

THE PARISHES OF ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST AND ST MARY MAGDALENE

35 Brighton Place, Edinburgh EH15 1LL

Bingham Avenue, Edinburgh EH15 3HY

Parish Priest:

Fr Jock Dalrymple:

0131 669 5447

Deacon:

Revd Eddie White:

07986 015772

Sacrament of Reconciliation: after the Vigil Mass (7.30pm on Saturday) or any time by appointment

Pastoral Team: Jennifer Morris and Chris Vinestock

Shared Parish House: 3 Sandford Gardens, Edinburgh, EH15 1LP

Parish Administrator: Enrico Fertini

(Office Hours: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday: 10.00am to 3.00pm & Friday 11.00am to 4.00pm)

Web address:

<https://sites.google.com/view/stjohnsandstmarymagdalenes/>

Joint Facebook page:

<https://www.facebook.com/StJohnsandStMaryMagdalenes>

Joint e-mail address for our sister parishes:

stjohnsandstmarymagdalenes@gmail.com

22 OCTOBER 2023

TWENTY-NINTH SUNDAY OF THE YEAR



Jesus asked the Pharisees, 'Let me see the money you pay the tax with.' They handed him a denarius, and he said, 'Whose head is this? Whose name?' 'Caesar's,' they replied.

He then said, 'Very well, give back to Caesar what belongs to Caesar - and to God what belongs to God.'

(Matthew 22,19-21)

Today, Mission Sunday, there will be a special collection to mark **World Day of Prayer for the Missions**. Funds raised will go to **Missio Scotland, the Pope's charity for world mission**. It helps support Catholic projects and those in need across the world. Find out how your donation will help improve the lives of others at www.missioscotland.com

The Society of St Vincent de Paul (SVP), and how it might be able to help...

There will be a short talk at the end of the Masses this weekend, to raise awareness of how the SVP can help and support people. The SVP exists only to serve and wants to reach people during these difficult times. The talk will be given by Jeremy Thorp, treasurer of the local 'conference', and the SVP can be contacted by phone/text (07752 682213) or email svpedineast@gmail.com.

SACRAMENTAL PROGRAMMES FOR FIRST RECONCILIATION AND FIRST COMMUNION – 2023/4

The first meeting for parents of our **P3 Reconciliation Programme** will take place on **Monday 23 October** – at 7.00pm in St John's Hall - and the first **Children's Masses** of the new (school) year will take place **next Sunday 29 October (9.30am - P4, with enrolment in the programme; 11.15am P3 and others)**.

If you know of any child/children who may typically be in P3 or P4 and not currently at a Catholic School, and who would like to participate in either sacramental programme, please do get in touch with **Caroline Gibson** (07425014553) or Father Jock.

Praying the Rosary for peace in Gaza, Israel and other parts of the world suffering severe conflict.

Monday 23 October 2023 – 11.00am till 4.30pm - St John's church

A message from the Legion of Mary: 'October is the month of the Rosary because we celebrate the memorial of Our Lady of the Rosary each year on 7 October. **It is appropriate, therefore, that at this time when there are so many conflicts in the world causing immense suffering that we have a day in St John's Church praying the Rosary for peace.** We will begin at 11.00am and continue every hour and half hour until the Mysteries of Light at 12.30pm. We will have a break for lunch and then continue at 3.00pm and every hour and half hour until 4.30pm.

If you wish to lead a mystery of the Rosary, please write your name on the sheet at the back of St John's. Anyone else is welcome to come along and take part whenever they have time.'

THIS WEEK

Saturday 21 October - 6.30pm – St John's – Vigil Mass – livestreamed

Sunday 22 October (29th SUNDAY OF THE YEAR – Mission Sunday)

9.30am - St John's – **Mass** – livestreamed

11.15am – St Mary Magdalene's – **Mass** – livestreamed

12.30pm – St John's - **Baptism of Eva Gosling** - livestreamed (Deacon Eddie)

Monday 23 October

10.00am – St John's – **Mass** – livestreamed

11.00am – ALL DAY - St John's – **Rosary for Peace**

7.00pm – St John's Hall – **Meeting for Parents of our P3 Reconciliation Programme**

8.15pm – Zoom – **Gospel Sharing** – please click [HERE](#) (or type <https://bit.ly/401zj1B> in your browser)

