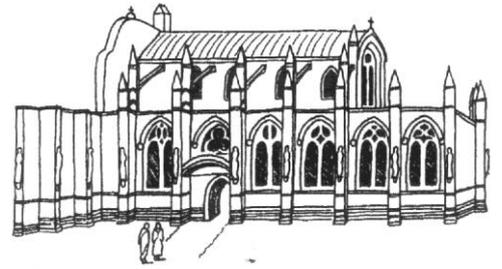


St Matthew's Rosslyn Chapel Roslin



No 81

www.stmatthews-rosslynchapel.org.uk

June 2015

Vicarage View

GRAPEVINE

There has been a lot of debate, correspondence and angst exhibited of late about same-sex relationships, indeed, our brothers and sisters in the Church of Scotland never get a mention in the media about anything else. In our own diocese we spent an entire Saturday in Synod at Murrayfield (and there wasn't even a rugby match on!) discussing the issues. This was followed several weeks later by a "cascade conversation" at Christ Church Morningside, where, it seemed to me, we went through all the same, heavily choreographed material again. I asked the Convenor at this point, in the midst of a sense of déjà vu, where this was all going; naturally, answer came there none. Understandably people did not wish to offend or upset others; but this led, I felt, to a very desultory and anodyne series of contributions with everyone tiptoeing around as if on eggshells, and I left frustrated at the huge amount of time spent on this one issue; I feel that as long as we are still confronted by the "Four Horsemen of the

Apocalypse" (war, plague, famine and death) the church has far more serious matters to attend to. This is not to belittle the debate within the Church – that of same sex relationships and in particular marriage; and how this should be treated by the Scottish Episcopal Church. This is an extremely emotive subject for some and clearly merits that debate, but perhaps the focus needs to change. Are we dealing with something that can be changed, and even if we could, is it something that we would want to change? Or are we rather dealing with an issue of how we as a society, and Church, make sense of it – because to those involved it already makes sense and to them there is a very natural way forward.

Some twenty years ago, one of my medical students, a devout Roman Catholic and now an eminent professor, accused me of being a liberal theologian. I told him that I was sincerely flattered, as no-one before had ever accused me of being a liberal OR a theologian, let alone both in one sentence. I am not a professional theologian, but I have for the last

forty years been an academic in University Medical Schools, so my thoughts, for what they are worth, are those of a professional biologist.

Why are some people gay? Most people (scientists and non-scientists) would agree that this is a phenomenon of biological development. It is not a capricious choice made by individuals to shame their parents or annoy God. We are all as God made us, and I for one do not believe that God deliberately has created a subset of people who are intrinsically morally disordered – why would He?

This leads to the next question. Why have gays continued to survive? The large majority do not reproduce biologically, so how come they are still with us? Again, whether we think biologically or theologically, one could conclude that it is because they must make a contribution to us as a species and to our society as a whole. Worth a thought.

I was asked by a fellow synod member, as we left Murrayfield, how I would sum up my thoughts on sexual orientation and practice in one sentence. I thought for a second and replied, “leaves are green, the sky is blue, some people are gay; accept it and live with it”.

Father Joe

Vestry Report

We are so fortunate, in these islands, to have few life threatening events occurring without notice in our natural environment and this was given poignant emphasis by the Nepal earthquake and subsequent aftershocks. Many thanks to those who gave to the Earthquake Relief Fund via the Chapel, raising in excess of £160 in a very short time. Let us hope and pray that the people of Nepal will be spared future loss and bereavement as they rebuild their nation.

“When the legend is bigger than the truth, print the legend”. I don't know if Roger Wild, out-going Editor of *Grapevine*, ever had to make such a decision, but Roger has put many editions together over the last 13 or 15 years. (Typically he hasn't been counting up the work, at least 50 editions or so). On behalf of us all, thank you Roger for all your tenacity in making bricks from straw and for chasing up dilatory contributors (I am one such) whilst keeping calm and unruffled throughout.

Grapevine is now in the hands of the Communications Group, led by Jacqui Roulston. The Group in conformity with the Mission Plan, is looking to change the method and style of how we communicate. Already we have seen the launch of a monthly newsletter and a leaflet is being developed for distribution around the village of Roslin. Work is proceeding on the design of a website for St Matthew's, to increase our reach to

the public and those who visit the Chapel. This represents excellent progress in a key aspect of the Plan.

