

CHURCH NEWS — SPRING/EASTER 2022

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A Member of the Anglican Communion

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SUNDAY SERVICES – HOLY COMMUNION

ST MICHAEL'S - 9.45AM.

ST JOHN'S - 11.30AM

ONLINE RESOURCES CAN BE FOUND AT:

Sunday Worship from StJohn's is currently being live-streamed

For details please contact St. John's Secretary or visit

www.eastneuk-episcopal.co.uk

SEC EUCHARIST each Sunday at 11am www.scotland.anglican.org/broadcast-sunday-worship

Message from Revd Steve Butler

The Spring Equinox has come – and many of us sigh a contented sigh of relief as we welcome some relatively balmy days, with the promise of some warmth in the sun, finally a bit higher in the sky. All around us we see the green shoots of new growth as the longer days encourage the plants, the birds and the animals to get busy. It's an extraordinary thing that this entirely predictable process seldom fails to impress. Somehow, it feels like a miracle every time.

With equal predictability, it's also the season for priests and prelates to cast around for 'new' and recycled ways of finding parallels between the transformation of Winter to Spring days, and the journey from Lent and the darkness of Holy Week to the transformation of Easter. To think of Christ's death and resurrection in terms of nature's cycle of dying and renewal, is by no means to diminish its importance. Indeed, it is extremely powerful to find in the resurrection, a pattern that rings entirely true with creation as we know it. Anticipating his own death, Jesus spoke memorably about how the new life of resurrection is dependent on the 'death' of the seed that must fall onto the ground.

With people of peace everywhere we find ourselves constantly asking God to have mercy on those caught up in the misery of war in Ukraine. The millions living in fear of their lives at home, or exiled far from their families, will be finding it unspeakably hard to sing the Lord's song in a strange land (as the psalmist puts it) – or to have hope among the ruins, that there will be resurrection for them and their land. Whatever else we do to help, it is our Lenten calling to be vigilant in our prayers, especially in the weeks that lead us to Easter's celebration of resurrection, to stand with them in our prayers.

Among the prayers we are using on Saturdays in Lent, when St John's is open for remembering Ukraine, are these:

Loving God,
because you have the whole world
in your hands,
cradle gently those who are rocked by fear,
shocked to a depth they have never known
and frightened to face tomorrow.

On the people of Ukraine:
their children, their old people,
their vulnerable adults,
their babies soon to be born,
Lord have mercy,
Christ have mercy.

(A prayer of St Augustine)
Watch now, dear Lord,
with those who wake or watch or weep today;
and give your angels charge
over those who sleep.

**Tend your wounded ones, O Christ;
rest your weary ones,
bless your dying ones,
soothe your suffering ones,
shield your joyous ones
and all for your love's sake. Amen**

May God bless you and keep you through the holy journey from Lent to Easter.

Revd Steve

Some thoughts for Good Friday

by *Graham Forbes*

On Good Friday we are brought face to face with the finality of darkness and death. Hymns capture this: "When I survey the wondrous Cross"; "There is a green hill far away", although I have never been able to fathom why the hill is green when clearly it was a rocky outcrop! On Good Friday I always think of Bishop Patrick [Rodger of the Diocese of Oxford, former Provost of St Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh]. When challenged once about why he preferred Bach's Passion to a traditional preaching of the Three Hours, Bp Patrick quipped that in his view J S Bach was a better preacher than most! A cross of palm becomes a cross of wood, shouts of joyful "hosanna" have switched to cries of "Crucify him," disciples have become fewer and fewer, and even those who remain cannot even watch and wait one hour in the Garden of Gethsemane. Then with the funeral party over, the leader dead, life begins to return to some degree of normality, only to be stunned into the silence of adoration with the startling realisation that the Crucified is risen; requiems become alleluias. We all burst forth from our tombs that are so carefully sealed and guarded, full of the joy and peace and assurance that are far stronger than the locked doors within, proclaiming Christ, the Crucified God, who now lives and whose light shines out into the darkness of our world. You don't need to be doubting Thomas to want to at least question this. It's dark in our world at the moment, it's too dark in too many places.

