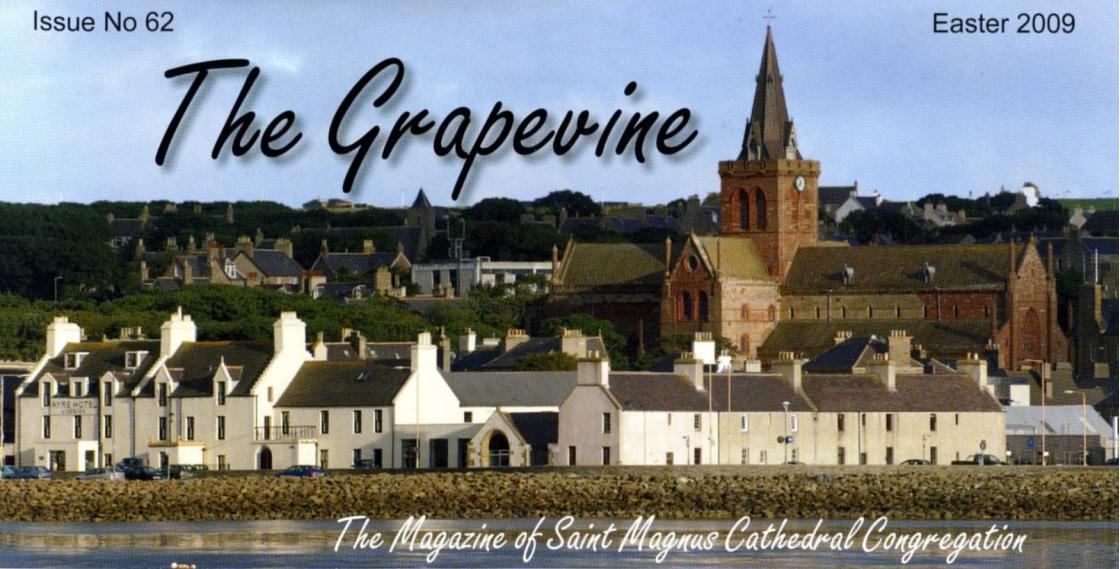


The Grapevine



The Magazine of Saint Magnus Cathedral Congregation

ST. MAGNUS CATHEDRAL SERVICES

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER

SUN 5th APRIL 11.15am PALM SUNDAY Sally Heddle

MON 6th APRIL 1.10 - 1.30 pm

Holy Week Reflection in St. Rognvald Chapel

TUES 7th APRIL 1.10 - 1.30 pm

Holy Week Reflections in St. Rognvald Chapel

WED 8th APRIL 1.10 - 1.30 pm

Holy Week Reflections in St. Rognvald Chapel

THUR 9th APRIL 7.30pm MAUNDY THURSDAY Eucharist in St Olaf's

FRI 10th APRIL 12 noon to 3.00pm

GOOD FRIDAY WALK OF WITNESS

This event will begin at St Olaf's at noon and will go around the various churches with a short time for reflection in each. It will finish at St. Magnus Cathedral reaching there at about 2.15pm and continuing until 3.00 pm. You are welcome to join for some or all of this short pilgrimage around Kirkwall, marking the time JESUS WAS ON THE CROSS ON GOOD FRIDAY

SUN 12th APRIL 11.15am EASTER SUNDAY

The Sacrament of Holy Communion will be celebrated
The Revd Fraser Macnaughton

Services are held in St Magnus Cathedral every Sunday at 11.15 am

GRAPEVINE

The magazine of St Magnus Cathedral

Spring Edition 2009

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EDITORIAL

“It’s not a bad day”, an Orcadian says if there isn’t a gale blowing or the rain has reduced to a drizzle. I like this optimistic approach to life. Sometimes a day seems far from “not bad”. It’s downright awful. But it is the only day in which we are living. Then I remember this ancient Sanskrit verse.

Look well to this day
For it is life -
The very best of life.

In its brief course lie all
The realities and truths of existence.
For yesterday is but a memory
And tomorrow is only a vision
But today, if well-lived, makes
Every yesterday a memory of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day.

***Material for the Summer Grapevine should reach
the editor by May 17th 2009***

Views expressed in this magazine are personal and are not necessarily those of the Minister and Kirk Session.



FROM THE MANSE

For those of a sweet bent, Easter is chocolate. Chocolate eggs rain down upon us. The association of eggs with Easter comes not from Christianity but paganism. Eggs, like bunnies, symbolised the spring hope of fertility that new life will come again despite the harshness of winter. Christians, however, weren't stupid – they could recognise a good thing. Chocolate eggs were too good to pass up. Eggs, though, are encased in shells. They are but containers, holding goodies within. In time, they crack open to allow the chick to come out and grow up. A container and its contents are quite different.

