

June 2020 Magazine

Rector

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The cover picture is the Russian Pentecost Icon

*All Saints Scottish Episcopal
Church*

Drymen Road, Bearsden



Dear Friends

With the arrival of Pentecost, we will have passed the whole way through the season of Easter without having been together in church. While this may not be our preference there is something very New Testament about. Since the time of Ascension on 21st May, we are now living without that to which we had grown accustomed. The disciples had firstly become used to having Jesus with them; teaching and eating with them, travelling with them throughout Galilee and Judea. They had listened to him explaining the parables and marvelled at how a multitude was fed or the dead were raised. Then Jesus died and the bottom fell out of their world. Before they had any chance of getting accustomed to that, he was back and after 40 days, when they had grown accustomed to him suddenly appearing among them, he went again.

If you are anything like me, you probably hoped or thought the lockdown would be over by Easter and then by Pentecost. Now it is looking increasingly likely that churches will remain closed for worship for a while yet. Although I remain hopeful that we may be able to open for private prayer at set times with the proper precautions in place, for now the doors remain closed. However, the church still echoes to the sounds of worship through our Sunday live streaming, as that forever popular hymn, The Day Thou Gavest Lord is Ended states:

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

God may be more obvious in the world, in spite of the Ascension.

Leo the Great said of Jesus' Ascension:

"faith does not fail, hope is not shaken, charity does not grow cold."

These things should be seen in greater measure for now Christ is no longer bound to one place and time. Through the Holy Spirit the work of God continues in us and in the world and for that we can be truly grateful.

Blessings Kirstin

Editor's note: Intrigued by Leo the Great and ignorant of his greatness, I've included an article later in the magazine about him, all thanks to Wikipedia.

Mid-Day Prayer

As we continue our time of worship out with the building, I am offering this Mid-day Prayer for use each day any time between 12 noon and 1pm. You can use it for your own personal prayer time, knowing that others are joining with you during that time, or maybe you could phone a friend from All Saints and share it over the phone. On Saturday you can join Kirstin saying it on zoom at 12 noon, same details as Sundays.

You might like to begin by lighting a candle and reminding yourself that we are all joined through the Spirit.

Opening

Teach us, dear Lord, to number our days;
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,
Oh, satisfy us early with your mercy:
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
And let the beauty of the Lord be on us:
Establish the work of our hands, O Lord.

Psalm 146

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, O my soul!
I will praise the Lord as long as I live;
I will sing praises to my God all my life long.
Do not put your trust in princes,
in mortals, in whom there is no help.
When their breath departs, they return to the earth;
on that very day their plans perish.
Happy are those whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord their God,
who made heaven and earth,
the sea, and all that is in them;
who keeps faith for ever;
who executes justice for the oppressed;
who gives food to the hungry.
The Lord sets the prisoners free;
the Lord opens the eyes of the blind.
The Lord lifts up those who are bowed down;
the Lord loves the righteous.
The Lord watches over the strangers;
he upholds the orphan and the widow,
but the way of the wicked he brings to ruin.

Verse of the day – all from 1 Corinthians 13

Monday - If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal.

Tuesday - Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude.

Wednesday - Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth.

Thursday - Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Friday – Love never ends.

Saturday - For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.
verse 12

Sunday - And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love. *verse 13*

A time of silence to give thanks as to how you have lived out God's command of love this morning and how you might live it out this afternoon.

Let us pray:

O God of many names, who loves all peoples; We pray for peace in our hearts and homes, in our nation and our world; the peace of your will, the peace from our own desires.

A time of silent prayer ending with the Lord's Prayer

(if you are praying with a friend over the phone you may wish to agree the length of silence before you begin, or omit the silence)

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,

Your Kingdom come,

Your will be done, on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.

Do not bring us to the time of trial but deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours, now and for ever. Amen.

Ending

May the creator bless and keep us;

May the beloved companion face us and have mercy on us;

May the eternal Spirit's countenance be turned to us and give us peace.

The divine Spirit dwells in us.

Thanks be to God.

Amen.

Weekly Worship

We are using zoom for our Sunday morning service which begins at 10.30am. Details of the service can be found on the email which is sent out on Saturday and on the web site. You can also join with sound only using a land line phone. If you require details or would like help to connect please contact the Rector.

The Bishops are continuing to provide a pre-recorded Eucharist which can be accessed from the Provincial web site and social media channels from 11am on Sundays. In addition, also from the Province, there is now the Service of the Word being offered on Thursdays from 6.30pm.

