

As I write this I know that summer is arriving, despite rain squalls, my depression over all the green stuff growing in the garden and the prospect of scraping the rust off our apology for a barbecue. This I know because my ticket for the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy has landed on the doormat. It is a most peculiarly British type of exhibition which I look forward to year after year. It really is a rather mad type of event because unlike the blockbuster 'Monet Whistler Turner' or 'Caravaggio' exhibitions it doesn't feature the works of any one world famous artist nor does it even specialise in any one visual medium - it contains watercolour, oils, sculpture, architecture and much more, all created by a huge variety of people who express themselves through their own art form. Anyone, absolutely anyone, can submit a work for the Viewing Committee to consider, and each year literally thousands of hopefuls send in a piece of their labour. Our own Hannan Stanton was featured in a fine portrait displayed in the Summer Exhibition in the late 1920s. Rather like the General Election we have just witnessed, the Summer Exhibition is a huge expression of every participant's quest after truth. In an election we vote for those we feel will most ably work for the truth, hopes and vision we cherish. In the Summer Exhibition we see the truth, hopes and vision of the thousands of artists whose work is displayed. Like both elections and art, the call of God, which Jesus embodies, asks us to display our reaction to the truth, hope and vision we find in Him.

And by the time you read this we shall be not only in summer, but also in the period of the year which the church calls Pentecost. At Pentecost thousands of eyes were opened, hearts stirred, lives challenged and changed as the truth about this Jesus of Nazareth, the ultimate window onto God, became available for all to hear and see, whatever their ethnicity, language, gender or background. Pentecost is the season for all to find a way to respond to the truths, hopes and visions we carry within us in response to God's creative love.

For Christians, whether in first century Palestine or 21<sup>st</sup> century London, whether Anglican, Catholic, Protestant or orthodox, whether black or white, male or female we are each called, with one another, to express that truth in the living of our lives. That means in the exciting times and the boring times, in the inspirational and the dull, the enjoyable and the painful. 'Seek truth and pursue it' - may that be your summer mantra at the barbecue in the garden, or sheltering from a seasonal downpour at the Summer Exhibition. And by the way, as a Friend, I can take a guest free. Anyone interested?

*Brian Leathard*

**ST JAMES'S DAY CELEBRATION      Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> July  
Parish Communion 11 a.m. followed by lunch**

## **VE DAY: A RECOLLECTION**

In the early war years, I had been persuaded by my father not to volunteer for the RAF at the age of 17, but to wait for my call-up. A builder, he was struggling to keep things going, repairing bomb-damaged houses; having already seen most of his employees under 40 taken into the Forces, including my two older brothers, who had entered service with the RAF.

Called up at the beginning of 1943, I was accepted as suitable to become a Bomb-aimer, given my Service number (1890053), and placed on "deferred service", waiting a vacancy in the crowded training programme. This came in April, 1944. For the group forming our intake, three months at Initial Training Wing should have led on to further training in one of the Dominions: South Africa, or Rhodesia, or maybe Canada, as part of the Empire Air Training Scheme, and thence to my emergence with the coveted brevet or "wing", to join a crew as their bomb-aimer. Instead, Air Marshal Arthur "Bomber" Harris decided that he already had sufficient trained crews to finish the war, and so groups of us were sent off on 3-month "detachments" to operational bomber stations in UK, for general duties. After one spell in Lincolnshire, fitting fins and fuses to bombs ranging from 500lbs to 4000lb "cookies", plus incendiaries, in readiness for Lancaster bomb-bays, (a job not without potential dangers and excitement) I was sent to the parachute section of a station near Newmarket. Here, crews would draw their 'chutes before take-off, and return them to our care again after landing. No danger or excitement, apart perhaps from winning the kitty as we endlessly played cards.

By May, the Squadron was put to the job of dropping food, sacks of grain or dried pulses, to starving people in occupied territories. Then, on Saturday 5<sup>th</sup>, an invitation for me to go with a Kiwi crew on their next trip in a few days' time, probably Tuesday. Instant acceptance!