At Easter time in church there is a lot of make-believe language. A dead Jesus coming back to life, stones being rolled away, bursting out of hell's prison, victory over death... These were all ways in which the early writers tried to make sense of their experience of Jesus - encounters which changed their lives and which propelled the Good News around the Roman Empire. These original editors never intended their accounts to be taken literally. This old familiar language, like a fairy tale, is the container, the shell of Easter. But it isn't its contents.

The content of Easter is the belief that Christians hold that love is stronger than hate, and hope is stronger than despair. Love and hope are seen in the changes in people's lives.

Easter isn't about believing in the literal words of an old tale. It's about seeing lives changed, joining that movement that wants to colour the world in love and joy.

Now back to the chocolate: Have a blessed Easter - Fraser



(See John 20:1-18)

03-29-2002

I WANT YOU TO FOLD UP MY BURIAL CLOTHES,
WAIT FOR MARY, AND REMEMBER THAT THIS IS
SERIOUS ... NO HIDING AND YELLING "BOO"

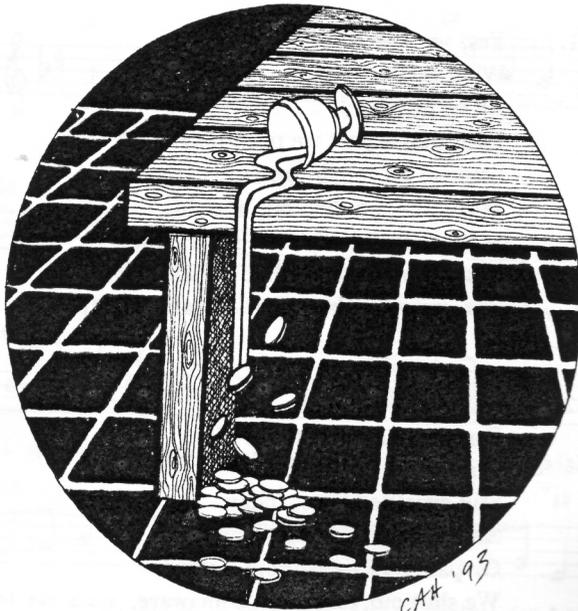
After our celebration of the 250th anniversary of the death of Robert Burns on 25 January it was suggested that we might include the version of the Lord's Prayer, which we used on that Sunday, in *The Grapevine*. It is reproduced below.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN SCOTS

Oor Faither wha bides in heiven,
Hallowt be thy name;
Thy Kinrick come;
Thy will be dune
In the yird, as in the lan o' the leal.
Gie us wir breid ilk day;
An forgie us wir ill-daein,
As oo forgie the yins wha wrang us;
An sey-us-na sailrie,
But saul us frae provokship
For aye, thine's the Kinrick, the pooer, the glorie

Amen

BETRAYAL



The Master spoke of going away -
As he solemnly broke a piece of bread,
And of spilling some wine. Or was it his blood?
His words seem so jumbled in my head.

Judas was there - one of his team.
He sat there glowering, silent and grim.
Jesus talked of betrayal and death
While gazing fixedly at him.

“Is it I?” Judas asked with an innocent smile,
Though his eyes blazed wild and fiercely bold.
Then he slipped away. A cloud passed by
And the room was suddenly dark and cold.

A WEEK IN IONA:

A 25 strong all-age group, drawn from a number of churches across Orkney, left Stromness on Friday 17th October 2008, for an eight day Iona adventure. Travelling by car, boat and bus we not only glimpsed the beauty of Scotland in October but also stepped out on our journey in faith and companionship.

The weather was generous as we caught our first sight of the Abbey. Ancient, solid, square and golden-soft in the afternoon sunshine, the Abbey sat low, at home, close to the sea. What an utterly unforgettable sight.

We lived communally in The MacLeod Centre, part of the Iona Community and a 4-minute walk from the Abbey. Sharing tasks, eating communally, sharing grace and serving one another were integral to each meal, as, of course, was all of the chatter, support and shared laughter that permeated the week.

Having the opportunity to worship twice a day in the Abbey was very, very special, as were the daily group discussion sessions, some led by Centre staff and some by Ali Newell (nee Cant).

In the afternoons we were able to walk over the beautiful beaches and rocky shores, to explore the Abbey or to enjoy the craft facilities at The Mac. Or, then again, we were able to sit with friends and simply 'be'. We were able to visit chapels and museums, to contemplate crosses, to listen to an American Muslim explain his faith and work in Detroit, or to explore The Abbey Fair-trade shops and the island's craft workshops.