A Eucharist using the 1970 (grey book) liturgy is offered from the Rectory on Tuesday morning at 10.30am.

Update from the College of Bishops - May 15, 2020

The message from the Scottish Government remains 'stay at home' and our church buildings remain closed to protect the vulnerable, but thinking is underway to address how the Scottish Episcopal Church will respond to the eventual easing of restrictions on movement.

The College of Bishops continues to follow this guidance from the Scottish Government and are calling on expert advisors to assist with planning, and in due course will issue a set of guidelines to support churches as they prepare for what will and will not be possible as government restrictions are eased.

In a joint statement issued on 15th May the College of Bishops said:

"The College of Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church intends to provide a set of principles which the Church can follow when we are considering the way forward in the coming months.

"The College has tried to consider what can and cannot happen when we eventually come out of lockdown. We recognise this is a piece of work for which we will need to bring together a group with specialist skills to help us.

"We are preparing these guidelines for the time when it is clear that returning to our church buildings is possible. We will only put these measures into place after listening to the advice of the Scottish Government and after particular aspects of the worship and practices of our Church are taken into account. We are reminded that as Bishop Kevin said in his service of the Eucharist recently, we closed our churches out of love, not out of fear, and we must open them again with that same love and not because of external pressure.

"We will continue to ensure that all can worship safely, either at home or in their church building. There will be no pressure on individual churches to reopen

before they feel prepared and safe to do so. We have to protect those who would want to return to worship in our buildings, those who would want to come and join us and especially those who will be asked to manage such a safe return.

“The guidance we produce will enable each congregation along with their bishop to look at what is needed to open the church building. The final decision to open or remain closed will be taken by the diocesan bishop.

“The College of Bishops continues to meet on a weekly basis to discuss these matters. We also continue to maintain close communication with our ecumenical partners.”

Psalms for our Times

Roddy and Kirstin are writing some new psalms for our times, they can be found on the web site, however for those who do not have access to the internet here is the most recent one.

Sing, O my voice,
a song for tomorrow.
Find words
reimagined with promise and life.

For my voice is hoarse
and words hard to form.

Sing, O congregation,
the poems not yet written,
born in expectation
of what this journey can become.

For we gather apart
words changing their meaning.

Sing, O you people,
of the God who is at hand,
reborn in the questions
we honour and voice together.

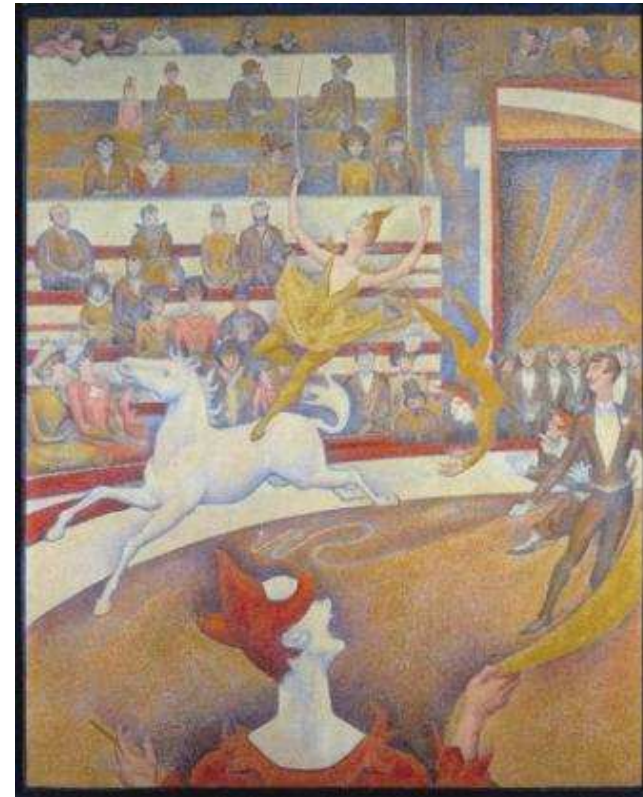
For you are still there
revealing new wonders.

Sing, O our souls,
of possibility in the present
honed by a faith
heading for tomorrow.

For the heaviness they weigh
is of love not abandonment.

Sing, all you people,
both lament and celebration
and in such heady combination
let our hopes arise.

THE CIRCUS BY GEORGES SEURAT



I have found myself coming back to this picture time and time again over the past weeks.

