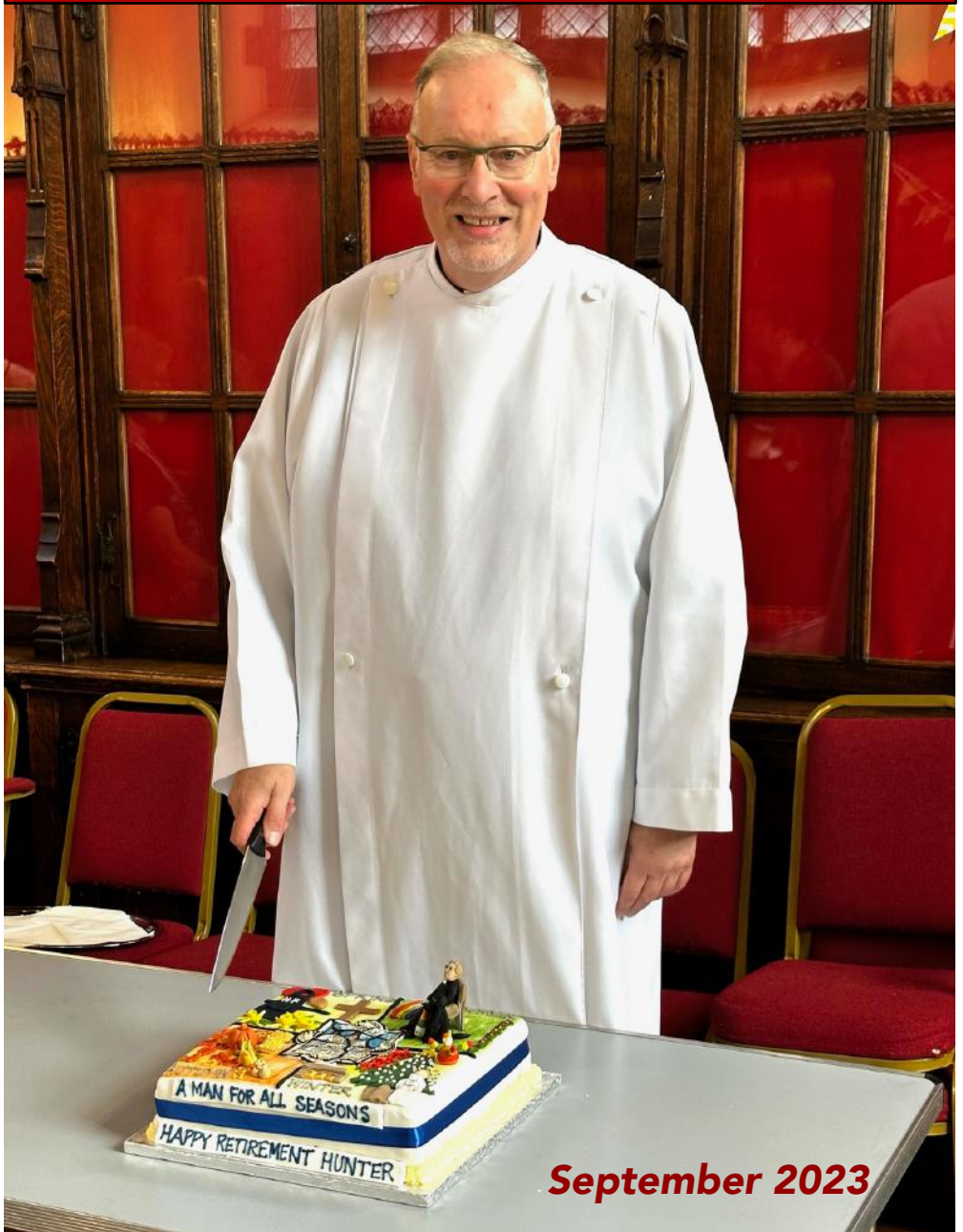


Cathedral News



September 2023

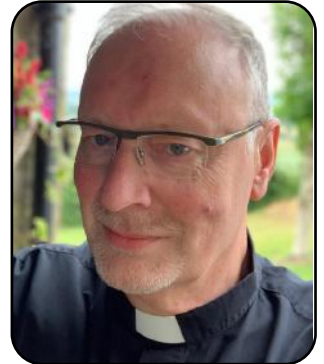
Who's Who at the Cathedral

From our Former Provost...

...to the Vestry and Congregation of St Ninian's Cathedral

Dear Friends

I am writing to thank you all for a hugely memorable and joyful retiral weekend. I owe much to the vestry for their organisation and careful planning. I offer my deepest gratitude for the hundreds and hundreds of cards and good wishes, and for the many lovely and much appreciated gifts.



It was a such joy to share a final lunch on Saturday 29th July in the Chapter House, to listen to the gracious and moving words of both Chris and John, and to be presented with a stunning garden bench, a bound book with photos and reflections of the past twenty-four years, a beautiful painting of the cathedral, and an enormous cheque.