Tuesday 24 October

10.45am – St John's – **Requiem Mass for Michael O'Neill** – livestreamed

4.30pm – Parish House – **Pastoral Team Meeting**

7.45pm – Parish House – **RCIA Enquiry evening 3**

Wednesday 25 October

9.15am-9.50am – St John's – **Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament**

10.00am – St John's – **Mass** – livestreamed

Thursday 26 October - 10.00am – St Mary Magdalene's – Mass – livestreamed

Friday 27 October - 9.15am-9.50am – St John's – Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament

10.00am – St John's – **Mass** – livestreamed

Saturday 28 October

11.30am – St John's – **Baptism of Matteo Cerraldo**

6.30pm – St John's – **Vigil Mass** – livestreamed

Sunday 29 October (30th SUNDAY OF THE YEAR)

9.30am - St John's – **P4 Do This in Memory Children's Mass** – livestreamed

11.15am – St Mary Magdalene's – **P3 Children's Mass (P3 and all)** – livestreamed

View the **links for the Masses** by visiting our webpage:
<https://bit.ly/StJStMM> - or by scanning the QR code → → →



IN THE COMING WEEKS

Tuesday 31 October – 10.00am – St Mary Magdalene’s – **Requiem Mass for May Muir**

Sunday 5 November – 4.30pm – St John’s – **Service of Consolation (for those who have lost a child through miscarriage, stillbirth, death or separation)**

Thursday 9 November – 7.00pm – venue tbc – **Bereavement Mass**

Sunday 12 November – 7.00pm – St John’s Hall – **St John’s OPEN PARISH MEETING**

Monday 13 November – 7.00pm – venue tbc - **Bereavement Mass**

Thursday 30 November – 7pm – St John’s Church – **St Andrew’s Night Concert**,
in aid of the SCIAF Appeal in response to the Israeli/Palestinian crisis

**There is a Christian Aid prayer – now more than 30 years old –
pinned to a noticeboard in St George’s Cathedral in Jerusalem.**

*Pray not for the Arab or Jew,
for Palestinian or Israeli...
Pray rather for ourselves
that we might not divide
them in our prayers
but keep them both together
in our hearts*

From Archbishop Leo’s Weekly ‘Ad Clerum’

Diploma in Catechetics 2024 - Explore the richness and depth of our Catholic faith – all from home – with the Diploma in Catechetics from the Archdiocese of St Andrews & Edinburgh, led by Sr Miriam Ruth Ryan RSM. Tune in each Thursday at 7:30pm for an expert-led Zoom Webinar (or watch the recording at your convenience), and further enjoy guided readings, regular one-to-one support, and an in-person retreat. The Diploma in Catechetics begins on Thursday 25 January 2024. Concessions available. Registration and info at bit.ly/archdiploma2024. Questions? Email srmiriam.ruth@staned.org.uk

Searching for Jesus in the Gospel of Mark - St Mary’s Cathedral in Edinburgh hosts five evenings of special talks with US theologian Professor James Edwards. Begins **23 October**. Tickets/details at bit.ly/Jesus-in-GospelofMark

Vocations Mass - The next Mass to pray for Vocations to the priesthood and religious life in the Archdiocese is on **Tuesday 31 October** at 7pm at St Margaret’s, Drip Road, Raploch, Stirling, FK9 4UA

All Souls’ Day- Archbishop Cushley will offer Holy Mass for the repose of all the faithful departed who have died in the Archdiocese in the last year. It takes place on All Souls’ Day, **Thursday 2 November** at 10am in the Chapel at Mount Vernon Cemetery, 49 Mount Vernon Road, Edinburgh, EH16 6JG. All welcome.

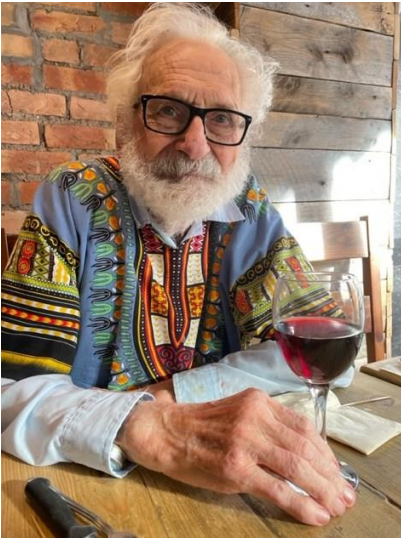
Vocations retreat - Thinking about a vocation to the religious life? Join other young women at a retreat in Edinburgh led by Sr Mirjam Hugens FSO, the Archdiocesan Director for Religious Vocations. It takes place from **3-5 November 2023** at St Columba’s, 9 Upper Gray Street, EH91SN.
Email religiousvocations@staned.org.uk