You will recall that, in April 2014, Bishop John appointed Joe Roulston as Priest in Charge for a two year period, with a review after 18 months. The purpose of this review is to enable the Bishop to decide whether Joe should continue in post after April 2016. This review is due to take place in October this year and the Bishop has committed to including in his review, those views and opinion of both Vestry and the wider congregation. I am very anxious that Bishop John should have as full a range of views and opinions as possible concerning Joe's ministry. October will be upon us, before we know it, with the distractions of summer holidays and school breaks. Please begin to think now about what you would like to see reflected in the review and write or speak to Vestry members about this. Please mail me directly, if you wish, at pathickett@btinternet.com.

Best wishes to you and your families for the Summer.

Peter Thickett
Chair of Vestry

P.S. for film buffs, the quote is from "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance".

Lent Course 2015

This year, for our Lent Course, I asked the question "Why are we Anglican?"- as opposed to any other denomination or flavour of Christian. I asked this because in our congregation we have people from Presbyterian backgrounds, Roman Catholics and first-generation Christians with no family tradition of church worship or faith as well as dyed-in-the-wool Anglicans.

To help us explore, I invited a range of visitors with differing backgrounds and experience to share their stories with us. The format was informal; I introduced each speaker briefly and then they spoke for about half an hour. After this the conversation was opened up and there were questions from the floor with all encouraged to give their own experiences and why they were Anglican. The evenings ended with tea and excellent home-made cakes and biscuits (do you need any other reason to be Anglican; next year, instead of a Lent Course, I think I shall organise "The Great Rosslyn Bake-Off").

Our first speaker was the Revd. Tony Bryer, a workplace chaplain in the City of Edinburgh and former parish priest. Among several good insights, three things impressed upon me. Firstly, Tony emphasised the centrality of the Communion in our worship. Secondly this was linked to Anglicanism's inclusivity for all. Thirdly, in Tony's own ministry practised this because he had chosen a path to meet people

where they were, people of all faiths and none.

The second week I invited Dean Fostekew, Rector of the Good Shepherd and Bishop's Chaplain. In addition to his parish work, Dean has been, and still is, involved in "the bigger picture" at Diocesan level and beyond. Dean gave us a fascinating account of his own journey from ultra high C of E childhood to where he is now. Key points I noted were his love of Anglicanism's ecumenical outlook, the more democratic church institution; particularly in the Scottish Episcopal Church as it is non-Established. He felt that direction by a government (or even a Pope) were stumbling blocks in this regard.

Four days later Dean was elected a Canon of St Mary's Cathedral. I rang to congratulate him and said that obviously being invited to speak at somewhere as prestigious as the Rosslyn Chapel must have impressed the Synod greatly – so we were going to take all the credit!

For the third talk I invited the Revd. Terry Harkin from South Queensferry. Terry was raised Roman Catholic, became a Baptist Minister before coming to Anglican Priesthood. Key points made by Terry were the sense of profound Grace he found. He also stressed the openness of Anglicanism, which he described as "reformed catholic". "You can belong before you believe", he said.

For the fourth talk Markus Duenzkofer from St John's was booked, but

unfortunately got his diary in a Gordian Knot, so I stepped in. I briefly recounted my journey: high-Anglican childhood, agnostic teenager and then coming back to where I'd started and "knowing the place for the first time" to paraphrase TS Eliot. For me, as for our other speakers, the sense of inclusivity and the centrality of communion were key points.

Our last speaker was Bishop Brian Smith. Before becoming Lord Bishop of Edinburgh, Brian had immense experience at all levels in the Church of England. Like me, he had been born into Anglicanism and ecumenical experiences at University strengthened this. Early in his career he had a diocesan training role in Yorkshire where he learned to cater for all shades of theological opinion. Later as Archdeacon and then bishop he again found himself having to deal pastorally with clergy of all views. He felt that one of the great strengths of the Anglican Communion was in trying to give expression to pluralism. "To live together, not to demonise", he explained. Surely a good thought for those agonising on same-sex relationships (see Vicarage View)? My thanks to all who contributed and attended.

