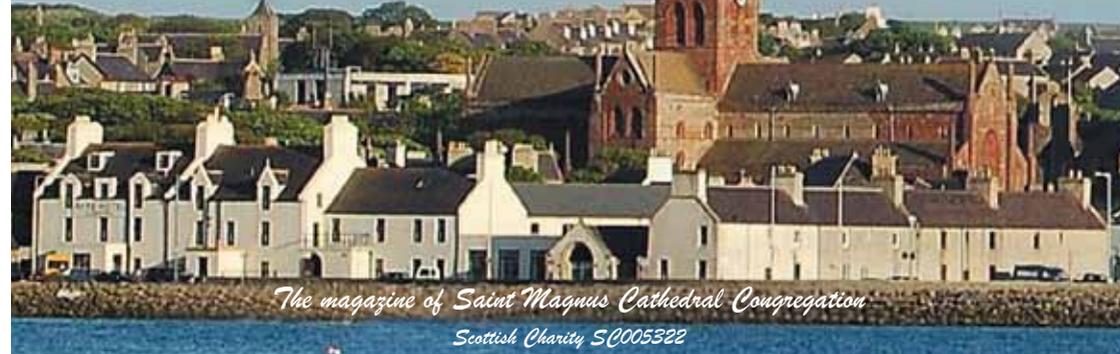


# The Grapevine



Thanks to Anne Flint for this amazing picture of the chancel



## St. Magnus Cathedral Worship at the Cathedral this summer

### SUMMER SERVICES

Services are held in St Magnus Cathedral every Sunday

9.30am – Holy Communion in the St Rognvald Chapel

11.15am – Morning Service of Celebration

Every Wednesday from 1.15pm till 1.30pm  
there is a Midweek Meditation time in the St Rognvald Chapel.

MATERIAL FOR THE AUTUMN GRAPEVINE SHOULD REACH  
FRASER MACNAUGHTON BY AUGUST 31ST, 2015



From the Manse

There was a time, I suppose, when religious life and daily life synchronized. Heaven was up there, hell was down there, and, in between, everything ran according to God's pre-ordained plan. Then James Hutton invented modern geology. Darwin discovered evolution. Einstein imagined relativity. Now religious people have to have spiritual schizophrenia. They have to split their lives into impervious compartments. The geologist who works with million-year-old rocks through the week has to set aside his professional knowledge when he goes to church on Sunday. His church expects him to telescope those millions of years into six days. He knows that, for most of those millions of years, this planet was a most inhospitable place. But he's told to base his understanding of good and evil on a mythical paradise that never existed, but that humans forfeited through a single act of disobedience. The biologist who sees daily how animal physiology has evolved from simpler creatures to more complex ones -- through different species, also mirrored in the foetal development of each individual -- is assured authoritatively that evolution is contrary to the Bible. The astronomer who can trace the universe back to a single point is asked to believe in a God who existed before there was either space or time to exist in. The doctor who knows too well that all her patients will die someday dutifully repeats a creed that one man's death and resurrection frees those same

patients from dying. A few years ago, during an appointment for an operation, a surgeon asked me, "What are you going to write about, when science instead of religion offers eternal life?" Little wonder that the fastest growing religious group in the UK is the "nones" -- those who claim on their census forms to have no religion. It's the only rational response to apparently contradictory demands -- to believe the findings of modern science, or the traditional teachings of religion.

The comic strip *Dilbert* pokes fun at modern offices as "cube farms" -- little squares fenced off by dividers that pretend to offer privacy. Most Christian churches, it seems to me, create mental cube farms.

But it's not necessary to park one's brains at the door. Around the turn of the millennium, a few theologians like Bruce Sanguin began asserting that religion and science didn't have to be separate belief systems.

In his prize-winning book *Darwin, Divinity, and the Dance of the Cosmos*, Sanguin argued that the concept of evolution could integrate religion and science. Plants have evolved. Animals have evolved. The universe has evolved.

Even religion evolves -- if we're willing to accept that beliefs and teachings of former times were a step along the journey to a fuller understanding of God, not a terminal destination.

Have a pensive summer, **Fraser**

## **The St Magnus Cathedral Visitor Centre**

### ***An invitation to all visitors in Orkney (and locals too!)***

The congregation of St Magnus Cathedral cordially invites you to visit the St Magnus Cathedral Visitor Centre, which is situated behind the Cathedral, just two minutes' walk up Palace Road.