Sometimes I find myself in the audience looking on in wonder, marvelling at the unseen work that I know others have done, so that I do not have to do anything other than sit back.

Then there have been those times when I find myself like the ringmaster, trying to ensure everything happens at the right time, in the right order. Also, to be ready at a moment's notice to change things in such a way as those, in those neat rows watching, aren't aware that a

catastrophe has just been avoided.

At times I have found myself like the tumbler, hoping that when the move I am attempting is ready to land it will indeed land on its feet not its backside. While there have been a few stumbled landings the latter hasn't yet happened.

At still other times I feel like the harlequin waiting in the wings ever ready for my cue, knowing that should I be needed then I will have to distract the crowd the second the ringmaster's whip cracks.

But mostly I feel like that bare back horse rider, going round without a safety net, clinging on with my toes, my balance teetering, but somehow managing, mostly, to stay on that horse. That horse that isn't going to stop as much as I may want it to until the curtain is lifted and a way out of the ring is made clear. As scary as the ride can feel, when there is a moment to really look I see the vivid array of colours and beauty of all the different ways people have been helping, and learning, and discovering, and finding joy and hope and peace and love despite the circus Covid-19 has put us in.

Kirstin

ALL SAINTS FINANCES - UPDATE

As the coronavirus lockdown has now been in place for two months, and this includes one complete calendar month, April, I am now in a position to comment on our financial position under these new circumstances on the basis of recorded figures. For the recent May Vestry, I compared the detailed Church accounts for April 2020 with those for April 2019. Removing one-off receipts and payments which were not duplicated in the other year, the underlying financial outcome (receipts less payments) was something over £2000 worse in April 2020 than in April 2019. This is mainly due to loss of donations for use of the Halls, as regular congregational giving has held up quite well. The Hall donations totalled £19000 in 2018-19, or around £1600 per month on average, so the £2000 worsening of outcome in 2020 versus 2019 is entirely reasonable. Of course expenditure is also a little lower in some areas in 2020 – for example the heating has been off since the end of March. But spending in the summer months is never as large as in the winter, so these savings are not very large. Overall then we may anticipate a shortfall in net income of around £2000 per month as a reasonable estimate of the change in our circumstances, and re-budget on this basis.

As I said in the last Magazine, losses of this magnitude are easily sustainable for a few months in view of our significant reserves. However, although it is possible we will be permitted to use the Church again for (socially-distanced) worship by the autumn, my feeling is that Hall events, which mostly rely on social contact, will not be allowed until later in the year, or indeed until 2021. So it will be essential for the Vestry to keep the overall financial position under review. I will continue to report on the developing financial position, and the Vestry response to it, in the magazine as the year advances.

There was however one financial decision which the Vestry did make at its May meeting. In the Budget for 2019-20, accepted at the AGM in November 2019, there is a sum of £6000 set aside for Mission Support. As our expenditure had proceeded as anticipated in the first part of the financial year, I had intended to initiate action on these payments at the March Vestry with a view to completing them this spring. However then the change in our circumstances intervened. Those with memories of Church business dating back to 2014 will remember that in that year the then Vestry had decided that Mission Support payments could not be a first charge upon the resources of the Church, but that, provided the Church had met all its regular expenses, the Mission Support payments could be made from the surplus. This decision was backed by a Congregational Meeting held on 9th March 2014. Of course this decision means that, in the current

situation, with a considerable loss now anticipated for 2019-20, the original timetable for Mission Support payments cannot be justified. The Vestry agreed to reconsider the situation in the autumn, when the coronavirus situation will have become somewhat clearer.

One further note, many thanks to all our members who have continued their regular payments to All Saints during the lockdown. Details of how to make these payments have been included in the last two magazines, and a considerable number of members have sent me cheques, one of the recommended methods of payment. What I should like to say is that, for obvious reasons, I only visit the Bank to pay in cheques every fortnight. So if you write a cheque and send it to me and it takes a couple of weeks to clear, do not assume that it is lost. My next visit to the Bank is planned for June 1st.

Andrew Long, Treasurer

HOUSE GROUPS BY ZOOM

Monday Night Group

Our House Group that has been so successfully held over many years at the home of Janet and Bryan has been one of many casualties of Covid-19. However, Zoom has come to the rescue with considerable success. On 6th April we held our first Zoom House group. In view of the two year postponement of the Oberammergau Passion play that disappointed many of us, as well as the curtailed Easter church services, we used the trial of Jesus, the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension as the basis of our two-weekly Zoom house group meetings.

