

THE WHITE ROSE

The Parish Newsletter of Old Saint Paul's Church

November 2010.

Remembrance and Thanksgiving



Autumn usually feels to me like a time of looking back and remembering. Perhaps this is why the church calendar puts remembrance and thanksgiving in the foreground of our liturgical celebrations in the month of November.

Remembrance started early in OSP, though, when Fr Michael James celebrated 50 years as a priest (his 'golden jubilee') with a High Mass at the end of September. The mass was attended not only by friends of Fr Michael's from OSP and Edinburgh, but by former parishioners of his from Carlisle. There was a lot of happy remembering and giving thanks. We gave thanks to God for Fr Michael's ministry in his parishes and also in youth and social work. Fr Michael is a regular member of the 8am congregation, but is often seen at 10.30am as well, and the congratulations and love of all of us go to him for this wonderful milestone of service given.

More sadly, every funeral is a time of remembrance, of course, as well as a time of loss. In early September we remembered Jim Wynn-Evans and gave thanks at his funeral. Jim's death after a short illness has

left a great gap in the world for David, his partner and all his friends. As has the death of Ella McLaren, also in September, for her family. Ella and her late husband Willie were very long-standing, faithful members of the congregation, and their sons Ian and Donald were choristers. We remembered Ella and gave thanks for her at her requiem mass in OSP.

November is when we remember all the departed at All Souls, and the dead who lost their lives in war on Remembrance Sunday. All Souls is a very important day for Catholic Christians, and, thanks to clergy, servers, choir and flower team, we were able to invite very many people, who have lost someone close, to come to a well-attended and beautiful Mass for the Departed. From the comments and cards I have received, I know how valuable this liturgy is for those people. Death and loss are an integral part of being human, and this, I think, is why the Church has created this day on which we can understand that others have experienced the same kind of loss as we, and that all of us experience death itself. In the same way as All Souls Day, Remembrance Sunday is very

Above: Fr Michael James celebrating 50 years as a priest (his 'golden jubilee') with a High Mass in OSP

important to anyone who remembers someone who died in the world wars of the last century, but it is also now important for those whose losses have been in very recent wars, especially in the Falklands, Iraq and Afghanistan. We will remember them all and give thanks for them on 11 November and Sunday 14 November.

November will also see a thanksgiving that is not tinged with the sadness of this kind of remembrance. On 21 November, Christ the King, we will say thankyou and goodbye to Fr Simon Tibbs at the conclusion of his curacy with us at OSP. Fr Simon's move to become Rector of St. Ninian's, Pollockshields, in the south of Glasgow, is very good news for that church, and our sadness at seeing Fr Simon leave us is matched by happiness that he takes with him our remembrance and thanks for him as he moves into the responsibility of his own charge.

Fr Ian

Cakes for Christmas

The next Food for Thought event takes place on Friday 10 December. The theme is preparing for Christmas. If you are a cake baker, please get to work. There will be a silent cake auction and lots of tastings. So why not have a bowl of soup on a cold December night, and then forget the diet and enjoy giving into temptation! Keep the date free. If you would like to bake please contact Rosemary Williams, Aileen Robertson, or Sheila Miller.

OSP Tithing Fund

As a congregation we give 2.5% of our income to other causes each year. The choice of where to give this support in 2011 will be made at the AGM on 12 December. You are invited to propose a charity, after considering these points:

- The charity must be Edinburgh-based.
- There must be potential for linking with the charity through information in the White Rose, personal contact & reciprocal visits. The proposer should be prepared to take a lead in this.
- OSP's giving of around £4,000 should make a significant difference to the annual budget.
- A copy of the Annual Report and other information about the charity should be included with the proposal.

