

# Church News Ireland

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**Image of the day – Sydney tribute**

## News reports



### **King Charles to attend service at Belfast Cathedral**

**It has been announced that the King and the Queen Consort will attend a" service of reflection for the life of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II" to be held at St Anne's Cathedral**

**Belfast on Tuesday 13th September, 2022.**

The Service will be conducted by the Bishop of Connor, with the Archbishop of Armagh, the Most Reverend John McDowell as preacher. The cathedral will be filled with almost 800 invited guests who will include leaders in public life and people from every walk of life across the Province and beyond. Representatives of Faith Communities in Northern Ireland will also be present.

In the days of national mourning for her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, King Charles and his Queen Consort will travel to each of the nations of the United Kingdom where services

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will be held in Edinburgh, Belfast and Llandaff in Wales, before the Queen's funeral service at Westminster Abbey in London on Monday 19th September.

The service at Belfast Cathedral will include memorable music composed by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and Sir Charles Wood, both composers having connections with Northern Ireland. The service will also include the hymn "O Christ the same", sung to the tune of the Londonderry Air. The chosen anthem was composed by the late Sir John Tavener, a personal friend of the king's.

Prayers of remembrance, thanksgiving and commendation will be led by leaders of the Churches in Ireland.

The afternoon service will be broadcast live by the BBC across the United Kingdom.

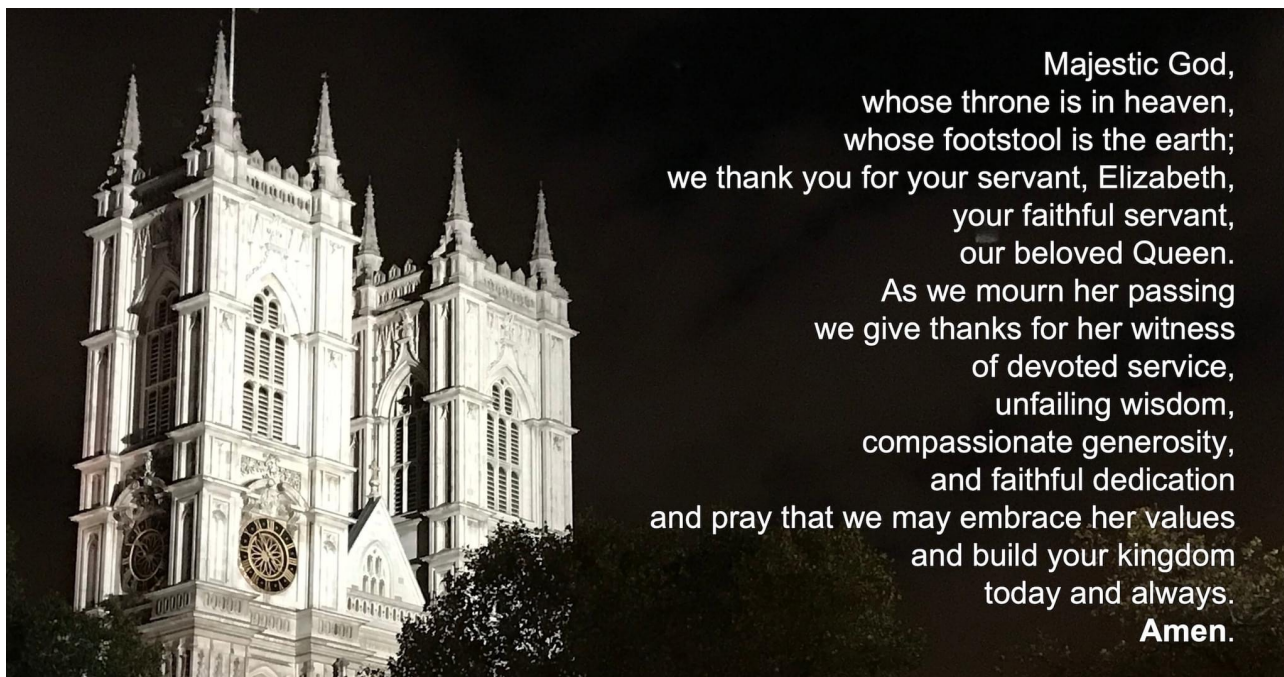
## **This is what the Church is for – to provide expression for emotions that are painful**

