

THE WHITE ROSE

The Parish Newsletter of Old Saint Paul's Church

December 2015

Begin Again



Edinburgh's Hogmanay festival offer a beautiful space for quiet reflection, and are visited by hundreds of people in the course of the day, sometimes queuing down the Calvary Stair as they wait their turn. This year's event is "Sea-Bird:Land," involving art, music and silence. By visiting these events, people are recognising that doors and thresholds like New Year are symbols of new and unexplored possibilities.

Part of the Christmas and New Year decorations in the Royal Mile this year is a huge light installation, an 'archway of light.' Some people think it is too large or too bright. But I rather like it, a symbol of hope, representing the great gateways that mark our journey. Previous Hogmanay events in OSP took the title 'Gate of the Year' from Minnie Haskins' famous poem, "I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'" And he replied: "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way."

If you can, take a moment this New Year to reflect honestly and truthfully about your life in 2015, and think honestly about the fears and anxieties you have about the direction your life is taking into 2016. And then try to remember prayerfully that the passing of another year isn't a crisis but a doorway. Not that we are where we want to be, but that we are where we are. And that God is right here with us, standing at the gate of the year, ready to go through and begin again.

Fr Ian

New Year's Day, the 1st of January, brings out our fervent desires for the future, our hopes for change, and our disappointments with the present and the past. There is something very hopeful in this fundamental New Year desire for a fuller life and a better world. As S. Benedict in his Rule for monks says "always we begin again."

This desire often takes the form of 'resolutions' aimed at working harder for whatever it is we want, or for fixing our self-perceived faults and weaknesses. And then of course we fail to keep them, and the disappointment starts all over again. There is nothing wrong with making resolutions. But we usually aim impossibly high, without first

cultivating the change of heart needed if we are really going to make a difference.

A cartoon shows a preacher asking, 'Who wants change?' and every hand goes up. Then asking, 'Who wants to change?' and everyone looks at the floor. We only have to think about our personal response to climate change, for example, to know that this is not merely a caricature.

Yet New Year is still a festival of transition, a rite of passage from past and present into the future. More and more people are using New Year as a time for reflection on transitions in their lives and the life of the world. The New Year's Day events that we host at OSP as part of

OSP's Reredos- tradition, temperance and tearooms

Tradition A reredos is usually an ornate, carved and gilded wooden screen, which sits behind an altar, making a backdrop to the unfolding liturgy and focusing attention on the priests. The reredos at OSP fits well with our Anglo-Catholic tradition and a member of the congregation gifted the money for it in 1892.

At that time Canon Mitchell-Innes was Rector of OSP and he wrote in the November 1892 edition of OSP Magazine that *"a long-felt want in church is about to be supplied in the form of a handsome reredos, the gift of a lady...."* However, after the gift was made the Rector spent many months seeking learned opinion as to which of the Biblical figures might best be portrayed and also on commissioning Hay-Henderson to designing a suitable framework for the reredos. The Hay-Henderson design was finalized in early 1893 and the 41 central figures, carved by Zwink of Oberammergau, arrived at OSP in early September. The Edinburgh sculptor John Gibson then fitted the figures into his intricately carved and gilded framework, for the dedication service in late 1893.

Dust, smoke and the passage of time have obscured and aged parts of the reredos and despite some cleaning 1956 another major overhaul has been needed for some time. This careful work was recently undertaken by Owen Davison of Conservation Studios, Edinburgh and has revealed our reredos in all its gilded glory.



Temperance & Tearooms The lady who gifted the money for the reredos was a Miss Mary Catherine (Kate) Cranston of Spring Gardens, Edinburgh, a member of the congregation who was also the manager of her father's "Waverley Temperance Hotel" in Princes Street. Mary Kate was a cousin of the better-known Miss Kate Cranston of the "Willow Tearooms" in Glasgow. All the Cranston

family was involved in the temperance ('teetotal') movement in Victorian Edinburgh and Glasgow in an attempt to provide alternatives to alcohol.

The start of the modern tearoom movement can be traced to Stuart, the brother of Miss Kate, of Glasgow, who ran a tea and coffee shop. Here, he brewed samples of his own teas and served them to his customers and such was the success of this venture that his sister, Miss Kate, adopted the idea and turned it into her well-known 'Glasgow Tearooms'.

"Lost in Translation"

Carving of the main reredos figures was entrusted to the celebrated European woodworking family of Zwink from Oberammergau in Bavaria.

However, problems soon arose with the translation of technical terms and also when the carver, Zwink, assumed that OSP was Roman Catholic.