Take-off was at about 0930, in clear sunshine. We flew low over the North Sea, seeing many shops decked overall with flags and bunting. It was VE Day! The food delivered at the dropping zone, we then flew on to Rotterdam, circling the city in a near-vertical bank at about 1000 feet, maybe less - our pilot exclaiming about the crowds of people in the streets and squares, waving to us. A calm return to base, and speculation about whether we might now be sent to the Far East, and if not, how soon we might be demobilised.

As things turned out, it was my one and only flight in a bomber, and on a mission of mercy, rather than of destruction - but what a memorable experience!

*Jack Gostling*

## **Christian Aid's 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

Sixty years old but still hard at work. Bread. Bread. Bread. This was the overarching theme of Christian Aid's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration held recently in St Paul's Cathedral. Its birth came from the Church's response to refugees and the homeless in Europe at the end of the Second World War. In those days churches did relatively little together but here was an opportunity to begin to build real ecumenical partnerships in the gospel commandment to love one another. In St Matthew's Gospel we read "what do you do for the least of these your brothers and sisters you do also for me" and so the churches in Britain put together a strategy to bring relief, rehabilitation and resettlement to those displaced by six long years of war. During the 1950s and 60s needs changed and so Christian Aid, as it now was called, grew in response to the burgeoning awareness of the gulf between the rich countries of the north and the poor countries of the south. It began to work in India, in sub-Saharan Africa and Latin America. As it grew it needed funding and it invented one of the very first themed weeks, now known as Christian Aid Week, with the ubiquitous red envelope and collection boxes being taken from door to door. Still today it has one of the largest charitable mobilisations in Britain when, during Christian Aid Week, over 350,000 people tread our streets in collecting for Christian Aid's work.

But the service was not only looking backwards it was also looking forwards. Bread. Bread was the theme and it was celebrated in all sorts of ways. A baker from Northumberland exchanged gifts of bread with an aid worker from the Democratic Republic of the Congo, each talking about their baking techniques and what bread meant to their communities. We sang Bread of Heaven and we tasted bread shared with each other with the crumbs being gathered up and sent to our political leaders and to the media with the slogan: 'It's not enough to give the hungry crumbs'. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached a fine sermon which built upon our care for each other being a reflection of God's care for us. He argued that it isn't simply a case of 'doing good' or 'feeling better by helping' but much rather that our response to the poor in our world is to be the same as God's response to our needs, namely loving and generous inter-dependence. So with the Gospel Choir and trumpets of the St Paul's Cathedral organ we marched out via the great west door onto the steps overlooking the City of London to proclaim 'we believe in life before death' - Christian Aid's slogan - having thanked God for 60 hardworking years and looking forward to many more.



Thank you once again to our thirty or so collectors - they did another job willingly and efficiently! Next month we shall be able to tell you how much they collected, as well as the total for all the Hampton Deanery churches who share in the Christian Aid work.

**Christian Aid**  
We believe in life before death

## BUY A GOAT



3<sup>rd</sup> Hampton Hill Brownie Pack have been working very hard in recent months to raise money to buy goats for villagers in Africa; each goat cost £27.00.

The Christian Aid Charity helps provide an income for villagers in Africa.

The Brownies have learnt what it is like to grow up in an African village when a guest speaker at a pack evening gave a colourful talk on village life. Our speaker Grace, who grew up in a small African village, gave the girls a real insight into how difficult life is and how the villagers had to go without the most basic things such as shoes. They found out how tough it is for people, which really spurred them on to raise even more money.

We held an "Entertainment Evening" and a "Bring and Buy Sale" and raised enough funds to purchase ten goats. On Sunday the 1<sup>st</sup> May during Church Parade we gave a brief talk to the congregation and the girls collected money after the service, which will enable us to buy a further three goats, thirteen in total!

These goats will make a real difference to peoples' lives; we found out how life has changed for one little boy and his family who had received a goat; Abel who is 10 years old was able to go to school for the first time, as his family could sell goats milk, make cheese and even use the goats' manure to fertilize their crops!

The Brownies feel very proud of their achievements and have worked very hard. We would like to thank everyone who gave so generously to the charity.

*3<sup>rd</sup> Hampton Hill Brownies*

---

**Election Sayings** *We asked various parishioners for their thoughts and hopes in the days leading up to the election and afterwards. These are the replies:*

**All said a few days before the election:**

It's time we got rid of this lot.