*Tim Stanley of the Daily Telegraph was in St Paul's Cathedral.*

**For me, the death of the late Queen did not feel real until 2,000 of her subjects stood up in St Paul's Cathedral to sing "God save our gracious King."**

A way of being has ended; we are now in the era of Charles III. Britain has not faced such a scenario for 70 years, so one cannot blame Liz Truss, who has only been Prime Minister for five minutes, for looking a little nervous. Led by a





verger to the lectern, as if by the hand, she read from the Book of Romans: “We do not live to ourselves, and we do not die to ourselves.”

Christians believe that we live in service to God – and, in the case of the late Queen, to her country, the Commonwealth and the Church of England.

Upon the news of her death, the Church sprang into action. That morning, I watched as the bell ringers of St Bartholomew’s in the village of Otford, Kent, scrambled to peel the bells at noon, all according to strict instructions laid down by Operation London Bridge (“Bells should be rung half or fully muffled,” said the guidance, “depending on how many muffles you have.”)

Villagers were already trickling into the ancient church to light candles or, as the local vicar Rev David Guest observed, “to think things through”.

In London, meanwhile, word spread that St Paul's would be open later to anyone who wanted to attend a memorial service (if you could get a wristband to secure a seat). By 4pm there was an enormous queue snaking around the cathedral – city workers, mums and dads with kids, tourists, and loyal subjects, like Karen from Islington, who responded to a call of the heart. “We just want to be part of it, we don't know why we come but you've just got to do it.”

I took my press seat in the gallery on the south transept, in almost the exact spot I occupied just four months earlier for the Platinum Jubilee.

That event had been hierarchical, coloured by uniforms and decorations, stuffed with foreign dignitaries. This was a people's service: anoraks, mantillas, black suits and a baby asleep in a sling. There was a quiet buzz; a sense of still not being quite sure of what all this meant, or even if we were still dreaming. Then, at 6pm, we heard the King's voice broadcasting to the nation.

We listened, transfixed.

The late Queen was my “darling Mama”, said the King, and she had now begun her “last journey” to be with his “darling Papa” in Heaven. In an age of increasing doubt, she had a crystal-clear faith. “May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

When the organ began, with a chord like cannon fire, there was a sudden and overwhelming emotional release. We could breathe. We sang All my Hope on God is Founded.

For millions, this is what the Church is for: to provide expression for emotions that are painful or mysterious.

The Bishop of London in her sermon observed that “no words can encompass” what we owe the late Queen, though she endeavoured to find some,

settling on our late monarch having been a “heartbeat” in our national life. The Dean led the congregation in affirming that, in belief of resurrection, “we shall be changed.” But it was perhaps the music that was most affecting – Herbert Howells, William Harris – and the lament of a bagpiper that echoed through the temple.

During the anthem, “Bring us O Lord God at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven”, a woman buried her face in her handkerchief and wept. Mostly, people were sombre, probably “thinking things through,” coming to terms in their own very British way. There was much to reflect upon in the Nunc Dimittis. According to the gospel,

***THROUGHOUT MY LIFE,  
THE MESSAGE AND  
TEACHINGS OF  
CHRIST HAVE BEEN  
MY GUIDE AND IN  
THEM I FIND HOPE.***

**QUEEN ELIZABETH II**  
3RD AUGUST 2022



Simeon, a devout man, was promised that he would not die till he had seen the Lord – and when he met the baby Jesus he said, “now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace... for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

One could look at St Paul’s itself through new eyes, at these images of Jesus and icons of saints – Queen Elizabeth believed all this was true, and even those who don’t feel this way should take comfort from the fact that she did. Change is inevitable, nothing to fear for those who have faith. The cycle of death and new beginnings continues, in settings such as this that are enormous yet womb-like, where, if one listens hard enough, one can catch the heartbeat of God.