The first page of a very long and detailed letter from a Hay-Henderson agent in Bavaria is shown opposite and says in part that *"...one day I discovered one of the larger ones (Moses) going to be provided with only one table of Commandments, so I got this excised & 2 placed instead, but then came the question about the number of Commandments on each and I told Sebastian Zwink that there was one way for our church and one for his...."*

Shortly after this the agent attempts to further clarify the way in which way the Commandments should be placed on each tablet *"... replied that Old Saint Paul's was of our Communion- so mine has I-IV+V-X & not I-III +IV-X..."* (in the Orthodox version)

Near the end of the letter there is confusion over which Ark is specified

"...& Noah very nearly had this Ark (the Ark of the Covenant) instead of ... (his boat)."

All these problems were eventually overcome and Bishop Dowden finally dedicated the reredos on Sunday 19th November 1893.

Later, the central painting inserted in 1896 and the two wing panels in 1897.

- At a later date I hope to write another article detailing the iconography of the reredos figures, using the old plans, drawings and letters.

Peder Aspen, Old Saint Paul's Archives



Dat. July 15 1893
Oberammergau
Bavaria

Dear Sir when I arrived here early
in June, my good host Sebastian
Zwick & his young son Peter were hard
at work on the figures for your records -
One day I discovered one of the larger
ones (Jesus) going to be provided with
a large table of Commandments to
set this example to the people instead,
but then came the question about the
number of Commandments on each and I
told Sebastian Zwick that they were one way
in an church and another for him.

interesting: He replied that the 10
Pauli was of an Communion: - to
Jesus has
later on there
has been several little

Just in hand 1 & Noah: very much
had
his ark

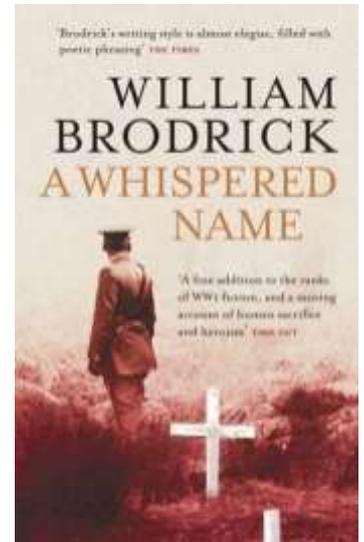


Book Review

*A Whispered
Name*

by William
Brodrick.

Abacus:2011



This book is a thoughtful and uplifting read. On the surface it is the story of Flanagan, an Irish boy, tried for desertion before a Court Martial, found guilty and executed by firing squad during the horrors of Passchendaele in 1917. But the book is not just about military brutality and insensitivity; it is an exploration of important ethical and moral complexities and the struggles of decent men faced with decisions, which offend our common humanity.

Brodrick was an Augustinian monk before becoming a solicitor and writer; his creation, Father Anselm, is a solicitor turned monk. He is a detective, not in the Father Brown sense of one twitching on an invisible thread to reel in the malefactor, but rather one who carefully pulls back the curtain to reveal what is hidden behind. In this novel it is Anselm's painful task to uncover the past of one of his revered colleagues and his role in the Flanagan tragedy. It is a complex exploration skilfully told at a number of levels by an author, whose moral compass, perhaps because of his background, is set much higher than that of most 'crime' writers. At the end the reader experiences 'the triumph of forgiveness over condemnation, of light over dark' and begins to see how even in terrible war and its aftermath there can be understanding and sympathy, and love.

John Dale

Diocesan Synod: Mission and Finances

Diocesan Synod most recently met on Thursday 29 October at Holy Trinity Church, Haddington. Two main areas were covered: Mission and Diocesan Finances.

Following the opening Eucharist and Bishop's Synod Address, a report was given by the Mission Working Group, which included a presentation on *Mission and the Local Church*, a newly prepared 'guide for congregations to engage in a process of discernment and action in relation to God's mission'. Subsequent to this, a motion was passed to appoint a full time Diocesan Missioner, who within their remit will support churches in mission.

This was followed by presentations on Diocesan finances, which involved not only reviewing current accounts and budgets (for 2014, 2015 and 2016), but also looking longer term, and how we might support charges struggling to meet their costs.

Whilst mission and finances may seem distant cousins in the life of the church, the meeting highlighted the way in which the two are inextricably linked; mission is integral to a healthy church, and resources are required to enable a church to thrive and for mission to happen. These resources are not only financial but also the skills, expertise and experience which people bring in supporting the life of the church.