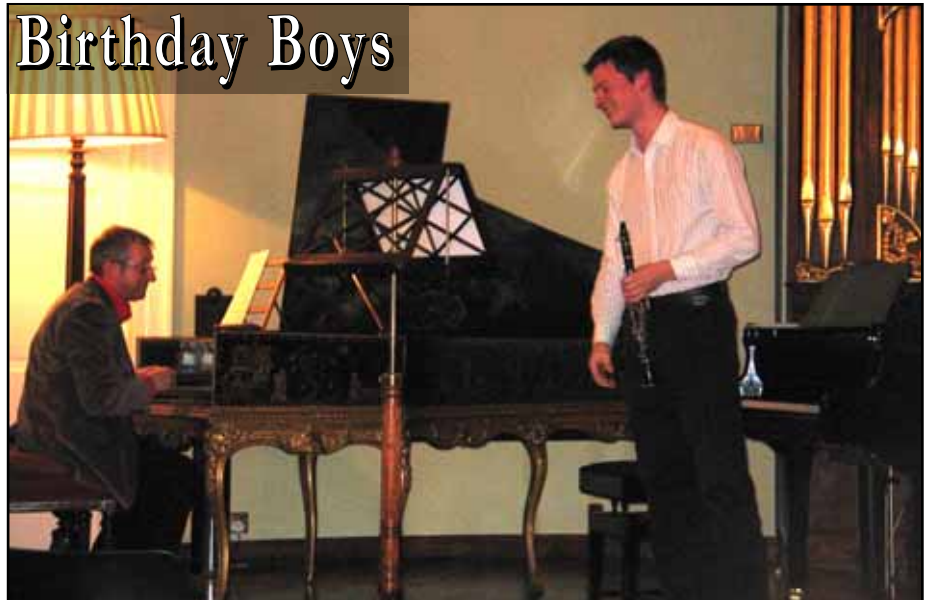
Fr Simon's Farewell

Fr Simon Tibbs - has been appointed Rector of St. Ninian's, Pollokshields (in the south of Glasgow). His last Sunday at OSP will be 21 November, and his Institution on 11 December. Anyone who would like to contribute to a leaving gift please send a cheque payable to 'Old St. Paul's Church' to The Treasurer, 39 Jeffrey St, Edinburgh EH1 1DH, marking the envelope 'Curate'.

Quiet Afternoon

An afternoon of reflection and quiet to prepare for the season of Advent, at St. Vincent's Church, Stockbridge (at junction of St. Stephen St and St. Vincent St) led by Canon Ian Paton. It runs from 12.00 to 4pm on Saturday 27 November, Contact Fr Ian, or Fr Rodney Grant (229 1857) for more details.

Birthday Boys



As many of you already know, the choir have marked two big birthdays this October - and both of them at the organ bench! Calum Robertson turned 21 on the 18th, and ten days later John celebrated his 60th (although most wouldn't believe it!) Of course this was a good excuse for parties all around, and old and new friends alike joined family members of both over two nights in one of John's many 'second homes', at St Cecilia's Hall. Good wine and good food, was paired with music in the setting St Cecilia's intimate Georgian concert hall. Dr Kitchen certainly knows how to throw a party!

Indeed, the entertainment on both nights was particularly spectacular - with John treating us to some Louis Couperin played on an original French harpsichord of 1755, followed by two clarinet pieces starring Calum - one accompanied at the harpsichord and one at the piano (gloriously decadent!) The birthday boys

put on a particularly sparkling performance on both nights delighting everyone with their virtuosic playing and the excellent ensemble.

After a rather splendid first course the gathered company returned to the concert hall for performances of Chopin by John Bryden on Friday, and a Bach sonata played on Saturday by able young violinist Matthew Fields, who many of you may have heard during the Festival as part of the ensemble for the Mozart *Spatzenmesse*. Tim Cais, our new bass choral scholar, showed another side of his talents playing the second movement from the Rachmaninov *cello sonata in G*, with the entertained rounded off by Nick Uglov singing Noel Coward and Ivor Novello in his usual fabulous fashion - whereupon dessert was served.

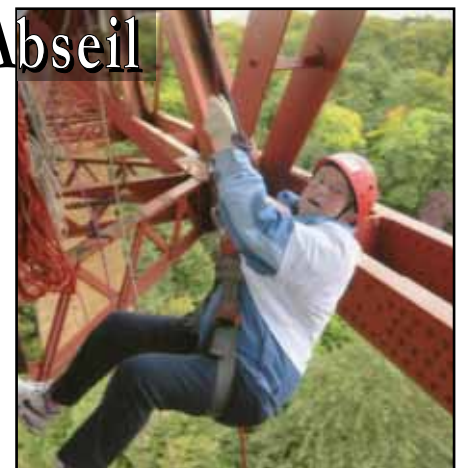
If you'll forgive me just one cliché - a good time was had by all - and we look forward to the next festivities in 10 years time.

