

Dates for your Diary

Date	Time	Details
Sunday	8.30 am	Holy Communion
	11.00 am	Sung Eucharist
First Sunday of month	6.30 pm	Evensong
Monday	2.00–4 pm	Monday Club in Trinity Centre
First Monday of month	3.00–3.30 pm	Blythswood van at the Greenyards
Wednesday	10.30 am	Holy Communion
Last Wednesday of month	10.30 am	Communion in Priorwood Court
	2.00 pm	Craft Class
Thursday	6.00 pm	Choir Practice

Christmas Services

Sunday 19th	6.30 pm	Carol Service followed by mulled wine and mince pies
Christmas Eve	5.00 pm	Crib Service
	11.30 pm	Christmas Candlelit Service
Christmas Day	10.30 am	Christmas Morning Service



Melrose Carol Service

Saturday 11th December 5.30 pm
Parade from the Greenyards to the Abbey for Carol Singing

Monday Club Christmas Party

13th December 2.00 pm

Women's Fellowship Party

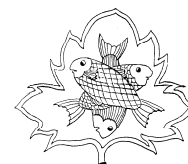
16th December 2.30 pm

2011 events

23rd January 6.30 pm	Evensong with the Choir and Organist of Old St Paul's, Edinburgh
8th March Shrove Tuesday	Pancake Party
9th March 10.30 & 7 pm	Ash Wednesday Services

Revd Maurice Houston	01896 822626	Revd Dr Dennis Wood	01896 823835
Liz Anderson	01896 755218	Dr Brian Magowan	01896 822454

www.holytrinitymelrose.org.uk



Holy Trinity

Newsletter December 2010 — February 2011

The weather seems to have caught us all unawares. Earlier than ever before and as I write (maybe by the time you are reading this it will have cleared) it is still snowing. "Snow has fallen, snow on snow" indeed. So when we went out to get the newspapers and stock up on hot drinks and essential supplies it all took a lot longer than usual. The going was tough with all the compacted snow underfoot.



1 December 2010

I said it last Sunday, the season of Advent is a time for reflection, for trying to make some progress against the odds, of expectation of an arrival. We make the slow journey towards Christmas and the journey of God coming in our direction.

Journeys always excite the imagination. Making a journey is a good staple topic for a story. Frodo in Lord of the Rings, Homer's Odyssey; little Jane Eyre; Harry Potter; explorers: Scott of the Antarctic, great railway journeys, and then there is the metaphorical – journeys of discovery, of emotions, of romance. ... the journey of life.

The journey we make together: I joined you on your journey and you became part of mine ...

There are religious journeys too. Pilgrimage – the idea of holy places. And the bible stories – about: Mary and Joseph, the wise men ... Abraham, called to travel to a city he didn't know where; Moses who led the Children of Israel out of Egypt to the Promised land; Joshua, who took the people across Jordan and into the Land; Jonah, who ran away to Tarshish instead of going to Nineveh ... St Paul and all these journey maps in the back of our bibles.

Then there is the inward journey. For many people there is a fear of exploring the spiritual too deeply; a reticence to look inward; we

pay too much attention to keeping the surface of the mind occupied, so that we are not left alone for too long with any intimate or deep thoughts.

That is why there is a labyrinth here in Advent. I hope you make good journeys this season and in the words of the Christmas blessing:

May the joy of the angels, the eagerness of the shepherds, the perseverance of the wise men, the obedience of Joseph and Mary, and the peace of the Christ Child be yours this Christmas.

Maurice

'Very seldom do you come upon a space when you may stop and simply be.

Or wonder who, after all, you are.'

