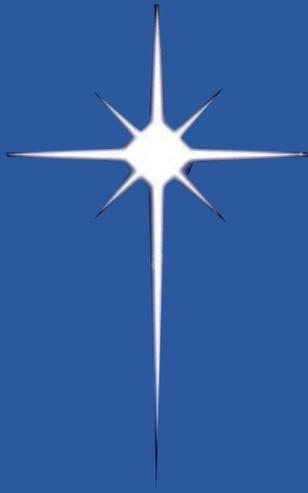




Anglican Parish of  
Caversham Saint Peter,  
Dunedin, New Zealand

# THE ROCK

December 2022—Christmas



And she shall  
bring forth a  
son, and thou  
shalt call his  
name JESUS:  
for he shall  
save his  
people from  
their sins.

MATTHEW 1:21



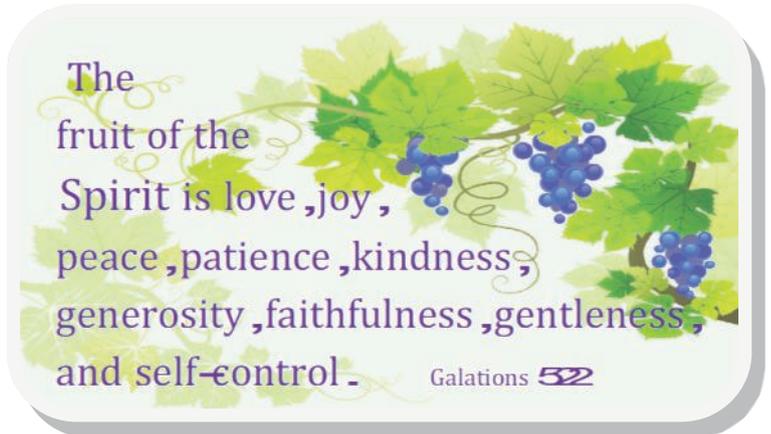
## Gifts of the Spirit

By The Vicar

**D**an and I went to the South Dunedin Combined Churches Service and I received a beautiful gift. A tiny little Indian girl resplendent in gold earrings, sparkling eyes and a full skirt danced with joy as the congregation sang. She wriggled and twirled, jumped and waved her arms in the joy of the moment. She wasn't the only child present, but as our eyes meet I was overwhelmed by the knowledge of how precious she is to God and his mighty and glorious kingdom. I imagine that was how Mary and Joseph, the shepherds and the Wise Men must have felt. Jesus Christ was born to remind us that irrespective of who we are, every one of us is a gift to this world!

Too often we disregard our talents and abilities, our age and experiences as

unimportant and forget the gift God longs to give us, the gift of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is intrinsic to our journey and relationships, but do we really accept it, as a child accepts, with joy and wonderment?



St Paul (Gal. 5:22) identified the gifts of the Holy Spirit as fruit. A thing which nourishes and sustains, a thing of sweetness and delight. And just like fruit these gifts grow and ripen over time. I pray this season of Advent you accept the gifts God gives each of us through Jesus Christ, our Brother, Saviour and Lord. 🙏

*MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE AND GRATEFUL THANKS TO  
OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND OUR ADVERTISERS.*

*THE ROCK DOES NOT PUBLISH IN JANUARY. COPY FOR THE  
FEBRUARY EDITION IS DUE ON 19<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY.*

# A Priest's tale

## Part 2: A curate in Caversham

By Archdeacon Bernard Wilkinson

**T**he vicar of Caversham at that time was the Reverend John Teal, a tubby little Yorkshireman. In 1966 the parish had three churches—Saint Peter's, St Peter the Less at St Clair and St Alban's at Corstorphine. At least four, sometimes five services on a Sunday—the parish needed a Curate. Plus a steady stream of baptisms, weddings and funerals. Youth groups, women's groups, a choir, plus daily Matins at 7.30am and Evensong at 5pm.

My initial involvement was in visiting and I very quickly found out that God had given me a priceless gift—I did not find it difficult to meet people. At least, not while wearing my clerical collar. Some clergy say the collar is a barrier. Never! It was my uniform and I wore it with pride. And perhaps this is the moment to say that in fifty six years of ministry, I have never once had a sharp or unkind word at any door. Visiting was then (and in my view still is) the foundation of parish ministry, an opportunity to get to know people and them to know you. I was always welcome. I remember my first baptism, my first wedding, my first funeral.