Archdiocesan Youth Day! - **A day of faith and fun for P4-7s on Saturday 25 November**. Join us as we unpack Jesus the King of the Universe and explore how we can prepare to meet our King this Christmas. Games, talks, sweets, confessions, Mass and more! 10:30am to 3:30pm at the Gillis Centre, 100 Strathearn Road, Edinburgh. Speak to the parish priest to register.

‘SAINT’ OF THE WEEK

MICHAEL CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON SJ (27.10.31 – 12.10.23)

Motorbike-riding Jesuit priest who ran refugee camps, had the blessing of the anti-religious Harold Pinter and taught a parrot to swear.



More political than pious, Michael Campbell-Johnston committed his life as a Jesuit priest to the promotion of social justice. The six years in which he served as provincial of his order in Britain were to him the least sought after and significant. It was the practical work that he did among underprivileged communities that he valued. He helped to found and establish the Jesuit Refugee Service. He fought for the rights of the poor and oppressed. He ran camps for displaced people during El Salvador’s civil war.

As a young man, he recalled, he had been struck by an article in a newspaper. It had been illustrated with two photographs. One showed an archbishop being raised to the rank of a military general by a president. The other showed a priest, dressed in ordinary clothes, saying Mass for striking workers as the police closed in. “*Which Church do you belong to?*” asked the headline. Father CJ (as he was known by his friends) was quite sure which church he wanted to serve. Ardently left-wing in his convictions — he once addressed a Conservative Party conference in Brighton on the topic “*Can a Conservative be a Christian?*” — he was one of a new generation of radicals after the Second Vatican Council who, flying in the face of old-fashioned Catholicism, set out to reshape the role of the Jesuit for modern times. He was the only cleric whom Harold Pinter would countenance at his marriage to Antonia Fraser, a Catholic. The playwright, as Fraser put it, “*would not accept anything, except the laws of cricket, without question*”. Exactly the same could have been said of the priest.

Michael Andrew Ninian Campbell-Johnston was born in London in 1931, the elder of two brothers, brought up in a world of material if not emotional privilege. His brother’s daughter Rachel would become chief art critic for *The Times* for 20 years.

The humour that was such a marked part of his character was evident from youth when he would flick porridge from high nursery windows at passers-by or teach a great aunt’s pet parrot to say: “F*** off.” From then on, whenever his aunt was entertaining, the butler was required to remove the bird from the room. Right to the end, Campbell-Johnston would burst into laughter at the memory.

A more serious side to his character, however, also emerged early. Sent away at the age of eight to be educated by the Jesuits — first to a prep school and then to Beaumont College in Berkshire — he found his vocation. The pledge that he wrote on the back of a prayer card at the age of 14 (“I promise you that I will never marry . . . please may I be a priest?”) was kept. When he announced his intention to join the priesthood to his glamorous mother, she did her best to dissuade him by inviting every London debutante round. But in 1949, just before his 18th birthday, Campbell-Johnston entered the novitiate to begin the ten years of training required of a Jesuit.

Sent to Chantilly in 1952 to study philosophy, his political convictions began to take shape. The French Jesuits had, at that time, a radical intellectual tradition and he was exposed to the existentialists and to Marx. He returned to England to read economics at the London School of Economics (a highly unusual request), followed by a degree in theology for which (again by special request) he studied in Mexico. He wanted to get hands-on experience of life in the developing world. He was ordained in Mexico in 1964. His tertianship (the third and last period of his rigorous preparation) was done in Brazil. Travelling through rural areas, on foot, mule or bus, he worked with the social institutes set up by the forward-looking Pedro Arrupe, the recently appointed father general of his order. Many had to operate under the radar of governments which they criticised.