We met together as a group on most evenings for reflection, perhaps some singing and further personal explorations. Evening worship in the candlelit Abbey took place at 9.00 pm, and sometimes ended with the encouragement to share friendship with strangers over tea in the refectory.

Our group of twenty-five - from 9 to 81 - shared the Iona Community facilities, the Abbey and Mac Centre, with other groups and individuals from across Britain and around the world, and with the resident voluntary and salaried staff. Prompted by communal work

and worship-sharing in this very special Christian centre, we were able to develop an awareness of God in all of life, walking, as we did, along side one another. Following the Abbey Worship structure we quickly understood the rhythm and shape of the services. Beautifully mellow piano notes accompanied singing that seemed so effortless yet full of significance. Musical ensembles wove yet another layer of indescribable beauty to this simplest of worship. Homemade Communion loaves were broken as they passed from hand to hand and wine was drunk from simple earthenware goblets. Evening worship at this 800-year-old Benedictine Abbey offered to us a candle-lit calm, a peace-filled beauty within which our acts of worship, communion and commitment seemed truly ecumenical, open and filled with love.

Over the week we journeyed together, sometimes in twos or threes and sometimes alone.

Some journeys were physical, many were spiritual and almost all had moments of beauty and contemplation. The pilgrimage, potentially a seven-mile circumambulation of the island, was so very much more than a physical trek. This very personal, open-to-all, pilgrimage-journey offered opportunities for talk with strangers, silent contemplation, shared laughter, story telling, support and friendship, prayer and reflection, the delight of meeting other pilgrims half way, and sharing tea and flapjacks, silence, and a fair amount of awe and wonder. As tradition dictated, each pilgrim was encouraged to choose two pebbles to throw into St Columba's Bay: one to represent something of the self to be 'thrown off' into the crashing sea, and the other to represent some aspect of the Iona experience to be retained and taken away to treasure.

Who on the Staffa expedition will ever forget that oversized fishing boat ploughing back through tenement-high seas, and the smiling faces that emerged through the foam of the crashed and spent waves? And then, when we entered the Abbey on a pitch-dark-electricity-less evening and experienced true darkness punctuated only by candlelight, we felt, just for a whispered second, a glimpse in time of what it might have been like for the Benedictine monks entering their Abbey for evening worship so many years ago.

Our thanks, of course, must go to Graeme Brown for organising such a not-to-be-forgotten week. And our hopes, or certainly the

hopes of some, are to be able to return, in community, to this most special of places, Iona, where truly the space between earth and Heaven is very thin indeed.

Anyone interested in visiting Iona can obtain information from Graeme Brown at Bring Deeps, Orphir.

Back copies of Bulletins, including the Order of Service, for the past twelve months are now available for you to take. They are to be found in a box beside the Resources Table.



KIRKWALL BOYS' BRIGADE

Sunday 22 March will see the 100th Anniversary Parade of the 1st Kirkwall Company Boys' Brigade.

The Company was formed in late 1908, but the first enrolment parade was held on 21st March 1909, when 54 boys and 3 officers marched to St Magnus Cathedral under the captancy of Ernest Fearnley. Later that year the Company had a visit from the founder of the Boys' Brigade, Sir William Smith, who inspected 79 boys and officers in the Temperance Hall.

The Company in Kirkwall was rather unusual, in that it was formed under the auspices of four congregations rather than the normal one church. St Magnus Cathedral, Paterson United Free, King Street United Free and the Congregational Church all provided representatives to a joint committee. In the early years, meeting nights saw the boys take part in periods of drill, usually around 45 minutes, and hear short addresses "on cleanliness, thrift and kindred subjects".

Summer camps became a regular feature and were well attended. Holidays for the young at that time were generally few and far between. Deerness and Orphir were popular parishes with Newark, Deerness hosting all camps between 1913 and 1938. The first venture out of Orkney was to Aberdeen in 1948. Since then the

company has visited Edinburgh, Carrbridge, Haddington, Aviemore, and Caithness, as well as “home” camps to Melsetter, Rackwick and Westray. The latter were the most popular destinations.

Being set up under four churches, the accommodation for the Company was not the sole responsibility of any one church. Over the years the churches have supported the Company in a range of premises. St Magnus Hall, Victoria Street Hall and King Street Hall were all used.