Preachers on Good Friday tend to look to the seven Last Words from the cross. Let me seize on just two of them. The first is what has always struck me as some of the most human and deepest words Christ ever uttered: the darkness of the cry of dereliction from the cross – "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Many Christians down the centuries have found these words embarrassing - how could the word made flesh, God incarnate, speak of being forsaken? and they proceed to embark on a series of speculative statements trying to minimise the impact of the saying. Jesus wasn't really speaking, it is argued, of his sense of forsakenness or dereliction by his heavenly Father, he was simply reciting the words of Ps 22. I don't buy that. The Christ's cry of forsakenness is our cry, my cry. "God where are you?" How I do begin to make sense of all the Golgothas of my day, of the bombardments of towns and cities in Ukraine, to cite one recent but by no means, exclusive example. TV footage speaks most powerfully of the sense of forsakenness. "God, where are you?" was the Christ's cry on this, his last day on earth, and it is our cry.

But the cornerstone of the faith is that the place of apparent hopelessness is the place of true hope. When the chips are down, you call on the home team for a sign. Elijah was under a bit of pressure from the prophets of Baal, and Yahweh helped him out. The sign Jesus gave was quite different. The thief derided Jesus to climb down from the cross. The darkness of the hour is so forcibly underlined by the sky turning black, but it is only through the darkness that the light of Easter can come.

For there is something unique about Christianity. It alone of all the world's great religions, I believe, confronts evil head on. Good Friday does that. Christianity puts at its core a broken body, it shapes its churches to form its central symbol, the cross, an instrument of torture. The way of Jesus assumes evil, he takes it upon himself, embracing all, with his arms pinned apart on the cross. Remember the pictures of the inside of Notre Dame after the fire? The nave's roof had caved in, ash and debris were everywhere, and yet at the east end of the Cathedral the bare cross still hung there, defiantly, rising above the ashes, symbolising St Paul's great assertion that neither life nor death, nothing in all creation, not even fire can separate us from God's love, as revealed on the cross.

One of the privileges of priesthood or ministry is that you share special moments with the dying. They, like the dying Christ, frequently voice their forsakenness. But many of them, like the dying Christ, and I've seen it time and time again, also voice those other words from the cross – "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." In these two saying we have, I believe, one of the paradigms or icons or pictures of the Christian life.

When the chips are truly down, when our forsakenness is something we're feeling in our guts where it really hurts, the crucified Christ prays "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." This is the icon of true faith, which we are called to follow, not as part of some historical drama, spectators clocking in for liturgical highs during Holy Week, but as part of our life of discipleship. The liturgy points us to the Crucified: as well as comforting us, it also challenges us, as we survey that wondrous cross on that green hill far away.

This Good Friday may we all find in Christ crucified, a sure ground for faith, a firm basis for hope and the assurance of sins forgiven.

This poem is by Ukrainian poet Serhiy Zhadan from his collection

"What we live for, what we die for" (Yale University Press 2019) and sent in by Jane and David Andrews.

Take only what is most important

Take only what is most important. Take the letters.
Take only what you can carry.
Take the icons and the embroidery, take the silver,
take the wooden crucifix and the golden replicas.

Take some bread, the vegetables from the garden, then leave.
We will never return again.
We will never see our city again.
Take the letters, all of them, every last piece of bad news.

We will never see our corner store again.
We will never drink from that dry well again.
We will never see familiar faces again.
We are refugees. We'll run all night.

We will run past fields of sunflowers.
We will run from dogs, rest with cows.
We'll scoop up water with our bare hands,
sit waiting in camps, annoying the dragon of war.

You will not return, and friends will never come back.
There will be no smoky kitchens, no usual jobs,
there will be no dreamy lights in sleepy towns,
no green valleys, no suburban wastelands.

The sun will be a smudge on the window of a cheap train,
rushing past cholera pits covered with lime.
There will be blood on women's heels,
tired guards on borderlands covered with snow,

a postman with empty bags shot down,
a priest with a hapless smile hung by his ribs,
the quiet of a cemetery, the noise of a command post,
and unedited lists of the dead,

so long that there won't be enough time
to check them for your own name.

Kilgreen, Anstruther Wester – by *Anthony Lodge*

The storms which hit us over the winter of 2021-2022 have triggered anxious thoughts about man-made climate change and the fragility of the planet. This short note seeks not to minimise these fears, but to point out, gently, that signs of our habitat's fragility are nothing new. In 1575 Anstruther Wester was a prosperous little sea-port, economically not far behind Prestonpans (East Lothian). However, by the end of the 17th century, it had been reduced to a commercial backwater. There were a number of reasons for this, but a significant factor was sea erosion. Various reports tell of devastating encroachments by the sea on Anstruther Wester's harbour and west shore in the period between 1655 and 1716:

“1655, Dec. 10. Being Moneday, all that day, for the most part, it did snow, bot at night ther fell extraordinar mutch snow, and all that night ther blew a great wynde, which occasioned great losse and damage to the shyre of Fyfe, both by sea and land. As for the sea, it did flow far above its ordinar limits and bankes, so that [*there*] were many small barkes and other vessells that perished, even laying in harbrees, as in **Enster**, Dysert 28, Craile 30. Also piers were doung downe in severall places, as in St Androus, **Enster**, Craill, Weymes, Leith; a pairt of the Salt-girnell in Leven broken downe; many sheipe [= *sheep*] in severall places overblowen by the snow and perished; some lesser houses blowen downe ; several tries [= *trees*], in severall places, blowen over and broken by the violence of this storme; also severall salt-panns wronged [= *damaged*] both in Fyfe and Louthian syde.”

Diary of John Lamont.

In July 1716, a commissioner from Crail and Pittenweem found:

“several large preatches [= *breeches*] particularly three lately the sea has made on the wear [= *guard*] walls of the said burgh [= *Anstruther Wester*] on the west shore which are walls fronting to and for keeping of the sea off the burgh and streets and houses of the town whereby the streets interveening betwixt the said Sea wall and the houses are not only inteerly washed away but also some houses opposite to the saids breatches are beat down and demolished as that belonging to Philip Brown and others washin down to the very walls of the standing habitable houses That every high tyde and storme there they are likely of being sapped in the foundation and ruined and to be made to fall not only to ruin of the houses themselves but also to the hazard of the lives of the Inhabitants.”

Quoted in Stephanie Stevenson's *Anstruther. A History*, p. 11.

In 1792, the minister of Anstruther Wester submitted the following to the *Old Statistical Account of Scotland* (vol. III, p.86):

“About the year 1670, an inundation of the sea destroyed or chocked up the harbour [*of Anstruther Wester*], washed away the bulwarks, and rendered many of the houses unsafe to dwell in. An inundation of a similar kind happened about the end of last century [*ca. 1690*]; when about a third of the town seems to have been destroyed. A long street, called the Fore street, was totally destroyed; scarce a vestige of it now remains. The rock on which the town house once stood, is covered by the sea every spring tide, and every tide the sea washed the street, where the principal houses of the borough were situated”

Can we know anything more about the part of town most affected at this time by the sea? The earliest map to show Anstruther Wester in any detail is that of John Adair, published in 1684, and this seems to indicate - rather schematically - where the lost dwellings were located.

Plotting Adair's arrangement of streets on to modern maps is not straightforward: neither the parish church nor Crichton Street (leading from the W end of the High Street to the shore) are shown. The Pittenweem Road has always led directly into the High Street and the stone bridge built in 1630, but on Adair's map (marked with a dotted line), it feeds instead into two parallel rows of buildings which are hard to identify.



However, what Adair shows quite clearly is a continuous row of houses which led south-west, from the harbour mouth towards the present-day golf club. This was known as Fore Street, and there can be little doubt that this was the area swept away by the sea around the end of the 17th century

16th-century charters refer to this part of town as *Cuilgreyn* (= kiln green) or simply as the *Greing* (the green) or the *Greinis / Grenis* (the greens). The name *Kilgreen* persisted in folk memory into the 19th century but has now been completely forgotten. Modern histories of Anstruther Wester do not mention it. The place-name indicates a grassy area of land containing a number of kilns or smoke-ovens, most likely used to preserve fish. It was no doubt around here that bulk of Anstruther Wester's fishing activities were based. The loss to the sea of a suitable sandy shore for the launching and pulling up of fishing boats would have dealt quite a blow to the burgh's economy.

How many dwellings were there in Fore Street, before the great floods? 16th-century charters point to the existence of at least 10 houses which faced the sea, on the one side, and backed on to Kilgreen, on the other. they began with the cottage at the foot of Crichton Street known as the *foir chawmer* ('fore chamber') - rescued by the East Neuk Preservation Society in 1969 - and ended, we might assume, somewhere near Witches Wynd, which now runs blindly into the sea.

How large was the area covered by Kilgreen? The charters refer to at least six pieces of arable land situated within this area, occupying about 6.5 acres (Scots). It is not possible to say how much of this land was looted to the inundations which washed away the houses in Fore Street. It is likely that some of Kilgreen lies beneath the modern Shore Street, which was no doubt developed afterwards, further inland, to follow the new shoreline.



Ordnance Survey 1854

The destruction of Anstruther Wester's west shore took place during a long period of lower-than-average European temperatures known as the Little Ice Age. The cause appears to have lain in reduced sunspot activity, which brought about a cooling of the atmosphere for several centuries. Now we face new climatic changes in the opposite direction, but this time we have only ourselves to blame.

