 16-20
June 11	Hosea 5 :15 - 6 :6; Psalm 50 : 7-15; Romans 4 : 13-25; Matthew 9 :9-13, 18-26
June 18	Exodus 19 : 2-8a; Psalm 100 ; Romans 5 :1-8; Matthew 9 :35 – 10 : 8, (9-23)
June 25	Jeremiah 20 : 7 13; Psalm 69 : 7-10, (11-15), 16-18; Romans 6 : 1b-11; Matthew 10 : 24-39
July 2	Jeremiah 28 : 5-9; Psalm 89 : 1-4, 15-18; Romans 6 : 12-23; Matthew 10 : 40-42
July 9	Zechariah 9 : 9-12; Psalm 145 : 8-14; Romans 7 :15-25a; Matthew 11 : 16-19, 25-30
July 16	Isaiah 55 : 10-13; Psalm 65 : (1-8), 9-13; Roman 8 :1-11; Matthew 13 : 1-9, 18-23
July 23	Wisdom 12 : 13, 16-19 or Isaiah 44 : 6-8; Psalm 86 : 11-17; Romans 8 : 12-25; Matthew 13 : 24-30, 36-43
July 30	1 Kings 3 : 5-12; Psalm 119 : 129-136; Romans 8 : 26-39; Matthew 13 : 31-33, 44-52