A short multilingual film about the history of St Magnus and the Cathedral is shown in the room dedicated to The Society of Friends of St Magnus Cathedral, a charity whose aim is to preserve, develop and expand knowledge about our wonderful Cathedral.

There is a study-library which incorporates an image in stained glass from the contemporary Cathedral west window. The library contains books about the Cathedral and worship and on Orkney and Norway, with whom we have very close links.

The Centre is open Mon-Sat 0930-1700, and Sunday 1100-1500, from April to September, and is staffed by volunteers who enjoy meeting and helping visitors get the most out of their visit to the Centre and more widely.

A range of souvenirs, ranging from postcards and books to artwork by local artists, is available, and there is a self-service café area where you can enjoy a cuppa and snack and contemplate the excellent view of the Cathedral.

WiFi is available, so if you need to "connect" while you are in Orkney this is a great place to do so.

Like all buildings, there is a story behind the development of the Centre.

Approaching the Millennium, the St Magnus Cathedral congregation was looking for a new project to build on the historic past and to prepare for the challenges of the new era. Recognising that its 100-year-old existing church hall was badly in need of repair and renewal, the Kirk session decided that a new and exciting venture of faith was called for. After looking at a number of options, the session decided to build a centre which would serve the wider community as well as the Cathedral congregation. As a result of a wide-ranging and

imaginative fund-raising programme, involving the commitment and talents of the congregation, the necessary funds were gathered in and the new Centre was designed and built.

The Centre is used by a wide diversity of local groups and organisations, ranging from Orkney Islands Council and Voluntary Action Orkney to Mums and Toddlers, War-Gamers, Cancer Research UK, and Traditional Dancing, and it has provided facilities for the Conductors' Course which has become an integral part of the St Magnus Festival.

Please come and visit -- we would be delighted to welcome you.

### **THE CENTRE IN ACTION**

An 'Afternoon Tea with The Linties' was held in the St Magnus Centre on Saturday, 2nd May, and attended by over 60 people.

Tea and cakes, deliciously plated and impeccably served, were interspersed by the Linties' beautiful renditions of many favourite songs. A very happy afternoon was had by all, with the Food Bank coffers being boosted by extra donations and a cheque for £300.00.

Many, many thanks to all who donated food, money, helped, sang and came along to support.



## ***Forgetfulness and my favourite hymn.***

### **Some thoughts by congregation member:**

#### **Tony Tramschek**

If only! If I had not forgotten to retrieve my cap from the shelf under the chair in front of me one Sunday morning in the Cathedral I would not be writing this article. The chill wind blowing over my thinning hair caused me to retrace my steps, and I found myself engaged in conversation with a member of the congregation concerned about the functionality of hearing aids and the Cathedral's loop system. More to the point, I would not have been buttonholed by Bobby and Gladys Leslie who said: "You are just the person we are looking for. We know that you attend the Sunday service in the Cathedral regularly and wonder if you would contribute an article to the *Grapevine* on the subject of 'my favourite hymn'." I could have said "No", but on reflection I said to myself: "Why not?" So here goes.

Over some 70 odd years I have sung, or attempted to sing, hymns in churches across the length and breadth of Britain, from an Anglican church in Derbyshire during evacuation from London in WW II, where the choirmaster dismissed me as a potential chorister by telling my mother that I sang in my boots, or a small wooden-spired country church set in Essex farmland, or in churches in Nottingham during my student years, to cathedrals visited whilst on holiday in Canterbury, Truro, St David's, and, more recently, in St Mungo's in Glasgow, and now in St Magnus Cathedral here in Orkney.

The choice of one hymn from so wide a range of available material would be difficult at the best of times, and I am tempted to say that I have favourite hymns according to the time in the ecclesiastical year. Let's start in Advent with "O come, O come, *Emmanuel*". Skip over the Christmas period,

with its vast range of Christmas carols, and think about Good Friday with "*There is a green hill far away*". The Easter Day service has me looking for an opportunity to sing one or two really stirring hymns, such as "*Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia*" or "*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son*". Pentecost brings the much loved "*Come down oh love divine*" sung to the tune *Down Ampney* and "*Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire*". With autumn comes All Saints Day, and my choice on this occasion would be "*For all the saints who from their labours rest*".

