

Holy Trinity and St. George Parish Magazine



Winter 2020



"I hope that in this year to come, you make mistakes. Because if you are making mistakes, then you are making new things, trying new things, learning, living, pushing yourself, changing yourself, changing your world. You're doing things you've never done before and, more importantly, you're doing something."

Neil Gaiman

Price: 50p

Happy New Year, Holy Trinity and St. George Parish!

Every New Year's Eve when I am in the States, I attend a daytime retreat at Francis House of Prayer in Allentown, New Jersey (www.fhop.org), a wonderful diocesan retreat house run by Sr. Marcy Springer. It is very popular; this year, 49 people attended. In the morning we review the year which has just passed, naming the year and the God who walked with us. We consider whether God would have named the year differently, and we break into small groups to share our thoughts before regathering and bidding the old year goodbye. After a quiet lunch with time to roam the grounds, we regather to consider the year which is to come and to name the God who will accompany us. And before we leave, a plate is passed with little holy cards face down. We choose one apiece. Sr. Marcy tells us that on the card is a gift from God to help us live our year in His love. Words such as "HONESTY" and "PERSEVERANCE" are printed on the cards. The retreat is a lovely way to welcome the new year.

It has been a real challenge, living here away from all of you when I want to be there so very much (Fr. Hugh refers to me as your foreign correspondent!), and so I named 2019 the Year of Solitary Confinement, although I believe God would call it the Year of Trust. The God who walked with me was the God of Silence, a double-edged sword ~ silence is, of course, the language of God, yet I longed for comforting signs and a more pronounced sense of communication. After prayerful journaling, I decided to name 2020 the Year of Fortitude, and I expect the God of Silence will continue to walk with me. The gift on my little prayer card was "INTEGRITY", which I will rely upon as I live my year. Someday I will return to you, not just as a visitor but as a full-time parishioner, and I would love to bring the tradition of the year-end retreat to Holy Trinity and St. George. Until that time, please keep me in your prayers as you are in mine.

This issue marks the first anniversary of the relaunch of this magazine. Thanks to all who contributed to this issue: **Raymond Daley, Pamela Boyes, Kathleen Hargreaves, Jenny Davies** and, of course, **Fr. Hugh**. We would love to hear from you, too. I am always open to suggestions as to how to improve the magazine. Please send any contributions and ideas to yorkistatheart@gmail.com or pass them along to Raymond. This year we will add an issue, publishing:

Winter



Lent/Easter/Spring
Advent/Christmas



Summer



Autumn

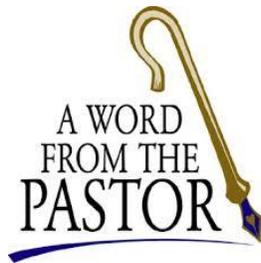


Remember, the magazine is available both in print (in black and white) and on the parish website (in living colour!) Why not forward it to a friend...? Happy reading and a very happy 2020! I hope it is a memorable year for all the right reasons!

Celeste Bonfanti

So the Christmas tidying up's been done, and the church is looking much tidier or barer depending on your attitude. The green recycling bin was overflowing with Christmas greenery and the flowers that had just lasted with great care from Anne and her team. We have had our usual Helpers Party to thank people for all their work in the parish over the year. I have a feeling that the quiz was too difficult again as the top score was 38 out of 70. I went to a quiz at Kirkbie Kendal recently and the questions were more reasonable. I have a bit to learn about running quizzes!

After a week of rain, we seem to have entered a brief respite of cool and sunny weather which is always a relief. The debate over the flood defence wall goes on with flags in the trees (now taken down), and possibly a Swampy to arrive. There are no easy decisions on these matters especially if you love the trees and live close to the river. I am not sure what the Council's attitude is going to be, we will have to see. As ever, funding is a problem.



Once Christmas has come to an end, school begins again as do the sacramental courses for First Holy Communion and Confirmation. At the moment we have smaller numbers for these than usual and that might reflect the smaller numbers of Catholics in the school which is becoming increasingly diverse in its intake. The new nursery has gone well and that has helped school numbers, which are the best for some time, but how parents choose their school seems to be governed by very different and varying factors these days. The latest school news is that at some point we will have to form part of an Academy, about which there are mixed feelings, but it seems to be inevitable due to the lack of county support in the area for education now. Those with particular educational needs have had a serious cut in their county support and the schools are bearing the brunt of that.