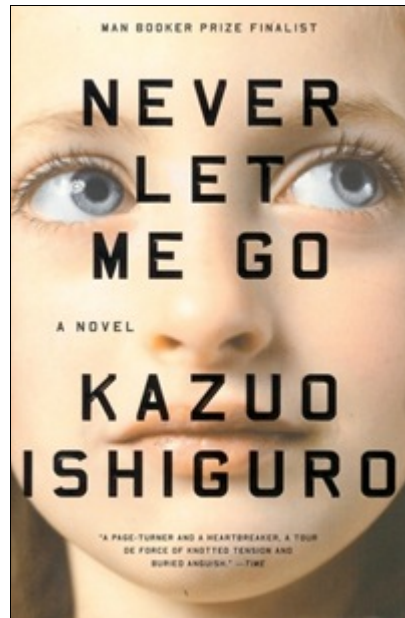
Ursula K LeGuin



Stand at the crossroads and look and ask for ancient paths, where the good way lies; and walk in it, and find rest for your souls.

Jeremiah 6:16

Ruth McLachlan 'reviews'



Would you like to write a piece for the newsletter –either about yourself or the last book discussed at book group 'Never Let Me Go'? That was the question asked of me at the beginning of the month and instead of an honest response I said 'yes'. Why I said 'yes' – why any of us say 'yes' when we mean to say 'no' is probably the subject of another piece for the newsletterand before someone asks, 'No'.

Anyhow, like all remotely normal people, I put off thinking about the piece until the deadline was upon me – in fact I almost heard it whooshing past and how glad I am that I did.

For the events of the last few days will constitute the heart of the piece, linking, as they do, some of my history and some of the themes from the book.

I grew up in Manchester and studied medicine at Dundee from 1976-1981. I had previously spent summer holidays working in the nearby hospital, a grim Victorian building which had been the local workhouse at Crumpsall, close to Cheetham Hill and other less than scenic suburbs. I was interviewed at Ninewells Hospital and, vividly remember the broad carpeted entrance, the vast expanse of modern décor and shopping outlets and more striking than anything the stunning views of the Forth of Tay from the floor to ceiling windows.

33 years after I started in Dundee, my eldest daughter Alice, literally followed in my footsteps and embarked on her training there. It has been a bizarre and scarcely credible experience which has taken me back to Dundee physically and emotionally; taken me back to a time when I was very young, inexperienced and naïve, exploring relationships and who I was. I lived for the last 4 of my 5 years in a student house off the Perth Road and Osborne Place (it was no. 17) became home for those of us who lived there and a special place to a host of others.

Looking back over life echoes the construction of 'Never Let Me Go' by Kasuo Ishiguru which is, in my view, an extraordinary book, a view shared by most, but not all, of us in the book group. We meet approximately every six weeks in the warm, welcoming space that is the Rectory. 'Never Let Me Go' had been my choice so, of course, I reread it for the group. It had been an exceptional and moving book to read the first time and an almost devastating book to read again and it was with trepidation that I awaited the comments and the responses of the critics.

I won't attempt to review the book- there is a review online by James Wood and I suspect there will be much comment in the review pages as the film of the book is due to be released in the UK in Jan 2011. Suffice it to say that I urge anyone who reads to read this.

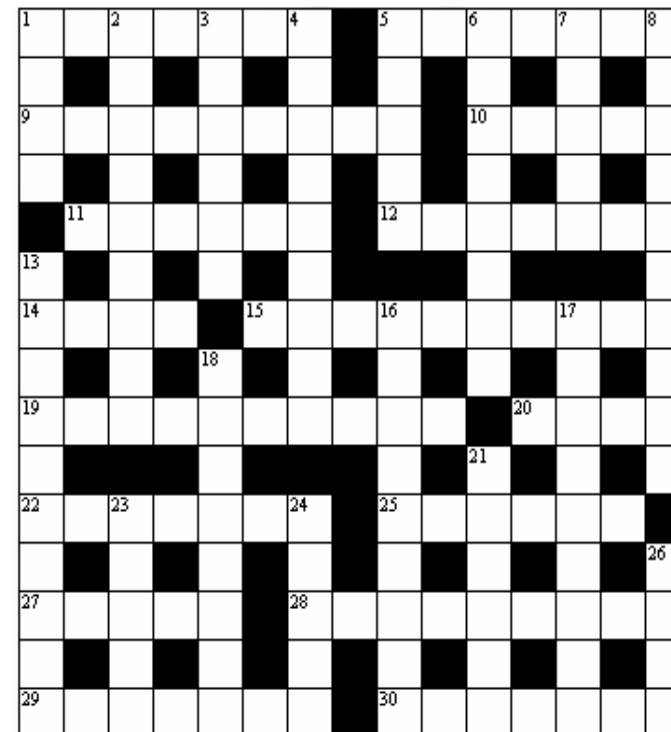
It is a book written in a deceptively simple style and is the reminiscences of Kathy about a group of friends growing up together at 'Hailsham' but with a dawning realization for the reader that this is no ordinary boarding school and that their relationships are impaired and ultimately doomed by the role they have been selected for by society. It is a story of man's inhumanity to man, of dehumanization and despair and yet also of yearning for relationship and love.