I can assure you that the bench is used at the start of every day for morning coffee, 6.00am, and again to relax in the evening with hot chocolate, etc! I've placed it in the outside porch that's sheltered from the rain, where there's a

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stunning view. I've also had hours of pleasure looking through the amazing collection of photos and reflections in the bound book. I've hung the cathedral painting in my sitting room and say 'hello' each time I pass, and I bought a new retirement rug I have long admired and is enjoyed by Ted (*see below*).

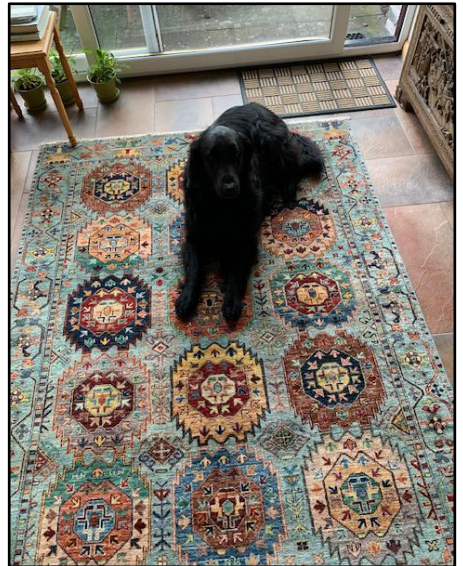
My final services were so uplifting, and I want to thank especially the choir whose singing has inspired and carried me through many acts of worship. I was so very touched to see a whole group of servers turn out, which in turn allowed us to have incense and a full procession.

I also thank you all for providing me with a living for the past twenty-four years and for allowing me to share my ministry. I have visited a few other churches for Sunday worship, but nothing compares to Perth Cathedral. I pray that you will soon appoint a new provost who will appreciate the many special gifts and love you share as a congregation, in the name of God.

I thank you and miss you.

With every blessing,

Hunter



Readings and Collects for September

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost - 3 September

Collect: Author and Giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of your name, increase in us true religion, nourish us in all goodness, and of your great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Exodus 3.1-15, Psalm 105.1-6,23-26,(45b), Romans 12.9-21, Matthew 16.21-28

15th Sunday after Pentecost - 10 September

Collect: Stir up, O Lord, the wills of your faithful people, that richly bearing the fruit of good works, we may by you be richly rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Exodus 12.1-14, Psalm 149, Romans 13.8-14, Matthew 18.15-20

Ninian of Whithorn - 16 September (transferred to Sunday 17 September)

Collect: Almighty and everlasting God, we thank you for your servant Ninian, whom you called to preach the gospel to the people of northern Britain. Raise up in this and every land heralds and evangelists of your kingdom, that your Church may make known the immeasurable riches of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Jeremiah 1.4-9, Psalm 67, 1 Thessalonians 2.2-12, Matthew 9.35-38

Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist - Thursday 21 September

Collect: Almighty God, who through your Son called Matthew to be your apostle and evangelist: free us from all greed and selfish love, that we may follow in the steps of Jesus Christ our Lord; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Proverbs 6.1-6(13-18), Psalm 119.33-40, 2 Timothy 3.14-17, Matthew 9.9-13

Thanksgiving for Harvest - Sunday 24 September

Collect: God, in whom all things are possible, you crown the year with your goodness and give us the fruits of the earth in their season: grant that we may use them to your glory, so that none may hunger, none may thirst, and all may cherish the gifts of your creation, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Deuteronomy 26.1-11, Psalm 65, 2 Corinthians 9.6-15, Luke 17.11-19

Michael and All Angels - Friday 29 September

Collect: Eternal God, you have ordained and constituted in a wonderful order the ministries of angels and mortals. Grant that as your holy angels stand before

you in heaven, so at your command they may help and defend us here on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Genesis 28.10-17, Psalm 103.19-22, Revelation 12.7-12, John 1.47-51

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost - 1 October

Collect: Grant, O merciful God, that your Church, being gathered by your Holy Spirit into one, may show forth your power among all peoples, to the glory of your name, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Readings: Exodus 17.1-7, Psalm 78.1-4,12-16, Philippians 2.1-13, Matthew 21.23-32

Provost Hunter's Farewell

Hunter took his leave of us over the weekend of 29 and 30 July. After over 24 years as provost it was a huge occasion both for him and for us and the emotions ran high. A congregational lunch was held in the Chapter House on Saturday which had been beautifully decorated with lavishly decorated tables, bunting, fairy lights and flowers by the cathedral elves. After pre-lunch drinks, around 100 of us squeezed into what is a large room and enjoyed a two-course meal of either chicken curry or vegetarian chilli, followed by a lemon posset with shortbread, and coffee and tablet. The food had been prepared by the local social enterprise Giraffe and was excellent.