In addition to the value of having a structured program of reading and discussion, Zoom also gave us a valuable opportunity of seeing many of our friends and enjoying a social event that compensated well for the 'social distancing' that has been such a blight on our lives.

However, we must also keep in our prayers the plight of so many others in the world where Covid-19 has had its malign influence. At the time of writing Cyclone Amphan in the Bay of Bengal has made landfall and is causing havoc for millions in eastern India and Bangladesh, including the Rohingya refugees from Myanmar. There is no reason that Covid-19 should be the only natural disaster to burden the world at one time. The wars and famines go on just the same.

On a lighter note, someone is pleased that the hairdressers have re-opened – but only for dogs. One of the first customers who was very pleased with the results

of grooming is Clara, our toy poodle. She had reached the stage of being unable to see through her fringe, and we had difficulty in seeing which end of the black mop on four legs was front and which was back!

David Wheatley and Clara
(*Lucky Clara. Does anyone know of a hairdresser with two metre long scissors?*)



The E GROUP

On 20th May the E Group met on zoom. Not a study meeting but a social chit



chat when we were joined by two friends:

Rosemary Sherwood, John's daughter who is here in Milngavie during lock down and Christine Smith now living in Yorkshire. Christine started the egroup about ten years ago (I think) and was the

leader when I joined in 2015. How quickly the time has gone.

So with Celia, Tracey, Laura, Fiona, Jean and myself at this last meeting there was lots to talk about.

We certainly had a very pleasant time, we were enjoying ourselves so much we didn't have time to say good bye, - we were cut off in the middle of prayer.

Thank you Celia for organising this and all our other meetings too.

Elaine Perrett

Musings from Lockdown

Another request from the editor to write something for the magazine! Well, like many of us I guess, I'm willing in principle to help, but it's getting difficult to think of subjects. Every day tends to blur into the next – not particularly unpleasantly for Niall and me, as we are very fortunately placed in many ways – but life is lacking variety at the moment. I am continuing with my garden projects, and have now created three giant compost pits and I am nearing completion of the drystone barbeque table (basically a Neolithic sideboard). However, I wittered on quite a lot last month about my building adventures, so I'll spare you this time. I do still have a few sailing anecdotes up my sleeve: some time I'll tell you about the car keys, Niall's glasses and our absolutely reasonable temporary theft of a dinghy!

Just for once, though, I'll overcome my thoroughly Anglican reluctance, and venture to write just a little bit about God! I'm not really straying from the theme of how I'm occupying myself during this period, because like many of us, I'm sure, with no real access to church, I find myself spending rather more time in private reflections on faith and discovering new ways of worship. For me, one of these has been a nice little app on my phone which gives me a very simple four-times-daily 'service' – some prayers and readings, mainly using fairly familiar liturgical language. Occasionally, it throws me by suggesting taking two minutes to ask what God wants to say to me today. I'm very bad at dealing with that – perhaps you will not be surprised to hear that shutting up and 'listening' is not my finest skill!

However, while wondering what to write here and reluctantly deciding to focus on my own faith journey, perhaps I'm getting an answer to that two minute exercise! I'd like to tell you very briefly about a turning point in my spiritual life. Not really a conversion in the usual sense; I was brought up as a Christian and never actually rejected my faith, but I was certainly a fairly apathetic one and if not quite 'Christmas and Easter only', Christianity wasn't in all honesty the most important thing in my life – which logically I think it has to be, if we really accept its truth.

Many years ago, when Niall and I were living in Essex, I was sitting in the car in the carpark at Niall's workplace, rather late in the evening, feeling frankly really miserable and frustrated. We were supposed to be leaving for a holiday in the Scillies, with our first stage taking us to relations in Salisbury. Not, it has to be said, for the first or last time, Niall got snagged in work that had to be finished before we could leave. The snag went on and on and it eventually became

obvious that it would be late at night before we'd get anywhere and our first evening of holiday at least was a write-off. (This was actually very trivial – our overall plans were unaffected, but possibly because I'd had a somewhat trying time that summer with persistent health niggles, or possibly just because I am an impatient person, I was getting distinctly unhappy.) What happened next is difficult to describe, but perhaps it would help to put it in context. During that less than wonderful summer I had frequently felt that I was being pushed to deepen my faith – not in a clearly defined way, but I suppose you could say that I was increasingly aware that I was in some way not taking a spiritual step that I should be – or that I was being asked to take.