What about the last few days?, I hear you asking. Well, a week ago I finally organised myself to attend a two day annual residential conference in Bristol. In fact, Steve did the organising, working out travel arrangements, booking tickets and accommodation and generally making it possible. This left me time to realize that a long lost friend from Osborne Place had once lived in Bristol and that it had been at least 25 years since we had had contact. Google has a lot to answer for! I typed in his name and was immersed in his life. Having studied engineering at Dundee he had spent his working life as a conflict mediator and he responded positively to my suggestion that we meet.

And so we did. On Thursday I escaped a plush but soulless hotel and sat with Nigel in the YHA overlooking the waterfront where we drank a glass of wine and talked for three and a half hours without pause. And were together again. It was an intensely moving experience to revisit our younger selves and the intimacy of those years. We had only ever been friends but it had been an incredibly warm and supportive friendship and felt like it still was. After 30 years.

I suspect that for me, both in reading and living, the importance of relationships, either vicarious or actual, is what gives life meaning and as my family grow up it is a pleasure to have more space for those relationships that can be rekindled and to nurture new ones. Oh, and of course more time for reading!

PRIZE CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 A patron saint of Lithuania (7)
- 5 Clerical headgear (7)
- 9 Man of the cloth (9)
- 10 A town famous for salts (5)
- 11 Wither to a lighter shade? (6)
- 12 The Golan Heights is in this peninsula (7)
- 14 The ancients used to rely on this musical instrument (4)
- 15 They may lead to blizzard conditions (10)
- 19 The capital of Paraguay was named after this event (10)
- 20 Noah's bird (4)
- 22 Cleopatra was one (7)
- 25 Ailing or 'under the weather' (6)
- 27 His monologues on divine providence are found in the Book of Job (5)
- 28 To treat roughly (9)
- 29 Level or rank in an organisation (7)
- 30 An individual tile in a mosaic (7)

Down

- 1 Daughter of Vulcan who helped Hercules (4)
- 2 Christmas nightwatchers (9)
- 3 Showing great power or strength (6)
- 4 Dutch painter of 'The Nightwatch' (9)
- 5 A former Prime Minister of Malawi (5)
- 6 Former Cistercian Abbey in North Yorkshire (8)
- 7 Sir Paolo _____, Italian Composer 1846-1916 (5)
- 8 Nurses do this to 25 across (10)
- 13 A reredos is a type of this (10)
- 16 Ian Rankin might write one (9)
- 17 Expertise and skills (9)
- 18 He is named in Isaiah 7:14 (8)
- 21 Perspires freely (6)
- 23 Christian sect characterised by simple living and reluctance to adopt 'mod cons' (5)
- 24 4 Down painted this man begging mercy from Esther (5)
- 26 Greek letter (4)

Please give your completed entries to George Stockdill by 19th December.



Here is a photo of all the woollen goods Trudy has collected. Her daughter, Janice, who took the picture said, "I thought of a wonderful caption for it - **Trudy's got Knits!**"

After the recent visit from Revd Tim Tunley of the Mission to Seafarers, Trudy and some friends got busy to produce socks, scarves and hats. Tim says he never has enough of them. Perhaps he didn't know about the manufacturing power here in the Borders. Janice commented further:

"The model on the right is called Sir Charles (he won an award) but I'm not sure of the name of the one on the left - he was bearily speaking. ... Sorry - I couldn't resist that."