They've done a lot of good things.

I think Labour will lose a lot of marginal seats.

Blair has betrayed his party and us, how do we vote now?

We should vote for a man, not a party.

What an awful crowd: Blair, Straw, Blunkett. But Howard's lot are worse!

A hung parliament . . . Lib Dems forcing PR? Might be an answer to this mess.

Vote Blair, get Brown . . . I hope.

Jon Snow predicts a Labour majority of 100. Heaven help us.

You can't deny they've tried to improve public services.

**In the days immediately after the election:**

We were very fortunate in our constituency to have had the opportunity to vote for a Liberal Democrat candidate and one who is experienced and renowned parliamentarian of sound judgment, good values and considerable intellect.

I was fed up with all the media hype and the result was exactly what I expected.

There was no party I really wanted to vote for in this election.

## *This Made a Difference*

When my youngest child had been at secondary school for a couple of years I decided to look for interesting work outside my home. I was offered a job at the bookshop at St Mary's College at Strawberry Hill in Twickenham. I accepted with alacrity, having spent so many hours of all my life engrossed in reading.

The heart of the group of buildings of many ages which make up the college is of course Horace Walpole's famous "gothic" folly, Strawberry Hill itself, built by Walpole to house his fantastic collection of architectural pieces from all over Europe, and his many, many books. I found great pleasure and interest in walking through the house among all those treasures. One could also see the wonderful building added by Lady Waldegrave; the amazing ballroom and panelled drawing room (scene of several happy marriage occasions, including that of one of our daughters).

The bookshop is housed in what was the cowshed of the pretend "farm" and as a listed building could not be demolished - it made a cosy little shop! After a few years I found myself in charge of this shop, responsible for buying and stocking the academic range which was to cater for the college curriculum: English texts, novels, poetry, drama, books for students studying history, geography, religion, classics, chemistry, biology, mathematics. The choice of texts was that of the lecturers of the various subjects, but the ordering, the decisions about the number for each title, the display of the stock and the actual selling, were my responsibility, as was doing the cashing up each evening and making sure the money all added up!

I found the reading of the publishers' catalogues describing new publications, the reference books, the microfiches showing details of every book available to the English speaking world totally fascinating. I had read or did read most of the books for the English and Drama degrees, but many of the other subjects were strange to me, especially the scientific ones as all my previous experience had been in arts subjects.

But what I really enjoyed and why I found the experience changed my attitudes to many aspects of life, was the opportunity to spend hours every day in the company of the students. The atmosphere of the shop was relaxed and relaxing; lots of people just came for a look round and a chat, or to check up on my selection of sweets, chocolates and greeting cards! But many, obviously, needed to buy, for instance, a Thomas Hardy novel to read tonight, write an essay tomorrow morning and hand in tomorrow afternoon. What, I used to be asked, would be an easy way to do this? I had to reply - there wasn't an easy way! There were, naturally, lots of very earnest and hard working students as well as the truly scatty ones (who were fun) and the occasional obnoxious type, who seemed a great waste of public money! But I found that these hours every day in the company of an age group which I had only known by repute and had not tried to understand, made me appreciate their problems and life-styles. To my pleasure I found that I really liked students! They were just ordinary people, not a race apart, young people trying out new experiences, having to manage their finances, their relationships, their academic work and their leisure.

Some did this well, others did not, some drank too much, some worked extraordinarily hard, some wasted their money, others organised their grants and expenditure very carefully.

I enjoyed them all, talked to them, listened often to their problems, about their boy and girl friends, about their parents, about birth control (St Mary's used to be a Roman Catholic college), about whether they could possibly ask for *another* extension of date for handing in their written work. And I learned from all my student friends how to be more tolerant and understanding, more about the enjoyment of life, and to be less judgmental.

*They made a difference to me.*

*Margaret Taylor*

---

## PREBENDARY BRIAN

The Bishop of London has offered our vicar, Brian, the Prebendal Stall of Reculversland in St Paul's Cathedral. What does that mean?