Anyway, quite suddenly and in the midst of my unreasonable but at the time very real misery, I knew that I was being asked – right then – a question, or perhaps I should say, was receiving an invitation. This time, finally, I accepted.

I cannot claim that I have been a better person since that day, or that I have never slipped back, and of course I have known plenty of 'dry patches' in faith since then, but it was a corner, and I turned it and nothing was quite the same again.

For me at least, it is sometimes during the worst of times that God gets a chance to make me listen, and maybe that is the silver lining in the cloudy times we're living through at the moment.



Next time, I promise to be back to usual, and I'll tell you about our sailing misadventures!

Mairi Ross

More Lock-Down News

Another month in lockdown and reading the church magazine for May, we seem



to have mastered a few new skills. I decided to thin out my Privet hedge armed with a ball of string secateurs and loppers. I am surprised to say my hedge turned out pretty good and even better now a few new leaves are making an appearance.

After chatting to Margery and in her own words "as one who had no experience of Technology", she now has NETFLIX and a Portal and can see her family

which has helped greatly. Betty, May, Colin and Pauline are keeping in touch. Hopefully there's some easing of lockdown for us all.

Stay Safe... Margery Pollock and Janet Shields

More Lock-Down Thoughts from the Ross Family

I was struggling to think of what to write for this month. Some days I just run out of steam trying to be upbeat and positive; but really have nothing to complain about. In particular we have enjoyed lots of walks. The loops are beginning to join up and the walks are getting longer. Last weekend we joined up the Allander



walkway with the Kelvin walkway and a bit of Douglas Park golf course. So health and fitness are a lot to be thankful for.

Also we had time to reflect last month on VE Day and the sacrifices made by others for us all. Some of the grandchildren's home learning was about WW2 and we had great fun recreating the posters - 'dig for victory', 'your country needs you' and 'careless talk costs lives'.

Thinking about all this inspired our daughter Morag to write a poem about both the war and our present fight against the virus.

75 years to reflect on back when
The time we were again at war,
Everyone did make do and mend
And wondered what the fighting was for.

And now here we are at war again
An enemy of a different kind
Not one of hate or politics but one of body and mind.

We have our army our workforce
The saturated NHS
We are grateful for their duty,
to help comfort or cure in this mess.

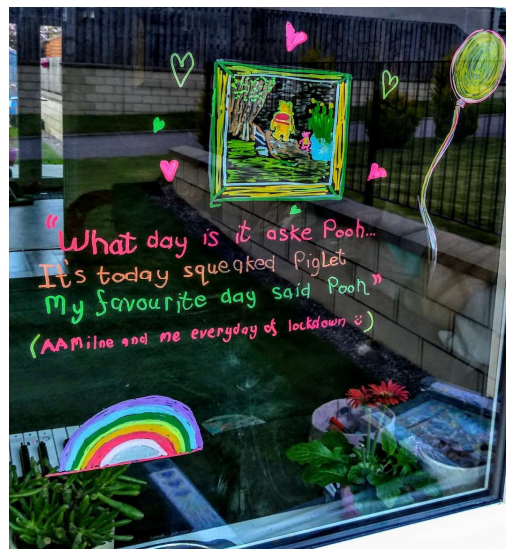
A time like then when we're safe at home
A time to think and love
A time to care for each other, be kind
And realise we are enough.

We don't have to ration like they did
Not on love, nor food or mirth
But we should be mindful of the lesson here
And make do and mend the earth.

She has also been keeping the neighbours entertained by putting cheerful quotes in her front window. This is one of my favourites taken from Winnie the Pooh:

"What day is it?" asked Pooh
 "Today" squeaked Piglet
 "My favourite day" said Pooh