Sally Jayne just keeps on walking

The bombed-out Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church with its steeple missing stands proud against a grey Berlin sky as a memorial to lives lost in the Second World War. I went to Berlin to do a marathon and came back with a new kind of respect. Respect for people who have learned to forgive, and respect for courage and fortitude in terrible, terrible times.

There is usually a fun run of 4 km on the day prior to an international marathon. I eschewed this, rather savouring the moment of the actual race, and Robert and I decided to rather do a walking tour around Berlin. He felt that that would be as good a warm-up as I would need. Cold, rain, and a biting wind followed us as we traversed East and West Berlin on foot, stopping at places most tourists don't get to see. The Babelplatz is a square outside the National Library where the Nazis burnt all books on a huge bonfire written by Jewish authors, communists, and anybody against

the regime. Dug out beneath the square is a chamber visible through a glass window flush with the cobblestones. When you look down through the window all you see is an empty room lined with empty bookshelves, which would have held the exact number of books that were destroyed. Poignant and stark, it hits you in the guts. So often I got the message that the German people were telling history as it was, not whitewashed or pretty, mostly to remind the present generation NEVER AGAIN.

Back to the Memorial Church. The structure has been made safe. A modern belfry and nave have been added on and so the church is in constant use today. Every Friday at 1pm the Coventry Liturgy of Reconciliation is prayed in this church at the same time as it is being prayed, at noon, in Coventry. A cross of nails was presented to the Kaiser Wilhelm Church as a sign of this reconciliation. It was formed by joining hand-forged carpenters' nails which since the middle ages had held together the beams of the vaulted ceiling of the old Coventry Cathedral. They were saved from the remains of its destruction, forming a symbol of the spirit of forgiveness, a new beginning. The parish of the Kaiser Wilhelm Church became the 26th recipient of such a Cross of Nails in January 1987.

True forgiveness can take a long time. Sometimes as long as 64 years after the event. A handwritten note, on a page of hotel stationery, was placed in the collection plate after a recital of the Bach Cantata "Die Elendensollenessen" in the church. It reads "Because of this church and the Cantata service on June 9 I have been able to forgive the German people and German pilot for the death of my father George North Watson RAMC on Sept 13, 1943 on the hospital ship Newfoundland off Salerno. I believe that God does too! I feel a lot better now. Intercontinental Berlin, 11.6.07". After reading that, I couldn't speak for a few minutes.

A charcoal image of a Madonna and Child was drawn on the reverse of a map by a German at Stalingrad, Christmas 1942. Completely surrounded by the enemy, the desperate German troops gathered in a dugout before the picture in order to pray. Ferocious fighting had caused

unimaginable loss of life on both sides. Years later a copy of the picture was presented to the church in Volgograd, the former Stalingrad, as a symbol of reconciliation. In 1989 the Kaiser Wilhelm Church received in return a carved wooden icon of the Madonna, now on display in the church together with the charcoal Madonna.

After the race, stiff and sore but having achieved a good time in pouring rain alternating with gentle rain, there was still more on our agenda. We took a train ½ hour out of Berlin to the concentration camp at Sachsenhausen. Not suitably dressed for the biting cold wind, I kept telling myself that the inmates had endured sub-zero temperatures, dressed only in striped pyjamas. The main labour of the inmates was a huge brickworks. One of the other tasks set for inmates, that really hit home to me having just completed a marathon, was for them to test ill-fitting shoes made of man-made polymers. The Nazis were hoping to create hard-wearing boots for their troops. The prisoners walked the equivalent, daily, of a full marathon round and round the parade ground, in all weathers, with a twenty-pound sack on their shoulders. Most died after a few weeks of this treatment.

I wouldn't have missed this experience for the world. The Berliners that lined the route in pouring rain were unstinting in their cheering and praise, and despite the language barrier they were so encouraging. To finish the race down the Unter Den Linden and through the Brandenburg Gate is to follow a path of history. Twenty years ago the Brandenburg Gate was in the "death strip" of the Berlin wall - a no-go area. What a privilege to walk through, especially with a Union Jack sewn to my bra!

On a lighter note I will share with you a piece of trivia: Robert was constantly being addressed in German, and yet I was always addressed in English. We came to the conclusion it was his close cropped grey hair, straight back, and rimless glasses that did it!