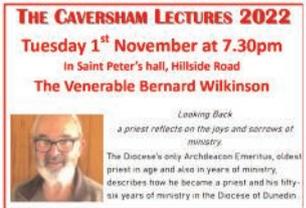
I remember a man whose wife had died and he was bereft. At the same time he had a teenage son, who was rebelling a bit and giving his father grief. The boy was flitting with two mates in Hillside Road. I told the father I would go and visit the son, and I did. Again, I was well received—and taken in to a room where the boys were polishing up guns. I asked what the guns were for and they said "shooting cops". Well, one of the boys asked me what I did all day. A fair question. I replied that tomorrow was Friday and it began with a Eucharist at St Peter the Less at 7a.m. "What", said the boys, "you have a service then? We're coming". And sure enough, as I began at 7am, with a congregation of two, the door opened and in came these three boys, well behaved and reverent.

Fifty years later I met the boy whose father was concerned about him. He was a retired Salvation Army officer. Never underestimate the power of God.

Then I remember the woman who had some Jewish friends for dinner and unwittingly had roast pork for the meal! And the woman who answered the door when I

Archdeacon Bernard Wilkinson got this year's Caversham Lectures under way with recollections from his fifty-six years of ministry.

We thought the story would interest a wider audience, so asked him for this condensed version which will appear in several parts over the coming months.



### THE ORDINATION

For the first time the Ordination will be held at night. This is to enable all to be present, and we should be there in strength this year for David Morrell is to be made deacon and Bernard Wilkinson is to be ordained priest. It goes without saying you should be praying for them. The First Celebration of newly-ordained priest is something quite special in his life, so it is hoped many of you will make the effort to be with us on FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2nd, at 7 a.m., IN S. PETER THE LESS, when the Revd. B. E. Wilkinson will celebrate; the vicar will be his server.

A notice in the parish magazine of November, 1966.



The Reverend John Teal, Vicar of Caversham 1962-1982.

knocked and said, "Oh, it's you. I've just swallowed a bottleful of pills."

Or the time when I was cycling past St Clair School and the ambulance passed me with siren blaring, and turned in to the school. Little did I know it was going to my own son, who'd had a nasty accident.

But nothing lasts for ever and after two years the Bishop (Allen Johnston) rang and asked me to call on him. I could guess what this was—an appointment to a parish of my own. And so it was—Upper Clutha, here we come.

I began my ministry in the parish in May, 1968. There were three centres in the parish—Cromwell and Wanaka, which were both not much more than villages, each with a population of less than 1,000, and the church at Tarras, a farming community. Plus there was a small but very faithful group of Anglicans at Makarora, seventy miles away. There were many visitors to services, especially at Wanaka, and

I always tried to meet them. On one occasion a rather distinguished looking couple introduced themselves as Lord and Lady Pilkington. I took them to meet members of the congregation who were gathered outside and said to one man, "Alan, I want you to meet these people. This is Lord and Lady Pilkington." And he told me the next day that he very nearly replied, "Oh yeah? Well I'm the Duke of Bedford." A few weeks later I got a lovely letter, written on Pilkington Hall notepaper, from the Pilkingtons. They were back home and found some New Zealand money in their wallets—they said they had such pleasant memories of their visit to St Columba's that they were sending us the money.

Christmas services were incredible—always packed to

(Continued on page 3)

# A Priest's tale

(Continued from page 2)

the doors and more. Of course, the area was teeming with holiday makers—I might say that when I moved to Oamaru, I never got used to the fact that Christmas attendances were often lower than usual, because everybody was in Central Otago. And to save a bit of personal wear and tear, the parish always flew me to Makarora for Christmas service.

