

My Dear Friends

I have decided this month to keep my letter to you short, that is simply because our Editor Geoff Fairweather has begun to receive items from different parts of the country, which help to fill and enrich our humble magazine.

Next month I intend to write to you a progress report on the Cathedral, which I will say now is beginning to reawaken from its derelict state. Last week I found myself in the partially restored nave thinking about our aspirations and dreams for this truly sacred site.

When we are thinking about the dreams that didn't come true and the ambitions that came to nothing, we are apt to put the blame on some vague being known as fate. Some even blame the stars. As if a floating mass of dead matter could affect the workings of circumstance! What nonsense we talk to cover up our own short-comings! The only star that ever influenced the destiny of mankind was the Star of Bethlehem.

We might indeed be masters of our fates if we could bring all our thoughts and actions into line with God's purpose for us, but how few of us really trust Him with our affairs. We prefer to rely on our own judgements and intuitions.

If the past could be enacted before us in every detail we should see exactly what went wrong. We should be able to see the very point at which we left the right road to follow a false star. We should see where we made the fatal mistake.

Do not blame the stars, we have to blame ourselves simply because we failed to act as one made in the image and likeness of God. It is our own faults and failings that throw grit into the wheels of destiny. We face daily many challenges in our personal lives and our Nation faces perils and dangers both from within and without.

Put your trust In God at all times and in all places and follow His will, in achieving not only your personal aspirations but much more importantly GOD'S will here on Earth. Say daily as a reminder the Lord's Prayer.

May Almighty God Bless you all.

Yours In Christ Jesus, Father Ian.

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RIP : Clifford. George Taylor, Priest. By profession Fr. Clifford was an electrical engineer who for much of his life worked for the railways. He did his military service in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He was a cradle Anglican who at the age of six began singing in the choir. He served parishes in Essex and Hertfordshire in a variety of ways including as a lay reader, but he finally broke with the CofE for the usual reasons. He was ordained within the Continuum. He and his wife Jean retired to the Isle of White where despite the handicap of arthritis, he ministered as Chaplain to half a dozen ex-servicemen groups, to seniors' homes and to a small group of disaffected Anglicans calling themselves The St. Lawrence Community Church. The concordat of inter communion and co-operation between Forward in Faith and TAC. works well on the island, where in spite of their hostile diocesan bishop, F in F. clergy extended to Clifford a sincere hand of fellowship. His funeral was therefore from the largest church on the island. All Saints, Ryde, and was attended by a sizeable congregation representative of his ministries and many interests.

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