

InHouse

the Journal of the Lincoln Cathedral Community Association



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All aboard the Precentory Express!

Muriel Robinson

Canon Nick Brown, who joins us as Precentor this December, has already introduced himself and the family to us all via the Chapter Letter, but we persuaded him to tell us a little more for *InHouse* and in particular to let us know a little more about his past railway experiences and his current PhD research.

Nick's enthusiasm for trains is clearly a family thing - he and his brother both caught the bug from Nick's father, and now his son is also an enthusiast, already plotting future layouts for the new Precentory!

Having lived close to a steam railway as a child, Nick became a volunteer in his teens. Whilst at university he was able to take this further through a management training scheme which allowed him to try a range of retail roles.

After a time teaching, the lure of the railways drew Nick to a role as CEO and general manager of a steam rail company (which he described as 'being paid to play with steam trains!') going through a sticky patch (in his first week, Nick discovered that there was not enough money to pay the bills!). Over the next couple of years, with Nick's guiding hand at whatever the train equivalent of a tiller is, the company was rescued and he was able to leave it as a thriving concern with more volunteers and a 10 year capital plan.

It may seem a huge jump from a role such as this to ordained life in the CofE and his new role as Precentor, but Nick argues that actually there is more commonality than might at first seem obvi-



ous. Railway companies, especially the small independent steam railways with many volunteers, are a congregated organism, just as a church is. Everyone needs to know their part in the mechanism, and Nick draws a parallel here with music and liturgy - all do their bit, then the railway - or cathedral - comes to life and works. This also helps explain the focus of Nick's PhD research.

It is particularly the smaller and more intimate services that can have the deepest spiritual significance for the singers

Having explored in earlier work the tensions that can arise between organists and clergy, Nick suggests that these are not simply about personality but relate more deeply to different philosophies of the purpose of music in liturgy

- is it for the congregation, for God, for an audience? If such philosophies are not articulated, then serious misunderstandings can arise and lead to conflict.

From this earlier work, Nick developed his thesis, which revolves around the experience of adult lay singers in the Anglican tradition and particularly in cathedrals.

He has begun to form a view that within the several different ways in which cathedral worship can be offered and received, it is particularly the smaller and more intimate services that can have the deepest spiritual significance for the singers, whatever their personal belief system.

As Nick's research progresses, we will be fascinated to hear more and to see its outworking in his new role. But for now, we welcome him and the family to our 'congregated organism'!

The Justin Case Papers

Andrea Paterson

My mother once told me that almost everyone has Justin Case papers and, when she explained, I naively thought that this would never apply to me. How wrong could I have been!

During lockdown, with my plan to downsize on hold, I decided to use the extra time wisely and sort out the 4-drawer filing cabinet, the 5-tray filing stack on the desk, the box files on the bookshelf and various other drawers where paperwork was hiding. What a task, especially as I quickly realised that the majority of these documents were Justin Case papers; pay slips for part-time jobs when I was a teenager, council tax bills for properties lived in 20 years ago, manuals for domestic equipment that has been superseded by at least three subsequent models.

Therefore, I embarked on the mammoth task of deciding what to keep,

what to shred and what to bin. as these documents all held memories from my past and the emotions linked to these memories.

I succeeded in reducing the mountain of paperwork to one crate of box files and I had filled 15 sacks of shredded material

My little study became a "sorting station" complete with the necessary equipment – staple remover, plastic wallets, labels, marker pens and, most importantly of all, a large bin and a small shredder.

Methodically I went through each

drawer of the filing cabinet, each folder and each box file separating the papers into bin /save /shred. The bin category was the easiest to establish – old manuals, takeaway menus, general flyers from companies.

The save category was also fairly obvious - current passports, wills, insurance policies. The shred category was reserved for defunct documents containing confidential information such as names, addresses, account numbers. However, some documents defied being put into a category. For example, old theatre programmes; save for the memories, or bin as we didn't even like the performance!

This process took much longer than originally envisaged as these documents all held memories from my past and the emotions linked to these memories. Eventually, after a number of weeks working on this project, I succeeded in reducing the mountain of paperwork to one crate of box files containing the saved documents and I had filled 15 paper sacks of shredded material and emptied the rubbish bin innumerable times.