The various groups in the parish are doing well. The Youth Groups that meet once a month on Saturday mornings, guided by Mary and Iain and Marion and Sheila, are going well, and the Thursday Club for older members has had some good talks and always benefits from Francis Flood's entertainment skills.

The Parish Council met last Thursday evening and a lot was discussed. Our LIVE SIMPLY campaign is up and running to see how 'greenly' we can live. As many of you will have experienced, more intimately than in other projects, we have been selling sustainably sourced loo paper from 'Who Gives a Crap' Ltd. This went amazingly well. Some of it is sourced from sustainably grown bamboo. I am not sure how that works exactly but it seems gentle enough. We are having a meeting soon on this... 'Live simply' not loo paper!

End-of-life questions are often on some people's minds, so we are having a meeting on 'powers of attorney' and 'do not resuscitate' papers soon, as this is never simple and as ever the links, or not, between the various parts of the National Health Service take a bit of negotiating at times.

Bit by bit, we are making our way towards Lent, which seems extraordinary as Christmas has only just come to an end. With it comes Spring eventually, and that is always a lovely time of the year, especially in our beautiful part of the world. A little less rain would be great, but this is the Lake District after all!

Fr. Hugh

It's Holocaust Memorial Day in the UK this month on January 27th - a national commemoration day dedicated to the remembrance of those who suffered under Nazi persecution and subsequent genocides in Cambodia, Rwanda, Bosnia and Darfur.

The few lines “**First They Came**” is the poetic form of a prose post-war confession first made in German in 1946 and were written by Pastor Martin Niemoller (1892-1984), a German Lutheran pastor and theologian born in Lippstadt. He was an anti-communist and supported Adolf Hitler’s rise to power at first, but when Hitler insisted on the supremacy of the state over religion, Niemoller became disillusioned. He became an outspoken public foe of Adolf Hitler and spent the last seven years of Nazi rule in concentration camps and narrowly escaped execution. After his imprisonment, he expressed his deep regret about not having done enough to help the victims of the Nazis. He became a vocal pacifist, anti-war activist and campaigner for nuclear disarmament, and was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize in 1966.

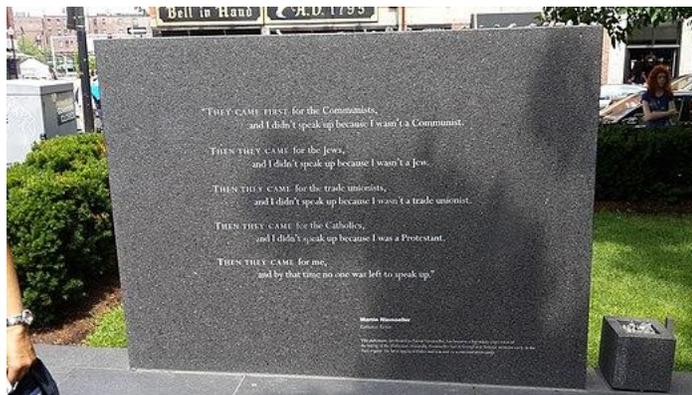


He also built a small chapel at Dachau which was turned into a museum by the German government. He would greet visitors and discuss his time in the camp as well as hand out copies of his poem, which has many adaptations and variations. He emphasized that his time in the camp was less important than the lesson he learned in the poem and urged visitors to always speak out for their brothers and sisters.

First They Came For The Jews

**First they came for the Jews
and I did not speak out –
Because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for the communists
and I did not speak out –
Because I was not a communist
Then they came for the trade unionists
and I did not speak out –
Because I was not a trade unionist.
Then they came for me –
and there was no one left
to speak out for me.**

Few lines, but a powerful reminder that we must speak up and stand up for others and not just for ourselves.



Engraving of the confession in poetic form presented at the New England Holocaust Memorial In Boston, Massachusetts

I am an Associate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and this reflection by Sister Rita Woehlcke was in a recent newsletter. Hope you enjoy it.

Beginning a New Year: Embracing Belovedness

If you're like me, your habitual New Year's resolutions in the past have focused on things you will do more of (or less of) and failure comes quickly. So many times, these reflect our view of where we need to grow or improve, and our primary tools are will power or won't power. I used to approach these areas of my life as a battle to be won. I have been slow to realize that this framework is a setup for failure because it places me at odds with myself.