The Archbishop of Canterbury blessed us: “God grant to the Church, the King, the Commonwealth, and all people, peace and concord.” The sovereign’s title has changed; the incumbent is new. But the tradition endures.

## **1,500 years of faithful service ends**

The Diocese of Waterford and Lismore has been hit by the double-withdrawal of the Dominican Friary on Bridge Street and the Franciscan Friary on Abbey Street in Clonmel, bringing a combined 1,500 years of faithful service in the area to an end.

In a statement, Provincial for the Irish Franciscans Fr Aidan McGrath said "this difficult decision is unavoidable, as we like so many religious bodies deal with and respond to our ageing and reducing membership," Fr McGrath said.





## **Farewell to Cashel**

A service of Evening Prayer was held in the Cathedral Church of St John the Baptist and St Patrick's Rock, Cashel on Saturday the 3rd of September to wish the Reverend Bronwen Carling farewell and safe travels. After living in the Parish Union for 19 years, and, supporting three Rectors and Deans in that time, Cashel Union of Parishes hope she has a long and happy new adventure, living closer to family.

## **Rural Micro Capital Grants Scheme**

**The Rural Micro Capital Grants Scheme is now open.**



September 12, 2022

DAERA are offering grants of £200 - £1500 to rural, community-led voluntary organisations for projects tackling issues of local poverty or social isolation.

Closes 30th September at 12 noon.

Applications can be made via the link below

<https://daera.outsystemsenterprise.com/RMCGS/StartPage>

## Ordination of Dominicans

**Hundreds of people gathered for the ordination to the priesthood of Frs Kellan Scott OP and Anthony Kavanagh OP in St Saviour's Church, September 4.**

Bishop of Meath Tom Deenihan ordained the two Dominicans, in front of many family members, friends and the wider Catholic community.

Fr John Harris, prior provincial of the Dominicans in Ireland, expressed his gratitude to the many people who attended for their support of the young priests.

## Rectors appointed

The Archbishop of Armagh has appointed **Rev Matthew Hagan**, Rector of Tynan, Middletown and Aghavilly to be Rector of Brackaville, Donaghendry & Ballyclog.

The service of institution of Rev Hagan will be held on Tuesday 15 November 2022.

The **Rev Geoff Haugh**, incumbent of Knocknamuckley Parish in Down and Dromore Diocese, has been appointed rector of the Parishes of Billy and Derrykeighan, Diocese of Connor.



Geoff is married to Karen and they have four daughters, Laura, Judith, Rebekah and Melissa, and four grandchildren.

A native of the Birches, a townland between Dungannon and Portadown, Geoff, 55, is a past pupil of Killycomaine Junior High School and Portadown Technical College. He served with Her Majesty's Forces in Northern Ireland for 17 years, and also worked in agriculture as a sale rep in animal medication and later animal nutrition.

Geoff began his ministry in 2013 as a deacon in Ballymore Parish, Tandragee, Diocese of Down and Dromore. He moved to St Philip and St James' Church, Holywood, also Down and Dromore, as curate in 2014. He has been rector of Knocknamuckley since June 2017.

Geoff said: "I am looking forward to a new chapter of ministry for myself and for the Parishes of Billy and Derrykeighan. I am excited for what God has planned." No date has yet been set for the Service of Institution.

## In the media

### Ireland mourns a monarch who healed wounds with tact and courage - Ruth Dudley Edwards

**Apart from a few extreme Republican trolls shouting on social media about colonial wrongs, Queen Elizabeth is being mourned in Ireland, north and south. Even Sinn Fein is being polite.**

In Northern Ireland, she is deeply appreciated for the risks she took in her 25 visits, many of them made in terrible times. In 1979, the IRA blew up Prince Philip's uncle, Lord Mountbatten, but though the threats continued, the royals kept coming.