Campbell-Johnston suggested that Guyana should come to the fore of the Jesuit focus. “*Since you suggested it, you go out and do it,*” Arrupe told him. So Campbell-Johnston did. A tall, dark idealist with horn-rimmed

glasses, huge feet and a chain-smoking habit, he travelled upriver in dugouts, dossed down in hammocks, argued for the rights of indigenous dwellers and, on one occasion, wielding a shovel, worked with his community to lay miles of new road. On another occasion he found himself blessing a Georgetown rum shop. He owed his Guyanese passport, he believed, to this drink because when the president, angered by criticism, decided to expel him, Campbell-Johnston convinced him to change his mind in the course of a meeting in which each consumed more than a bottle of rum. Father CJ would down rum and coke by the tumbler-full all his life.

He would have liked to have remained for ever in Latin America but in the Eighties he was ordered to Rome. There, taking the role of a key adviser to Arrupe, Campbell-Johnston's plans to act on behalf of the displaced came powerfully to the fore. In 1980, the Jesuit Refugee Service was founded. Campbell-Johnston's contribution was, as always, as much practical as theoretical. He became particularly involved with Italy's Eritrean immigrants and, in his bid to get others involved, might regularly be seen weaving his way through the streets of Rome on a Vespa with some African bishop in full regalia or a besuited World Bank representative perched precariously on the back.

In 1984, in the aftermath of the murder of Óscar Romero — the conservative-turned-radical archbishop of San Salvador who was assassinated by government gunmen, after he delivered a now famous sermon in the cathedral: "I implore you, I beg you, I order you in the name of God: stop the repression" — Campbell-Johnston was sent to El Salvador. The country was in the grips of a civil war where flyers were passed around with the slogan: "Be a patriot: kill a priest." In 1989, six Jesuits, along with their housekeeper and her teenage daughter, were slaughtered by gunmen. When Campbell-Johnston arrived in San Salvador, he moved into a small complex of buildings, walls pockmarked with bullet holes, in a rough neighbourhood. From there he ran a programme to care for displaced communities across Central America. He encouraged his impoverished parishioners to think about liberation theology: a controversial (not least with the Pope) philosophy that encouraged the underprivileged to engage with politics to improve their lot. "*The basic aim is to try to help the poorest people realise they themselves can be masters of their destiny,*" Campbell-Johnston explained.

He worked in conflict zones, providing shelter for those in danger of arrest and torture. Travelling to see them was risky. Driving his battered green pickup, he would have to pass through numerous military checkpoints. It was fine in the early the floor while they looked through his files. They were hoping to discover an excuse to dispatch him, he believed.

Campbell-Johnston exerted a Pied Piper-like pull over the young. Having had several of his teeth extracted and replaced with false ones, he would shoot out his plate at crowds of astonished gawkers. He would pull faces and play tricks. And, at the sight of his truck pulling up at a refugee camp gate, the cry of "Padre Miguel" would ascend. Children would emerge from their huts in dozens, climbing onto the bonnet and balancing on the bumpers while he made slow horn-beeping progress through the camp. At weekends, trips to the sea would be arranged. Crowds of youngsters, packed into a flat-bed, would squeal with excitement as they saw the ocean for the first time.

Campbell-Johnston's six-year period as the British provincial did not come to him as wholly welcome. He had unfitted himself for smart Mayfair life and could often be found dodging his grander Farm Street parishioners. He preferred striding London streets in his bright tropical shirts, wearing open-toed sandals on his enormous bare feet. His dress sense was as eccentric as it was economical — when a 17th-century Jesuit martyr from Scotland, John Ogilvie, was canonised in Rome, he pitched up in a kilt he had borrowed from his brother. He was proud of his Scottish roots.

Campbell-Johnston's last posting was to Barbados in 2002. He lived in a cottage overlooking the Caribbean Sea, in which he swam daily, serving as a parish priest to a congregation which in high season grew to include anyone from Irish racing trainers to Tony Blair. He reckoned he had visited around half the world's countries in his lifetime. He loved statistics — the only thing he loved more was gadgets — and his annual letter, dispatched to family and friends, read a bit like an airport departures board. He particularly liked to record mileages covered by motorbike. He spoke six languages fluently and could get by in a couple more.

His last years were passed peacefully in a home for retired Jesuits on the outskirts of Bournemouth where, when he wasn't occupied writing books and articles, he relaxed by listening to cricket on the radio (holding

it up to the ear in which he was not completely deaf), devouring popular detective novels and playing bridge with that same unswerving commitment to winning that once made him so ferocious an opponent on the tennis court.