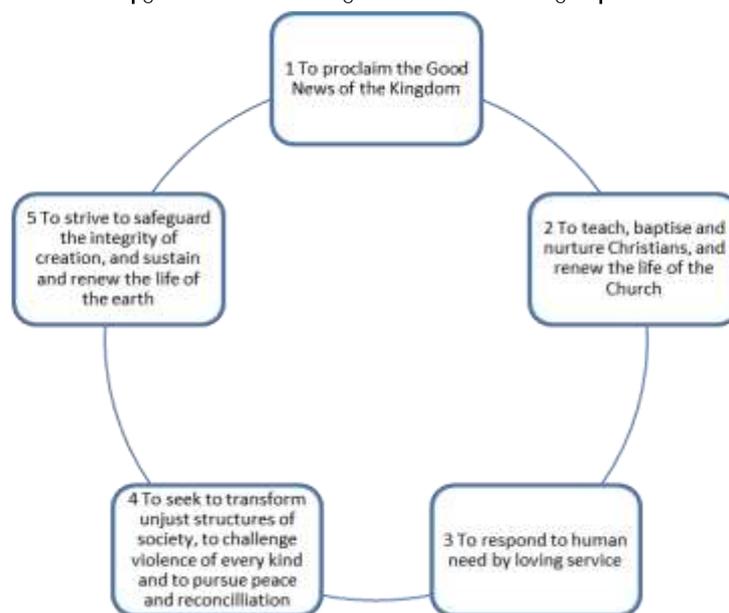
If a church is struggling to survive, it will also struggle to thrive. Bishop John said in his opening address, "When a congregation lacks resources, both human and financial, when their buildings are hard to heat and hard to maintain, when they struggle to find people to be Vestry members and treasurers, when their average age is high, and getting higher, the pressing question for them becomes not, 'Where will we be in 20 years' time?' but, 'Where will we be this time next year?'"

We were therefore challenged to give serious thought to how we might

further support these congregations, both financially and in terms of skills and expertise. This may involve making changes to the way in which diocesan finances are managed, or encouraging larger charges to support smaller charges, such as the relationship currently shared between us and St Margaret's, Easter Road.

These conversations have the potential to be quite exciting as we look ahead to new ways of working together in the future. Within East Edinburgh Area Council we have already begun to explore how we might further support one another, for example in sharing resources across the charges. I suspect however this is only a start, and further considered thought and discussion will be required to bring new ways of working into fruition.

Victoria Stock



Adapted from the Five Marks of Mission developed by the Anglican Consultative Council, a helpful way of visualising mission was provided in our Synod papers.



Christmas at OSP

Sunday before Christmas, 20 December

6.30pm Service of Nine Lessons and Carols
by candlelight

Christmas Eve, 24 December

4.00pm Crib Service, for children and families
11.30pm Midnight Mass of Christmas
by candlelight

Christmas Day, 25 December

10.30am High Mass of Christmas Day

1st Sunday of Christmas, 27 December

8.00am Mass
10.30am High Mass

For more details, www.osp.org.uk



The second, 1915, issue of *Old Saint Paul's Remembers the First World War* is now sale. 40 pages in full colour, £3 at the church.

The Memorial Chapel in Old Saint Paul's was constructed in the 1920s to honour the memory of the members of the congregation who gave their lives in World War 1. The chapel wall records nearly 150 names, 34 from 1915.

The World War 1 project's primary aim is to identify the people behind the names, to find their regiment, their rank and number, how they died and where they are buried. Inevitably, however, research has uncovered much more than that, using Old Saint Paul's records of Baptisms, Marriages and Confirmations, and other historical records, to provide an insight into life in the centre of Edinburgh, especially in the streets and wynds surrounding Old Saint Paul's.

Burns Supper and Ceilidh

When: 22 January 2016 6.30pm

Where: Old Saint Paul's Church Hall

Tickets: £20 (£15 for unwaged/students)

Ticket includes: 3 Course Burns Supper, and Ceilidh (cash bar available)

Join us for an enjoyable evening of celebration! This is a fantastic opportunity to get to know other members of Old Saint Paul's better – catch up with old friends and meet new people over a delicious supper and then dance the night away. Tickets will be on sale after church from 6 December with your last chance to grab a ticket on 17 January.

All proceeds from the night will be donated to Fresh Start, an Edinburgh-based charity helping people who have experienced homelessness to set up their new home and resettle into the community. With the support of churches, volunteers and the wider community, the charity offers a range of services to new tenants and those at risk of homelessness.

Fresh Start provides Starter Packs of household items to help people set up their home, avoid debt and feel comfortable. They also provide social and practical support, as many clients are very isolated, vulnerable and lack confidence, in addition to running an employability programme to help clients find employment.