How did I feel when this gargantuan task was done? My mind was clearer, I felt less anxious and began to look forwards. One great question remained – how to avoid being overwhelmed by paper in the future? The answer came from my first boss whom I remembered telling me to handle each piece of paper only once by deciding whether to bin it, shred it or save it. This led to the saved items being put into a folder labelled "To Do" from which I try to action one item each day. Therefore, my three-pronged approach has turned the mountainous Justin Case papers into the box where I can always find the Justin Time files.

A three-pronged approach can also be the answer to other areas in one's life, both secular and spiritual. As Matthew writes "Ask, and it will be given to you. Seek, and you will find. Knock, and it will be opened to you".



Alas Poor Billy

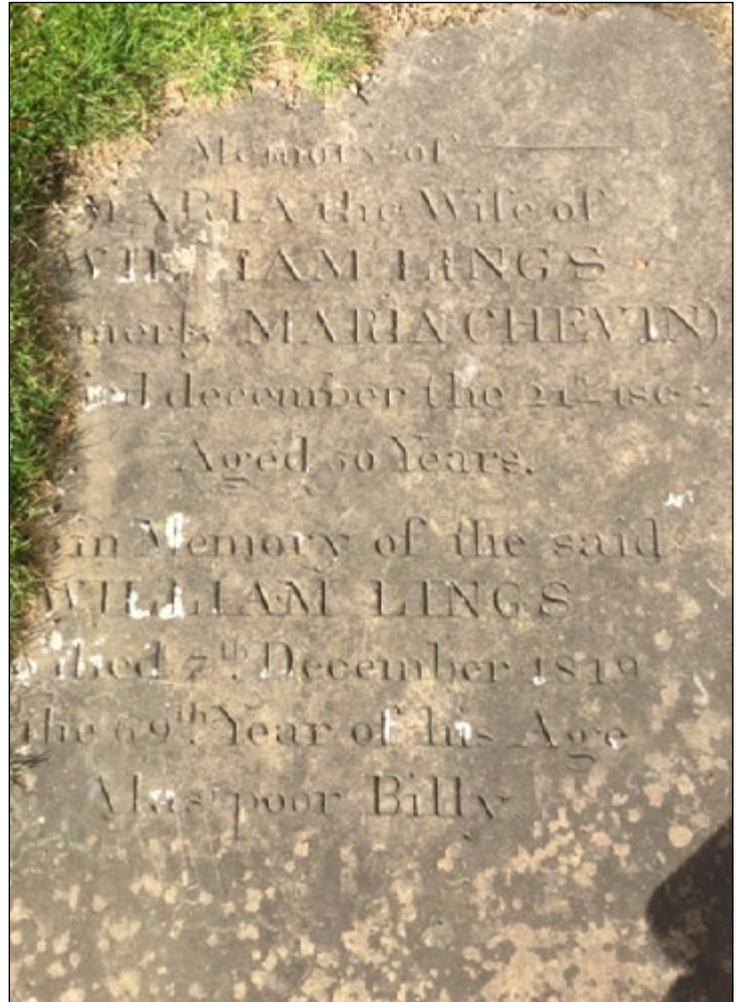
Elaine Johnson

Not 'Alas, poor Yorick' but 'Alas poor Billy' - one of those quirky epitaphs which make browsing graveyards so rewarding, and one to be found among the gravestones on the south side of the cathedral.

Records reveal that 'Billy' or William Lings was born in 1751 and married Maria Chevin on 21st September, 1775, at the church of St. Martin, Lincoln. Apprenticeship records tell us that in March 1785 he was a butcher in 'the Bail of Lincoln' with an apprentice named John Ranshaw. Five years later, William is again identified as a butcher - this time 'of Castle Hill' - in the poll book for an election in the city of Lincoln. In 1798, his landlord was Mr Robert Wood and the land tax due on his property was £2-4-0d.

William and Maria had at least four children, who were all baptised at either St Martin's or St. Mary Magdalene. Maria predeceased him in December 1802 and a report of her death has been found in the Stamford Mercury. She was described as the wife of Mr William Lings, butcher, this report suggesting that William was a man of some prominence in the city. It is possible that Maria's death at 50 prompted a change of focus for him because in subsequent poll books of 1806 and 1808 William is identified as a writer. Did he have a love of Shakespeare and was it this change of occupation which inspired his final epitaph when he died on 21st December, 1819? Or did his family want him remembered as 'a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy'?