The master of ceremonies, John Wright, introduced Chris Ahern who gave the valedictory address and who presented Hunter with a number of retirement gifts from the congregation. These included a garden bench, complete with an engraved plaque, a cheque, a framed painting of the cathedral, a bottle of Perth gin, and a book of photos looking back at the years of his provostship. Hunter, with tissues at hand, expressed his grateful thanks to the congregation for their gifts and for the support he had received over the years.

Sunday morning saw Hunter presiding at the Eucharist for the last time as provost and, instead of a sermon, gave an account of his journey towards the priesthood and some of the memorable events in his time as priest in both Fife

and Perth. These included some very funny stories, not least of them the tale of being stranded on the wrong side of the final curtain at Kirkcaldy Crematorium towards the end of a funeral service. As several people commented, a new career as an after-dinner speaker awaits! There was a full complement of servers, for the first time in several years, a good number of the choir turned up, and there were many familiar faces in the congregation, some of them perhaps less regular attenders and all there in tribute to a very fine provost. The service concluded with Hunter returning the symbols of office with which he had been presented at his installation in 1999. These included the keys, the Bible, and his chasuble and stole.

The final event was a choral evensong attended by many in the diocese. At the end, there were short speeches from members of Hunter's former charges and a presentation of a silver quach by the bishop.

Many congratulations to the vestry, Peter and Lis for organising such a busy weekend so successfully, and huge thanks to all those who helped with setting up and clearing away, to the many in the congregation (and beyond) who contributed to the photo album and to the general costs... and a special mention to Ian and Jackie McRae who did a wonderful job of washing up on Saturday afternoon - a mammoth effort guys!

The following photos, in approximate chronological order, have been submitted by a number of people, including Christopher, Lis and Marietta. Many thanks to all!





The previous page shows the top table with Hunter and his invited guests. On these pages, snaps of some of the tables and, below, the moment you realise, when just about to serve up, that the chicken is still looking a bit pink... (just a joke, by the way)

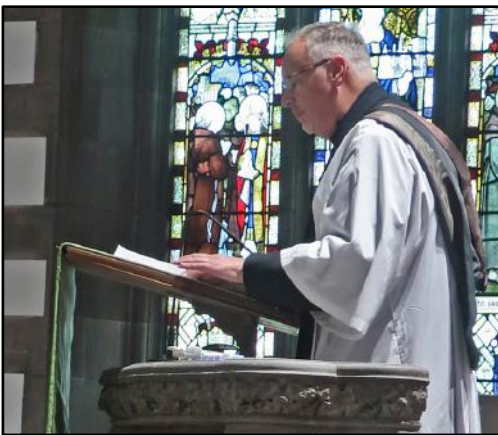






On these pages, above, Hunter receiving his photo book, and making an excellent speech of thanks. Below, the Sunday services and the diocesan party afterwards.





Hunter's Penultimate Sermon

Hunter gave his second last sermon, as Provost, in the cathedral at the 11.00am service on Sunday 30 July. A number of people asked the editor if it could be reproduced in the magazine and Hunter kindly agreed to provide the text. His final sermon, given at the Evensong service that afternoon, will be printed in next month's edition.

We've had readings from St Matthew's Gospel, chapter 13, for a number of weeks now, all about the Kingdom of Heaven, so I don't feel too bad in changing the focus a little.

Approaching retirement, inevitably, has led me to reflect on the past. I feel sure, when we all look back on our lives, we can remember the times that have been pivotal, the people and events that have influenced us and given direction to our lives. Hindsight is a marvellous thing - you get to overlay your previous life events with meaning and understanding. Well, that's what I thought.

When I look back at my earlier life I'm left with the question, 'Was the Holy Spirit really guiding me towards ministerial formation for quite some time?' Because it all sort of happened without me really noticing it. I suppose it must have started when I decided to embark on a course of study in Birmingham in the late 70s against everyone's advice. I just wanted an adventure. I remember the feeling of wanting to get away and to experience something other, something different. I went to study English and drama in education at a part of the university that's now called the Birmingham Conservatoire. That kind of beats the department of English, Speech and Drama.

And something different did happen that changed my view of life. It wasn't the course of study or the education I was receiving but the fact that I found myself living next door to a church. It was called St Augustine's Church, in Edgbaston, and I was completely mesmerized by its structure, its architecture, and when I went inside to a service for the first time I encountered something called liturgy. Having a liturgy to follow was, for me, a whole new concept in worship. I had no idea that things could be so different in other churches. We didn't have liturgy as such in the Presbyterian church at home and Holy Communion only happened a couple of times a year, and you had to attend weekly in order to get a

communion card - no show, no communion.

I had never before really looked forward to going to church, and somehow this had now become the highpoint of my week. I was excited by the theology being espoused, and I thought and talked about God a lot, especially with people of my own age who attended the same church. There were no holy Joes, as we say, just normal ordinary people.