If you have any queries, please send an email to social@osp.org.uk.



Cooking classes



Hit Squad



Growing Spaces

THE TWELVE MONTHS

A view from a tenement on Calton Hill

January: At night, snowflakes whipped by a wild wind skip and glitter in the glare of streetlamps. A solitary cyclist fights against the gale, struggling past the burial ground where stark black monuments rise like revenants out of the whitening grass. But come the morning, the gorse is brilliant on Calton Hill, and from an intense blue sky the sun casts crisp shadows through the winter trees. Bright light and clear cold air hold sea and city under a glamour. Standing at the hill's summit, it's as if I were looking out across the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

February: I learn that a huge collection of my letters has been deposited in the archives of the Cambridge University Library. This strikes me as the funniest thing to have happened since Caligula made his horse a consul. I read a novel by Anatole France set in the thick of the French Revolution. As it happens, my French forbears had names like Lesconflair, Ducatel and de Mellanville and didn't, on the whole, view the revolution as an unmixed blessing. I hope that the novel will be a vindication of the rights of the aristocracy and a blistering indictment of the insolent rapacity of plebs and peasants. But, alas, not a bit of it.

March: An odd month. I discover that a fifteenth century writer described how a caliph once had an entire mosque constructed out of marzipan, to be marvelled at, prayed in, and devoured by the poor. Then I learn of a museum of marzipan in Tallinn. It's in a little yellow building and is called Maiasmokk. Presumably it's run by Moomins. Next I read of a goose that died after eating a copy of the *Daily Mail*. Meanwhile, in Devon,

feral peacocks in the mating season start attacking cars after mistaking their own reflections for rivals.

April: Flurries of snow. On the Wednesday of Holy Week at the service of Tenebrae the church is flooded with light as the chanting of sad psalms and lamentations begins, **anticipating Christ's suffering and death**. As the service proceeds, the lights are gradually extinguished until the great church is plunged in darkness but for a single candle. Then that too is hidden beneath the altar. The service breaks off suddenly. There is a violent bang, symbol of the **earthquake that marked Christ's death**. The single candle is restored, heralding resurrection, and by its solitary light the choir files out silently like ghosts. The congregation departs into the cold, dark night. On Good Friday, **Mother Kate takes as her text, 'And it was dark'**.

May: The general election. A friend and I come up with our own political manifesto consisting of four simple but compelling propositions: ham for dogs; votes for ghosts; a Titian in every home; and a handsome policeman on every street corner. I read of a crofter living high in the Cairngorm mountains who, her generosity overcoming her thrift, would put sugar in your cup whether **you wanted it or not, "to take the wildness off the tea."**

June: At the Dolmabahce Palace in Istanbul there's a crystal chandelier weighing four-and-a-half tons. This might sound a little over the top till you realise that there's also a crystal staircase and that the baths are not only lined with alabaster but have alabaster fittings which, the guidebook cautiously remarks, **"creates a unique effect."**

July: On some of the summer's rare sunny days I sit awhile in the Princes Street Gardens reading a book and looking up now and again – but more often now – at the beautiful youngsters sprawling on the grass. After several days of dazzling sunshine – so hot indeed that my partner Sham actually casts off his thermals – one morning the fog is back, raw and spiteful, hovering in the trees and prowling through the streets. When Sham turns away from the window in disgust I assure him that warmth is just for wimps and degenerates. Alas, this proves to be cold comfort – cold as the climate – when we recall that we both ARE wimps and degenerates.

August: A friend tells us that her latest book is to be published by the Oxford University Press. This puts me in mind of GM Young's remark that being published by OUP is rather like being married to a duchess: the honour is almost greater than the pleasure. A friend writes to suggest that the TV detective Vera is the unacknowledged love child of Marshall Goering.

September: The American baseball-player Yogi Berra dies, who was responsible for a string of quite wonderful impromptu remarks: "When you come a fork in the road, take it", "If you don't know where you're going, sometimes you don't get there", "It's déjà vu all over again", "You can observe a lot by watching", and "Always go to other people's funerals, otherwise they won't go to yours." I attend a performance of *The Magic Flute* so scintillating that I come away thinking I've never enjoyed myself more – at any rate with my clothes on.

October: In the chilly morning, bright sun burns off a misty haze that has transformed the stone city to an insubstantial vision. By the afternoon,



the woods and fields of Midlothian are mantled by the elegiac radiance of the **autumn's golden light**. The air is filled with the scent of wood smoke, coal smoke and rotting, fallen leaves. But conceive our frustration when we miss the chance to buy at auction a pair of eighteenth century Qianlong armorial chamber pots complete with rattan handles! They sell for £1,563. Really.