Kate and family



Lock Down Weekdays

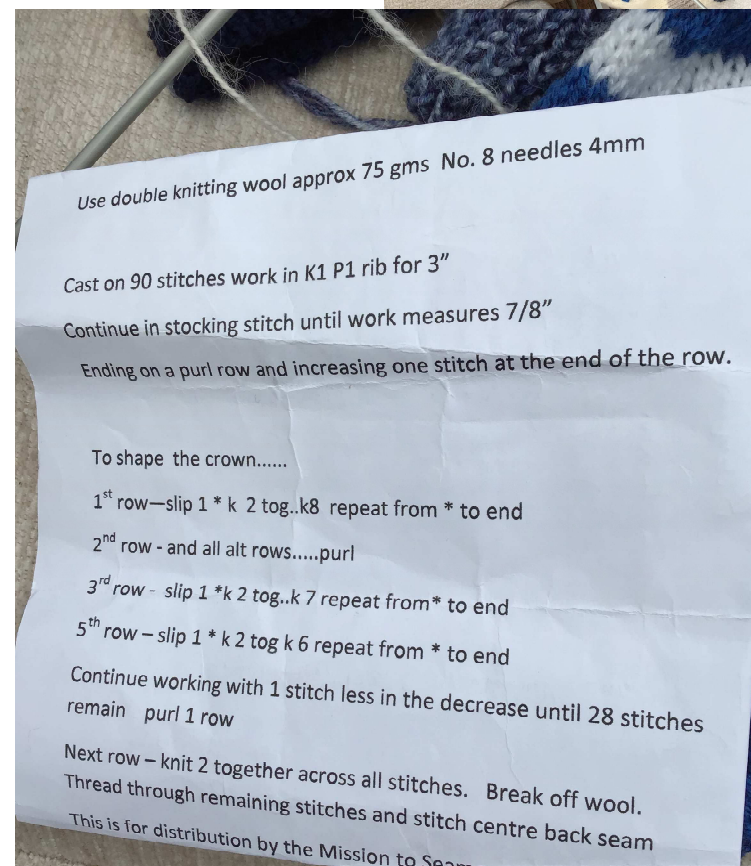
**Until further notice the
 days of the week are
 now called,
 thisday,thatday,otherday,
 someday,yesterday,
 today and nextday!**

And of course **Sundays**

Knitting Hats for the Seaman's Mission in Grangemouth

Does anyone have the wool and the time to knit? Attached is the pattern... very simple..

We can deliver or send them in the Autumn. The Mission use (in normal times) up to 600 of these a week, giving them to the crews of visiting merchant ships. Our last delivery of 200 hats was very much appreciated. Sheena



Joel and the observation of Eclipses

Many of you will know that the Church has taken to the conference programme Zoom to continue its work, both for services under the organisation of the Rector and for House Groups. The Monday House Group has continued in this way and has now held three meetings (see the articles in the May magazine and in this one). In the next meeting, due on June 1st, the day after Pentecost we propose to look at Acts Chapter 2 in which the events of the first Pentecost are described.

In his Pentecost speech to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, Peter quoted from the Book of Joel (Joel 2: 28-32a). This is perhaps the best known Old Testament Reference to God pouring out his Spirit on the faithful. However I was struck particularly by verse 31 which reads in the NRSV (the version we read from in Church)

“The sun shall be turned to darkness and the moon to blood, before the coming of the Lord’s great and glorious day.”

When I saw this, I thought immediately about eclipses. Total eclipses of the sun as we know involve the moon moving in front of the sun forming a dark disc with some light coming from from the sun’s corona round about it. Eclipses of the moon by the earth’s shadow are not as dramatic as those of the sun, though rather more common. In total lunar eclipses, the moon does not become



effectively black but rather turns a dark red colour, illuminated by light refracted by the earth’s atmosphere from which blue light has been removed by scattering (as at sunset). These total eclipses are also called “blood moons”. Black and the colour of blood, are exactly the colours used by Joel in his prophecy. I do not think this use of the dominant colours seen in eclipses can in any way be a coincidence. Joel must I think have either seen eclipses himself or at least talked to people who had.

We know next to nothing about the historical Joel. Indeed the date of the Book is completely uncertain; if one looks at the commentaries one finds possible dates between 700 and 400 BCE. A cursory glance suggests that later dates are preferred. And what about the observation of eclipses in antiquity. The Babylonians (and the Chinese) were sufficiently far advanced scientifically to be able to explain eclipses from the motions of the sun and the moon, and indeed had some success in predicting their occurrence. On the other hand there is no evidence from the Old Testament that the Jews ever had much interest in astronomy. So one might perhaps speculate further that Joel had either been

exiled to Babylon in the sixth century BCE with the rest of Judah or talked to a returnee. One might therefore date the book of Joel to the 6th or possibly the 5th century BCE. Indeed Thucydides describes a solar eclipse in 431 BCE, though that might be rather late). If one looked at historical eclipse data, one might be able to tie the date down more precisely.

I have looked at the commentaries and at the Wikipedia entry on Joel to see if this interpretation is well known, but I can find nothing. So I offer the hypothesis to fellow All Saints members to divert you during the lockdown.