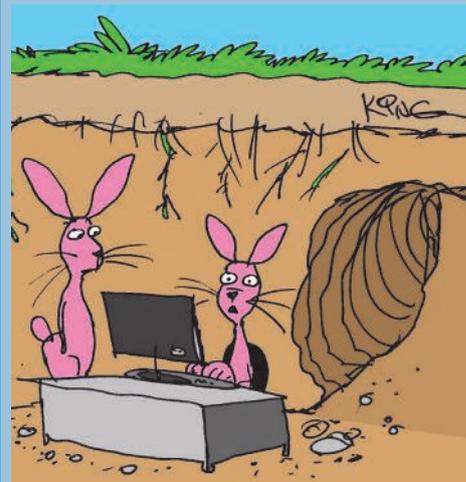
Weddings, funerals, baptisms—they came in a steady stream. There was the time I truly believed God sent me an aeroplane. How did it happen? I got a phone call from the doctor to tell me a five year old child had fallen in the swimming pool at Makarora and drowned. He was heading to Makarora and suggested that if I could fly up to Makarora, I could come back with him. But where to get a plane??? It looked like a long drive. Yet, just as I was about to step into the car, a small plane flew directly over my house, obviously about to land at the local airstrip. I drove out, recognised the pilot and asked him if he would fly me to Makarora. Was he sent by God?

One day I was watering tomatoes. And as I stood with the hose in hand, a voice within me said "You're going to Oamaru". How silly! I rather felt I knew how Joan of Arc felt. I knew Oamaru parish was vacant, but had not the slightest interest. But the voice kept saying the same. I replied that I didn't want to go to Oamaru—but the voice said that what I wanted had nothing to do with it—I was going to Oamaru. This all seemed a bit surreal -, so I said, "If you want me to go to Oamaru, send me a letter ." The next day I went to the letterbox. A letter was there. I knew what it was before I opened it. God had been calling.✉



Next time: Oamaru and on.

## The Frolicsome Friar



"We shouldn't have had so many kids.  
Now they all want computers and phones."

SOURCE: WWW.HOWTOGEEK.COM..

## Letters

The Rock welcomes letters to the Editor. Letters are subject to selection and, if selected, to editing for length and house style. Letters may be :

Posted to : The Editor of The Rock,  
c/- The Vicarage, 57 Baker Street,  
Caversham,  
Dunedin, N.Z. 9012

Emailed to: [TheRockEditor@stpeterscaversham.org.nz](mailto:TheRockEditor@stpeterscaversham.org.nz)

### Ask The Vicar

For answers to questions doctrinal, spiritual and liturgical.

Write to: Ask The Vicar, c/- The Vicarage as above

Or email: [AskTheVicar@stpeterscaversham.org.nz](mailto:AskTheVicar@stpeterscaversham.org.nz)

### ASK THE VESTRY

Questions about the secular life and fabric of the parish may be:

Posted to : Ask The Vestry, c/- The Vicarage as above

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160 King Edward Street

## Anne Wilkinson R.I.P.

Saint Peter's was sorry to see of the recent death of Mrs Anne Wilkinson. Long-standing parishioners remember her as the wife of our new Curate, the Reverend Bernard Wilkinson, in the mid 1960s. She played an active part in parish activities and made good friends amongst the congregation. Many years later she again became one of us when now Archdeacon Wilkinson took on the role of Interim Parish Priest during the interregnum before Father Hugh Bowron was appointed Vicar. She joined Father Bernard on several of his visits and was again a delight to have amongst us.

We all offer our condolences to Anne's family and pray for her in her new life.✉





# Nutritious



## Christmas Treats Old and New

By Alex Chisholm

**C**hristmas Pudding is a culinary tradition with a very long history, although the original was nothing like the dessert we know and enjoy today.

Depending on which documents you look at and how far back they go Christmas Pudding possibly started out as savoury puddings which included meat. Another version was a kind of stirred custard originating in the 14<sup>th</sup> century as a sort of porridge. It was made with hulled wheat, boiled in milk. Those who could afford it seasoned with cinnamon and coloured with saffron. It was often served

name.

Early Settlers coming to New Zealand brought their homeland traditions with them, though they often had to substitute the ingredients. For instance, there is a Carrot Plum Pudding and even a Carrot and Potato Plum Pudding recipe in use today and several recipes online. The addition of the vegetables could possibly reduce the calorie value and cost, but add in beneficial nutrients. The nuts and dried fruits provide vitamins and minerals, fibre and antioxidants. Although the dried fruits can be high in sugar, they have a lower glycaemic index value so



Oliver Cromwell—pudding Grinch.

as a plain dish and eaten on meatless days, lent and advent.