Although, as major targets, she and her family were restricted to relatively safe areas, the Queen made her visits as normal as possible, talked to everyone at garden parties, honoured the security forces, and took every opportunity to try to cross political barricades. Even when unionists have felt betrayed by British governments, they have always recognised and appreciated the Queen's constancy.

The leader of the Ulster Unionist Party, Doug Beattie, speaking of the massive changes in "the second Elizabethan Age", saw the Queen as "a constant and reassuring presence in the lives of the people of the United Kingdom providing both stability and continuity... the sense of loss today is profound".

Meanwhile, in the Republic, although resentment over Brexit might have led to a revived Anglophobia, Queen Elizabeth lost none of the affection and respect she had earned during her historic visit in 2011.

The diplomats had done a fine job in preparing the ground, but the Queen had shown her emotional intelligence in every nuance of style, language and behaviour. Sinn Féin opposed the visit of “Elizabeth Windsor” on the grounds that, at best, it was premature. They ended up looking like children with their noses pressed to the window of a sweetie shop. It was a case study in how to get a royal visit right.

First, there was the wardrobe designed by Angela Kelly, the Queen’s Dresser from 1994, who had been a key figure in the planning of the four-day visit. The media were thrilled when the Queen descended from her plane swathed in emerald green, but they were beyond ecstatic with the white silk crêpe dress for the state banquet, which was embroidered with 2,091 handstitched shamrocks, set off with a crystal brooch on her left shoulder in the shape of an Irish harp.

Then there was the risky Irish language opener for the speech, “A Uachtaráin agus a chairde” (President and friends), which the Queen pronounced so accurately as to cause her host, President Mary McAleese, a nationalist from Northern Ireland, inelegantly to mouth, “Wow, wow, wow”. It’s a difficult language which few Irish speak, so Her Majesty earned respect for having taken such trouble.

Many commentators, including me, were unhappy that she had been required to lay a wreath in Dublin’s Garden of



Remembrance and give a slight bow to “all those who gave their lives in the cause of Irish freedom,” considering how many people so described had murdered her subjects.

In retrospect, however, it was a good decision, because it gave her the moral high ground when it came to the subtle banquet address (written by Buckingham Palace, No 10 and the Foreign Office) where, rather than adopting the Irish-as-victims-of-the-Crown interpretation so favoured by the Left, she mourned the dead and spoke of “the complexity of our history – its many layers and traditions – but also the importance of forbearance and conciliation. Of being able to bow to the past but not be bound by it.”

Often-repeated since is her line: “With the benefit of historical hindsight, we can all see things which we would have wished had been done differently – or not at all.” A subsequent poll in Ireland gave her an approval rating of more than 90 per cent.

In 2012, Martin McGuinness of Sinn Féin, a former IRA leader, lined up to shake her hand in Belfast. In 2014, he wore a white tie to her state banquet in Windsor for President Michael D. Higgins. Higgins – who was distraught by the death of Fidel Castro and struggled to find a good word to say about Margaret Thatcher – is an intolerant republican activist who recently caused deep offence by refusing an invitation to attend a church service to mark, not celebrate, Northern Ireland’s centenary.

But he bonded with the Queen over horse racing and had nothing but praise for her “exceptional” ability to combine a sense of formality with “a great capacity for connection with

the people". She had, he said, been insistent that progress made in relation to Anglo-Irish ties must be maintained.

"Charles", he added, "who I've had many meetings with and many many conversations, and was very interested in keeping these special relationships between our people going. I want to wish him every success." One up to King Charles III, then. He has brains and courage and should do just fine.

## Webinars, music, resources, broadcasts, and books

**The Archbishop of York's Advent Book for 2022, 'Sleepers Wake' by Nicholas Holton, is published this week by SPCK.**



The Archbishop said: "A challenging read which confronts us with the harsh realities of the climate crisis as we are asked to heed the call to be stewards of God's creation. Thanks to Nick Holton for writing such a challenging and powerful book."

Available to buy now.