Surrounded by photographs taken from across his life, he would gaze out of the window and wonder how many leaves were on the tree outside. He was reconciled to his end. *“How can I be afraid of my death?”* he wrote on a scrap of paper. *“It marks the last amen of my life and the first alleluia of my eternity.”*

(This obituary was published last week in *The Times*)

...and in contrast, a reflection – Not in My Name - from parishioner, Colin Davey, on some non-saints..

In his novel The Discovery of Heaven, Dutch author Harry Mulisch describes Auschwitz as an outcrop of hell, as if the underworld had broken through on to the surface of the Earth. It’s a powerfully apt description. Nowadays, talk of angels and demons seems incongruous, but if the devil were ever at work, it was in these camps, erasing God’s chosen people and with it their Covenant. I was sad to learn from the BBC2 series Rise of the Nazis: The Manhunt that Catholic priests were involved in the so-called ratlines that facilitated the escape of Nazi war criminals to South America, underwritten by US postwar anti-communist paranoia. I cannot begin to fathom how this can be. We are rightly inspired by the lives of saints, but there is a cautionary counterpoint in the appalling wrongs perpetrated by those among our own who have somehow strayed that far.

NOTICEBOARD

Date		*** St John’s Eucharistic Ministers rota ***		
October	21	Tracy Burgess	Jesus Miguel Pena	Chris Vinestock
	22		Aga Magnucka	Caroline Gibson
	28	Matthew Gorrie	Patrick Shannon	Rossana Velazco
	29		Angela Preston	Penelope McLellan Hawkes

St Andrew's Night Concert – in aid of SCIAF’s Israeli-Palestine Appeal with Raffle Prizes - 30 November 2023 – 7.00pm - St John’s church

A message from the Justice & Peace Group: ‘Following the success of last year's concert starring the St John's School choir and other musical stars, we have decided to hold another this year.

Last year's concert raised a significant sum of money which we split between the Wilson Memorial Food Bank and the Pakistan Floods appeal (the school's chosen charity). This year it is proposed to support SCIAF in its urgent Israeli-Palestine appeal.

An important part of the fundraising effort (particularly as *admission to the concert is free, but donations will be appreciated!*) is the raffle and we would be grateful for any donations of raffle prizes. These can be given to any member of the Justice & Peace Group or handed in to the parish house. Thank you.’

A REFLECTION SET IN GAZA FOR THE 29th SUNDAY OF THE YEAR

(The author of this reflection is a friend of Fr Jock who lives in Northumberland)

Now – a word of explanation. This weekend’s Gospel is on Taxes and Giving to Caesar what belongs to Caesar. I was having a whale of a time ranting against those who are wealthy enough to employ expensive accountants to ensure they pay no tax etc, etc, etc. Chips galore – some with red sauce, some with brown and some just with good old salt and vinegar. Then, this morning at about 4 am, the Holy Spirit, or some angel or other, had me up, pacing the floor. He didn’t exactly take a burning coal to my lips as had happened to Isaiah (allegedly) but He was not for letting me go back to sleep. So, after much tapping away on my laptop, this is what He wants to say. I have got it down from nine sides of A4 to one – which has to be a miracle in itself – and quite probably a huge relief to you. It may have been triggered by some of

President Bidens's words on Wednesday when he addressed Israel: Don't make the same mistakes we (USA) did after 9/11 (In the UK we prefer to say 11th September.)

Sarah removed her blast vest and slumped against the wall. She was exhausted. She allowed the tears to flow. She felt them running hot across her cheeks, forming rivers that cut through the grime and dust caked on her skin. She turned to the man sat next to her. "Hi, I'm Sarah". "Just call me Atha", he replied. She noticed his eyes, eyes that were gentle and kind, "Where are you from?" he asked. "A place called Droitwich in England," she replied. "You?" "I'm from here". Sarah was puzzled – "Gaza? – then feeling somewhat foolish corrected herself immediately – I mean Palestine?" "No!" "Israel, then?" "No, I'm just from here". Sarah may have been exhausted but there was still fire in her belly. "You must be from somewhere!" It was more accusation than question. "Let's just say I'm from the one planet we all share." Sarah's immediate thought was: 'pompous prat.'. She had met people like him at university. All organic food, beans and hallucinogens. She looked at him again. There was no pomposity. No-one volunteers for this sort of work, lightly. You don't do it because it's a trend or a fad. In a nutshell you cannot do this sort of work if you're up yourself. You had to believe in yourself, believe that you could add something and make a difference – even if it was no more than hold the hand of a dying child as his short life abruptly ends. That had just happened to her –and was the cause of the hot tears that were flowing freely.