But there are several recipes which included additions such as beef, mutton, raisins, currants, prunes, wines and spices. At the end of the 16<sup>th</sup> century dried fruit became more available and the pudding became more sweet than savoury. Banned under Cromwell and the Puritans, it was restored to favour with the return of Charles II. The plum pudding originally contained dried prunes but the Victorians who made Christmas pudding generally popular used other fruits, but didn't change the

there could be less of a rise in blood sugar.

Another food, also with a history, is Muesli, which can certainly provide health benefits. Swiss doctor Maximilian Oskar Bircher Benner, who developed the first widely recommended version of Muesli 150 years ago, served it to the patients in his clinic. The first recipe for muesli contained Oat Flakes—the base ingredient for any muesli—as well as milk, water, grated apple and lemon juice. Since the success of this original version muesli, it is now eaten in many countries and in numerous variations, with a wide range of ingredients. 

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# A faith worth having

By Father Carl Somers-Edgar

I cannot recall a time when I did not believe the material world was caused and indeed kept in existence by a mysterious and much greater reality than we can normally perceive. I remember walking, during my primary school years, down Rattray Street beside the green corrugated-iron fence and feeling that if you could just scratch its surface you might see the glory beneath it which enabled the fence to exist in the first place.

This sort of insight was not a feature of my Protestant Sunday School education. Fences, green, corrugated or otherwise, had no part to play there. Instead, there was a picture on the wall of a blond blue-eyed Jesus sitting in a well-tended garden in the midst of a group of well brought up children.

But I'm afraid I didn't trust the central character. Jesus was the Saviour, but he apparently had conditions and it seemed not everyone was likely to meet them. Not Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, nor unbelievers, nor anyone



who had never heard of him. They had not been washed in the Blood of the Lamb, so were all going to spend eternity burning merrily down below.

It was a fate I found impossible to reconcile with the wonders of nature, let alone the nature of God. I was sure that if even one conscious being was destined for everlasting agony, God should have called the whole thing off before it began. How could eternal agony, even for a mere earthworm let alone a human being, be part of the divine dispensation?

Some years later I received a most unexpected answer. The room in which I was standing suddenly disappeared and all I could see was a great golden Light, which surrounded and enveloped me. As I remember it, this Light was present only for a split second. There were no greetings, no profound revelations, no messages for me or for anyone else. The Light did not even identify itself. But this almost instantaneous event was, and has remained, the most important experience of my life.

I spent the next thirty minutes or so in a kind of bliss, slowly becoming aware of the fact that the Light I



"...all I could see was a great golden Light..."

IMAGE: WWW.FREEPIK.COM.

had experienced so briefly was the Ultimate Reality, unchanging and eternal. It was the source of all life, goodness, wisdom, power, beauty and love. And it was entirely free from anger and wrath—righteous or otherwise.

I realised then that the purpose of death and the meaning of life belong together. Death is the gateway to an eternal and wonderful life with God and his creatures, probably including (as John Wesley had hoped and as many Orthodox believe) the Lesser Brethren of the animal kingdom, raised to a higher level than they had known in this life, just as we believe we will be.

Here the crucifixion of God made sense. You cannot defeat evil with evil means without sharing in the evil yourself. The sacrifice of the Cross showed the infernal powers that they could not corrupt the Incarnate God even though he had deliberately made himself defenceless. They could not make Christ embittered, vengeful and despairing like themselves—so they were defeated and we are saved.

If our human evil could not be overcome without our destruction there would be no hope for us. Hence, the unconditional love of God is our only assurance. Only such a love can turn us around and remake us, however long it takes, either in this world or the next. This seems to me to be the only faith worth having.

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# The Old Testament at Christmas

By Father James Harding

**W**hen I was growing up in the North of England, we rarely went to church. Easter meant school holidays and chocolate eggs. Christmas meant school holidays, cartoons on television, presents, games and a large Christmas dinner. Grandma Nora's pineapple trifle and German chocolate cake were always very special.

Church was not part of Christmas, with the exception of the Greater Manchester Police carol service. That is where I first came to know the story of Christmas.

The service of Nine Lessons and Carols is a modern Anglican invention. Its origins go back to Truro Cathedral in 1880, though it is associated mainly with King's College, Cambridge, which first held the service on Christmas Eve 1918. It consists of Christmas carols and prayers, interspersed with readings from both testaments of the Christian Bible, usually Genesis 3:8-19; Genesis 22:15-18; Isaiah 9:2, 6-7; Isaiah 11:1-3a, 4a, 6-9; Luke 1:26-35, 38; Luke 2:1, 3-7; Luke 2:8-16; Matthew 2:1-12; and John 1:1-14.