Forth Rail Bridge Abseil

I have loved and admired the Forth Rail Bridge since I first saw it when I was 5 years old! Such a splendid structure and in my opinion - the 'best' in the world!

On Sunday 3rd October 2010, I was delighted to have the opportunity to do the 165 foot abseil on behalf of Waverly Care, a charity working with adults and children with HIV and AIDS. I raised £220. It was a wonderful experience, not for the faint hearted and not bad for a septuagenarian!!!!!!

Sheila Miller





Going to Ghana

In August this year, Paul Lugton, OSP's Children & Young People's Worker, attended the Anglican Diocese of Cape Coast Youth Camp. We asked him to tell us about the camp ...

The Anglican Diocese of Cape Coast Youth Camp takes place every second year; it started in 2006 and met again in 2008 and then 2010. The Diocese of Cape Coast and Diocese of Edinburgh have had a companion link since 2007. In 2008, the camp was attended by Michelle Brown and me. In 2010 Fr. Anderson Jeremiah, Rebecca Aechtner, Hannah Ellis and I went again. These are some reflections on Ghana, on Anglicanism in Ghana and the 2010 camp.

We know it is really cold in OSP when we start complaining about the cold, so conversely, I am one of the first people to notice when it is hot, and Ghana is very hot. I visited Ghana in August, August is the coolest time of year for Ghana, but the hottest for the UK - but it's still much hotter in Ghana during August. Then there is the driving, horns are always being peeped and they drive on the right. The food features a lot of rice, as well as maize and yams. It is also very filling. Ghana is much poorer than the UK, with observable poverty and inequality. It also has functioning multi-party democracy, with the rule of law; a tolerant country where different ethnic groups, and Christians and Muslims, live in harmony. The people are generally friendly and enjoy meeting people from overseas.

Religion is a major part of most people's lives, and is reflected in the names of shops, even taxis. Anglicans are one of the smaller denominations, although this means their churches are full and their services last at least three hours. The Anglicans of Ghana sit in the Catholic/

High Church tradition; services can include local music and prayer time we would recognise as charismatic.

The Youth Camp lasts a week and takes place in the ground of boarding schools. At the 2010 camp we spent time looking at ways to develop youth work in Ghana, at entrepreneurship, studied the Bible, visited a Franciscan pilgrimage site and cleaned the grounds of a hospital. The sports day also gave Fr. Anderson a chance to show off his football skills. The Edinburgh team lead sessions, studying the Bible and on teamwork, as well as teaching songs and activities. We also got to know our fellow campers and spent time talking to them about their lives.

We also attended church services, met with the Bishop of Cape Coast, and visited two slave castles and a nature reserve.

Ghana is an amazing country with much potential. Its political conditions and economic conditions are such that the country has a bright future. It is also in many ways God's land, with many people serious about the Gospel. The Anglican Church there, while being one of the smaller religious groups has enthusiastic and committed members, including its youth.

For me, Ghana has a very different climate and culture. But I found fellow Christians, worshipping God and I found fellowship there. The motto of your Anglican Youth of Ghana is "In Christ: We Are One". I have found this to be true across the boundaries of culture and inequality through this connection between Scotland and Ghana.

A is for Autumn ...



B is for the beauty of the Borders, C is for the colours gold and russet. These words almost sum up what the OSP walkers enjoyed on our October walk from Eddleston. The weather was superb, with clear blue skies and sunshine all day. Portmore House impressed us with its Victorian Gothic grandeur, while Portmore Loch shone blue in the sunshine. A fallow deer put in an appearance, but almost no humans. This beautiful area, just eighteen miles south of Edinburgh, seemed a world away from the city. Relatively unknown and unspoilt, it has many delights, not least the Northshield Rings, which are huge concentric formations of ditches and earthen ramparts, which are the remains of a prehistoric hill fort. From there, where we had our picnic lunch, the views are superb. The Pentlands are prominent, the distinctive shape of Arthur's Seat is easy to make out and Fife is a faint haze in the distance.

Having strayed through woodland, perilously crossed a few burns and negotiated some inglorious mud on the paths, we were in open countryside again. On a gentle rise after passing Boreland Farm, we had a magnificent panorama to marvel at, with the Meldons ahead of us, the imposing Dundreich, a hill more pleasant than its name suggests, behind us, and everywhere glorious trees, whose colours are well captured in Brenda's photographs (The originals are on the piano at the back of the church.)