## Perspective

### Queen Elizabeth was a precious blessing - Archbishop of Canterbury

**Archbishop Justin Welby's sermon at the Sung Eucharist yesterday at Canterbury Cathedral.**

Only a few weeks ago, Bishops from across the Anglican Communion gathered in this Cathedral Church for the Lambeth Conference. We came from all corners of the globe, from different languages, different experiences and different countries. Yet, listening to them, one of those things that united them - apart from faith in Christ - was their common respect and admiration for Her Majesty The Queen. She somehow seemed to transcend cultures, languages and nations. When we had our Conference day in London, on the theme of the environment, the 1,470 people sitting in a marquee at lunch in the garden of Lambeth Palace showed rapt attention as her message to them was read.

Why? What was it that drew us so much to her?

It has been said very often in the last few days, but it bears repeating that in her life and her example, God graciously gave us the most wonderful example of a Christian life and a Christian death. Her Late Majesty taught as much, if not more, about God and grace, both in words and the actions that reinforced them, than any other contemporary figure. We remember her not for what she had, but for what she gave.

What a precious blessing. How precious she was therefore to us, and how keenly we feel her loss.

And, it happens, through the lectionary, that our reading in Luke today is about loss. The shepherd feels the loss of the sheep keenly, that's why he looks for it. The value of the coins is diminished when just one goes missing. We are not complete when one of us is lost – in our families, in our communities, and this week as a nation, Commonwealth, and indeed across the world.

Many people will be navigating their way around the raw and ragged edges of grief today, all because of The Queen, but many families will have lost loved ones, or been reminded of the loss of loved ones, this week. Their grief may well feel all the more painful during this time of national and international mourning, for loss is overwhelming to the person bereaved.

Shepherds were notoriously unreliable in the days of Jesus. They were liable to drink, they trampled over crops, they were always armed and often violent, and as a result they were the butt of many jokes. People would tell shepherd jokes. So, when Jesus responds to the grumbling of the



Pharisees at the beginning of this chapter of Luke, grumbling that he 'mixes with the wrong sort of people, you know', it sounds like the opening lines of a shepherd joke when he answers, and then a joke about a careless woman. But in both the Lukan and the Matthean version of the story the punchline transforms the story, for the presumed butt of the jokes - the women, the shepherds - turns out to be the model of God who reaches the lost.

Because nothing is lost to God.

No death is truly the end because we are always called and found, despite our wandering, despite being in some dark corner of our own making, despite mortality, danger and death seeming to have the last word, the shepherd, the woman, reveal the nature of God, who in divine humility searches for us and comes to us.

This time is being spoken of by many as a moment of uncertainty for the nation, of fear as a result of the passing of someone who felt like a near eternal point of stability. That fear relies for its strength on leaving God out of our thinking.

Nothing is lost to God. The lost sheep may have felt fear, but the shepherd was calling and saving. The coin only seemed lost, for the one searching was sure to find.

Whoever you are, however lost you may be, whatever you think of yourself - positive or negative - or fear for someone you love, however final death may seem, there is hope. Not hope as in the sense of 'I hope I will win the lottery this week' (which would be moderately unlikely as I've never

bought a ticket), but the hope that is certain expectation of the future, the hope of God who knows you, loves you, finds you and rejoices in you. And Her Late Majesty knew that, His Majesty trusts that, and from that trust and knowledge comes the capacity to serve, to commit life to others, however long or short it may be. The Queen said that at her 21st birthday and then at her Coronation day address, and His Majesty said it yesterday in the Accession Council, and also in his address to the nation.

But does it apply to everyone? This sense of hope and faith, this sense for our nation we need not fear because there's been a change from permanence to someone else? We see differences in importance of people in our world. Of course, we know that everyone is equal before God, but to take words from George Orwell it does sometimes seem that some are more equal than others, surely?

But in Matthew, the parable of the lost sheep comes in response to a question from Jesus' disciple: 'who is the greatest among us?' Jesus response shows us what the Queen knew all too well and which drew us in love for her: 'it's not about me', she used to say, as did the Duke of Edinburgh. It's not about me. It's about the Saviour who finds us. It's about the Good Shepherd's promise to gather us up and bring us home, so the day might come when we can rejoice together, reunited.