November: Bare trees in a drenching mist one late afternoon. A little train looming into a country station, only its headlights visible. The cobbles of our steep street slippery with sodden leaves. From our windows, the vast mausoleum of the philosopher Hume black against the dark. These days of the back end of the year have always the atmosphere of an empty church, dim with winter light. The year seems to end in

November. It has begun to die on the feast of All Souls, and the sombre darkness deepens on Remembrance Sunday. But it lifts again with the approach of Advent. At the Advent carol service I am, as ever, enraptured by the triumphant Advent antiphons and the dazzling, scary Advent hymns. I imagine Christ descending in glory while our musicians, undaunted, rise magnificently to the occasion. As, of course, they always do.

December: Christmas approaches. I recall once reading of a child who said she no longer believed in Santa Claus. When confronted with the consequent possibility of not **receiving any gifts she declared, "But I do believe in presents."** She grew up to study philosophy. There's an old street rhyme that goes:

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high / The snow is falling from the sky; / And Maisie Drummond says she'll die / For want of the Golden City.

But in this miraculous month, in the bleak midwinter, the golden city comes to us, unlooked for, unobserved except by shepherds, an ox and an ass:

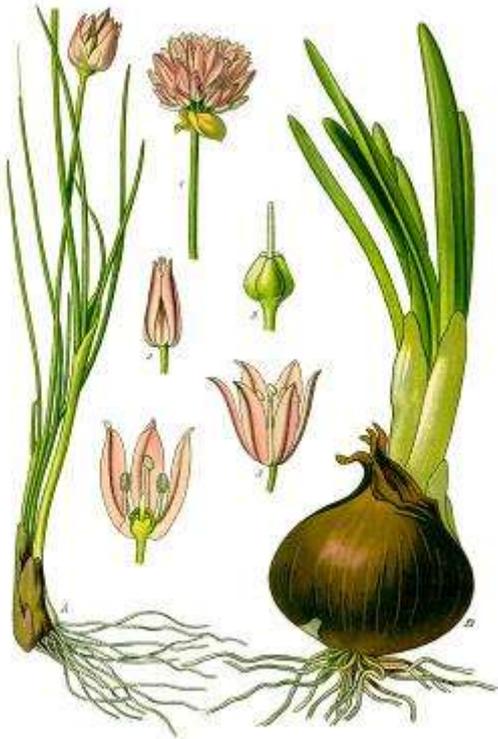
God all bounteous, all creative, whom no ills from good dissuade, is incarnate, and a native of the very world he made.

Happy Christmas! Happy New Year!

Mark Gibson

Bible Botany: All in Allium

O that we had meat to eat. We remember in Egypt.... The leeks, the onions, and the garlic.... (Numbers 11, 4-5).



Legend has it that when Satan was thrown out of the Garden of Eden onions grew where he placed his right foot and garlic where he placed his left, and we all know that vampires are scared off by garlic.

The Victorian botanist George Post identified more than 60 distinct varieties of onion growing in the Holy Land. Most were known by vernacular names and identified by particular features of size, aroma and flavour. Onions grow well in the hot dry climate of Palestine and can produce large bulbs that would turn UK competition growers green with envy. Folklore sees a darker side to onion though – Old Wives saw onions as

unlucky and presaging sickness and ill-fortune. Temple priests in ancient Egypt were forbidden to eat them – the onion being regarded as a holy symbol representing the world.

The genus *Allium* is a very large one with more than 600 species, producing flowers of every colour of the spectrum, *A.caerulea* for instance produces flower heads of the most beautiful sky blue. Many *Alliums* have a stately habit, with large flower heads; flower arrangers prize them as do gardeners even though the large number of seeds and seedlings produced can be tedious to weed.

Although only a few species are grown for food, a vicarious thrill awaits those who munch early-season leaves of the wild garlic, ransons, *Allium ursinum* – delicious and wonderfully warming!

John Dale

FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS:

the power of screwdrivers and Toilet Twinning

I've been coming to OSP – on and off – for the past few years, and I hope to remain a member for plenty of years to come. But however long I may stay, and whatever I may do in our congregational life in future, I have a feeling that perhaps I may already have made my most lasting contribution to life at OSP, through a very simple act of initiative last year.

I suffer from the inflammatory bowel disease called colitis, so toilets are very important to me! Wherever I go, I notice and mentally rate the accessibility and user-friendliness of the toilets. I've lost count of the number of churches, retreat houses and cafes where I've suggested that a sturdy hook in each toilet cubicle would be very helpful for hanging coats and bags. And the response I get usually determines if and how often I return there. (My top award so far goes to the Open Gate on Holy Island, where a suitable hook was in place the very next day.)