If you want to find the gravestone of William and Maria, stand facing the south side of the cathedral and it is in a group of stones on the left, the one nearest the pavement.



Lincoln Cathedral Community Association Committee

Elaine Johnson

The LCCA committee met in person at the end of September, suitably distanced, although chaired by John McNeill via zoom.

Unfortunately, Covid-19 restrictions have put an end to the social events planned for Summer and Autumn, but we hope that tea and cake outdoors

might be possible once the better weather comes next year.

The meeting agreed two charitable donations: £8000 to the Corporate Body of Lincoln Cathedral and £1000 to the Nomad Trust.

The LCCA AGM has also had to be postponed because of Covid-19. It is

hoped that this can now be held in January to comply with the constitution.

Finally, we are delighted to congratulate John and Alice McNeill on the birth of their second son, George Edward, on 4th October, who weighed a very healthy 7lbs 12.5 ozs.

A word from the editor

Muriel Robinson

I'm sitting here writing this on the Friday before Christ the King, and at 3.30pm the dark is already threatening on a dull and rainy day.

Whether it's been an illusion created by lockdown or a sense of darkness coming from the readings for these last few Sundays before Advent, it's felt like a dark and gloomy November this year, despite some bright days – no wonder that one house near us has had a lit Christmas tree in their windows for ten days or so already! But now, as I write, we begin to draw near to Advent Sunday and the beginning of expectation.

My cathedral Advent candle is ready, as are the purple and pink ones ready to make our Advent wreath, and for once we shall be in Lincoln right through Advent and able to mark the passing of days with those family rituals that sit alongside the more practical preparations for Christmas.

We had hoped to include in this edition some farewells to those who have left the cathedral, but lockdown has severely limited our ability to talk to the relevant people. We will return to this in the Spring but for now are immensely grateful for the many years of service from those who have left. We are yet again robbed of the opportunity to say goodbye in person, and that feels particularly sad as we say farewell to our Subdean, John Patrick, and Jo and the family.

We ran what turned out to be a rather premature farewell to John earlier in the year, so this time we will just say again how much we have enjoyed his pastoral support and ministry, and wish him a very happy future life. We have been able to get to know our new Precentor, though, and hope you will enjoy learning more about Nick from our cover story.

One story which brightened the No-

vember gloom was that of a wedding – we are delighted to send congratulations to Christopher Lawrence and Dilys Jones, both so well known to us all, who got married in November. We wish them every happiness in this new phase of their lives. Congratulations from us all!

Yet again we are just in electronic mode, as we still can't provide printed copies for passers-by to pick up, so do please spread the word – it's pretty easy to get to this via the Cathedral website and of course our subscribers get a personal email with the link, so you can always join that list.

Inevitably this Christmas will be different, whatever the government decides, yet the mystery of the Incarnation is a constant for us. May your Christmas, whatever form it takes, be happy and holy, and may we all have a peaceful and heathy New Year.

Our new Journeys of Faith pilgrimage (celebrating St Hugh)

Looking for another Christmas present? Why not treat your nearest and dearest to a copy of the new pilgrimage route, then fix a date to walk it together once we are allowed? Available from the Cathedral shop, and remember they do online orders!

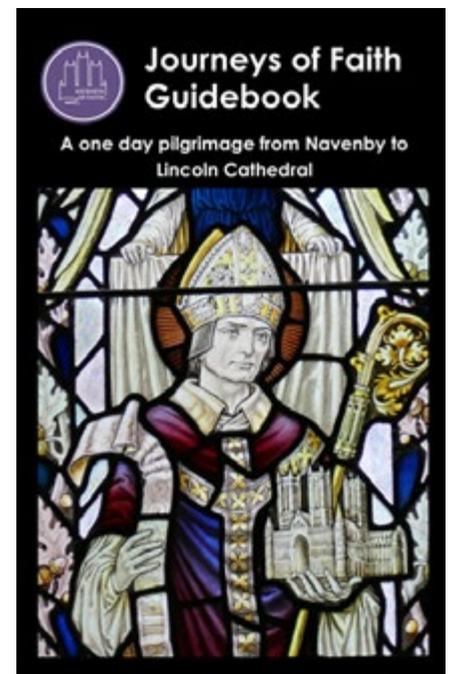
Alan Wilson and Judi Jones

800 years ago St Hugh was canonised and the cathedral is publishing a guidebook detailing a one day pilgrimage to celebrate our saint.