Holy Trinity - Retreat to Iona Boat Trip to Staffa by David Parkinson

Before going to Iona we had discussed the possibility of making a boat trip to Staffa but as the week progressed I assumed this would not happen due to the stormy weather we had been experiencing. However, after talking to the boatman, Maurice managed to book seven of us on the Thursday afternoon trip at a discounted rate.

After a warning from the captain of rough seas ahead we set off across the sheltered sound of Iona to Fionnphort to pick up any additional passengers. As we crossed the sound we had good views of Gannets and Arctic Terns diving for fish. We then headed North past the disused quarry where the stone for Bishop's House had come from and I noticed a single Razorbill on the water in its winter plumage.

As we sailed out into the open sea the crew threw tarpaulins to those of us sitting at the rear of the boat which had no covering. It soon became apparent why as the larger waves started to come right over the boat and drench those without shelter. Further out in the mountainous seas there were more Gannets and also some small flocks of Kittiwakes.

Finally, and to the relief of many, we reached the sheltered waters of Staffa and as the captain took us close to the dramatic cliffs we had good views of the amazing basaltic formations and also the caves including Fingal's Cave. We had an hour on the island which was enough time to visit Fingal's Cave and also explore some of the island. As expected there were not many birds as the breeding season was over but a Skylark was seen and also a Great Black-backed Gull with Cormorants and Shags on the rocks near the jetty.

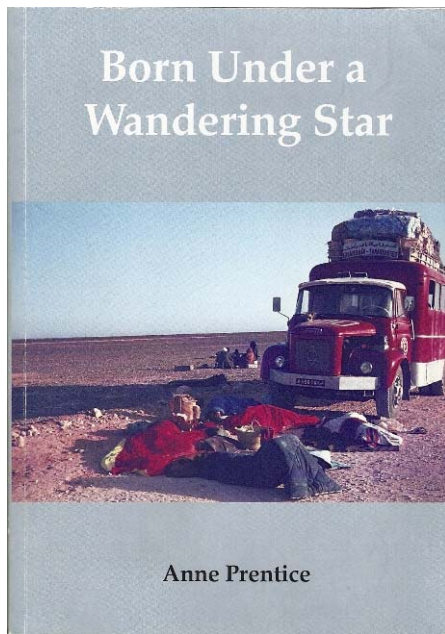
The return journey was thankfully much easier and quicker as the boat was going with the waves. A lone Manx Shearwater was gliding low over the waves driven closer to land by the gale force winds. Most birds of this species have now left for their winter quarters in the seas off South America returning to Britain in March or April. Returning to Iona we had very good views of a Peregrine Falcon hunting over the bay, a fitting end to a memorable trip.



More birdwatching



Some of the group outside Bishop's House in the sunshine



Born Under a Wandering Star

Anne Prentice

engineered by Anne and a friend. Exposure to Greek student life involves marching in Enosis rallies, learning much about the local topography, people and the charm of their men.

This is the start of her wanderings. The next major foray abroad is once more to Greece but this time to Salonika which includes a hair raising drive from Athens in a 1937 Morris 8 named Hercules with Doctor Robert Common and his family. Alas, politics intrude and interfere with the field study reason for Anne's presence and she once more returns home – by way of Damascus, Jordan, and Turkey!

A year away again, mainly in Jamaica, is notable for her introduction to a young naval officer by name of John Sears who consults her on what to buy his much missed girlfriend back in England. Not what one would have thought an auspicious start to what was to follow! But back in London Anne was re-discovered, courted and finally married. By then John had left the Navy and had become a Chartered Civil Engineer and this is when wandering really began.

The first overseas posting was to the Mangla Dam project in Pakistan, followed by Algeria, Tanzania, Kenya, back to Tanzania, return to Kenya,

copied with a very different lifestyle to that enjoyed in Britain. Anne, always resilient, deals with the domestic front while John battles away with the inevitable bureaucracy involved in multi-national projects.