At OSP I was greatly relieved to discover toilets at the back of the church as well as in the church hall. However for the first few years I struggled with the stiff door-handle of the ladies toilet at the back of church, and I believe I wasn't the only one. There was a notice stuck inside the door instructing 'push handle down hard', and on occasions when I was temporarily trapped various people outside the door shouted helpful guidance to me. Eventually I mastered the knack of opening that door, but I was concerned that others, especially visitors or newcomers, might continue to struggle. The last straw came in August 2014 during the busy festival

Poor Moses, the Israelites were always grumbling – they were even tired of manna! Not really surprising given that the three species of *Allium* they hankered after are staples in many cuisines. Globally around 80 million tons of onions are produced annually, a quarter of them in China

The genus *Allium* is in the same family as *Amaryllis*, that large, showy, almost vulgar plant, usually with spectacular red or pink flowers, grown around Christmas-time. A number of *Allium* species have showy flowers too but it is for culinary uses that the genus is best known. *A.cepa* the onion, *A.porrum* the leek, *A.schoenoplasum* the chive and *A.sativum* the garlic, are all native to the Middle East and would have been well-known to the Israelites. Indeed the Talmud directs that garlic be used as a seasoning in many dishes.



season, when the instruction notice fell off the toilet door then disappeared. I decided at long last that it was time to take action.

So I equipped myself with a screwdriver and a can of oil, unscrewed that door-handle, oiled it, and screwed it back in place. To my rather surprised delight, this simple act was enough to fix the problem, and as far as I know, the door-handle has functioned smoothly ever since. I get a little pang of satisfaction every time I use it, but I wish I had acted sooner!

This got me thinking about the value of oil and screwdrivers as a metaphor for living. What initiatives might we each take to pour oil on situations and resolve or at least ease tensions and struggles in people's lives? How might we act as human screwdrivers: finding the right groove, and turning in one direction to strengthen bonds, or in another direction to bring release from difficulties?

At the Commissioning Service for Kate Reynolds in Dunfermline Abbey recently, I was both amused and impressed to see a framed certificate on the wall of the one and only toilet in that historic building, declaring that the toilet has been twinned with a latrine in a village in Africa. Alongside the name and precise location of the village, there was a colour photo of the twinned latrine, and the Toilet Twinning logo and website address:



Toilet Twinning, part of the registered charity Tearfund, raises funds to enable people living in poor communities throughout the world to have clean water, a basic toilet, and to learn about hygiene – a vital combination in preventing disease and bringing economic benefits by improving health and productivity. For £60 you can twin your toilet with a single household latrine, and for £240 you can twin with a school toilet block. It's quick and easy to do via the website, which has more information about the charity and how it benefits people and communities. The bathroom wall of my flat in Morningside now displays a certificate proclaiming that my toilet is twinned with a latrine in the village of Haji Noor Nazamani in Sindh Province, Pakistan. Also, Toilet Twinning certificates together with gift-boxed loo rolls will this year be my Christmas present to some hard to buy for members of my family!

I would like OSP to consider twinning each of its church and hall toilets....I imagine journeying in a far-flung land and finding relief at an OSP twinned toilet. I imagine people visiting OSP who see the certificate and are inspired to twin their own toilets. I imagine people living in remote places who will never visit Scotland but who are thankful to have a life-changing connection with a church called Old St Paul's in Edinburgh. Toilet Twinning strikes me, in these troubled times, as a simple yet powerful way to strengthen our bonds of common humanity and our solidarity with the poor throughout God's world.

Anne Wyllie



My name is Hanna Ambelu and I have been a member of Old Saint Paul's congregation for about 4 years. This year has been most challenging as I spent good part of the year battling with cancer. Never have I felt so helpless and numb in my life fearing for the unknown; so I told myself 'God helps those who help themselves'.

I reminded myself that there were so many others in similar or worse situation than me. When I started my treatment I had no strength to tell my family who lived abroad; but I was never alone for all the people who came to help me and made me stronger including the Church. I remember crying in front of Father Ian when he first came to visit me. I was touched by the fact that he came to see me as soon as he heard I was ill..

I want to thank everyone in the congregation who prayed for me every Sunday; especially Father Ian who brought the Holy Communion and the Sacrament of Healing at home and at the hospital on my treatment day. God works through people; and I know now. I finished my treatment in June and I have been working since August. I am very blessed to be able to get back to normal life. I haven't done this on my own and thank you once again!