Starting from Navenby, the pilgrimage follows the beautiful route along the Lincolnshire Edge, winding up our historic High Street and ending in St Hugh's choir.

It visits the ancient churches along the way and recounts the history of these sacred buildings. At every stage it suggests issues to ponder and to discuss with fellow pilgrims. It is attractively produced with interesting photographs and clear maps.

We hope that it will encourage many people to walk at least part of the way and take time out to enjoy nature, think about different issues and to celebrate our special saint.



Cathedral Doors

Margaret Campion

The discovery of the Dean's Door was such a pleasure that I began to wonder how many more doors I was missing, so I did a quick reconnoitre around the cathedral one afternoon and counted 16 doors leading into the body of the building plus two iron gates – surely an excessive number even for a building as large as the cathedral!

I started at the West Front where there are 5 impressive doors with the Great West Door in the centre. On either side are the two doors used now mostly as the public entrances and all three very beautiful with classic zig zag Norman decorations. On either side of these are two plain doors accessed by steps, the south west one is used by the ringers when they come in to practice on Thursday evenings but the north west, just behind the Horse and Hounds sculpture, I have never seen open although I think it must lead into the north tower where the angelus bells are rung.

Moving round to the south you come immediately to the Galilee Porch, traditionally the Bishop's grand entrance from the Old Palace opposite. Further round is a rather neglected area, not usually frequented by tourists but where

there is the intriguing carving known as 'Greed' with pound signs in the eye sockets.

Just around from this carving are two doors, one high up with 9 steps leading to it; this was traditionally used by the choir boys to give access to the old Song School above and below it, protected by a rough concrete wall is a drainage channel which was, apparently the latrine for the boys! Now it is protected by iron railings and the first of the iron gates. Right next to it is a round headed arch with an oak studded door bearing the fierce notice 'No Admittance except on Business'. This is the external entrance to the boiler room.

Moving round and hidden between buttresses is another unnoticed door, heavy, oak studded and with a formidable iron padlock. It is clearly unused but has some rather intriguing carvings on the lintel – a dragon, a bull with a pig like snout and an elegant seated dog with collar which has a rather heraldic look about it. The Judgement Porch is famous, and turning the corner to the east is the King Richard door; both of these are used for public worship access. Further round to the east are two doors, one gives access to the



service areas of the kitchen and flower room, and then we come to the outside door to the Chapter House before rounding another corner and finding the entrance to the coffee shop. There is a second iron gate here with a neglected area behind iron railings where old picnic tables still stand.

The only doors in the north side of the cathedral circuit access the Old Deanery, soon to be the Visitors Centre, but then, still closed to the public are the two lovely doors described in the earlier article, the state entrance to the Wren Library and the Dean's Door.

So, I counted 16 doors; there may be others, although I rather doubt it, but my next challenge will be to count and identify the number of doors on the ground floor of the cathedral – and who knows? One day I may even venture up into the roof to see how many doors are hidden away up there!



New challenges for Stewards

Joan Panton, Steward

Does the steward that you see on a Sunday morning who is based near the entrance door wear a hot water bottle secreted under their coat to keep them warm?

Well no; but that sounds like a good idea. Gloves, scarves and lots of layers keep us from getting too cold. We click people in with a counter so we know how many attend the service. We meet and greet everyone with politeness and friendliness but sometimes we just have to be assertive as well.

The man who cycled up to the door expecting to be let in with his cycle seemed surprised when this was not allowed. Reminders to wear facemasks correctly are also now part of a steward's job. Each week there seems to be different boxes for donations or test and trace forms or requests for tickets for special services, or votes for changing service times and this keeps not only the stewards but the congregation on their toes.



There's not so many stewarding duties at present owing to the pandemic but

a wedding and ordinations took place recently. These are very happy and jolly occasions but both of these recently also proved more challenging than normal as guests for the ordinations as usual liked to stand and chat beforehand and it was the steward's role to persuade them to take their seats so we didn't have largish groups all mingling in one smallish space. Cathedral visitors also were disappointed not to be able to see the wedding taking place and tried all sorts of persuasion to get closer than they were allowed. A few guides also had to be advised the East End was out of bounds whilst these services took place but hopefully everyone got a good look at the beautiful bride and smart bridal party as they left the Cathedral by the Great West door after the wedding.