Andrew Long

On a Lighter Note FEATHERING NESTS

Having just replaced a dressing on David's face I realised that I had caught some of his overgrown hair under the plaster. Hence, reluctantly, he agreed to a haircut. As the day was warm and sunny he sat outside while I gave him a number 2 clip. We left all the hair where it fell and very soon a magpie and jackdaw fought over it. The jackdaw won and all the hair quickly disappeared. We presume it now lies in a nest somewhere. A while later I decided that my hair must be cut by David and this too was carried off by several sparrows. Has anyone else helped to build nests this year?

My cousin tells me that when she had a golden retriever, she trimmed her fur in the garden and she frequently saw it lining discarded nests. Mary Stott

Friendships

At last there is hopefully some light ahead as we start to emerge from lockdown. What a strange time it has been, and many unknowns lie ahead. With all the difficulties, it has been a bonus to count some unexpected blessings. The quietness. Being able to hear more clearly the wonderful outpouring of birdsong. Living in a cleaner atmosphere. Experiencing the feeling of time being almost at a standstill, so that like W.H. Davies, we have time to stand and stare.

In this unfamiliar new world in which we have found ourselves, isolation has been a trial for everyone. Many people have been able to see nearest family members in a limited way. All of us have missed our friends. Friends are a vital part of life. Some friendships, formed early, are lifelong. Others develop as the years go by, at school, college, work, during young family life, and later. Some become close, some are more fleeting, but all become a part of our experience, and are treasured. Today’s virtual and zoom contacts may be helpful, but nothing can replace the warmth and comfort of actual contacts.

A notable benefit has been the companionship, however brief, of meeting people on daily walks. At first, it was disquieting and discouraging. Everyone one met,

simply turned away or took evasive action. One three year old, approaching with her father, saw me getting near, was frightened, and ran to her father for protection. How difficult to have to teach a child of this tender age to be wary of people. Nearing the end of one walk, throughout which one and all had pulled away from me as I was myself taking similar action, a Golden Labrador rushed up with the most enthusiastic, affectionate and friendly greeting. I was charmed *someone* was eager to know me! This unexpected incident cheered my whole walk.

Most people exchange cheerful 'We're all in this together' greetings. As time passes, walkers have often been happy to stop at a safe distance and enjoy a brief chat. Sometimes one meets old friends. It has been a pleasant surprise to meet a number of unknown and interesting people with whom it has been rewarding to have brief conversations. One elderly gentleman resting on a log told me all about his family in Minneapolis, and how much he wished he could go and see them. A lady who turned out to be from Skye, told me about her childhood there and how she had to leave home at eleven to become a weekly boarder at Portree. One younger walker gave me such a friendly, cheerful, forthcoming 'Hallo!' I thought she must know me, but no, she just had a really warm personality and was great fun to meet. Another apparently did know me, and chatted away happily for several minutes. I felt unable admit I hadn't the least idea who she was, but reciprocated as best I could chat-wise, and we parted in a friendly manner.

I have met almost as many dogs as people, of every possible size and shape, all looking exuberantly happy to be out with their owners. I admired a very handsome liver and white spotted Dalmatian called Rupert, would have made a splendid carriage dog in years gone by. Another striking dog was a beautiful long legged slender Red Setter called Tango, which I thought was a perfect name for such an elegant animal.



The glorious spell of warm sunny weather has been wonderful. The bluebells have been a particular delight this year, and wild flowers are growing abundantly in the uncut grass of public spaces, which has led to us seeing more butterflies and insects than usual. In this time of so much distress and hardship, we all count our blessings and are grateful for all the good things in life. During the lockdown, these have been some of mine.

Mary Darke

LEO THE GREAT

(editor's note thanks to Wikipedia)

Pope Leo I, also known as Saint Leo the Great, was Bishop of Rome from 29 September 440 and died in 461. Pope Benedict XVI said that Leo's papacy "...was undoubtedly one of the most important in the Church's history." He was a Roman aristocrat, and was the first pope to have been called "the Great". He is perhaps best known for having met Attila the Hun in 452 and allegedly persuaded him to turn back from his invasion of Italy.

He is also a Doctor of the Church, most remembered theologically for issuing the Tome of Leo, a document which was a major foundation to the debates of the Ecumenical Council of Chalcedon. The Council of Chalcedon, the fourth ecumenical council, dealt primarily with Christology, and elucidated the orthodox definition of Christ's being as the union of two natures, divine and human, united in one person, "with neither confusion nor division". It was offered as a solution to the Christological controversies still raging between East and West but it was followed by a major schism associated with Monophysitism, Miaphysitism and Dyophysitism.



