



Sunday Nov 17th 2024

Christ the Saviour Church,
2040 Anza St. San Francisco
Priest: Father Philip Halliwell
415 823 9927

Saint Winifred and her “Haliwel”

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church!



St. Winifred, whose name in her own language was Gwenfrewi, was born in North Wales in the early seventh century, when Christendom was still whole, and many great saints were living on the British Isles. Her mother's brother was St. Beuno, Abbot of Clynnog Fawr in Gwynedd.

One Sunday, while St. Beuno was serving the Liturgy at the church, Winifred was alone in her house. A prince named Caradog was riding by, and stopped at the house to ask for a drink of water. Winifred was very beautiful, and Caradog was stricken with the desire to have her in marriage. The maiden's resolve to preserve her virginity and become a nun was unshakeable, however, so the prince attempted to take her by force. Winifred struggled free and ran toward the church, but Caradog soon caught up with her on his horse. Out of anger at the refusal, he struck off her head with his sword. Her severed head rolled down the hillside to the churchyard. When her uncle and the congregation—which probably included Winifred's other kin—saw what had happened, they were horrified. The wicked Caradog fell dead on the spot. (Other historical sources say that Caradog was killed by Winifred's brother, Owain, as an act of revenge.)

A spring of healing water sprang forth at the place where St. Winifred's head fell. St. Beuno took Winifred's head and replaced it to her body, then prayed to God that she be restored whole. By St. Beuno's prayers, Winifred came back to life. The two sat on a rock which was later named, “St. Beuno's rock,” and her uncle told her that anyone seeking help through her prayers at that spot would find it. A red mark remained around her neck, as a remnant of her miraculous restoration.

St. Winifred reposed on November 3, 660 AD, and was buried in the monastic cemetery.

Recently a fragment of an eighth-century reliquary from Gwytherin, the Arch Gwenfrewi (Winifred's Casket), was found, witnessing her status as a recognized saint almost from the moment of her death, the earliest such surviving evidence for any Welsh saint.

HOLYWELL ! – HALIWEL !

Holywell first enters written history in 1093, when “Haliwel” was presented to St. Werburgh's Abbey, Chester. In 1240, the Welsh prince Dafydd ap Llewelyn, once more in control of this area in Wales, gave the holy well and church to the newly-established Basingwerk Abbey; People have bathed in St Winifred's Well for 1,350 years. They still do. Pilgrims today pass three times through the small inner bath, saying a decade of the Rosary; afterwards entering the outer pool to finish their prayers kneeling on St Beuno's Stone, by the steps.

Some pray for a cure; more “offer up” the discomfort of the icy waters for friends, or simply in honour of St. Winifred, or as a gesture of thanks. Pilgrimage has many reasons. This ritual is as old as the pilgrimage itself. Maen Beuno, Beuno's Stone, connects us directly with the time of St Winifred. The *Medieval Lives* say that Beuno sat on this stone when he told Winifred that anyone coming to the Well and asking something in her name, “might receive an answer to their request at least at the third time.” This was understood to mean that the petitioner should bathe three separate times. After the building of the present Well this meant three dips in the little bath. A carving opposite this bath shows how healthy pilgrims carried the sick through the waters on their backs. The stonework of the Well is covered with hundreds of graffiti, initials of hopeful or grateful pilgrims. Some inscriptions explicitly testify to cures received at the shrine. The exterior pool formed no part of the original building, being added later; but its size witnesses to the crowds of pilgrims who came even during the times of religious persecution. Nor was their faith in vain. For 800 years there is a continuous record of cures and other favours claimed at the Well through the prayers of St Winifred—the only British shrine boasting such an uninterrupted history of pilgrimage and healing. Until the 1960s, the crypt was stacked with crutches left by cured pilgrims. Centuries of letters testify to the power of God and His saints in this place: records of cures not only of Catholics, but of Protestants; and even of those with no faith in anything. One account, touching in its simplicity, a scrap of paper left at the Well 100 years ago, can stand for all the rest: A Protestant Father wishes to return thanks to God that through the use of St Winifred's water, his only daughter was cured miraculously, Three years ago of a serious malady, which had resisted the efforts of several doctors & friends for the period of Three and a half years. Signed, C.T. Longley.



Воскресенье 17-ого ноября 2024г

Храм Христа Спасителя

Священник:

Отец Филипп Халливелл

415 823 9927

**«Коль есть любовь,
тогда мы все родные»**

Donate to your
church!



16 ноября исполняется 70 лет [иеромонаху Роману \(Матюшину\)](#), имя и голос которого хорошо знакомы тем, кто обрёл Бога в 1980–90-е годы. Многие рассказывают о том, что пришли в Церковь, отозвавшись именно на этот голос, как овцы идут на знакомый голос пастыря. Песнопения отца Романа звучали, как отголосок Евангельской проповеди: «Покайтесь, ибо приблизилось Царство Небесное» (Мф. 4, 17), облечённый в стихотворно-песенную форму, близкую к творчеству не только церковному, но и народному: «Радость моя, наступает пора покаянная...», «Выйди скорей к моему роднику», «Отложим попечение, покаяния пора наста».

По замечательным словам философа Александра Королькова, творчество иеромонаха Романа народ принял как голос самого Православия. Вслед за отцом Романом его песнопения исполнили Максим Трошин, Жанна Бичевская, Олег Погудин, Евгения Смольянинова, Геннадий и Анастасия Заволокины и многие другие. Сам отец Роман позже петь перестал, но продолжил писать: на сегодняшний день им написано более тысячи стихотворений, известных не так широко, как песнопения. Причина такой «неширокой» известности – в личности автора.

«Мне мало чести, что, может, как поэт состоялся, – говорит отец Роман. – Великая честь – принадлежать Православной Церкви, быть христианином». Он и стремится в первую очередь быть христианином, монахом, который в постриге умирает для мира, быть священником, а поэзия – это только отблеск его отданной Богу жизни. Отец Роман избегает всякой публичности и саморекламы и, будучи максималистом, после пострига был готов совсем оставить литературу – но старец Николай Гурьянов благословил его и писать, и издаваться.

«Поздние стихи отца Романа – это не крик нашей собственной души, а голос того, кто может и хочет нам помочь»

ВОЗВРАЩЕНИЕ

Не говорите: всё вокруг случайно –
Земли и вод Божественная статья.
О слово! Запечатанная тайна!
Какою силой рушишь ты печать?
Рожденье слова... Что тому виною?
Откуда вдруг взыгранье сие?
Не чудо ли: посеяно не мною,
Но мною обретает бытие.
Река и лужа, как они несхожи!
Душа моя, и ты, как та вода,
То отражаешь чудо звездной дрожи,
То обдаешь прохожих в городах.
Не повенчать святую правду с ложью,
Двойная жизнь погибелью грозит.
Когда душа не отражает Божье,
Тогда она небожье отразит...
Идут стихи, и никуда не деться,
Свободен дух от дольней суеты.
А значит, слово возвращает в детство,
В забытый край лазурной чистоты.

17–20 января 2020 г.

Скит Ветрово