While with the child, she had stemmed the flow of tears – now, in the comparative peace of this rest area, she no longer had to make a pretence of being strong. She turned to Atha. "Have you any spare water?" In this parched war-torn landscape where the stench of rotting flesh and cordite caught her throat, she craved water, and water was more valuable than gold. "Here, have my bottle – finish it!" She took it from his hands. She noticed his blackened and broken fingernails, the grazed knuckles. In the absence of diggers and picks, his hands had been used as shovels, yet had handed her the bottle as if he was holding a precious heirloom, and she noticed the eyes once more. It was as if he was peeling her own eyes back' letting light in, exposing her to the power of love that could still be present in this bleakest of times. The water was warm but no less refreshing for that. She savoured its sweetness, reluctant to swallow too soon, running it back and forth across the roof of her mouth. She was desperate to savour its force and power. It gave her a new strength. Sarah felt emboldened. "How do we make sense of all this?" It was more plea than question. "I was stood behind a CNN reporter yesterday and listened to her reporting. The politicians are arguing that this is all in accordance with International Law. It doesn't make sense to me. I challenge any of them to spend a day here with us as we collect limbs in the hope they can be re-attached and explain how it is in accord with International Law."

Her voice was at breaking point. Atha reached out to her. He held her hand. "Just breathe! Let it all out. If we're going to help, we must be strong and brave – particularly when we want to run. If we run, who will come to their aid when we're gone?" He allowed his gaze to leave her as he took in the chaos around them. "Just breathe!" When her breathing was calmer, he showed her his mobile 'phone which still had some power in its battery. His screen saver consisted of two photos side by side. If Sara expected to see his wife and children, she was to be surprised. On the one side was the picture of an Israeli soldier. He looked to be about 12 but was probably 17 or 18. On the other side a Palestinian woman of indeterminate age. Her face was lined like a road map – some lines thick and heavy, others fine and delicate. He had captured them both perfectly with his smartphone camera. His gaze met Sarah's once more. "Each is made by God, each made in His image, each capable of love and each desperate to be loved. While there is breath in my body, I will love them both – equally." He turned off his 'phone. His battery was as precious to him as the water had been to her.

Sarah intended to send a card home that evening. She needed to know if Atha had any other name. She asked "Do you have another name? I like to tell my mam who I've met". "My first name is Maran". That night, Sarah did indeed send her card and she wrote his name: I met someone called Maran Atha. She stopped writing: Maran Atha. It was then that she remembered her 'A' Level in Religious Studies: Maranatha – Come Lord, Jesus, come. Was that who she met earlier?

PARISH REGISTER

Please pray for those who have died recently:

Fr Sangawe (formerly parish priest of Lego village) - Fran Fleming

Please pray for those whose anniversaries occur around this time:

*Jackie Cairns - James Grady
Anne Gaughan - Joy Allan*

Please pray for those Parishioners who are sick:

St. John's:

Evelyn Buckley, Tom Graham, anne Thomson, Eddie Clark, Alice Robb, Sheila Tansey, Pat Gilmartin, John Cregan, Ronnie Carroll, Charlotte and Fred McGregor, Frank Phillips, Ann O'Brien, Kathie Gallagher, Diane McCarthy, Raymond Walker, Margaret Duffy, Mike and Patricia Lawler, Mike Burns, Harry Allan, May Thomson, Carol Simpson, Kenny O'Connor, Gerry Gallagher, Rose Thornton, Kathleen Brown, Mike Noonan, John Whyte, Maria Pacitti, Fiona Connel, Ann Dobie, Sheelagh Dobson, Chloe Sutherland, Nora Bruce, Ruth Vizor, Mary Grady, Pauli Walker, Anna Butler, May Flynn, Vincent Knowles, young Saoirse Golden, Frances Cunningham, David Reid, Betty Dougal, Sarah McManus, Sr Jennifer Lindsay, Maureen Low, Mary Slight, Norman Telfer, Erin Corbett, Roz Byers and Marie Angela Crolla.

St Mary Magdalene's:

Monica Gorman, John McLaughlin, Mary McGovern (jnr), Carolynne McCann, Tom Bauld, Sam Burns, Jacqueline Marinello, Sandra Watt, Chris English, Andrew Farmer, Maria Scott Jnr, Louise Gorman, Bridget Malone, Charles Malcolm, Margaret Ryan, Julie Keegan, Annie Watson, David O'Donnell, Jude Ferguson and Mary and James Muir.