After the Second World War the Church of Scotland Canteen in Palace Road was the main hall for some five years. For a time the Company had its own hall in George Street but this was not suitable for the number of boys attending. The Grammar School hall and Papdale Primary School hall were also used before the King Street hall became the main venue through to the early 1990s. The dream of having their own hall was to come to fruition in 1993, when a new hall was built at Meadowbank.

The Company is now in three sections, with Anchor Boys, Junior Company and Company section. The Anchor Boys and Junior Company each have two units, meeting on separate nights. Evening activities range from craft work, bible reading, games, first aid and crime prevention, to physical education and cooking and so on. Themes have changed over the years, as have the badges each boy works towards. Inter-company competitions also take place between other companies in the Orkney Battalion. Senior boys also work towards attaining the President’s Badge and then the Queen’s Badge, the highest award in the Boys’ Brigade. Parades are held to each of the Kirkwall churches as well as to the Orkney Battalion Parade. The Company colours, the second pair, replacing the original 1937 pair, were dedicated in 1967, and are carried at all parades. The Company no longer has a Pipe Band, once the pride of the Kirkwall Company, and now has to rely on the Kirkwall City Pipe Band. Many of the City band are former Boys’ Brigade members.

During our Centenary year, we are to have an exhibition of Brigade memorabilia in The Orkney Museum. This will be in early March. The main parade, with invited guests as well as an “old boys” section, is to attend St Magnus Cathedral. The Company also intends to have a celebratory function in the Boys’ Brigade Hall,

hopefully in early August. In addition, the Company also intends to republish the 1983 commemorative booklet later in the year. This has been extensively revised by David Partner, who has included a substantial amount of new historical material.

Anyone wishing for more information on the work of the Boys' Brigade, or willing to assist with any of the sections should get in contact with the Captain, Stuart Gray (Tel: 01856 875160) or Derek Tait (Tel: 01856 874453)

The Company will also welcome boys who wish to join. While the Boys' Brigade year starts in September, they will be made welcome at any time.

Joseph of Arimethea's friends were astonished at his generosity at giving his new tomb to Jesus.

"Shucks, it was nothin'," he told them. "He only needed it for the weekend."

The Minister was taking his time reading out the intimations when he came to this. "This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Lewis to come forward and lay an egg on the altar."

PLANT and **PANCAKE** AFTERNOON

The very popular Friendship Club's Annual Pancake Tea and Plant Sale will be held in the St Magnus Centre on **Saturday May 23rd**, from 2-30 to 4-00 pm.

Come and enjoy a chat with friends as you eat your delicious pancake and buy locally grown plants at bargain prices.

May we remind all gardeners that we would welcome gifts of any cuttings or plants that can be spared, for us to sell in aid of the many charities we support.



A lesson from pancakes

A mum was preparing pancakes for her sons Kevin, five, and Ryan, three. The boys began arguing over who would get the first pancake. The mum saw the opportunity for a moral lesson.

"If Jesus was sitting here he would say," Let my brother have the first pancake. I can wait".

Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you can be Jesus."

(With thanks to Joy Magazine www.newlifepublishing.co.uk/joy)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I would like to say that I agree with Marlene Croy's letter in the Christmas Grapevine. I, too, much prefer the original version of the Lord's Prayer. It's what we learned during childhood, and it brings a sense of peace and comfort that the new version(s) lack. This may be an age-related view, but I hope it is none-the-less a valid one.

Yours sincerely,
Isobel Irvine.

In response to the letter from Mrs. Marlene Croy asking how people feel about the ever-changing version of the Lord's Prayer in the church services, I would like to add my opinion. I feel very lost when I cannot use the version which I was taught at Sunday school nearly seventy years ago, and which I repeat daily. I cannot see why we need a new version. I feel so strongly about this that I always use the old version in the hymnbook and repeat it when whichever version is being used in the service, so that I will not be sidetracked by what is being said near me. I get great comfort from this.

As for the argument that it is repeated parrot fashion, I ask "So what?" Do we not repeat our times tables and pick out what we want in them? My thanks: to Marlene for bringing this up. I know that very many feel the same way.

Yours sincerely,
Hilda Firth

I whole-heartedly agree with the sentiments expressed in Marlene Croy's letter in the Christmas edition of *The Grapevine*. Unfortunately, I think that this and some other changes to Cathedral Services in the past few years have contributed greatly to the considerable reduction in the attendance of Orcadians at our Services. The attitude seems to be: "I know what is best for you and you are going to get it whether you like it or not".

For adults there is a simple solution as far as saying the Lord's Prayer is concerned. You can repeat the version that you like and if you wish to read it, you can find the three forms "authorised for use throughout the Church" in CH4 at No 652.