Rosslyn Chapel

Trust Report

The last phase of the conservation programme is getting underway with the layer of protective glazing being added to the outside of the stained glass windows. Tests carried out to the windows on the north and south sides showed that this measure does prevent condensation gathering on the stained glass itself and therefore will help the glass retain its colour for much longer. The conservators will start to add this glass in the coming weeks and the work will be finished by Christmas. Nic Boyes is working with us again on a couple of smaller projects including the conservation of the retaining wall by Rosslyn Castle. The first step here was to add scaffolding to stop any loose masonry from being lost and we await scheduled monument consent from Historic Scotland before work can get underway to make the necessary conservation repairs to it.

At the end of March, we launched the new children's book, *William the Cat and the Rescue of Rosslyn Chapel*, written by Helen Rosslyn and inspired, of course, by William! The total cost of the project has been very generously underwritten by the Harbers Family Foundation, following discussions between Helen and the American philanthropist Renee Harbers. At the beginning of May, Helen presented ten books to Midlothian Council at Roslin Library, so that each of the Council's libraries could have their own copy, and then

visited Roslin Primary School to present a copy there and read the story to the nursery, P1 and P2 classes. Happily, William seems to be coping well with this extra fame.

Our events programme has gone well so far this year. Following the success of last year's inaugural charity concert, we are now holding one each spring to raise funds for a local charity. Last weekend, the choir Portmanteau performed a varied repertoire and, I am delighted to say, helped to raise £800 for the Friends of Saltergate School. Do keep an eye out for posters with details of what's coming up. You can also subscribe to our email newsletter by emailing community@rosslynchapel.com and you will find details on the website at www.rosslynchapel.com.

Ian Gardner

Director Rosslyn Chapel Trust

*Summer Parish
Lunch & BBQ*

21 June from noon

*at Daphne & David
Farquharson's house*

Prayers

Lord, let me not live to be useless.

John Wesley

*Lord, increase my zest for living
My vision of glory
my hearing of your call
my grasp on reality
My response to your love
My sensitivity to others
My gentleness to creation
my taste for wonder
my love for you.*

David Adam

My Church



I was born way, way back in the 'twenties', when we were all baptised and churches were full. My parents were Church of Scotland, but my father, as a boy before the First World

War, had been one of the leading choir boys at St Mark's Scottish Episcopal Church, Portobello. That is a lovely Regency style building built in Napoleonic times to serve the soldiers from the Army Barracks who, even in my day, used to be at Jock's Lodge. I still have the Prayer Book Father was presented with when he left in 1913.

My father's parents were very devout members of the Church of Scotland and regularly attended services at Regent Street Church, Portobello. That building, is sadly now demolished. It had been built in the 1830s, with no frills and no coloured glass, eminently suited to the plain and rational taste of the Church of Scotland of its period. My Grannie had eleven surviving children, of whom my father was the eldest. That made me the first grandchild.

The family had a long pew in the church. They all sang lustily. The secret of that was that Grannie's father had been precentor (North Leith Free Church of Scotland in the 1980s) so all his children were conscripted to sing at every service. This custom my Grannie brought down to the next generation. The standard of singing was very high and my Auntie Peggy was the angel above all. By the time I joined then in the family pew, one daughter was married and away and one son at sea and another in Canada. Before that, I had insisted on going to Sunday School, at the age of three, in my chocolate coloured winter coat, bonnet and pull-ups, with my rabbit fur mittens hanging round my neck.

My youngest uncle was only six years older than I. He was going to Sunday School, so I wanted to go too. That's how it came about.

The 'Infant' Children's class met in the tiny vestry behind the pulpit. The hymns were played on a little harmonium. Miss Ritchie was the teacher and Miss Tulloch provided the music and so began my love of Church and enthusiasm for the popular children's hymns of the day.

My two remaining aunts were married in that church and I was a bridesmaid to both. The first time I was only seven, with no front teeth, in a long pink frilled dress and a wreath of rosebuds on my straight, bobbed, fair hair. By the time of the second Aunt I was nine and made a more stately progress down the aisle with my three year old cousin in white net with rose-pink sashes. Four years later my widowed Grannie dies, far too young, one of the saddest moments of my life. An added burden was the fear she would be looking down from heaven on all my naughty teenage deeds! After that, on the break up of the family, the pew was never really full again.