Memoirs of a Choir Boy - Part 1

Little did I imagine on a very wet Wednesday, 19th March 1942, that I was about to make a life-changing decision. Into our classroom at Abbeyhill Primary School burst the energetic Mr Rutherford who, after a brief whispered consultation with Mr Cooper, turned towards the class and asked 'are there any boys who would like to sing in a church choir?' Without any hesitation, John Black and I stood up, at which Mr Cooper remarked 'You've a fine pair there Rutherford!' We were then given a note to take home containing details and conditions.



John Watt in Old Saint Paul's today

I reported for my first choir practice the following Friday in the church at 6.45 prompt. Due to the war there was, of course, a blackout so I was escorted up the Canongate, complete with torch and gasmask, by my second eldest sister, Doreen. I was immediately introduced to Mr Potter, the Choirmaster, who had Aberdeen granite-like features and a roaring voice. He passed me on to the delicate motherly arms of Miss Stagg who then advised me that I was now a PEEM, the title given to all new boys joining the choir.

Peems wore a black cassock and Eton collar and sat in the Warrior Chapel during all services with Miss Stagg, affectionately called Katey by the chorister. I believe that Katey was born in India where her father was in the employ of the Indian Civil Service.

She really became a second mother to us, drilling us in the benefits of discipline and punctuality. She also introduced us to stamp collecting – in which I still have a great interest. On the first Sunday of each month the four top boys (Decani and Cantoris), who were confirmed, attended the 8am communion service. After the service we breakfasted in Miss Stagg's house at 26 Buccleuch Place where we were taught table manners and how to clear up and wash the dishes.

As choristers we attended Religious Knowledge before Tuesday's choir practice. This took place in the Warrior Chapel and was taken by Katey. I clearly recall one occasion when the lesson was about forgiveness with the lesson from John 8, the subject 'The Woman taken in Adultery'. Katey always closed her lessons with 'any questions?' Up jumped Jimmy Christison, snapping his fingers, 'please, Miss, what is adultery?' This started the longest silence I have ever lived through as Katey struggled to find the appropriate answer to satisfy 26 boys. Eventually she slowly and dramatically straightened her back and raised her head, 'My dear James' she replied, 'Adultery is not washing behind your ears!'

John Watt

Key Contacts

Clergy

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Rev Jenny Wright	538 7096	curate@osp.org.uk

Parish Office

Jean Keltie	556 3332	office@osp.org.uk
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Rector's Warden

Jubin Santra		rwarden@osp.org.uk
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People's Warden

Lesley Blackmore		pwarden@osp.org.uk
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Vestry Clerk

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Treasurer

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Choir

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Children

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Giving

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Holy Dusters

Therese Christie	cleaning@osp.org.uk
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Rotas

Tim Blackmore	readers@osp.org.uk
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Website

Jeff Dalton	media@osp.org.uk
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Christmas in the Gospels

An evening of Gospel Spirituals & Christmas Carols
with George Walters-Sleyon & Friends

Wednesday December 16th: 7.30pm
Old St Paul's Episcopal Church
63 Jeffrey Street, EH1 1DH

Admission: FREE
A Love Offering will be taken to support
the *Theology of Justice against Mass Incarceration Research Project*



Safe Families for Children

Safe Families for Children is a movement of the Church to care for some of the most vulnerable members of our society: children whose parents are going through a hard time.

It is a simple idea really... it recruits Host Families who voluntarily open up their homes, without pay, taking in the children for a short spell whilst their parents get back on their feet. It's not fostering and it's not adoption—just simple kindness and it can make a world of a difference.

How Do Church volunteers help?

As Host Families — Experienced and trained families who take children into their loving homes for a little while, giving their parents in

crisis much needed space to deal with the pressing issues.

As Family Hosts — Friendly folk who befriend, mentor and support parents through their crisis, helping them get back on their feet and making the home stable for them and their children.

As Resource Friends — Generous supporters able to provide useful items such as a cot or children's clothing, or have helpful skills such as cooking and gardening.

Following on from the positive benefits to families in the North East of England, Safe Families has now been launched in Scotland in the form of a three year pilot in partnership with Bethany Christian Trust.

With family-based, early intervention, the right level of support is provided at the right time and gives a new option in family support. Safe Families helps fill the gap between statutory and specialist services and

relieves pressure on families whose children might otherwise require a more formal or extended care placement.

If you would consider helping in any of the ways described above, or would like more information, please speak to Fr Ian or contact Safe Families for Children:

edinburgh@safefamiliesforchildren.com
5 Bonnington Road, Edinburgh, EH6 5JQ
www.safefamiliesforchildren.com

Next Issue Deadline

The deadline for the February & March issue of the White Rose is Monday 25th January. Please email contributions to media@osp.org.uk.