I don't blame myself for going down this futile path. So much of life, especially the spiritual life, was framed as warfare. I was taught to see Jesus in the desert beset by temptation at his weakest moment. What I forgot, what was seldom brought to my attention, was that Jesus did not go near the desert until he heard the words of this Sunday's Gospel [12 January]. "Here is my beloved one on whom my favor rests." I believe he went into the desert to take in the shock of this truth, to savor and absorb the invitation, to ponder what it means to be beloved, what it means to receive favor. And in fact, that is the last thing the *Diabolos*, the Satan wants.



The word "*diabolos*" means to split or divide; the word "Satan" means adversary or accuser. These are energies that set us at enmity with ourselves and others, energies that demonize. They are opposed to the energy of Love that is God, opposed to all that is sacred. Once I demonize something, someone or some part of myself, the *diabolos* unleashes the desire and "right" to destroy. The negative, critical, carping voice turns up the volume -- something that reminds me of how people are tortured.

Perhaps the way to begin the New Year is to gather in love those parts of myself that seem to run amok. My bet is that they carry fear, hurt or shame. Many of them are like starved or mistreated children, longing for someone to hear and receive their story. Welcome them as wounded rather than "bad." Offer them the same deep acceptance Jesus offered to the straying, the ones the law branded as "sinners."

An excerpt from May Sarton's *Journal of a Solitude* captures for me the radical acceptance that God offers us, the deep understanding of God, the deep longing of God to welcome us home, to provide for us and not to rush us:

It is making space to be there. Lately a small tabby cat has come every day and stared at me with a strange intense look. Of course, I put food out, night and morning. She is so terrified that she runs away at once when I open the door, but she comes back to eat ravenously as soon as I disappear. Yet her hunger is clearly not only for food. I long to take her in my arms and hear her purr with relief at finding shelter. Will she ever become tame enough for that, to give into what she longs to have? It is such an intense look with which she seems to scan my face at the door before she runs away. It is not a pleading look, simply a huge question, "Can I trust?" Our two gazes hang on its taut thread. I find it painful.

This is how God receives us and invites us to change.

I also look to Jung whose observations lead to true humility that is not self-abasement:

“The acceptance of oneself is the essence of the whole moral problem and the epitome of a whole outlook on life. That I feed the hungry, that I forgive an insult, that I love my enemy in the name of Christ -- all these are undoubtedly great virtues. What I do unto the least of my brethren, that I do unto Christ. But what if I should discover that the least among them all, the poorest of all the beggars, the most impudent of all the offenders, the very enemy himself -- that these are within me, and that I myself stand in need of the alms of my own kindness -- that I myself am the enemy who must be loved -- what then? As a rule, the Christian's attitude is then reversed; there is no longer any question of love or long-suffering; we say to the brother within us "Raca," and condemn and rage against ourselves. We hide it from the world; we refuse to admit ever having met this least among the lowly in ourselves.” - C.G. Jung, [Memories, Dreams, Reflections](#)

May we have the “courage to accept acceptance.” (Peter van Breeman) May we open ourselves to the Divine Presence that envelops each of us and all creation in love and wants to “love the hell out of us.”

Each issue of the HTSG Parish Magazine will contain an article on the vital work of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society submitted by Raymond Daley.



Letter to the Prime Minister

SVP National President Helen O’Shea has written to Prime Minister, Boris Johnson, calling on him to help those on the margins of society and make Britain a fairer place. Her letter reads:

Dear Prime Minister,

I am the National President of the St Vincent de Paul Society (SVP), a charity dedicated to helping those on the margins of society and to fighting poverty in all its forms.

Our 10,000 volunteer members and many staff dedicate themselves to helping people who are suffering from the effects of poverty. This means taking food to families who are struggling to put food on the table or heat their homes; befriending people suffering from depression and other mental health issues or just loneliness; helping people to pay rent when benefit sanctions or universal credit delays have left them with nothing.

Many of the people we help voted for you yesterday, some perhaps voting Conservative for the first time. Please do not let them down. I urge you to make good your promises to them on making Britain a fairer place. People find themselves on the margins of society for many reasons. A nation will be judged on how it looks after its weakest citizens. Britain is failing very badly in this regard at

present.

You are in a position to bring change and hope to those that have trusted in you, a better life for all, not just the few. I urge you to set an agenda that brings about that change.