It is always a privilege to be a steward and hopefully we continue to meet the new challenges with a smile - but now it's well hidden behind a face mask!

The Modern Misericord

Margaret Campion

The new social distancing format for the chairs in the nave on Sunday mornings has revealed unexpected consequences for me – the first morning I placed myself on one of the double chairs in the centre of the nave where I could see everything at the front.

I placed my walking stick on the ground and, using the second chair for leverage, I got up and down quite well, but during the longer passages of standing I allowed my eyes to wander to the vaulting and found myself suddenly unbalanced. Unlike the seats in the choir, in the nave there is no pew in front to simply touch (or grab!) if you suddenly feel unbalanced; caught unawares I sat down with an undignified THUMP and felt very

foolish. I retrieved my walking stick and using that for balance got upright again and continued with the service.

The following week I had my son with me so an arm was available if needed but in the following weeks I have made use of the seats placed thoughtfully near the pillars and now, during the longer standing passages I simply lean back against the solid strength of those mighty pillars.

It occurred to me last week that I was, in fact, using the pillars exactly as the canons of old must have used their misericord – by leaning against the pillar I am able to remain standing just as of old the canons used the little 'perches' to rest their weary limbs whilst still remaining upright! The 'Modern Misericord' has been born!



Beard theology

A holy history of hairy faces, Told by The Church Mouse

Canon Jeffrey Heskins



St Nicholas of Myra?

When I was twenty-two, I tried to grow a beard. Somehow, I thought it might improve my chances at the selection conference for ordination training I was about to attend.

The fresh-faced boyish look might seem to the selectors more mature and worldly-wise and they wouldn't send me away for years of 'life experience' as they were prone to do. My attempt was a failure and I looked more like the cartoon character Shaggy from Scooby Doo. Off it came. During the boredom of lockdown earlier this year I experienced several weeks of not being bothered to shave and the result is this photograph. Why do it? Why would anyone do it?

The book *Beard Theology* has a go at answering just this question. It's a book for your coffee table really, a summer holiday read and actually it is not really a theology book at all, but it is enormous fun, written in an easy and acces-

sible style by an anonymous author. The Church Mouse is an Anglican blogger who writes with a critical eye on how badly some people in church relate to people outside the church. The Church Mouse professes to see everything that happens in church and comments on a range of contemporary issues including Lady Ga Ga theology! If you have ever wondered about beards and any religious significance, they might have (and I haven't) then you should not miss this one. Paula Gooder, Canon Chancellor at St Paul's cathedral describes it, 'As informative as it is entertaining – read it, you won't regret it.' My copy arrived as a surprise present a week after my hairdresser turned beard sculptor had paid her first post lockdown visit. I couldn't

put the book down. Paula Gooder was right.

Church Mouse takes us on an historical (and sometimes hysterical) romp through a hairy history written in the style of a Horrible History. Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome; the Jewish traditions of Jesus' day and then to the Patristic period where the beard was at its zenith. The historic tensions between hairy faces and the clean shaven are all documented on and on through the Reformation and the Evangelical revival. Whether it was to lend the appearance of wisdom, courage and vigour (as Augustine of Hippo thought) or to cultivate a fashion trend (such as the goatee or the van Dyck style of the restoration) or simply to hide a multitude of chins

(as I suspect mine is doing), beards proved to be a contentious issue in religious life. Church Mouse has turned up some fabulously true stories such as the cardinal who didn't get enough votes in conclave to be elected pope because he had a beard and a female pharaoh who wore a fake beard. Beards were even cited in the papal excommunication which led to the schism between the Church of east and west in 1054.

Christmas stocking filler? This could be it!

Beard Theology: A holy history of hairy faces, by The Church Mouse, illustrated by Dave Walker

Publisher: Hodder & Stoughton, **ISBN:** 9781529318630. Available in hardback and as an e-book.



Canon Jeffrey Heskins?

What does Christmas mean to you?

Andrea Paterson

When I was asked “What does Christmas mean to you?” my first thought was about the memories evoked by Christmas-past, so I wrote a list of the words that came to mind and soon realised that the initial letters of most of these spelled the word Christmas.