When I was at University and friendly with another girl of similar mind, we decided to go round the main churches in Edinburgh and choose whichever denomination we would like to worship in. My friend was called Iris. She lived near me. Every Sunday we went somewhere different – St John's at the West End, St Mary's Cathedral, The Baptist Church in

Charlotte Street. (They shouted out there!), The Unitarian Church in Castle Terrace, St Mary's Catholic Cathedral and St Paul's and St George's in York Place. We both came to the same conclusion – it was to be Scottish Episcopal definitely.

So far, so good. Shortly after that I married John and, as he was already a member of the English Church, it seemed natural for me at the age of twenty to get confirmed at St Mary's Portobello, which happened to be the church nearest my parent's home. John was in the army at that time so I was still living with my parents. (Iris was less lucky, for she married a Pole and *had to turn Roman Catholic!*)

St Marks at that period was very High Church, with the result that, even after all this time, I find it hard to deviate from the instructions of my confirmation; although in all these subsequent years I have never since met the same practices. In 1951 we went to Manchester, where we regularly attended church and I picked up the important and unbreakable habit of making pancakes on Shrove Tuesday and Simnel cakes for Mothering Sunday and Easter.

Back in 1958, we came back to Edinburgh and St Mark's Church, now with a slightly less High Church Rector. I became a devout member of the congregation and a prominent member of the Young Wives. During these years, nothing could have shaken my faith. My husband's best friend and our daughter's godfather (shouldn't have chosen him really)

tried interminably to turn me into an agnostic. He had no chance, but I enjoyed the arguments.

In '62 we went to India and within a few months my friend, the Rector's wife from Portobello wrote to recommend to my care an old priest, who was about to arrive in Bhopal for a stay of I don't know how long. She didn't know him, but he had been brought to her notice by the vicar's wife from St James's in Leith. He came. He didn't stay with us, but was a regular, not always welcome, visitor. Officiating in church, he was always the scruffiest one, unironed and unwashed, shown up by the purest white surplices worn by the Anglo-Indian clergy. I was very un-Christian, for I felt he was a disgrace. We called him the Rev. "Watch out, here comes the Rev.," I shouted to my parents when they came to stay for a month in Bhopal. He was a great student of the Financial Times and once he dared to suggest he might leave money to our children, if we treated him well. Really!

Later during the sojourn in India, my ear was pounded by another agnostic, this time a highly intellectual older gentleman, whose words fell on deaf ears. I was in a less robust position "the Rev." For the rest of our stay in India, under the influence of Dr. Jack Walker, I didn't attend the Cathedral in Calcutta. It was my loss.

And then we came home. First back to Edinburgh, then almost immediately to Rochdale then to Southwold, then Fife, then Berwick upon Tweed, then

Haddington, then Crawford and now Roslin.

The church in Rochdale struck me as very Low Church. It was right next door to our house, but we didn't stay long. Southwold was a different experience, with its lovely 15th century flint Church of St Edmund the Martyr, with its glorious light windows and minimum of stained glass. A distinct feature was Southwold Jack, a brightly coloured knight of the Wars of the Roses, a yard tall. He is all that remains of a 15th century clock, poised to ding the bell during the service. This church is in the beautiful Perpendicular style, built when Suffolk merchants were rich with wool.

When we moved to Berwick I told my relatives we were going to the Cromwellian Church there; they thought it was some strange denomination I was referring to, but No, it was one of, I think, only two churches built in Cromwell's time. It showed too. For years it clung to a Puritan tradition, with the communion table at the side, only moving it to the proper position, when they had to. They had no stained glass windows either. The architecture was pleasing, however, and the vicar and his wife became our best friends. I much enjoyed the Berwick years. Haddington I loved too at Holy Trinity and it was great being back in Scotland. I always attended the early service. It left me free to cook the ritual Sunday lunch. In England that service was always at eight o'clock but in Scotland it was usually half past eight – another half

hour in bed. Now, after a short interval of three years in Crawford, (actually living in a converted church!) here I am at Rosslyn Chapel. What my mother would call, "The best of the lot." At Crawford there was no Episcopal church nearby, so I went regularly to the Church of Scotland at Abington, where I was able to relive my childhood, sing my Grannie's hymns and shake hands with the elders, such lovely, smiley gentlemen.

Here at Rosslyn Chapel, I'm at the end of the long, long trail. I couldn't be in a better place – the architecture, the history, the stained glass, the pervasive feeling of peace and blessing. I am so fortunate. Pity the time of the service. With a Sunday lunch to cook and often family coming, it does keep my self discipline up to scratch!!