Yours in hope,

Helen O'Shea
National President

NOTE: The SVP is not party political but works to improve the lives of people in need, no matter who forms the government of the day. In this parish, we urgently need new members to help us with our work.

Anyone who can help with visiting, admin or in any other capacity will be most welcome. Please contact me on 07462 014088 or email raymondd@svp.org.uk.

Raymond Daley
SVP President

Here is our continuing feature highlighting the wartime memories of Kathleen (Shaw) Hargreave's father. We left him in Iraq, the site of such recent unrest....

Wartime Memories of an English Soldier: Part 4

by Sapper Gerard Hargreaves

Shortly after that we left Iraq, but before that we went on what we were told was to be a short holiday, but which turned out to be a washout, literally. We went to some mountainous country near the Turkish border and a very beautiful country it was, a great change from the barren country we had left behind. We were very high up above sea level, and on our way had to go up winding mountain roads so that when you were traveling up a road, you could look down and see the rest of the convoy winding up below. Rather an exciting climb for the road wasn't very wide; a slip and the truck would have been over the top.

Coming back proved to be worse, though. Here in these highlands we found a change, and in place of the bare plains we were left a picture of green stately trees covering steep slopes, and streams and brooks running in the valleys. We reached our destination at last, a mighty gorge. Great rock walls thousands of feet high engulfed us and a stream ran through the bottom. By the side of the stream we camped. How far these gorges continued I don't know, but you came out of one into another. A narrow road cut out of the rock ran through



the gorges and a driver had to be very careful, for in turning a corner in a gorge he might find himself in another one. But instead of the rock rising above him on one side, it would be on the other side when he got round the corner. So he had to drive slowly, for one slip and he would be over the top and plunge to the bottom to destruction. We did lose a truck like that, but the driver managed to jump out!

Well, in the bottom of a gorge, we camped. The place was very beautiful and would have been great, but it was cold at this time of the year in these places so high up. It snowed and rained every day, and every day we were out training. Donkeys were hired, and every day we toiled up mountain paths with the donkeys loaded with explosives. We would blow a few craters in the ground and a hole in a rock before returning. There were very few people here, just an odd Arab here and there living in the woods with his family.

Well, living in the gorge wasn't so pleasant in this weather, for plenty of water came down from higher up. There was no means of drying ourselves after coming from our daily trips, and there was nothing to do but go to bed. After a while, in spite of trenches round the tents, the water came flowing through and we had to dig trenches inside to let the water out. Our blankets became wet, so we took off our wet clothes and went to bed between wet blankets. We were certainly glad when the time came to leave, though as I say, it was a very fine place and it would have been nice in the summertime.

We came back to our old camp and then moved off on the long journey to join the eighth army. Over miles and miles of desert in trucks with a day or two's rest here and there. Our first stop was Baghdad but I didn't see much of that town of legendary fame, for we were confined to the camp. Passing out of that camp, we pushed on through the Sinai Desert and there isn't much to say about that. Then on to Jordan, to the beautiful Jordan Valley, a change from the endless desert sands. It was with a thrill of wonder that I passed over the Jordan River where our Lord was baptized, and as we stopped by the roadside, I picked a flower from the green Jordan Valley. Coming through the Jordan Valley, a village was pointed out to me as Nazareth, but whether or not it was I can't say, not being familiar with the district.

However, we carried on and we went straight through Palestine, staying in that country only one night, which was a great pity, for I would very much liked to have made a pilgrimage to the holy places. I never was able to, though I tried for a leave there later on. I missed that. However, my impression of Palestine was of a land of milk and honey. It certainly was after our journeyings through barren and desert lands. I can just imagine with what joy the Jews greeted the sight of it after their wanderings in the desert. There was some fine farmland there and I passed by many of the Jewish collective farms. Of course, I don't like this collective farm business as it smacks too much of communism. I prefer the smallholder, myself. But from my brief glance at them, the Jews seem to have made a success of it. They certainly have a big hold there, and have made much more progress than the Arabs. Even so, from what I could see, many of the Arab population were better off there

than in most other places. That, of course, was just what I observed as I passed through the country, for I didn't stay there at all. In fact, we didn't stay anywhere at all 'til we caught up with the eighth army who were well on by then.