Would that we always had such wonderful weather and glorious technicolour on our walks, although they are always enjoyable for the exercise, sociability and fun. Please join us.

Christine Stevenson

Les Rouges et Le Blanc



The Old Saint Paul's servers are used to being in front, taking the lead, setting an example. And we know that their every action is followed intently, and emulated far and wide. But it was only discovered recently from how far they are observed.

Our servers are particularly ept at finding excuses on which to hang a party, and hardly a season is allowed to pass without at least one. Birthdays, anniversaries, arrivings, departings, bar mitzvahs (well, perhaps not). They even entertain vessels gliding through the air under a cloud of smoke.

All these usually see our intrepid boys and girls ending up at a purveyor of victuals or beverage. More than nine times out of ten the hostelry of choice is Giuliano's excellent restaurant in Union Place, opposite the Playhouse. So, imagine their surprise to discover one autumn day Giuliano serving up, not to a bunch of red cassocks, but to A White Cassock, who had travelled all the way from Rome.

As our exclusive pictures show, during his recent visit to Edinburgh the Holy Father was entertained to the finest Scotch haggis, roast beef and cranachan at Cardinal O'Brien's residence, and in charge of proceedings was none other than our own capo di ristorante, with his band of attentive serving staff. There'll be much to talk about next time the red cassocks gather in Union Place.



Local Tourist - Aberdour Castle



Ok, so Aberdour isn't quite LOCAL, but grab a train from Waverley Station across the Firth of Forth to Aberdour Station and you can be walking the splendour of the castle and it's grounds in just half an hour. Certainly easier than trying to drive across Edinburgh some days!

A Historic Scotland property, Aberdour Castle is one of the oldest castles in Scotland. Built and altered over the years, this impressive property has bits from the 12th century (making it one of the two oldest in Scotland) right through to the 17th century. Originally owned by Sir Alan Mortimer (baron of Aberdour), it passed through a few hands before it went to Sir William Douglas when he was granted the barony, and it has been in the hands of the Douglas' ever since.

The east range is the only part that is still roofed and the first floor room has an original 17th century painted wooden ceiling decorated with fruit, foliage and heraldic emblems. It's quite a sight to behold! With quite an extensive set of buildings, the winding staircases and open ruins add to the fun of exploring this ancient place.

Built by the barony along with the first house is St Fillan's Church. It seems likely that parts of St Fillan's church dates back to at least 1123, possibly even predating the

castle with which its history is so closely entwined. The original church comprised just the nave and chancel. The north wall of today's church and much of the chancel are likely have been part of this first structure. Left to run to ruin in the 18th Century, it was restored in the early 1925 and now serves the Aberdour parish again. St Fillan's held its first service in well over a hundred years on 7 July 1926: and in 1973 it celebrated its 850th anniversary. Amazing!

The terraced gardens were added in the 16th century, updated in the 17th century, and comprise four broad L-shaped terraces. At the bottom of the terraces is an orchard, and these gardens were used as a market garden during the Second World War. At the south end is a 'beehive' shape doocot in outstanding condition, containing about 600 nesting boxes, with a clever design of lipped stairs which prevented rats from getting in.

Aberdour means 'mouth of the water' and its natural harbour is within sight of Edinburgh and the ruins of Inchcolm Abbey. This property is open year round but a fee of £4.20 for adults (£2.50 children, £3.40 concessions) does apply, however it is free for Historic Scotland members. I can't think of anything better than spending a pleasant afternoon with a train ride and walk around this beautiful place, can you?