Calendar and Lectionary December–January 2016

<p>December 6—2ND SUNDAY OF ADVENT <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Baruch 5.1-9 ; Luke 1.68-79 (<i>resp</i>); Philippians 1.3-11; Luke 3.1-6 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Isaiah 11.1-10; Matthew 3.1-12 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Mon 7—Ambrose of Milan, <i>bishop and teacher, 397</i>; Tue 8—The Conception of Mary, Mother of the Lord</p>	<p>January 3—THE EPIPHANY OF THE LORD <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Isaiah 60.1-6; Psalm 72.1-7,10-14; Ephesians 3.1-12; Matthew 2.1-12 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Isaiah 49.1-7; Matthew 12.14-21</p>
<p>December 13—3RD SUNDAY OF ADVENT <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Zephaniah 3.14-20; Isaiah 12.2-6 (<i>resp</i>); Philippians 4.4-7; Luke 3.7-18 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Isaiah 35.1-10; Matthew 11.2-11 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Mon 14—John of the Cross, <i>priest and teacher, 1591</i>; Wed, Fri, Sat—Ember Days of prayer for the vocation of all God’s people</p>	<p>January 10—THE BAPTISM OF THE LORD <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Isaiah 43.1-7; Psalm 29; Acts 8.14-17; Luke 3.15-17,21-22 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Genesis 1.1–2.3; John 1.29-34 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Mon 11—David, <i>king of Scots, 1153</i>; Wed 13—St Ken- tignern (or Mungo), <i>bishop of Glasgow, c 603</i>; Tue 14—Hilary of Poitiers, <i>bishop and teacher, c 367</i></p>
<p>December 20—4TH SUNDAY OF ADVENT <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Micah 5.2 5a; Psalm 80.1-7; Hebrews 10.5-10; Luke 1.39-55 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> 1 Samuel 2.1b-10; John 5.24-37a</p>	<p>January 17—2ND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Isaiah 62.1-5; Psalm 36.5-10; 1 Corinthians 12.1-11; John 2.1-11 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Isaiah 49.1-7; John 1.35-42 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Mon 18—The Confession of St Peter; Thu 21—Agnes, <i>martyr at Rome, c 304</i></p>
<p>December 25—THE NATIVITY OF THE LORD <i>December 24 11.30pm Readings at Mass of Midnight:</i> Isaiah 9.2-7; Psalm 96; Titus 2.11-14; Luke 2.1-20 <i>December 25 10.30am Readings at Mass of the Day:</i> Isaiah 52.7-10; Psalm 98; Hebrews 1.1-12; John 1.1-14 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Sat 26—St Stephen, <i>deacon and martyr</i></p>	<p>January 24—THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL <i>Readings at Mass:</i> Acts 26.9-23; Psalm 67; Galatians 1.11-24; Matthew 10.16-22 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Sirach 39.1-10; Acts 9.1-22 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Tue 26—Timothy and Titus, <i>bishops and companions of Paul</i>; Wed 27— John Chrysostom, <i>bishop and teacher, 407</i>; Thu 28—Thomas Aquinas, <i>teacher, 1274</i>; Sat 30—Charles I, <i>king, 1649</i></p>
<p>December 27—1ST SUNDAY OF CHRISTMAS <i>Readings at Mass:</i> 1 Samuel 2.18-20,26; Psalm 148; Colossians 3.12-17; Luke 2.41-52 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> 1 Samuel 1.1 2,7b 28; Luke 2.22 40 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Mon 28—St John, <i>apostle and evangelist</i>; Tue 29—The Holy Innocents; Wed 30—Josephine Butler, <i>worker among women, 1905</i>; Thu 31—John Wycliffe, <i>priest, 1384</i>; Fri 1—The Naming of Jesus; Sat 2—Seraphim of Sarov, <i>monk and teacher, 1833</i></p>	<p>January 31—THE PRESENTATION OF THE LORD <i>Readings at Mass:</i> [CANDLEMAS] Malachi 3.1-4; Psalm 84.1-7; Hebrews 2.14-18; Luke 2.22-40 <i>Readings at Evensong:</i> Haggai 2.1-9; 1 John 3.1-8 <i>Weekday observances:</i> Mon 1—Bride of Kildare, <i>abbess, c 525</i>; Wed 3—Saints and Martyrs of Europe; Sat 6—Paul Miki, <i>priest, and Martyrs of Japan, 1597</i></p>



Getting connected:



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