We had a few days at [*place name indecipherable*], well known to soldiers in the ME, after which we set off on our journey up the desert to Tunisia, a journey which I was to take again before many more months had gone by. We passed through Cairo and the famous pyramids. Passing through Cairo, we bought some newspapers which were months old ~ an old gag, but it worked. As the

convoy came through a town and slowed up anywhere, a host of Arab newsboys descended on us. The papers were carefully folder up, and by the time they were opened out and found to be old ones, the convoy had moved off and the boys left behind. The Arabs were certainly up to all the tricks, and you had to be on the watch or you would be caught.

Once more, the desert, and this time the battle-scarred desert with trucks, guns, planes, tanks, wrecked by the roadside. Just places that the war has put on the map: Tobruck, etc.

[more in our next issue]

The Rededication of England as the Dowry of Mary on 25th March 2020

from the "Little Way Association Magazine"

In 1982 Pope John Paul II spoke of England as Mary's Dowry, saying:

"Our society needs to recover a sense of God's loving presence and a renewed sense of respect for his will.

Let us learn this from Mary Our Mother.

In England, the Dowry of Mary, the faithful for centuries have made pilgrimage to her shrine at Walsingham.

The statue of Our Lady of Walsingham reminds us it is Mary who will teach us how to be silent, how to listen to the voice of God in the midst of the busy and noisy world.

We need to live as Mary did, in the presence of God, raising our hearts and minds to him in our daily activities and worries."

Jenny Davies

Dowry Tour of Our Lady of Walsingham

Lancaster Cathedral

6th to 8th February 2020

The Slipper Chapel statue of Our Lady of Walsingham visits Lancaster Cathedral this February on the next stop of its tour through every English Catholic Diocese.

Link:

Preparing for the rededication
of England as the
DOWRY OF MARY

The Slipper Chapel statue of
Our Lady of Walsingham will visit
every English Catholic Diocese &
Cathedral between 2018 - 2020

LANCASTER
CATHEDRAL
6TH - 8TH FEBRUARY 2020

"This is your Mother"
John 19:27

Bringing England's Nazareth
to Lancaster

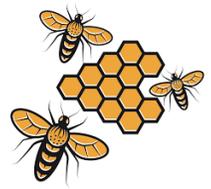
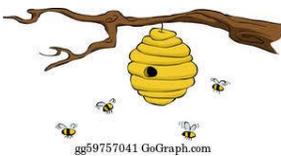
THE GUILD OF
OUR LADY OF RANSOM
in partnership with
CATHOLIC NATIONAL
SHRINE AND BASILICA OF
OUR LADY, WALSHINGHAM

<http://www.catholicvoiceoflancaster.co.uk/>

THE SAME HIVE

by Steve Garnass-Holmes

*John said to him, "Teacher,
we saw someone casting out demons in your name,
and we tried to stop him,
because he was not following us."*



—Mark. 9.38

I'm not in the same hive as those bigoted disciples—
am I?, with my pious bigotry
against those who are not in my hive?

What will it take for me to embrace
with heaven's fullness those who are not like me,
who see it differently?

It may take slowing down and listening,
holding my fallibility like a torch,
being more curious than right.

And maybe tending to the person, their story,
what is right and true in them,
even cloaked in all the wrong dressing.

And maybe looking for where grace happens,
in whatever form, even strange ones,
for grace always wears the shabbiest costumes.

And maybe listening for God
who is not pronouncing but calling,
even in the wrong people, calling to me.

Tending to God,
who works even through misguided people,
even me.

'High Flight'

John Gillespie Magee was born in 1922 in Shanghai. His father was a United States citizen and his mother was British. They were serving as missionaries in China.

In 1939, John won a scholarship to Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut. However, after completing his freshman year there, he wanted to do his part to resist the Nazi threat. In 1940, he

joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. was trained as a pilot, and in 1941 was sent for combat duty in England.

During a flight one day in late summer, he scribbled “High Flight” on the back of an envelope, and later sent a copy of the poem to his parents:

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds -
and done a hundred things You have not dreamed of -
wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.
Hovering there I've chased the shouting wind along
and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.*

*Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
the high untrespassed sanctity of space,
put out my hand and touched the face of God.*

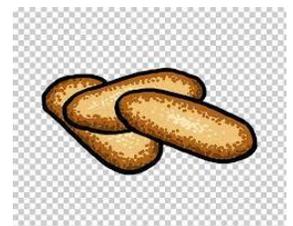
On 11th December, 1941, his Spitfire collided with another plane and the nineteen-year-old pilot crashed to his death. He was buried two days later.