Yours sincerely
George Burgher



I have no secret.

*You haven't learned life's lesson very well
if you haven't noticed
that you can decide
the reaction you want of people
in advance.*

It's unbelievably simple.

If you want them to smile, smile first.

*If you want them to take an interest in you,
take an interest in them first.*

*If you want to make them nervous,
become nervous yourself.*

*If you want them to shout and raise their voices,
raise yours and shout.*

*If you want them to strike you,
strike first.*

It's as simple as that.

*People will treat you
like you treat them.*

It's no secret.

Look about you.

You can prove it with the next person you meet."

Winston Churchill

Big Idea - Abraham Maslow: Growth or Safety?

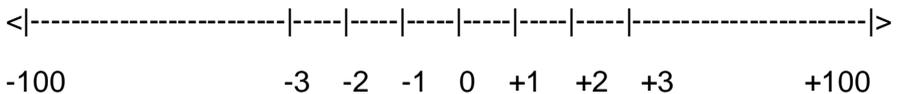
The philosopher Maslow said that in any given moment we have two options: to step forward into growth or to step back into safety.

We could think of it this way:

We wake up in the morning. Is our first act a step forward (we get up immediately; we say the mantra we committed to; whatever) or do we step back into safety (stay in bed; hit snooze; etc.)?

+1 one if you stepped forward. -1 one if you stepped backward.

So, after that first act/thought, you're either at +1 or -1. With me?



(Notice that the difference between where you could be and where you actually are is actually TWO units apart, not one.)

OK. How about the next moment? Forward or back? Forward or back? Forward or back? Moment to moment to moment...

Fast forward to the end of the day. Where are you? Are you at +25,000 or -25,000?

Pay attention because the weight of those negatives is going to make it hard for you to sleep well. In fact, why do you think people crack open the beer/turn on the TV/yell at the spouse and kids and generally act like a wean too often at the end of a day?

Exactly too many steps in the wrong direction. Their soul knows that they were capable of so much more. Unfortunately, rather than address it through more constructive behaviour, too often we take it out on others and blame/criticize/etc. Harrumph!

The quickest way to live a life of bliss? Step forward.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms

4th January 09 | Amelia Kate Lycett

Weddings

6th September 08 | Michelle Donaldson and Neil Slater
19th September 08 | Muriel Tait and George Loudon
4th October 08 | Michelle Henderson and John McCulloch
11th October 08 | Isobel Macdonald and Martyn Tulloch
20th December 08 | Amy Cromarty and Ivan Houston

Wedding Blessing

28th December 08 | Lina-Maria Riege and Brian Gillespie

Funerals

Billy Tait - 49 Meadowbank, Kirkwall 25/8/08
Russell Groundwater - The Moorings, Cromwell Road, Kirkwall 6/9/08
Alan K. Gibson - 23 Pipersquoy Road, Kirkwall 19/9/08
John Drever - Taracliff, Mount Drive, Kirkwall 20/9/08
Margaret T. S. Wylie - 26 Lambaness, Kirkwall 3/10/08
Hunter Jamieson - 21 Ingale, Kirkwall 28/10/08
Gillies Stevenson - 5 Somerville Square, Kirkwall 5/11/08
Robin Harrison - 3a Laing Street, Kirkwall 25/11/08
Andrew Leslie Thomson - 6 Bellevue Park, St Ola 28/11/08
David G. King - Kentra, Cromwell Drive, Kirkwall 11/12/08
Alistair D. Spence - Wideford Mains, St Ola 12/12/08
Brigadier Sidney P. Robertson - Daisybank, Berstane Road, Kirkwall 19/12/08
David H. Rendall - 23 Buttquoy Park, Kirkwall 20/12/08
Olive Chalmers - Bellevue Park, St Ola 10/1/09
Norma I. Craigie - 16 Quoybanks Crescent, Kirkwall 2/1/09
Maureen Lennie - Reymaur, Pipersquoy Road, Kirkwall 5/2/09

Resurrection

(from *Nicodemus* by Andrew Young)

O risen Lord,
I do not ask you to forgive me now;
There is no need.
I came tonight to speak to your dead body,
To touch it with my hands and say 'Forgive',
For though I knew it could not speak to me
Or even hear; yet it was once yourself.

It is dissolved and risen like a dew,
And now I know,
As dawn forgives the night, as spring the winter,
You have forgiven me. It is enough.
Why do I kneel before your empty tomb?
You are not here, for you are everywhere;
The grass, the trees, the air, the wind, the sky,
Nothing can now refuse to be your home.
Nor I, Lord,
Live in me and I shall live.