The worship to me was full of drama and passion. The theatricality of it all was intoxicating; candles, seasonal colours, incense, Anglican choral music, weekly or even daily Holy Communion. It was an exciting secret life, almost a guilty pleasure, from that left behind in Scotland. The church of my childhood I found restrictive, full of faithful sincere souls but, for me, a bit narrow in their thinking and theology. Many in St Augustine's held different views, with different ideas about what faith was, and different theologies, but we happily stood alongside each other.

I fully immersed myself in this tradition and a new understanding of faith was born in me. As my three-year course came to an end and I was preparing to return to Edinburgh, the then vicar suggested I find the Scottish Episcopal Church, a church I'd never heard of in Scotland. Of course, in Scotland it was known as the English Church. I won't go into the history of it, but want to say that the Scottish Episcopal Church was born and bred in Scotland, and has always been a fully reformed protestant Scottish Church.

Wild things then happened. I trained to teach in Birmingham, and some of the people I was friendly with drew me into the idea of starting up our own school of English, speech and drama. Amazingly at a Jewish wedding reception, the man I was sitting beside, fascinated by my tale of starting a school, said he could help, and offered me the lease on Taymouth Castle near Aberfeldy. Oh, it's a long tale, and we worked hard to get the school going, but in the end it wasn't to be, but I found myself living in the castle for nearly a year in the suite of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Another adventure.

I then found work in Edinburgh teaching in a school in Leith, and worshipped in Old St Pauls for some time. I also found a cottage just outside Crieff where I headed to at weekends. There I worshipped in St Columba's Church in Crieff and

that's when I bumped into Bishop Michael Hare Duke. He was lovely, and pretty nutty. He kind of took me under his wing, and invited me to have a cup of tea with him in Perth on Fridays, on the way back to Crieff from Edinburgh. He'd give me a book to read each week, theology, and I found it so exciting to be able to discuss the contents the following week. He may well have been bored to tears by me - he did fall asleep twice I remember - but this was an adventure of its own. I started to understand the Church, found a new way of approaching scripture, and was able to discuss faith with some authority.

After a guided process of exploration, I found myself at the Edinburgh Theological College to train for ministry...and you know, it was extraordinary. I was pretty apprehensive about the whole thing, but, as soon as I stepped into the theological college, it was like coming home. And I loved my studies in New College at Edinburgh University.

As theological students, during holiday times, we were sent out to different parishes, to gain experience in leading worship and in pastoral care. I didn't have a car at the time and I was asked by my training rector to visit an elderly couple about three miles outside the Border town of Selkirk. The rector (who happened to be my predecessor here, Kevin Franz) gave me his push bike, and I happily set off with instructions, dressed in a tweed jacket, shirt and tie. Now we don't get many hot days in Scotland, but this was a scorcher. What Kevin, the rector, had failed to tell me, was that it was all up hill. By the time I arrived at this grand country house belonging to a retired Queen's Equerry, I was dripping, running with perspiration and in a bit of a state. I knocked on the large front door and was met by a thin elderly woman who took one look at me and said, round the side. Tradesman's entrance, I thought - fine. When I got there this kind soul had a large bath sheet for me, and pointing to a cloakroom said that I'd better have a wash down. She opened the door with a flourish and a bang, and shut it behind me. There in front of me was one of these huge Victorian rectangular sinks. I filled it up with cold water and took off every stitch of clothing, socks, pants, the lot, spread the towel on the floor and put my whole head under this wonderfully cooling water. I had a cooling splash all over, even putting my feet in to cool them down. The relief! Dried and dressed I put my spectacles back on, and as I tried to flatten my hair down looking in the mirror, I suddenly saw an elderly man behind me, sitting on the toilet, which was behind the door, with a zimmer placed

in front of him, who said, 'I don't believe we've been formally introduced.'

That same year, 1986, I had one of the most important and life-changing events in my training, and in my life, when the opportunity arose to study for a year in three theological seminaries in South Africa. This was four years before the release of Nelson Mandela, the country was still in a state of emergency and political tensions were possibly at their highest. My understanding of all this was pretty poor. I was restricted in my movements and treated with disdain by many of the black students. So many people had suffered and wherever I went I was met with deep suspicion. I had no concept of what apartheid had really achieved, and was faced with some devastating situations of poverty and cruelty. 'Necklacing' (wrapping someone in car tyres and setting them alight) had become common practice for those thought to be informants, and I actually saw the charred remains of a body by the road. I was terrified, utterly, and deeply challenged.