These wonderful readings culminate in the opening chapter of the Gospel of John: "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father's only son, full of grace and truth" (John 1:14).

There is nothing quite like this in the stories of the birth of Jesus in Matthew and Luke—and the Gospel of Mark says nothing at all about the birth of Jesus—but each of them teaches us something different about who Jesus is and what his birth means. And all of the Gospels teach that the coming of Jesus was announced long before by the ancient prophets of Israel.

Yet even the prophets themselves might have been surprised to learn that their prophecies would be fulfilled in Jesus. The words of Isaiah were first spoken in the mid-eighth century BC in Jerusalem. This was a time of great turmoil for the people of Israel and Judah. The little kingdom of Judah, all that was left of the once great kingdom of David, was threatened with conquest by the might of the Assyrian empire. The prophet Isaiah, however, told the king and the people to wait on the Lord and trust in His protection.

What he foretold was the coming of a king from the line of David (Isaiah 9:2-7), who would rule in justice and righteousness and establish peace in the land (Isaiah 11:1

-9). Isaiah expected that king to arise in the near future. Perhaps King

Hezekiah was understood to fulfil this prophecy, or even King Josiah a few decades later. But by the early sixth century BC, Judah and Jerusalem had been destroyed. What had happened to God's promises (Psalm 89)?

God's promises were fulfilled centuries later, when people were ready to receive them, and in the only way which could bring to a spiritually sick and traumatised world the healing and wholeness it so desperately needed. These promises were fulfilled in the birth, life, death and resurrection of Jesus, a descendant of King David in human terms, and in divine terms the very incarnation of God.

In Isaiah, we read that, "The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light" (Isaiah 9:2). In the Gospel of Luke, we read that on the night when the promised son of David (Luke 1:26-38) was born, an angel of the Lord stood before some shepherds on the hills near

Bethlehem and "the glory of the Lord shone around them" (Luke 2:8-20). Then, in the Gospel of John, we read that, "The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it" (John 1:5). This light is the life of God made known in the Word made flesh, Jesus Christ.

The world we live in is a place of moral and spiritual darkness. This darkness haunts our hearts and souls. Right in the midst of this moral and spiritual darkness the light of Christ shines and the darkness does not and cannot overcome it.

That is the message of Christmas, a message of light, hope and peace. To say this is not to pretend the world is any less dark than it really is. It is to say that the darkness cannot win.

This message was preached long ago by the ancient prophets of Israel and Judah. Their world was morally and spiritually dark and that darkness stalks the pages of the Old Testament. They hoped and trusted, however, that the will of the Lord was for His people to dwell in peace.

They never saw the coming of the light that would shine in the darkness. At Christmas, we celebrate His coming and His presence with us, which is there whether or not we can feel it. And we give thanks for the hope of the prophets, who trusted that one day the Lord would come to heal and save His people. 📖



## Regular Services

(for variations consult *The Pebble* or our website)  
All services are held in Saint Peter's unless noted otherwise

### SUNDAY:

8am: Holy Communion according to the Book of Common Prayer  
10.30am: Solemn Sung Eucharist  
5pm: 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of each month: Evensong and Benediction

### FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH:

11am: Holy Communion  
in the chapel of the Home of St Barnabas, Ings Avenue

### THURSDAY:

10am: Eucharist

### FIRST THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH:

11am: Eucharist in the lounge of Frances Hodgkins Retirement Village, Fenton Crescent

## Special Services

Contact The Vicar to arrange baptisms, weddings, house blessings, burials, confessions and other special services.