Kim-Moore Ede





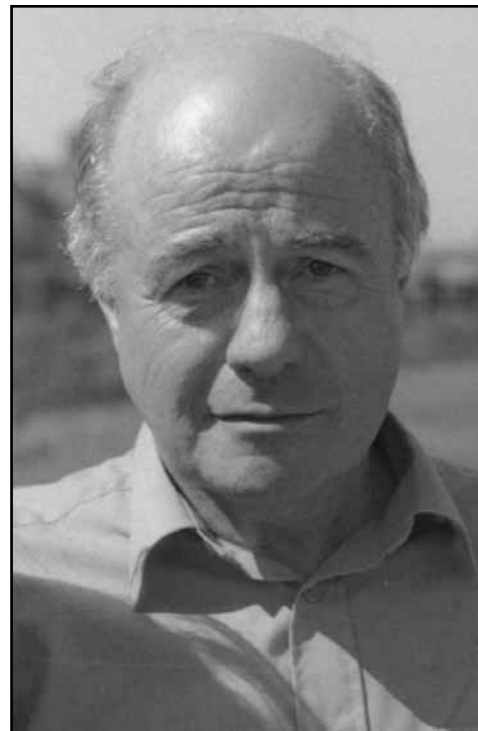
Jim Wynn-Evans 1934 - 2010

The editor suggested that I might add a few words of introduction to the address I gave at Jim Wynn-Evans' funeral on September 3, so here they are.

Jim and I became friends when I came to Edinburgh in September 1968 to become Rector of Old Saint Paul's just before he became Rector of Saint Margaret's Easter Road. Over the years our friendship deepened, and in 1986 it entered a new phase. I was Vicar of Saint Mary Magdalen's in Oxford at the time, having just returned from four years working in Boston in the USA, and the Bishop of Edinburgh had just retired. Jim came to see me with another great friend, Pat McBryde, to ask if I would let them nominate me in the election for the new

bishop. I went along with the mad idea, and was duly elected. Jim and Pat became important allies as well as friends after that, and the three of us had a lot of fun along the way, mainly because, while we took the work seriously, we tried not to take ourselves seriously. It was his apparent unseriousness that led a lot of people to underrate Jim, but beneath the light and often flippant exterior there lay a formidable and gifted human-being. I tried to bring out some of that strength and giftedness in my address. I miss him, particularly at mass on Sunday mornings where I can no longer relish his mordant comments on what is happening up at the holy end.

Richard



Above: Fundraising at St Margaret's Easter Rd.;
Below: Party time



The novelist Rebecca West claimed that artistic genius was 'the abnormal justifying itself'; she went on, 'those who know that they are for whatever reason condemned by the laws of life...make themselves one with life by some magnificent act of creation'. When she talked about being 'condemned by the laws of life', West meant those man-made laws we call morality. I found her words in Victoria Glendinning's biography of Vita Sackville West, and Glendinning applied them to Vita's homosexuality. If you are told by church and society that what you are in your very essence is wrong, it will create a dissonance between your own soul and the norms of religion and society. West is saying that creativity has one of its roots in a disconnection between prevailing social and religious conventions and the reality of the artist's life. That dissonance, she suggests, is the grit in the soul that becomes the pearl of great price: wonderful art. Glendinning suggested that Vita's magnificent act of creation was neither her poetry nor her fiction, but the garden she created at Sissinghurst in Kent.

I believe that law applies to the making of a life, as well as to the making of a work of art. Most of us lack the creativity that enables people of genius to compose symphonies or write novels or paint pictures; but the one piece of art we all inescapably create, for better or for worse,

is the shape of our own life. The work Jim Wynn-Evans made of his life is a powerful example of the law Rebecca West enunciated, whereby 'those who know that they are for whatever reason condemned by the laws of life ... make themselves one with life by some magnificent act of creation'. As an active, courageous, out gay man, Jim was, till well into middle age, criminalised by the laws of his own country; and for all of his life condemned by the homophobia that still dominates the Church he served.

I make no apology for talking about this subject in this address, and not only because Jim asked me to. Jim was a fine human being who happened to be gay, but it was that happenstance which determined how he would lead his life, and it was from that happenstance he carved a life that was immensely creative in the support and guidance it gave to those like him who were also condemned by those conventions we so glibly describe as morality.

Humour was part of Jim's response to the crazy system he had to negotiate. When the Vatican announced that it was OK to be gay as long as you were not practising, he snorted, who needs practise! When he informed the Principal of his Theological College that he was gay, they sent him to be cured by a psychiatrist who treated him

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Above: Jim & Peter Unsworth at the infamous "Open Garden" party in Gayfield Square, Jim at his ordination, & Imparting a injudicious aside. **Right:** "Angel of the North" on the plinth. **Far Right:** Entertaining at home.

with LSD. It did not make the slightest difference to Jim's desires, of course, but he greatly enjoyed the trip, and while he was in a state of psychedelic bliss he said Yes to his God-given sexuality and decided to enjoy it. So you could say the psychiatrist did cure him - of any tendency to self-hatred. Wouldn't it be interesting if someone slipped a dram of lysergic acid diethylamide into the cup of hatred sipped upon so eagerly by Archbishop Okinawa and his acolytes to see what happened?