The thought of it still upsets me. For the first time in my life I needed God. I needed my faith to hang on to, as did everyone else I was with. I began to understand true desperation and the consequences of evil. How clever of the church to send me there really, to open my eyes to what life was like for those living in different and difficult times. Of course, I learned a bit about South Africa and its politics and policies, and the consequences of assumed race supremacy and subordination, but most of all I learned about myself and how different my life was, and suddenly had an appreciation of the opportunities I had been given. As a young, tall, fit, healthy, vibrant man, I felt I could have conquered the world single-handedly and managed any situation. Suddenly I met with fear, suspicion, hatred, anger, and many who were simply broken. And I couldn't help support anyone because at that point I was struggling to help myself. But it was within this struggle that I was able to recognise a much stronger inner sense of God. I think realism must be central to any given ministry - to have self-knowledge of your gifts, to know your strengths and weaknesses, your limitations.

After I was ordained here in Perth Cathedral, I served my curacy in Dunfermline but lived in the ex-mining town of Lochgelly in Fife for three years. Now again, I'd never lived among people whose life experience was so different from my own. However, I count these as three of the happiest years of my life...apart from

Saturday nights when the pubs emptied, when it was like a war zone.

Actually, what a shock ordination was. You know, you are highly prepared and trained to function as a clergy person, but no one prepares you, no one prepares you for instant trust and great love. To walk into a given community, to put on a dog collar, and to be given such trust and access to the most private parts of people lives, instantly - and civically, you become important and get invited to everything and the responsibility of it all, is really quite humbling - forces you to rise to the occasion. Forces you to consider carefully your role within the given community. Forces you to work hard. I am hugely grateful to the congregation of Dunfermline who offered such a wonderful curacy and of course to the community of Lochgelly.

I then moved on to Glenrothes, my first charge as rector. Early on in my ministry there I remember the door bell ringing and a parishioner standing in floods of tears. In one hand she had an undressed dolly and in the other, some light blue satin material. I invited this lady called Molly in and listened to her sad tale, of how she belonged to the British Legion, and how each year there was a best dressed doll competition in Glenrothes, and she had been asked to do the Legion's entry, but had failed to manage it, and the doll had to be presented the very next day. Now I'm not going to go into why, but I had a small portable sewing machine at the time, which I knew how to use. So, we set to, and cut out the underdress and the overdress and a coat and booties, sewed them all together and I made a rosette hat to complete the brief. Anyway, off went Miss Molly with her well dressed dolly, and would you believe it, she won, and she and the British Legion were delighted. However, Miss Molly decided that in all good conscience she couldn't take all the credit for this and much to my embarrassment told the local press of my involvement. They in turn suggested in their article that I made dollies' clothing in my spare time. For months I took a good ribbing from every bin man, plumber, trader and undertaker in the town. Even the local builder took to wolf-whistling me! Happy days.

I wasn't long in Glenrothes when I was approached by the local undertaker to take a funeral the following Friday. A man in his early seventies had died, not a church member but someone who had left instructions for an Anglican funeral. I agreed to do it and got all the details. Now the son of this man was not on the

telephone, this was before we all had mobiles, and I said I'd visit the family the next day and confirm with them that the funeral could go ahead on the following Friday. That lunchtime I went over to the local shop to buy a sandwich. It was mobbed with students from the local college all getting their lunch and there was a long queue for the checkout. There was an older man in front of me just about to be served when there was a bit of a fracas at the back of this queue which had a sort of domino effect, and I was pushed forward against this older man in front of me, who had turned round to see what all the commotion was about, and unfortunately the boggle on his jacket somehow got wrapped round the woggle of my duffel coat, just below the waist, and we were suddenly linked together. Now as I tried to untangle this, he pulled sharply back and only succeeded in cementing the knot. Anyway, after this older guy had uttered some obscenities at me, the woman on the till came round and managed to untie us. With bad grace this old sod called me a so-and-so idiot and limped off. Next day I walked to the address the undertaker had given me, to the house of the son whose father had died. And I witnessed through the lounge window, a sad scene of a man and two women huddled over an electric fire. I knocked and a man in his forties answered. I explained who I was, and that the undertaker had asked to me confirm that his father's funeral would be on Friday at 2.00pm in Kirkcaldy Crematorium. This poor man became quite distressed and rushed back into the room shouting, 'Ma father's dead, ma father's dead.' At this point a woman came to the door and said that they'd just taken their father into hospital to have a minor operation on his foot and couldn't understand how he could now be dead. I then checked the address, and it was one of those strange things, peculiar to Glenrothes I believe, where different sides of the same street have different names. This woman kindly pointed to the correct house. Full of apologies, I was about to make a hasty retreat when the son arrived back at the door with a photo of his father, saying 'That's ma father' and, you'll never guess, yes, it was the man I'd been tied to the previous day in the supermarket.