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Fr Kit Bunker – 021 202 1343

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## Ordinations in Saint Peter's

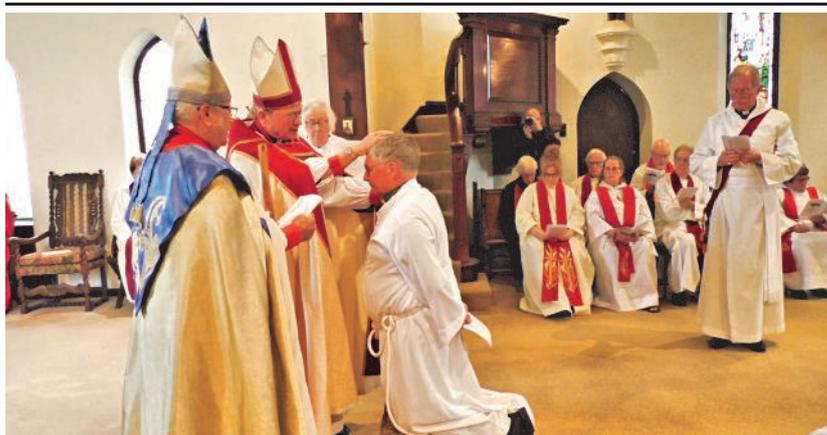


On 27 November Joel Stutter was ordained Deacon and the Reverend Bruce Aitken ordained Priest at a Service in Saint Peter's. Above: the candidates prostrate in preparation. Below: Bishops Richard Wallace and Steven Benford ordain Joel Stutter as Bruce Aitken looks on.

Father Joel will serve as a Deacon at Saint Peter's. A future edition of *The Rock* will introduce him to his flock.



Video of the Service is available at  
[www.stpeterscaversham.org.nz/services.html](http://www.stpeterscaversham.org.nz/services.html).



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## For your diary

**Saturday, 24 December** : 8.00 pm Mass of Christmas Eve

**Christmas Day: 9 am** : Holy Communion (1662) with Carols.

**Sunday, 8 January** : Thank you Service for Priests who assisted us during the latest interregnum.

**Sunday, 19 February** : Deadline for copy for the February edition of *The Rock*. (There is no publication in January).

## The Epiphany: kings, gifts and great hymns

It has become increasingly popular to celebrate Advent with a 'Procession' from darkness into light. A choir will take different positions within the body of the church as hymns, readings and prayers form a pilgrimage representing that journey into the light of the Christmas season. When done well, it is a fine thing indeed. However, it isn't easy to organise the light in the context of a southern hemisphere early summer—especially in the South with its long well-lit evenings.

After the rejoicings of the Nativity, we return from holidays and our summer activities, to find ourselves in that season so remarkably rich in symbolism: The Epiphany. In the Anglican church this season has often passed with little fanfare unlike traditions, such as the Poles, Swiss and Portuguese, where much is made of the arrival of the Three Kings.

Epiphany 2023 could well have passed by in the same way. For some years, we have had an Epiphany Carol Service. This Epiphany I would like to introduce the idea of the season as a procession. There is much movement in the readings—the long-travelled Kings/Wise Men, the flight into hiding, the realisation of what is symbolised in



Millions of people turn out in Poland each year to celebrate the Epiphany.

# Rock music



By David Hoskins, Director of Music

the gifts presented to the Christ-child. The music of words and music in the hymns and psalms gives a sense of movement.

In the Lutheran tradition of J. S. Bach's time, the Epiphany Eucharist would have taken 2 hours and 40 minutes including cantatas, organ preludes, hymns and a 45-minute sermon. The cantatas would have told the narrative details

of the rich tapestry of events included in the season and the faithful would have had no doubts as to the importance of that season. The complete lack of holidays at the beach would have helped clarify minds no doubt!

However, at Saint Peter's the hymns and organ music will lead us to the messages of the celebration—within the usual Anglican time-frames. In particular, the organ music of the Bach family will be as invaluable as ever. The *New English Hymnal* provides a rich source of congregational music. One of my favourite hymns, *O Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness*, leads off the seasonal music and all the favourites are there—*What child is this, who laid to rest*, *The first Nowell*, *From the Eastern mountains*, *As with gladness* and the wonderful *Why, impious Herod, shouldst thou fear, because the Christ is come so near?* Great stuff! So, here's hoping and praying that enough people are back from holiday to join in the singing and hear the remarkable chorales and organ music of this important season. In times when one cannot be sure of the weather, one can be sure of the music in this case! 🎵



J. S. Bach at the organ.

IMAGE: WIKI COMMONS.



Justin Welby  
The Archbishop of Canterbury

## speaking at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, 29/11/2022.

“Ethics and virtues aren't inscribed on paper or tablets. They can only be written on the human heart”.



More online :

Read the complete text at:

<https://www.archbishopofcanterbury.org/speaking-writing/sermons/archbishop-justin-speaks-lord-mayors-banquet>