Therefore, I set my family and friends the challenge of what Christmas meant to them using only the letters in the actual word. After only a couple of days, I had quite a long list which represented the memories, emotions and interests of these people who have all figured in my reflections of Christmas past.

This is my list combining all these collective reminiscences – can you think of any others?

C	Cards, Christ, candles, carols, Christmas pudding, Christmas cake, Cranberry, Christingle, Compassion, Children
H	Holly, Holy Night, Heaven, Host, Holiday, Hope, Happiness, Hampers, Hugs
R	Remembering, rejuvenation, realm, reindeer, recharge and rest
I	Innocence, illuminations, ivy, icing, icicles
S	Saviour, Santa, star, shepherds, sheep, sky, stockings, snacks
T	Togetherness, tree, turkey, tinsel, toys
M	Messiah, Mary, memories, midnight mass, mistletoe, mince pies, mulled wine, merriment
A	Advent, angels, advocaat, A New Year coming
S	Stable, sleigh, snow, snowball, snowman, salvation, singing

Whilst this list represents Christmas past, what of Christmas present which, as I write, remains uncertain for many people. One friend actually sent me a COVID-19 Christmas word list which doesn't make such happy reading:

C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S
COVID-19 Chaos	Hardship Harassment	Redundancy Rage	Isolation	Sickness Sadness	Toilet rolls Trouble	Memorable for the wrong reasons Misery	Anxiety Anger	Stress Survival

What of Christmas future? Let's hope and pray that the year 2021 brings with it some relief from the barren thoughts of a COVID-19 Christmas and that we can look forward to:-

C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S
Companionship	Harmony	Rejoicing	Inspiration	Security	Tranquility	Mercy	Affection	Spirit

Let us pray that for everyone in 2021 “God can bring peace to your past, purpose to your present and hope to your future” (John ch14, v27).

Editor and Editorial Policy

The current editor is Muriel Robinson, supported by Elaine Johnson and Margaret Campion and with photographs supplied by the editorial team, the Cathedral external communications team and authors.

Decisions on content are made by the editors for each edition of *InHouse*. **Submissions of short articles are welcomed** though it may not always be possible to use all pieces as space is limited; articles are also commissioned to address identified issues. We reserve the right to edit, carry forward or not include submitted articles.

Copy for the next edition should be **emailed to the Editors at inhouse@lincolncathedral.com by February 15th 2021 as attachments in Word format**; accompanying photographs are also welcomed as JPEG files. **Please don't insert photos, clip art or illustrations into the Word files but send them separately** in as high a resolution as possible. Advice for contributors is available - please email for a copy. Regrettably it is not possible to accept hard copy as we do not have any secretarial resources.

If you do not currently receive *InHouse* by email and would like to do so, please email your address to us at inhouse@lincolncathedral.com. You will then be sent the link to the uploaded copy on the cathedral website as soon as it is on the site.



Of Christingles and Camels

Margaret Campion

Thoughts are beginning to turn towards Christmas which leads, naturally, to memories of past Christmas events in the Cathedral.

One of these memories is of the first Christingle service I ever attended – it was in the cathedral and must have been in the mid to late '70s since my children were quite young and attended Eastgate Primary School. Whilst waiting with other mums outside the school a redoubtable lady called Margaret Young (whom many of you will remember) suggested I brought my boys to the Christingle service in the Cathedral.

Accordingly we turned up and went in through the Great West Door where we were confronted with a scene which, in retrospect, seemed like thousands of squealing children. Mrs. Young greeted us; thrust a blanket into my husband's arms saying "If any child catches fire – smother them"! The service progressed; the children were herded away towards the front... Ben (eldest son) returned clutching a lighted candle and a handful of orange peel. He had eaten the rest. No second child... "Where is Joe?" I asked. "Dunno" was the reply. "I expect he's all right" muttered my husband, and sure enough at the end of the service we found him sitting on the wall outside the Judgement Porch, quite happy and not in the least concerned!

Again, in retrospect, I think we were fairly relaxed parents and didn't really think anything could possibly happen to our little darlings! I think parents today would be rather more anxious.