Now that Friday was the first time I'd been in Kirkcaldy's crematorium, and it was very different from the one I'd been used to in Dunfermline. I'd also been on a course billed to improve one's funeral technique, run by our then Bishop, the late Michael Hare Duke. It was all along the lines of; don't get into the pulpit but stand beside the mourners; feel better connected and not so remote. So I took this all to heart and stood beside everyone, fiddling with a bible and different

papers, all fingers and thumbs, and wishing I was in the pulpit. Anyway, I got alongside the coffin for the final prayer and just as I was saying 'Go forth upon your journey, dear child of God', there was a peculiar sound behind me, like hissing, and at the same time the lighting changed. And when I turned round to do a final blessing, I found myself behind a curtain - a curtain had come right along behind me, and I did the classic thing of trying to get through the centre of this curtain, but there was no split. Dunfermline, you see, didn't have a curtain, so this was all new to me. Eventually the undertaker came round and guided me out, and cruelly put me straight back in front of this huge funeral party. Oh, I wanted the earth to open, and with burning cheeks and sounds of unkind sniggering, I did my final blessing and fled to the back of the crematorium, where I had agreed to stand in line with the family and shake hands. Do you know, the very last person to leave the crem was the man who I had been tied to and whose family I'd badly upset. He limped in front of me, didn't shake my hand, but looked me up and down and said, 'You're a sad excuse for a minister.'

Maybe having the quality of being able to move swiftly on from a disaster is something to be taught at theological college...being able to react creatively to conflict or disappointment. Certainly, I've learned that you can get away with much more at a wedding - if you make a mistake and you can make it fun. Baptisms also can be looser affairs, as everyone oohs and aahs over the child. But funerals have to be straight down the line, and tight, perfect, no room for error. Funerals by their nature are bound to stir high emotions.

You know, a life in ministry is an extraordinary thing. Your focus is the love of God and ultimately you are guiding people to heaven. Yes, there are times that are difficult, when you're the one that's expected to know the right thing to do, and the right thing to say, and it's certainly not a nine to five existence. But the rewards are huge. To be loved by a congregation, to be held in prayer, to be cared for and cherished, is a beautiful thing. And that love spurs you on to live your priesthood in a dynamic way, dedicated to prayer, and to love your people as richly and passionately as possible.

The charges of Lochgelly and Leven were eventually linked to Glenrothes, and I had much fun, along with a ministry team, serving the people of central Fife. After eight years I returned to Dunfermline for a few years as Rector, far too short a

time. The congregation there are still a joy to behold. I also served Rosyth, Burntisland, Aberdour, and Inverkeithing with a team of wonderful clergy before being invited to come to Perth as Provost in 1999. When you stay somewhere, for a good length of time, I think you become involved at a much deeper level. You become part of all the fun things like weddings and baptisms and special times, but you also say goodbye to so many people too. You know, I've done nearly 500 funerals in the past years. SO many lovely souls. What a privilege to have known people whose dedication to God and this cathedral has been extraordinary - the Rev'd Canon Reg Saunders, who reached his hundredth birthday and met me every single morning for Morning Prayer, and served this congregation with love and diligence. So many others, like Jean Mac, Lily Turpie, Helen Ross, whose lives were so linked to St Ninian's Cathedral, and so many more. There have been times of great sadness but never without hope. Our faith teaches us that, I think.

I want to say too, that I often think of my failures, when I wished I'd done things differently, when I needed more energy or when my faith was ropey and thin.

During the good times, the worship of God is effortless. The truth is, the strength I needed in my times of doubt and despair has come from you, the members of this congregation whom I have depended upon much more than you maybe realise. And for that I offer you my deepest appreciation. I often feel that if I get to heaven, it'll be hanging on to your shirt tails.

I want to end by saying that I feel I'm leaving at just the right time. You have two dedicated ministers in Peter and Lis, who will keep worship and ministry going here, and they are always approachable. And the cathedral, at this point, is so blessed by an excellent vestry. You know, this is a huge charge to administer. There's so much to be done and the vestry take everything in their stride, bit by bit. They have a massive task ahead of them in preparing for a new Provost and will need as much support as possible. So please do cherish them and appreciate the time they freely give, and help where you can.

Twenty-four years seems to have passed so quickly, and I can assure you, for me, it has been the most exciting and fulfilling part of my life. With all my being, I thank you, and I thank God for you.

What Else Has Been Going On?

Baptism



A very warm welcome to baby Jonathan Robert Ogden who was baptised in the cathedral on 16 July. Many folk will remember his mother, Victoria, as the daughter of Tom and Gladys McLaughlan. Her brother, Christopher, is Jonathan's godfather.

Anniversary

Many congratulations to the Rev'd Philip Francis, one of our assisting clergy, who marked the 40th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on 23 July with a celebratory cake in the Chapter House.



Behold the fowls of the air!

On Thursday 20 July 15 souls from the cathedral set sail from Anstruther in the *May Princess* ferry to the Isle of May. Prayers for fair weather were answered. As we neared the island puffins wave-hopped, diving for fish to feed their chicks.