So there was humour in Jim, but there was also a lot of anger, and it could be withering when it was employed against those who were hiding from or denying their own unlicensed sexual longings. As an active gay man, Jim knew where a lot of the bodies were buried in the Scottish Churches, and that could be threatening to those who lacked his honesty and bravery.

So humour and anger, then, but there was also profound wisdom in Jim, a wisdom that enabled him to counsel hundreds of young priests in despair about a Church they wanted to serve, but which denied the very essence of their being. One of the miracles of grace in the modern Church is the way gay people, particularly in the ministry, have gone on working sacrificially for an institution that condemns them, and usually in tough and unfashionable parishes. Which brings me to the next element in the work Jim made of his life, but before I describe it, let me remind you of the milestones in a life that was so sadly cut short on August 20.

Jim was born of Welsh stock in Birkenhead on April 13 1934. His mother died when he was 4. His father was a successful lawyer,

and Jim at first tried to follow in his footsteps. After Shrewsbury School, he went to Magdalen College Oxford to study law, but gave up after a year and turned to the study of the humanities. He went to Lincoln Theological College in 1957 to train for the ministry, when Oliver Tompkins, whom he loved, was Principal. Deaconed in 1959, priested in 1960, he did his first curacy at Goole in Yorkshire. A significant milestone in his ministry, and a pointer to the future, was the five years he spent as chaplain to Hatfield Borstal.

Then, to our good fortune, he came north to a curacy at St Columba's by the Castle, which he combined with the post of Chaplain to Ken Carey, Bishop of Edinburgh, a lonely man of complex affections whom Jim also grew to love. Both Oliver Tompkins and Ken Carey loved Wesley's hymn, O Thou Who Camest From Above, a love Jim shared, especially the line about kindling a fire of love on the mean altar of the heart.

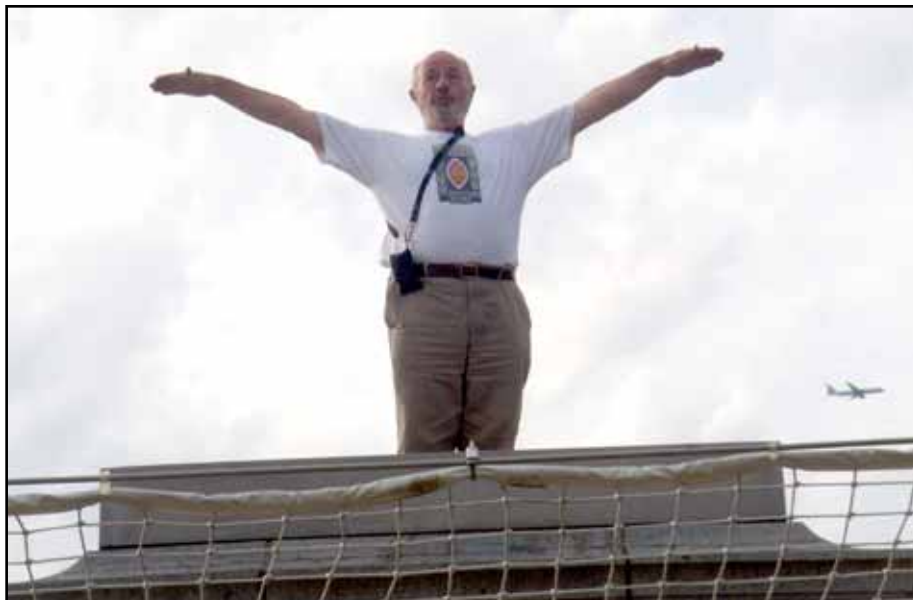
He was Rector of St Margaret's Easter Road, from '69 to '84 and Priest at St David's Pilton from '85 to '97. Then followed a final burst of creativity as Provincial Communications Officer and Chaplain to the Primus till his retirement in 2001, during which he did all he could to keep me out of trouble, sometimes successfully. Retirement brought him to OSP, where he worked backstage in many capacities, the most significant being the leadership he brought to the restoration of a building he loved and whose fabric he knew intimately. In fact, his intelligent care for the fabric of the churches he served was a notable part of his ministry, which is why

we chose the photograph that is on the front cover of the service sheet.