Jesus places people often thought unimportant at the centre of these parables – shepherds and women. Those who met Her Majesty were always struck by her ability to make them feel as though they were the most important, the only person in the room, the only person in the street, in the

crowd. King Charles III has the same ability, to see the value of each person as God sees them. And that is his conscious understanding of people.

I remember some years ago seeing him work his way round the Lady Chapel at Liverpool Cathedral, where there were families of police officers gathered. All the officers whose families were there had died from one cause or another in the previous year, the most recent some two weeks before the service, and that officer's widow and two very small children, for she was young, were there. By the time His Majesty had done the rounds, every person there, and I quote that young widow, felt they mattered uniquely and found some healing.

That same year, it was the year of the European City of Culture for Liverpool, Her Late Majesty came to Liverpool and there was a formal lunch. I was at a table not far away from her. Also at the table with her was a Rwandan woman who had escaped the genocide but lost almost her entire family and seen most terrible horrors. At the end of lunch, the Queen invited her to come and sit next to her, and talked to her for at least 20 minutes, while some of her staff hovered, twitching. And when I spoke to her later, she said, 'there was healing'.

Both Her late Majesty and His Majesty treat others as special because for both their faith is built on the same rock. The rock of Christ. It is a rock on which we too can stand. There is room on that rock for every human being, however important or unimportant. Our sure hope comes from the fact the monarchy is not in a person, it is in God's loving grace that he poured upon the Queen and pours upon the

King – ‘Thy choicest gifts in store, on him be pleased to pour’.

This is the faith that enabled Her Late Majesty to be such a blessing to us, and to people around the world, an example of wisdom and reconciliation. Some of us will remember seeing on television her visit to Ireland in 2011 when, at the formal state dinner, she opened her speech in the Irish language, and Mary MacAleese, the then President of Ireland, looked at her neighbour at the table and went ‘wow’. Or when Her Majesty in 2012, chose quite literally to extend the hand of friendship to Martin McGuinness, despite their differences and painful history – including the very personal history for the Queen of the death of her beloved uncle Lord Mountbatten as a result of an IRA attack in 1979. She was able to offer her hand because she stood on the rock of Christ.

She knew that every person is part of the flock, she saw every one of her subjects and every person she met as part of God’s treasured people. She knew that even in the shadow of the valley of death the Good Shepherd was with here. She knew that throughout this country’s darkest days and greatest victories, the hand of the Lord seeks us out and guides us. His Majesty knows the same. We have continuity, we have stability through grace.

Her life made sense in the light of Jesus Christ, her Lord and Saviour. So does that of His Majesty.

This is a moment of deep grief, indeed. As Her Majesty said herself ‘grief is the price we pay for love’. But that love has



in it the reality of hope that can lift heavy hearts, heal wearied spirits, for it is love that originates in God.

All that is lost will be found again, as surely as Christ Jesus was raised from the dead and defeated death.

And He will gather us all together in heaven on the glorious day of resurrection where, in a different context, as Her Late Majesty once said to us in difficult times, “we will meet again”.

Amen

## Poem for today

### A September Day by Francis Duggan

A thing of such great beauty to behold  
The wattles resplendent in their blooms of gold  
The first week of September and Spring is in the air  
And in the green park daisies bloom everywhere,  
On a day like this 'tis good to be alive  
To start your car and go off on a drive  
So great to live to see another Spring  
To hear the nesting wild birds chirp and sing,  
Were I a poet I would write a simple lay  
For to celebrate this beautiful Spring day  
To celebrate the beauty I can see  
Where the Goddess of Spring has spread her greenery  
And the wattles laden in their golden flowers  
Look resplendent in these mild September hours.

# Speaking to the soul

Yesterday's Gospel reading and the faith of Queen Elizabeth. On this site

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## Church News Ireland

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