Once ashore we roamed up and down narrow tracks between puffin burrows along the shore. From May to September the Isle of May is home to thousands of seabirds raising their chicks. The two hours onshore were hardly enough to explore the sites, such as the ruined 12th century monastery founded by St Euan or the magnificent Stevenson lighthouse built like a castle in 1816.

To a noisy chorus of birds crying out for their supper we left the island for ours at Anstruther, only to find an hour-long queue for fish and chips. So we went straight home to Perth for a bowl of soup and bed after a wonderful voyage of discovery. *Deo Gratias.*

The Rev'd Geoffrey Hall

Many thanks to Sasha for the photo of the puffin, to Shirley for the photo of Lynda, Pat and Sheila (below), and to Christopher for the photos on the opposite page.



Book Talk

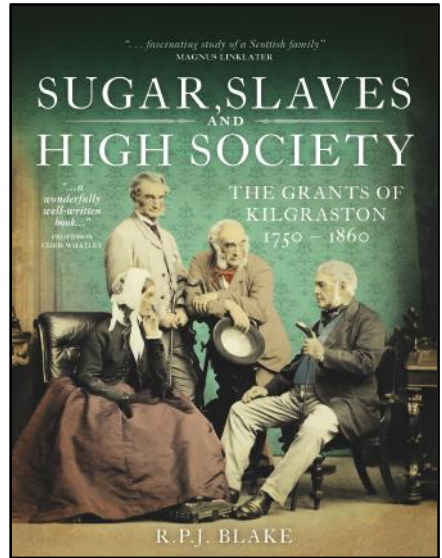
Richard Blake, who with his wife Mary and their three children used to worship at the cathedral, has written an excellent book about the Grants of Kilgraston, a local family to whom he is distantly related. *Sugar, Slaves and High Society: the Grants of Kilgraston, 1750-1860* is now available for sale at a cost of £25.00 and has had wonderful reviews.

The Grant family has had a long connection with both the cathedral and St John's, Princes Street. Edward Fortescue, the first provost of the cathedral, was a close family friend and his bust, which is currently displayed in the cloisters, was made by Mary

Grant, daughter of the third laird. Her entry in Wikipedia describes her as 'one of the most eminent female sculptors of 19th century Britain' and indeed her work is represented in at least four British cathedrals, including ours. The altar rail in the cathedral is dedicated to the memory of Mary's brother, Charles T C Grant, as is the plaque on the north wall of the cathedral.

Members of the congregation and their friends are invited to attend an illustrated talk, at St John's, Princes Street on Thursday 12 October, when signed copies of the book will be for sale. The talk is free of charge and Richard will donate 10% of the price of each book sold on the evening to The Tumbling Lassie, which exists to raise awareness and funds for charities fighting against modern slavery and people trafficking and to help survivors in Scotland and beyond (<https://www.tumblinglassie.com>). The talk starts at 7.15 pm, though wine will be served from 6.30. In order to get an idea of numbers, it would be appreciated if those who wish to attend could let Richard know at admin@buskinbooks.co.uk.

We wish Richard well with his talk - it should at least be a less daunting prospect for him than his recent interview with Mariella Frostrup on Times Radio!



Two Photos



Napoleon apparently said that every private carries a field marshal's baton in his knapsack, so by the same token every Episcopalian should perhaps have a bishop's crozier somewhere about their person. Erica is proudly showing off hers, though the size of it suggests she might indeed have ambitions in that direction! She was snapped one summer evening when she and other vestry members were clearing out the provost's study, preparing it for refurbishment before the

next incumbent arrives.



And as Hunter has said on page 3, he has been enjoying his retirement gift of a garden bench. He is pictured with Ewan and Ted outside his house where they enjoy a magnificent view across Perthshire.

Update on the Ascension

Not what you're thinking. Nothing further to report on that since Acts chapter 1. We refer instead to the painting of the Ascension by William Brassey Hole which until recently hung in the Lady Chapel. It has since been sent to art restorer Alan Hamshere's studio near Kinross for cleaning and is now awaiting rehanging in a more prominent position in the cathedral. Alan has done a superb job and the painting is looking so much better, as indeed is pretty obvious from these before and after images. Come in and have a look!



The St Andrews Organ Course 2023

Many thanks to Emmanuel for sending in her account of the organ course which she attends each year. Part two will be printed in next month's magazine.

Sunday 30 July. During a busy weekend with Provost Hunter's retiral events, Andrew Ballantyne - to whom I am very grateful - drove me to the Agnes Blackadder Hall in St. Andrews. Welcomes and introductions from the tutors were in the McPherson Recital Room at the fantastic new Laidlaw Music Centre.