Jim was a gifted man. He cooked brilliantly, gardened valiantly, travelled widely and intelligently, created a beautiful home for David and himself in Gayfield Place and made it a place of generous hospitality to countless people, many of them troubled, to whom he gave wise advice and the occasional kick in the butt. And he was aware of his own weaknesses. He often drank too much. He had a temper. And his need for sex sometimes led him into compromising situations. But his self-knowledge enabled him to distil all his weaknesses into a powerful kindness. With the poet Ian Crichton Smith he knew that, 'From our own weakness only are we kind', and it was this that formed his theology.

His membership of an excluded and persecuted group led him to identify with other excluded groups in our society, particularly the poor, and it was this identification that enabled him to understand the radical nature of the Gospel. The Gospel has a bias towards the poor, but not just the economically poor. The ones who loved Jesus most were those who understood their own poverty, knew in their hearts they were morally bankrupt and a catch for no one, yet this man, this son of man, loved them and took them as they were to himself. Few grasp the scandal of this, but the English writer Monica Furlong understood it. This is how she puts it in her poem, God is a Good Man.

*A slum is where somebody else lives,
 Help is what others need.*



*We all want to be the priest, social worker,
nurse
The nun in the white habit giving out the
soup -
To work from a position of power,
The power being
That we are not the shuffler in the queue
Holding out his bowl.*

*But there is only one way into the kingdom
- To be found out in our poverty.
That is why the citizens are a job lot -
Unhappily married, the feckless mother of
eight,
The harlot no longer young,
... the sexually untameable,
The alcoholic, the violent, and those whose
drink is despair.*

*Show me not, Lord, your rich men
With their proud boasts of poverty and
celibacy,
They are too much for me...
Only those who...
...think they have nothing to give
Are any use to me.
Let your bankrupts feed me.*

Jim understood that, viscerally, which is why people went to him in their poverty and the knowledge that they would never be other than they were, and he accepted them, even as he knew he himself had been accepted. He worked to make our Church one that accepted the unacceptable. His great ally in this mission was another person whose knowledge of her own weakness made her kind. Jim had strong friendships with a number of women, but none was more influential than his relationship with Pat McBryde. Together, they worked to make our Church not only kind but funny, a Church that laughed and

knew how to throw a good party. Jim used to say to the overly serious: Life's a party, they just forgot to tell you.

Someone told me recently that Jim, Pat and I were known in some circles as the three craws that sat upon a wa', in the Scottish folk song. Well, the second craw has went an' flew awa; and since the third craw wisnae there at a', I'm not sure where it leaves me - except as a celebrant of the memory of two wonderful friends who touched with joy the lives of countless others.

In 1980, a year after an encounter with a young man at a well-known gay trysting spot at the east end of Princes Street, Jim, feeling depressed and lonely, came out of St Margaret's Easter Road where he had been praying, and bumped into him again. The young man's name was David. He asked Jim what he had been doing. 'Praying,' replied Jim. 'What for?' Said David. 'I asked God to send someone to love me, and you came walking down the street,' answered Jim. 'I must be the answer then,' said David - and he was. After thirty years together, Jim Wynn-Evans died in his own house, in his own bed, in the arms of his own David, who loved him unto the end.

A brave man in his life, Jim was brave in his dying, choosing to die rather than live a life that would be a burden to him and burdensome to others. A motherless boy, Jim died trusting in the mothering kindness of the God he had served all his life. It was enough.

Fare forward dear friend, we will not see your like again. Amen.

Richard Holloway

Remembering Jim



Jim recognised his gifts in organising and getting things done, especially when there was food and people involved. He was also good at showing initiative and filling in with leadership if things weren't getting done. I also have similar tendencies to what others might call control needs. So when we went on holiday together last year we both wondered how we would cope with each other. What was a delight and an abiding warm memory is that we both easily slid in to our shadow side and were able to give ourselves over to the chances of the unfolding journey.