I grew up at a time when hymn singing at national events still occurred, and "*Abide with me*", as sung by the crowd at Wembley Stadium before the FA Cup Final, never fails to move me.

Who cannot be moved similarly by a Welsh male voice choir singing "*Guide me oh thou great Jehovah*" to the tune *Cwm Rhondda*, or, in a seafaring community such as ours in Orkney, by "*Eternal Father strong to save whose arm doth bind the restless wave*".

Time to come off the fence! I now come to my final three, and my own particular choice of favourite hymn. In third place would be "*Dear Lord and father of mankind*" sung to the tune *Repton*. I just hope that the congregation sings the words "O still small voice of calm!" quietly.

In second place would be a version of Psalm 23 with words by Anna Laetitia Waring, "*In heavenly love abiding no change my heart shall fear*".

Finally, I nail my colours to the mast and state that my own particular favourite hymn is known as St. Patrick's breastplate and is, of course, "*I bind unto myself this day the strong name of the Trinity*". It has a rousing tune at the start and at the end, but switches in verse five to the Irish melody "*Clonmacnoise*".

Christ be with me, Christ within me,  
Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,  
Christ to comfort and restore me,  
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me,  
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

**All in a day's work**

In case you wondered what our hard-working custodians get up to, here is a sneaky peak at a job hidden from public view - Kim Burns, the assistant custodian, having a workout winding the Cathedral clock!



This is a photo of a private icon commission of St Magnus. It's an entirely new icon - not copied from anywhere - and one composed especially as a Confirmation gift, and commissioned by a vicar from Glasgow, by Helen McIldowie-Jenkins (07835 722406 or 0203 673 6417) ~ used with permission and with gratitude.

## **Hymn to St. Magnus**

During the summer the choir sings parts of the famous *Hymn to St Magnus*. A suggestion came forward that it may enhance people's enjoyment if they had sight of the words. So here we print them in Latin and English.

Nobilis, humilis, Magne Martir stabilis Habilis, utilis Comes venerabilis Et tutor laudabilis Tuos subditos Serva carnis fragilis Mole positos.

Preditus, celitus Dono Sancti Spiritus Vivere temere Summo caves opera Carnis motus premere Studes peritus Ut carnis in carcere Regnet Spiritus.

Socia regia Tibi viri nescia Traditur subditur Casta casto iungitur Nam neuter illuditur Sic decennio Rubus non comburitur In incendio.

Turbidus, invidus Hostis Haco callidus Sternere terere Tua sibi subdere

Te cupit et perdere Doli spiculo luncto fraudis federe Pacis osculo.

Gravia tedia Ferens pro iusticia Raperis, traheris Demum ictu funeris Ab ymis extolleris Ad celestia Sic Christo coniungeris Persupplicia.

Cetera Gloria Signorum frequentia Canitur, agitur Christus benedicatur Et tibi laus redditur In ecclesia O quam felix cernitur Hinc Orchardia.

Omnibus laudibus Tuis insistentibus Gratiam, veniam Et eternam gloriam Precum per instantiam Pater optine

Hanc salvatis famulam A discrimine.

[English translation by Alistair B Fulton (1944-2013)]

Noble man, humble man, Steadfast Martyr Magnus; Skilful man, useful man, Venerable Earl, praiseworthy defender; Save your subjects, weighed down Weighed down by the burden of fragile flesh.

Endowed by Heaven with the gift of the Holy Spirit, You guard with all your might against rash living; You skilfully strive to suppress the stirrings of the flesh So that the Spirit may reign in the prison of the flesh.

A royal companion, who has never known a man, Is given and made subject to you; Woman to man is joined, each chaste, Neither has been sullied these ten years since. The bramble is not burned in the fire.

Crafty Hacon, a violent, envious enemy, Wants to flatten, crush and subdue to himself What is yours, and also to destroy you With the arrow of guile, having sealed A deceitful pact with the kiss of peace.

Bearing the heavy weight of troubles For the sake of justice, you are taken away By force at last by the stroke of death. You are raised from the depths to heaven; Thus you are joined to Christ by suffering.

By sign upon sign your glory is sung, Is acted; Christ is blessed and praise Is duly given to you in church. O how fortunate Orkney is seen to be Because of this.

Since all devote themselves to your praises, Father, obtain thanks, favour and eternal glory Through the urging of our prayers. You save this handmaiden from danger.