ST JOHN'S QUIET GARDEN

— Janis Irvine

Sunday, 6th March gave us high blue skies, bright sunshine and very little wind — it was a glorious spring day full of the promise of a new season to come. A day for new endeavours, a new approach and a renewed connection to Nature.

That morning, following the Sunday service, St John's made its first step towards creating a Quiet Garden. Members of the congregation gathered behind the church at the small green space between the two stone-enclosed burial areas and the Gatehouse to witness, and take part in, the planting of two trees which were being planted as token offerings to the Queen's Green Canopy, a project that is being promoted across the United Kingdom to celebrate Her Majesty's seventy years as our reigning monarch.



As was fitting for the occasion, Steve, our priest-in-charge, offered prayers and a blessing that our trees should ably mark such an historic moment and add in a small way to our natural surroundings. When the trees had been placed in the two areas which had been prepared earlier in anticipation, various church members took turns to replace the soil, including a visitor from Nairn who was on holiday where he was mid-way through his training for ministry with the SEC and currently on placement with St John's in Forres. This somehow seemed a fitting connection and we hope Blayne

and his wife, Avril, will renew their own connection with our trees should they return to Pittenweem at some time. Also helping were a couple who had recently moved to Pittenweem and, though not church members, were deeply supportive of planting for wildlife. Jo and David kindly took photographs and a short video to record the event.

Our new trees, a Rowan variety bearing yellow berries and a crab apple that will bear small red fruits, were chosen to not only provide seasonal colour throughout the year but also to provide blossom for insects and fruits for birds. Our goal is to enhance this small area with additional lower-level planting that will further benefit insect and bird life — while we also hope to install at least two benches that will hopefully encourage people to take time out to pause for a while and enjoy time in this quiet spot.

The past two years coping with the Covid pandemic have emphasised just how important time out in Nature can be to our well-being, while the tragic events in Ukraine have added to our collective disquiet. Having somewhere close to hand where we can pause, take a deep breath and focus on what Nature offers us in all its un-demanding variety and beauty can be a powerful remedy for mind and soul.

We hope that our Quiet Garden will play its part in offering a sanctuary of healing for church neighbours as well as our church members — and perhaps even for visiting church groups.



If you would like to donate funds towards furthering our goals to provide seating and planting, please speak to Janet Bulloch, our Treasurer or leave a donation in an envelope on the collection plate, clearly marking the envelope "St John's Quiet Garden". Likewise, if you would be interested in joining a small team in developing the garden, please contact Janis Irvine. Your help in any way would be much appreciated.

Clive Cresswell - A Tribute by his son Will Cresswell

Clive Cresswell was born on the 5th of May 1935 and died on February 12th 2021. He had a long and happy life, despite his ever-present warning, repeated from his 20's after contracting a heart defect from rheumatic fever – “not long now!”.

Due to the turbulence of his childhood before and during the Second World War, Clive sought structure and stability in his adult life: through his wife and three children, his job, his music, and his faith.

Clive's lifelong devotion to his wife Judy, could fill its own book, but is well-illustrated by his part as the Lady Mayoress of Royston, a part he played so well. One step behind Judy, smartly dressed, with a charming smile, a twinkle in his eye and an occasional Prince Phillip like remark.

Clive had a 35-year career with the chemical processing and precious metal refining company Johnson Matthey. He was proud to have made the first and the millionth auto catalyst for JM, and a good deal of money for the company in the process. Johnson Matthey took Clive and his young family to South Africa. There was shipboard schooling on the Windsor Castle for the children, and King Neptune crossing the equator, touring the game reserves, seeing the 'Great Grey Green greasy Limpopo River', elephant, giraffe, lions in the wild and betting on ostrich races. But then back to England as the realisation of what raising children in apartheid South Africa might eventually mean. Johnson Matthey then took Clive and family to 1970s New Jersey that started his love affair with the US and the huge country where you can easily travel for a lifetime without leaving its borders.

Clive had a lifelong love of music; orchestral playing and the viola, which he learnt to play at boarding school; the intellectual subversion of Shostakovich particularly struck a chord. He encouraged all three of his young children to learn instruments, the cello, or the violin, with the dream of having his own string quartet. This dream unfortunately hit the reality that teenagers much prefer the guitar or the keyboard.