The theme this year was Bach...and the Italians. There were tutors and students from all over the world, including Italy. The first lecture was from Massimiliano Guido and Giovanna Riboli who spoke on 'An Introduction to the Italian Organ.' Massimiliano is an Associate Professor of Musicology at the University of Pavia, teaching the history of musical instruments, specialising in the relationship between music, theory and the keyboard. Giovanna was born in Florence. She graduated in organ at the Conservatorium van Amsterdam, has performed all over the world and is involved in several organ activities. The second lecture was from Katelyn Emerson on 'Injury Prevention for Organists in Practice and Daily Life.' We then had dinner in the reading room.

Monday 31 July. My first organ lesson was with Steven McIntyre at St. Leonard's Church. Steven has won many prizes and is organist at St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral in Glasgow. In the afternoon there was a church playing/problems workshop, also with Steven, in St. Andrews Episcopal Church. We focused mainly on hymns, and I played. Next was a lecture by Henry Fairs on J. S. Bach and the Italian influence. Henry is Professor of Organ at the Universität der Künste in Berlin, an internationally renowned performer and Honorary Professor of Organ at St. Andrews. All the tutors were kind, yet Henry in particular towards me. Next was a lecture by Giovanna Riboli on the 1558 Onofrio Zeffereni organ of the Badia Fiorentina in Florence. The first concert was by Massimiliano Guido in the McPherson Recital Room on the Italian organ, Lewis organ and the harpsichord. It was great to see so many friends during the week, including Rhona, Marjorie and Marion, who were in my lesson group. I also met a lovely couple from China, a lady from Romania and several others.

Doors Open Day 2023

The cathedral is taking part in Doors Open Day this year. We will be open to visitors from 10.00am until 4.00pm on Saturday 16 and Sunday 17 September. There will be live music on Saturday morning and afternoon and an Evensong on Sunday at 3.00pm. Some artefacts from the archives will be on display and refreshments available to visitors. If you could offer some of your time to help on either or both days we would be very grateful. There is a sign-up sheet (divided into two-hour sessions) on the notice board in the cloisters or you can speak to Maureen or John Wright.



From Chrys Fraser

I would like to thank all my cathedral family for the cards, flowers and best wishes sent to me during my recent illness. I really appreciated them very, very much. All were lovely. Thank you all! Love, Chrys XXX

Interregnum Update

It seems unlikely that we shall have a new provost in place before next summer, and until then Bishop Ian will be our interim pastor. Dealing with the everyday stuff will be Deacon Peter and Lay Reader Lis, with Priest Philip coming down from the wilds of Rannoch to take some services. Meanwhile, the Bishop has approved the vestry's decision to appoint Chris Ahern as cathedral manager for the year or so ahead. Chris will be working 18 hours per week and, as a paid employee of the cathedral, can no longer be a member of the vestry. He will continue, however, to act (unpaid) as cathedral treasurer.

Christian Aid Quiz

The annual Christian Aid quiz takes place at 7.00pm on Friday 1 September in Letham St Mark's Church, Rannoch Road, Perth. The entry fee is £6.00 per person and includes invariably excellent refreshments. Teams of around four are ideal but plenty of people come along as individuals and make up a team when they arrive. It's a great and fun evening and the cathedral tends to do reasonably well!



"This week's sermon is about how we all need to simplify our lives. Unfortunately, I lost the whole thing when my computer crashed."

Eddie the Eagle says...

Like many of us, probably, I was a bit moist-eyed at Hunter's farewell services in July, particularly when he returned his symbols of office. I cheered up a bit when I read in the order of service that he was returning his 'chasuble and sole', thinking a fish supper that night was on the cards, but alas it was a misprint for 'stole'. At least he wasn't returning his soul!



Times of Services etc

At St Ninian's we extend a warm welcome to all those who come to share in the worship of God in the name of Jesus Christ.

Services

Sunday	Eucharist	11.00am
Wednesday	Eucharist	11.00am

Giving

For all committed giving, envelopes and covenants, please contact Chris Ahern, our treasurer, who will be delighted to advise.

Flowers

Flowers greatly enhance our worship. If you can help or donate, please contact Molly or Hazel.

And finally...

If you have an article for the magazine, or a suggestion for one, please either pass it to the editor, Jeremy Duncan, or email it to cathedralmagazine@gmail.com. The closing date for inclusion in the October magazine is **30 September**.

October Issue of Cathedral News

Owing to assistant editor Eddie being away on holiday at the end of September, the October issue will be published a week or so later than usual.



**St Ninian's Cathedral
of the Scottish Episcopal Church in the
Diocese of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane.**

We are one of the family of Anglican churches throughout the world.

The cathedral is served by a clergy and lay team:

Bishop

The Right Rev'd Ian Paton
Diocesan Office, 28a Balhousie Street, Perth, PH1 5HJ
Tel: 01738 443173

Provost

Vacant

Assisting Clergy

The Rev'd Peter Higson
peterjhigson@hotmail.com

The Rev'd Philip Francis

Retired Clergy

The Rev'd Canon Celia Matthews

Lay Reader

Lis Burke
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