TIME FOR A SMILE

BREAKING NEWS

There has been a fight in the biscuit tin!
A lad called **Rocky** hit a **Penquin** over the head with a **Club**,
tied him to a **Wagon Wheel** with a **Blue Ribbon**



and made his **Breakaway** in a **Taxi**.
Police say **Rocky** was last seen just **After Eight** in **Maryland**
With a **Ginger Nut** known to police as **Rich T**.
They didn't leave a crumb of evidence,
so the **Jammi Dodger** got away with it!!!

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“Acme Excavating. Faith speaking.”

Be a Light in the Darkness

By Sister Eileen White, GNSH. Bucks County Courier Times, USA, January, 2020

As a child I feared the dark. My sister and brother capitalized on this occasionally and enjoyed, lovingly I think, building up the fear by whispering ghostly warnings in the night to alert me to their approach. I'm still not happy to walk into a dark space.

At a meeting a few weeks ago, a friend and spiritual guide word-painted an image from a time before electricity. It was a time when a lamplighter had the important job of lighting the street lamps of the city, one by one, poised carefully on a ladder that he leaned against the pole as he bent toward the wick and lighted it, changing the darkness surrounding that pole into light. As he did his work, he moved step by step into darkness, while behind him, that same darkness was vanquished. Since his job called for him to keep moving, he didn't see the brightness – only the dark and the need.

I have been haunted and also hope-filled by this image since I heard it several weeks ago. In my Catholic Christian tradition, we have heard several times in December references to this darkness/light theme that seems so fitting for our particular circumstances as citizens of this time and place. From the gospel according to St. John, we hear:

All things came to be through the Word... What came to be through him was life, and this life was the light of the human race; the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it. (John 1:1-5)

In the very first words from the book of Genesis, we read:

In the beginning... the earth was formless and desolate. The raging ocean that covered everything was engulfed in total darkness and the Spirit of God was moving over the water. Then God commanded 'Let there be light' and light appeared... (Genesis 1:1-3)

One of my favorite books, The Little Prince, also has a lamplighter who is an important character. Of him, the prince exclaims,

For at least his work has some meaning. When he lights his street lamp, it is as if he brought one more star to life, or one flower.



I believe we are called today to be lamplighters.

We know there is so much darkness – enmity, evil, destruction, disrespect, violence, devastating conflict, hunger, killing, death. We feel overcome by it. And yet, as people of faith, we know that we are called to join all those millions of people who are finding ways to allow divine light to shine. We often cannot see the way the light wins out because we have to keep walking bravely and filled with hope, often seeing only the dark and the need, but lighting the path behind us with generosity, forgiveness, and loving compassion, willing to reach up and reach out to be the spark that spreads the light that God so longs to provide.

I have known many “lamplighters”. I spoke to a former colleague the other night who told me that she was quite suddenly inspired to contact all the lost and found members of her extended family at Christmas – people she hadn’t seen in decades, including some who are excluded everywhere because of their addiction. A woman of meager means, she nonetheless gathered 30+ and helped them experience the warmth of family love all the while completely unaware of being “the light in the darkness” of our sometimes so lonely world. Who are the lamplighters you know and how will you be God’s lamplighter in this new year?

“The weak can never forgive; forgiveness is the attribute of the strong.” Mahatma Gandhi

PRAYERFUL PUZZLE PAGE: This word search has a hidden message in it.

Use a highlighter to find the words so you don’t go mad!

Do not highlight any words which are not listed below, even if you see them!

Then start at the top of the puzzle and write the leftover letters in the blanks below to reveal the message. Have fun!

E V E R B A P T I S M Y B L

WORDS TO FIND:

Anthony

B E S Y N A H P I P E S T I

A N G I N T H I S C N N E N

S E S G N I N N I G E B E E

I Y W T S O R F Y M E A L W

L R R M S D A Y E G B O S Y

D O W A N N L V K W L I R E

T G H I O H O L Y N A M E A

Y E W O W R U W E V S A T R

E R R Y P D A Y D T E G N D

F G H M N E W Q O R U I I L

I B I Y N O H T N A O R W O

R E S O L U T I O N K P C C

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- baptism
- Basil
- beginnings
- Blase
- cold
- epiphany
- frost
- Gregory
- Holy Name
- ice
- improvement
- magi
- New Year
- resolution
- sleet
- snow*
- snowdrop*
- wind
- winter

**These are two
separate words...
find them both!*