Dorothy Kelly

Recipe corner

Rhubarb & custard traybake



A delicious and easy to make cake combines two classic flavours. It's perfect with coffee, tea or as a pudding.

Preparation time: 20 minutes, plus cooling. Cooking time: 1 hour 15 minutes Serves: 12

Ingredients

400g rhubarb, trimmed and cut into 2cm length
225g caster sugar
250g softened butter plus extra for greasing
3 medium eggs
175g self-raising flour
50g custard powder
100g ground almonds
500g pot or carton vanilla custard
12 sugar cubes, crushed

Method

1 Preheat the oven to 230°C, gas mark 8. Line a baking sheet with baking parchment. Pat the rhubarb dry on kitchen paper and spread out in a single layer on the baking sheet. Sprinkle with 25g of the caster sugar and bake for 20–25 minutes or until the rhubarb is lightly caramelised. Remove from the oven and leave to cool while preparing the cake.

2 Reduce the oven temperature to 180°C, gas mark 4. Grease and line a 28 x 22cm shallow baking tin with baking parchment. Beat together the remaining 200g of sugar with the butter, eggs, flour, custard powder, ground almonds and 100g of the custard until pale and creamy. Fold through the rhubarb.

3 Turn into the prepared tin and spread in an even layer. Press deep cavities into the mixture with the back of a dessertspoon and pour the remaining custard into the tin.

4 Bake for 45–50 minutes until risen and the sponge feels just firm to the touch but the custard is still quite wobbly in the centre. Scatter with the crushed sugar and leave to cool in the tin. Serve cut into 12 pieces.

Summary of Services

June 2015 – September 2015

Date	DAY	SERVICE	TIME
7 th June	Sunday	Eucharist & Children's Church* Evensong	10.30 am 5.15pm
14 th June	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
21 st June	Sunday	Eucharist & Children's Church Evensong	10.30 am 5.15pm
28 th June	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
5 th July	Sunday	Eucharist* Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
12 th July	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
19 th July	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
26 th July	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30 am 5.15pm
2 nd August	Sunday	Eucharist* Evensong	10.30 am 5.15pm
9 th August	Sunday	Eucharist Sunday School for Adults	10.30 am 5.15pm
16 th August	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
23 rd August	Sunday	Eucharist Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
30 th August	Sunday	Eucharist & Children's Church Evensong	10.30am 5.15pm
6 th September	Sunday	Eucharist* Evensong	10.30 am 5.15pm
13 th September	Sunday	Eucharist & Children's Church Sunday School for Adults	10.30 am 5.15pm
20 th September	Sunday	Eucharist Patronal Festival	10.30am 7pm
27 th September	Sunday	Eucharist & Children's Church Evensong	10.30 am 5.15pm

**Followed by Thirsting after Righteousness in the Old Original*

WHO'S WHO AT ST. MATTHEW'S

Ministry team	
Revd Dr Joe Roulston <i>Priest in Charge</i>	0131 554 6382
Isla Shanks <i>Lay Reader</i>	0131 440 2463
Harry Stoddart <i>Lay Reader</i>	-
Rosie Wild <i>Prayer Ministry Leader</i>	0131 664 3196
Daphne Farquharson <i>Vestry Secretary</i>	-
Ian McLeish <i>Treasurer</i>	0131 667 6561
Jo Barrow <i>People's Warden</i>	0131 440 2136
Harry Stoddart <i>Lay Representative</i>	-
Rosie Wild <i>Alternative Lay Representative</i>	0131 664 3196
Shonagh Toulouse <i>Priest's Warden</i>	0131 629 9020
Vestry members	
Peter Thickett <i>Chair of Vestry</i>	01620 861696
Anne Buchanan	0131 440 2116
Rosie Wild	0131 664 3196
Catherine Longville-Taylor	0131 440 3518
David Farquharson	-
Mike Fitchett	0131 440 4569
Belle Dieckfoss	0131 440 2824
Jill Black <i>Sacristan</i>	0131 443 2116
Domhnull Dean <i>Sacristan</i>	0754 0657 360
Roger Wild <i>Grapevine editor</i>	0131 664 3196
John Cranston <i>Organist</i>	0131 664 7114
Rosemary Buchanan <i>Flowers</i>	0131 440 0952
Rosslyn Chapel Trust	0131 440 2159