Then there was Clive's faith. The usual church and Sunday school for the family, but also much greater service and devotion. He was a churchwarden at Royston Parish Church for many years and made a 45-year commitment to the third order of the Franciscans, taking his rule for life to heart and becoming a kind and thoughtful, gentler man as a consequence. He became eventually the Order's treasurer, attending the Bishop's Council and the General Synod, where he voted for the ordination of women, and in the 30 years subsequent would always greet a clergywoman with his voting record.



Clive took early retirement from Johnson Matthey at 55. Clive then had 30 years of doing just what he wanted, although much of this in service to various community or Church causes. Clive and Judy retired to Truro in Cornwall for 15 years, before moving up to Crail for the last five years of Clive's life when being close to family support became more important as his heart defect finally caught up with him. But until just before the very end Clive was happily at home surrounded by his family, doing his beloved word puzzles, drinking his sherry, beating his children at scrabble and being loved.

When Clive found it difficult to attend the church service, Revd Samantha Ferguson, our priest then, started regularly to take Holy Communion to him and Judy at their home in Crail, something she kept doing till Clive passed away.

“An Ethical Foreign Policy?” - a discussion led by Lord Campbell of Pittenweem

On March 18th forty people gathered to welcome Lord Menzies Campbell of Pittenweem to St John's to lead us in a discussion on the theme “An Ethical Foreign Policy?”, the first in our new Series of Lectures.

Drawing on his experiences as our former local MP, as QC and now Member of the House of Lords, and referencing many parliamentary colleagues of all parties, we were treated to a wide-ranging look at the thorny issues surrounding the theme and Lord Campbell suggested we think about “a foreign policy with an ethical dimension” as referenced by the late Robin Cook MP. We were asked to consider this with three areas in mind – nuclear weapons, arms sales and cheap clothes – and relate this to the broad definition of ethical, that is, “what is right and wrong”

- Nuclear weapons were developed following WWII and now the UK has dispensed with bombs and shells but retains a deterrent - is this ethical, and what of its terms of use?
- The UK economy is very much based on arms production of aircraft, artillery and submarines for our own use and for sale to others. Is it ethical to manufacture lethal weapons, can we choose who to sell them to, and what happens if they stray to a rogue end user?
- Cheap clothes depend on exploited sweat shops across the world. Should we purchase these when health and welfare standards do not reach our own?

With topical references including to the current Russia-Ukraine crisis, and all that has been put in doubt regarding international norms and policies post WWII, we ranged through structured multi- and bi-lateral treaties, trade partners, defence agreements and deterrence, the International Criminal Court and through to the UN, NATO (Article 5), the Nuclear non-Proliferation Treaty (NNPT) and the EU. Governments must, after all, decide on foreign policy and, once in office, enter into treaties such as the above on the basis of prerogative, so how do *our* views get considered?

Opening up to audience participation brought many and varied topics – business contracts open to interpretation or corruption, the UK unable to act alone on the international stage, nuclear deterrents having to operate on the basis they may be fired, the agreed demilitarisation of Ukraine in past years and our duty of care, and how wealthy do you need to be to be ethical? Informing ourselves before making individual ethical purchasing choices, actively participating in electoral decision-making, and depending on international law to create ethical frameworks with humanitarian aims were all touched upon, as were using diplomatic solutions to resolve conflict, and the use of sanctions, including communication. As well as cheap clothes, the topic of cheap food was raised as difficulties in world food production are exacerbated by international conditions. Is it possible to be ultra-ethical on all these issues – or can we, and *do* we, decide case by case?

It was always unlikely we would all reach a definitive view on “An Ethical Foreign Policy?” due to the evident dilemmas this topic raised, but we had a thoughtful and productive time putting minds to work and Lord Campbell kept us challenged and informed throughout.

Lord Campbell was thanked by Steve for his informative discussion and his time, although conversations continued with refreshments to end the evening!

We hope to follow up with another similar event before too long.

Liz Rogers

The Events Group at St John's has two advance dates for your diaries:

Wednesday April 27th - Coffee Morning 10-11.30, Church Hall James Street, Pittenweem, all welcome, helpers especially!

Saturday July 30th 2-4pm - Summer Fayre, Great House Garden

For all Service times, and other regular information please sign-up for our weekly bulletin (just email admin.stjohns@eastneuk-episcopal.co.uk) or visit our website www.eastneuk.episcopal.co.uk

Important!: Readers will be aware that we now have a new system for issues of the Church Magazine. There will only be four issues a year: Easter, Summer, Autumn and Christmas. The magazine will be distributed by e-mail. If receivers do not have access to e-mails, then by request printed copies can be sent by post.