Another well known legend,

which I did not personally witness, was the Radio Lincolnshire Carol Service in 1987 or '88 when the procession included three stately camels and their magnificently costumed riders! Christopher Laurence was in the organ loft at the time and remembers the scene vividly: "It was quite dark outside, the great West Door was thrown open and in from the darkness came these magnificent beasts – it is one of my favourite memories of the cathedral!" He also recollects that following the camels, armed with dustpan and brush, came the Sub Dean to clear up any mess!



Following the camels, armed with dustpan and brush, came the Sub Dean to clear up any mess!

I also have a vague memory of taking my boys to see the Nativity tableau one year, before the large stone installation was positioned in the Narthex, and found the tableau in St. Nicholas Chapel (where the Madonna now sits) but it was a Fairground Nativity with a large colourful Madonna and sheep with nodding heads! I remember being really startled – it was

so, well, surreal, I guess is the word to use. I certainly didn't like it and can't remember the reactions of my children. I checked with Christopher Lawrence whose memory is prodigious and he confirmed that it was there but only (he thought) for one year. It was probably in the late '70s – does anyone else remember it?

I think memories such as these make the tapestry of cathedral life so much richer and more human than the exactly accurate historical records can show – if anyone agrees with me and has their own memories to share with InHouse Readers do, please write them down, we should be so happy to store or use them in future editions.

Making Christmas Special

The Editorial team and other contributors - apologies to those whose words have been cut for reasons of space.

We've heard a lot in the media lately about the possibility of Christmas being cancelled. Those of us who are Christian know that this is not of course the case- Christmas will still happen, even if it is very different from usual, just as Easter and Pentecost happened without us gathering in the Cathedral this year. At the time of writing, we have just heard that when the lockdown ends on December 2nd, we will be able to come back to socially-distanced public worship, though that will still be different from normal because of the need to distance. In thinking about this we wondered about the quintessential aspects of a Lincoln Cathedral Christmas that different people call to mind. Our plans to ask a more systematic sample group were stymied by the lockdown, but one way or another we have gathered the views below:



- For me, the Advent Eve service is always a special moment- the quiet and stillness, the first lighting of the Advent wreath and the amazing music signal the beginning of Advent and the beginning of the unfolding of that great story of the Incarnation.
- I always think that my Christmas season begins with the shopping evening at the Cathedral shop. I love the atmosphere in the cathedral at night. I raced in on the afternoon before lockdown to buy my Advent candle and a few other bits to get me started.
- The part I enjoy the most is during the Christmas Market when (in normal times) I help out in the Chapter House serving the tea, mulled wine and coffee. I really like clearing the tables and collecting the debris because everyone is ready to talk and especially to ask about the Chapter House and it is a really good opportunity to do a bit of informal guiding.
- The great Christmas trees at the West End, covered in white lights, bring a special Christmas feeling for me, and remind me of the churches of my childhood, where real trees with white lights only were always there.
- One happy memory is from the 1990s, when 'Carols by Candlelight' was indeed performed just by candlelight! Each December a team of volunteers created a warm and intimate setting staged in the Chapter House. Candles were arranged above every niche all around the circular but relatively small space. With 200 guests seated and the lights dimmed, the Choir entered, carrying candles, singing 'O little town of Bethlehem', filling the room with that special uplifting sound which captured the real meaning of Christmas.
- I have so many happy memories working with the Flower Guild when decorating the Cathedral for Christmas. First sorting the flowers, greenery, gold & silver decorations, then the magical experience of seeing the whole building transformed from Advent twilight to a feast of brightness and colour. Chatting with visitors, then coffee and mince pies in the Refectory. It is indeed wonderful to be part of the team working to present the Cathedral in all its glory at this special time of the year.
- What makes Christmas special in the Cathedral? For me, the Christmas Eve Carol service has always been special as so many people come to the Cathedral every year and tell us this is the start of their Christmas. There is a real thrill in seeing the Cathedral absolutely bursting with happy, expectant people.
- The first thing that came into both our minds was the Christmas Eve Carol Service. Not only actually being on duty but also the preparation needed to prepare for some 2600 people to come into the Cathedral to sing carols, hear the Cathedral choir, and once more remember what Christmas is all about - the wonder of Christmas Eve.
- I am so thankful at this time for memories! I particularly so vividly remember walking into the Cathedral on Christmas Eve and seeing the angels heralding over the new Nativity scene, placed in front of the altar in the nave. It completed the anticipated atmosphere and perfectly began the beginning of The Beginning (of the Story)!