(I'll leave it on that happy note, but it does explain where our creeds originate...)



An excerpt from a letter that Keith wrote to Pat

"To have known and loved you – and to have received from you the overwhelmingly generous and tender love you have always given me – has been an unforgettable experience, made all the more remarkable because it was so unexpected. But for a series of amazing coincidences we might never have met and our lives would have been immeasurably poorer. From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for all you have been to me, and I long for the moment when - in God's time – we will be re-united in his Kingdom of love and joy and peace."

In the May Magazine we reported the sad death of Pat, wife of Keith Robinson. They married almost 30 years ago and moved to Buxton but returned every year, until very recently, to All Saints for the anniversary of the death of Keith's first wife Joyce. It was always a joy to see them both again. The families of Keith and Pat created a beautiful booklet of memories and this wonderful tribute to Pat was on the back cover.

A Tribute to Barbara Elliott

Dear Friends at All Saints,

Thank you all very much for your kind messages in response to the news that our mother, Barbara Elliott, passed away on the 16th of May. Many of you knew her very well and have your own memories to think of, and stories to share, but Janet Stack has asked us to share a short biography, so here it is.



Barbara was born at Nantwich, in Cheshire, and grew up nearby in the village of Burland with her parents, her grandmother, and her brother Anthony. She attended Nantwich Grammar School where her father taught geography. When she was 16 she went to University at Bangor, where she studied Botany. She didn't talk much about her academic work, but her

achievements were very special for a woman, in those days, and also on account of the war. In her Bachelor's degree she took a first, and she went on to undertake a PhD at Bangor with Professor Thoday. After that she went to Cambridge as a fellow at Girton College, working in the Botany School. There she met an Australian PhD student – Charles Elliott – whom she later married – but not before spending a further year of research in America at a lab in Cal Tech in Los Angeles. She loved the work and the warmth and generosity of her American colleagues. Her interest was in botanical genetics, and during this time Watson and Crick discovered the double helix structure of DNA – she remembered a colleague returning to the lab at Cal Tech and telling them about a meeting at which the results were announced.

Returning to the UK Mum took a position in Charlotte Auerbach's lab in Edinburgh, for a short time, and Dad secured a position at Glasgow University. They married in



1954. While we were small children she stopped formal work, and focussed on looking after us.

She was a founder member of the All Saints Mothers' Union, with Gwen Mawbey Renee Cross and others (and later diocesan president), and deeply committed to the objective of promoting Christian family life. As we grew older she returned to part-time University work, helping with biology practicals for medical students and others, but always aiming to be home to hear our stories



At Lambeth Palace with some familiar faces

when we came back from school. She also strongly supported her own mother in her later years, regularly visiting her in Burland in the summer, and bringing her home to Bearsden in winter.

In retirement, while Dad conquered the Munros, Mum took up golf, which she played regularly from her 60s until she was 90.

Together with Dad, and later on her own, she visited Alison in Africa (or, for a short time, in the USA) at least once a year and made many African friends – not least among the caddies at Entebbe golf course. About 10 years ago she moved to a lovely small flat in York within walking distance of the Minster, making new friends in York, too, while keeping the old! She was able to divide her year between York (close to Chris's family) and Uganda (with Alison's). She broke her hip in Uganda at New Year 2019, protecting our puppy from a group of big dogs on a farm where we were spending a short holiday! But she made a determined recovery and was able to be back in York for granddaughter Esther's wedding to Patrick in May. She was a great friend to us her children, and to her grandchildren Esther and Alice, and Tom and Rachel, and beloved too of her great granddaughter Onella.

Last September she was diagnosed with a non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. Alison was able to come home from Uganda and stay with her throughout her illness and it



was only in the last couple of weeks that she was really unwell. Then we formed a "bubble" with Chris's household and were thankful to be able to look after her together at home right to the end.

Mum greatly valued all her friends at All Saints, and especially appreciated help in the hard times when Dad died 19 years ago so unexpectedly in an accident on the A9. We know that she would want to send you all her love and thanks.

With very best wishes from Chris and Alison Elliott

Many thanks to Alison and Christopher for providing these memories of Barbara. She was a wonderful member of All Saints for many years. Barbara and the family are remembered by many of our congregation with deep affection.