This review can only hint at the varied life and experiences led by this indomitable couple. Anne, writing in the third person, has an acute eye for detail (pistol shots celebrating "Christ is Risen"!) and her undying interest in people is a constant throughout. She deftly weaves both political and historical background into her account, and her sense of humour is always evident.

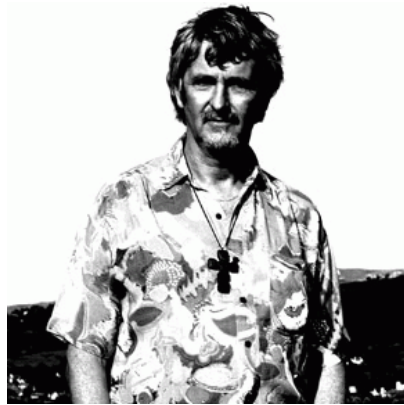
Her capacity for making friends shines through, and her involvement in creating life saving instruction in Tanzania must be an enduring legacy and testament to her never give up attitude. She and John always take advantage of opportunity to further their travel wherever they are, whether by boat (they are keen sailors) or by car or bus.

I cannot commend Born under a Wandering Star sufficiently highly. It makes absorbing reading, supplies many chuckles, and with its title what could make a better Christmas present? Better still, donations from its sale go to Farm Africa.

Patricia Crole

Written under her maiden name but better known to Holy Trinity as Anne Sears, the artist, this book charts a life of interest and nostalgia. With genes of several generations serving the British Raj in India, it is hardly surprising that Anne should be imbued with wanderlust. Her own early life on that continent was cut short by the Second World War, but her return to Britain reminds that such journeys were fraught with difficulties and danger.

Later, choosing a subject at university to indulge the urge to see more of the world, this becomes a reality with a university expedition to Thessaloniki cunningly



On Sunday 17th October, three of us from Holy Trinity travelled across to Denholm for an afternoon of music and worship led by John Bell. In his inimitable way, within five minutes of starting the workshop, he had a group of about 60 people of varying musical knowledge and ability singing in three-part harmony without words or music. Part of his goal was to show exactly how easy it can be to sing – and sing well – but through the stories he told about the music he taught us, he also stressed the importance of placing the music within a context and tradition.

He lamented the disappearance of participative singing both from our culture and churches, and urged church communities to be more creative in their use of music in worship. He gave examples of how to more fully integrate participative music into our services by using music as a response to readings and prayers. It is so simple, but in its simplicity, invites those present to engage with the worship in new ways.

He also clearly sees a need for pastorally appropriate songs to use in different types of liturgies – weddings, funerals, healing services, etc. Whilst traditional hymns have their place and value, many express theology which is not always appropriate for the situation, and the music is often difficult to learn. He shared a number of songs he had written for such circumstances, and which were sung to folk tunes, thus making them easy to learn and rooting them in a familiar culture. The afternoon was enjoyable, inspiring and thought-provoking, and we all came away excited about new ways we might use music in our services here at Holy Trinity.

Kate Reynolds

How to make a Labyrinth

Take 3 large sheets of canvas and join them together. With a knotted string fixed at the centre point, carefully draw a number of circles. Mind you join them up properly.

Kate, Trudy, Anne and Maurice spent most of the day crawling around on the Trinity Centre floor, measuring canvas, then glueing pieces together - lots of time spent marking pencil lines on the fabric before we dared put paint to canvas It was great fun but sore on the knees



Over a dozen people trained to facilitate the labyrinth and are ready to meet visitors at Holy Trinity on Fridays and Saturdays in Advent.

The first few paint lines were nerve wracking. Nearly finished.. It took a while but we managed to follow the pattern and paint beautiful blue lines on the fabric.

The concentration and difficult posture felt like a prayer in itself.



... and Trudy had her own peculiar style – and most of her lines were curved over nicely



We wait for the coming of God and travel towards the place where we meet the incarnate One. Mary and Joseph, travelling in obedience; Shepherds, looking for a sign of peace; magi, seeking something wonderful All travelling towards an encounter with the holy.



The labyrinth is offered during Advent as a private and quiet space and as an alternative to the rush and bustle of preparation for Christmas.