Offertory 15 October 2023

St Mary Magdalene's, £308.70 total, including £138.70 Offertory and £170.00 Gift Aid

St John's, £1119.90 total, including £252.70 Offertory, £163.20 Gift Aid and £704.00 online donations.

Anniversaries:

St John's:

Oct.21: Francis Fusco (2013); John Rae Jun. (2013); Arthur Patterson (2012); Mary T Kimber (2003); John Donnelly (1983); Arthur Scott (1983); **Oct.22:** James Scott (1991); John Walsh (1991); John O'Brien (1987); Jim McMartin (1941); Francis J Sweeney; **Oct.23:** Franco Cupo (2004); Vera Headspeath (1997); Peter Ferrier (1993); **Oct.24:** Catherine Martin (2020); Irene Haston (2015); Kevin Simpson (2015); Jackie Cairns (2004); John Ginnelly (1956); Sarah O'Connor (1930); John Joyce; **Oct.25:** Euphemia Meenan (2012); Elsie Clarke (1984); William Moir; **Oct.26:** Daniel O'Lone (2013); James Grady (2011); Veronica M Glancy (2005); Ellen McAlinden (1985); James Ward Jnr. (1985); Charles McCann (1960); **Oct.27:** Maria Maltman (2020); Rose Marshall (2000); James Clarke (1997); Thomas Fox; Leonora Loftus.

St Mary Magdalene's:

Oct.21: Alex. McKenzie (1996); **Oct.23 :** Sadie Craig (1994); **Oct.25:** Anne Gaughan (2017); John Duffy (2002); Anne Layden (1970); **Oct.27:** Helen Hunter (2001); Mary Anne Degnan (1994);

Please pray for sick friends and relatives of our Parishioners:

Martin Samwel, Michael Daly, Richard Reid, Douglas Edington, Anne Morris, Dr Grier Gordon, Nessa Campbell, Mike Fox, Rose May Mattison, Joan Brooks, Brian Gurney, Alec Robb, Mike Nelson, Dave Cook, Alison St. Clair Ford, Shirley Robertson, Elaine Connolly, Miranda McDonnel, Mary Madden, John Wiggins, Lucy Pagett, Jim Gray, John Curran, Saramma Samuel, Margaret Troupe, Caitlin Mair, Robert Clark, Peter Robinson, Stuart Goddard, Win Veitch, Peter Hanley, Kate Titterington, Ann Currie, Chris White, Helen Robertson, baby Josh Simpson, Desire Bascon, Janet Haring, Shona Killin, Tom Heaney, Mary Whyte, Tish Deacon, Elizabeth McGrath and Granny Elizabeth, Andrew Muldoon, John Havard, Mary Wallace, Ellen Green, Sophie Robinson, Louise Young, Tricia Scott, Harriet Wingfield Digby (aged 9), Alan Proudlock, Evelyn Walsh, Grace Stuart, Stephen Norwood, John Miller, Agnes Clarke, David Fenwick, Maurice McAllister, Rita Noonan, baby Lucas McCourt, Ellen Dow, members of the McGrath Family, Hans Zaunbrecher, Judith Franklin, Clare Johnston, Mary and Derek Lamarque, Keiran Smart (aged 16), Michael Doherty, Carol Turnbull, Jean Wylie, Angela Khan, George and Ann McDermott, Tara Kuppinger, Charlotte O'Brien, young Martha Moyes (aged 6), Jennifer Kay, Seval and Kazim Kazimoglu, Ann Watt (Mgr Rae's sister), Jan Meise, Roger Bromley, Tony Rigg, Stuart Falconer, Elizabeth, Elizabeth and Gordon Marron, Katie McAnenny, John Kellagher, Ann Thorp, Dani Miniette, Peter Millar, Joan Murray Hamilton, Sr Margaret Mary, Betty Blyth, Lauren Fitzpatrick, Michael Igoe, Clare Richardson, Laura Anderson, James O'Rourke, Tommy Muir, James Shepherd, Andrew Franklin, Jamie Mitchell, Edward Caulfield, Igor Rekowski, Mary Turnbull and young Ray Donovan Syme.

THANK YOU!