We travelled from Bremen to Hamburg with the map on the back seat, avoiding the motorways and with a vague sense that our destination meant the sun should be behind us. We'd been told the trip should take a little over an hour so after three hours we knew we were taking the scenic route and stopped off in a small village at a hotel that was advertising kaffee und kuchen. Grossmutter was delighted to see us and we were given no choice about what to eat as her daughter had some apple cake fresh out of the oven. We got to Hamburg eventually; if we'd been crows it was a distance of seventy miles, we were a different sort of creature, tied to the land and getting more out of the journey than just our destination.

I miss my friend Jim for his love and care, for his good advice, his ability to cut the crap but I also miss him for his fun and sense of adventure and for being one of those people who never just wondered what lay down the road less travelled but journeyed it.

Kentigern

Calendar & Rotas for November 2010

	10.30am High Mass			6.30pm
Day & Observance	Readings	Readers	Intercessor	Readings & Reader
November 7 24th Sunday after Pentecost	Job 19.23-27a Psalm 17.1-9 2 Thess 2.1-5,13-17 Luke 20.27-38	Tim Blackmore Jean Keltie	Clergy	Joshua 24.1-3a,14-25 Matthew 25.1-13 Jennie Gardner
Weekday observances:	Tue 9 - George Hay Forbes, priest at Burntisland, 1875; Wed 10 - Leo the Great, bishop of Rome & teacher, 461 Thu 11 - Martin of Tours, bishop, c 397; Fri 12 - Machar, bishop in Aberdeen, c 600			
November 14 25th Sunday after Pentecost	Malachi 4.1-2a Psalm 98 2 Thessalonians 3.6-13 Luke 21.5-19	Allan Turkington Mhairiad Monelle	Bill Morton	Judges 4.1-7 Matthew 25.14-30 Nigel Cook
Weekday observances:	Tue 16 - St Margaret of Scotland, queen, 1093; Wed 17 - Hugh of Lincoln, bishop, 1200 Thu 18 - Fergus, bishop in NE Scotland, c 750; Fri 19 - Hilda of Whitby, abbess, 680			
November 21 CHRIST THE KING	Jeremiah 23.1-6 Psalm 46 Colossians 1.11-20 Luke 23.33-43	Frances McLeod Sheila Brock	Ingrid Uglow	Zechariah 9.9-16 1 Peter 3.13-22 David Bassett
Weekday observances:	Mon 22 - Cecilia, martyr at Rome, c 230; Tue 23 - Clement of Rome, bishop and martyr, c 100 Wed 24 - Lucy Menzies, teacher, 1954			
November 28 1st SUNDAY OF ADVENT	Isaiah 2.1-5 Psalm 122 Romans 13.11-14 Matthew 24.36-44	Frank Ribbons Lorraine Simpson	Mhairiad Monelle	Advent Carols
Weekday observances:	Tue 30 - St Andrew, apostle, patron of Scotland; Wed 1 - Charles de Foucauld, hermit in Algeria, 1916 Thu 2 - Nicholas Ferrar, deacon at Little Gidding, 1637; Fri 3 - Francis Xavier, priest & missionary in Japan, 1552 Sat 4 - Clement of Alexandria, teacher, c 210			
December 5 2nd SUNDAY OF ADVENT	Isaiah 11.1-10 Psalm 72.1-7,18-19 Romans 15.4-13 Matthew 3.1-12	Brenda White Margot Alexander	tbc	Isaiah 40.1-11 Mark 1.1-8 Hope Murray
Weekday observances:	Mon 6 - Nicholas of Myra, bishop, 4th cent; Tue 7 - Ambrose of Milan, bishop & teacher, 397 Wed 8 - Conception of Mary, mother of the Lord			
December 12 3rd SUNDAY OF ADVENT	Isaiah 35.1-10 Psalm 146.5-10 James 5.7-10 Matthew 11.2-11	Helen Tyrrell John Dale	tbc	Isaiah 61.1-4,8-11 John 1.6-8,19-28 Nigel Cook
Weekday observances:	Tue 14 - John of the Cross, priest & teacher, 1591 Wed, Fri, Sat - Ember Days of prayer for the vocation of all God's people			
December 19 4th SUNDAY OF ADVENT	Isaiah 7.10-16 Psalm 80.1-7,17-19 Romans 1.1-7 Matthew 1.18-25	Andrew Kerr Susanna Kerr	tbc	Christmas carols

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