The prebendaries (in other places called canons) are office holders who, traditionally, have taken part in the daily round of services in the Cathedral and who together form the Greater Chapter of the Cathedral. The income to maintain these prebendaries used to come from prebendal manors or estates. Brian's prebend is called Reculversland and is an ancient manor in Essex. Now the only link with this estate is the name of the prebend written above the stall which the Prebendary occupies in the choir of the Cathedral.

In today's world the prebendaries are usually priests of the diocese who have served the diocese for some years or carried out particular tasks on behalf of the diocese. For Brian, his work not only as vicar for 16 years, but also as Director of Ordinands and co-ordinator of the partnership between the Diocese of London and the German Protestant Church in Berlin are the reasons the Bishop of London cites in offering him this honour.

Brian was installed as a Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> May. So now if you ever want to visit St Paul's, speak to our man on the inside!

---

*This is an extract from another church magazine, found by one of our congregation. She thought it might have a message, what do you think?*

Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world is going to hell. Funny how we believe what the newspapers say and question the 'Gospel of Jesus Christ'. Funny how everyone wants to go to heaven provided they don't have to believe, think, say or do anything that Jesus and His Church teaches.



## St. James's Chronicles

### Hampton Hill Parish Magazine June 1905

As there are such lengthy accounts to print this month, my letter will be very brief. I should like to express my sincere thanks to all who have most kindly helped in keeping the various accounts, and in preparing the balance sheets, and especially to Mr Joseph for his great kindness in auditing them.

The Temperance Meeting on the 9<sup>th</sup> ult., was well attended, and the addresses by Mr Sherlock and Rev J J Laughton, were most interesting and inspiring. The Band of Hope Entertainment on the 16<sup>th</sup> was by far the best we have had of the kind. The room was full and the singing of the children, and the adults who so kindly helped, was very good. Mr Phillips is to be congratulated on the result of his efforts. The prizes and Medals were distributed by Mrs Job.

There will be celebrations of the Holy Communion on Ascension Day, at 7.30am and 11am. The Preacher at 11am will be the Rev. Stanley Seccombe, and the offertories throughout the day will be for Missions to Seamen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury makes an appeal to Church people to pray specially for the grace of the Holy Spirit at the coming Whitsuntide, and our own Bishop strongly supports this appeal, and suggests that we should pray that it may please God to grant: "that His Church in this Diocese may be stirred to earnest preparation for the Pentecostal Festival; that we may give ourselves to constant and devout supplications for the increase of the Holy Spirit's gifts, that according to our Lord's most true promise, we may be guided by the Comforter into all truth. That more and more in answer to our prayers He may convince the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment". I would suggest that you should pray in the Spirit of these suggestions in your private and family prayers each day up to Whitsunday, and I would remind you that all are specially invited to come to the Holy Communion on that day.

May it be a time of great Spiritual good to us all.

I am, my dear friends, Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES R JOB

### HAMPTON AND HAMPTON HILL CARNIVAL SATURDAY 11<sup>TH</sup> JUNE

Floats leave St James's Road 12 noon  
Stalls at The Avenue, Hampton

**PCC Following the AGM in April, the members of the new PCC are -**

Brian Leathard

Julie Gittoes

Don Barrett

Michael Bunce

Liz Butler

Anne Cowlin

Prill and Martin Hinckley

Janet Nunn

Paul Peterken

Chris Saul

Rodney Taylor

Val Traylen

Dennis and Elizabeth Wilmot

**Deanery Synod representatives:**

Lesley Mortimer

Ann Peterken

Pip Rowett

Janet Taylor



**Children's Hospice**

Registered Charity 1047916

*The aim of the hospice is to provide much needed care for children with life-limiting conditions who live in the western half of London and north Surrey, and support for their families. Several members of the congregation took the opportunity to look round the hospice during its open days in April. This is a compilation of their impressions.*

My over-riding impression was of the amount of natural light throughout the building and of the attention to detail in all the rooms. All the children's bedrooms have hoists, as you would expect, but the two rooms designated for teenagers also have en-suite facilities. There is a sitting-room for families where they can also make drinks and prepare simple meals and nearby is a room where they can talk about worries and problems privately with the staff.

The multi-sensory room is a riot of colour and has equipment to stimulate all the senses: surfaces with different textures, fibre optics, items which made different sounds when touched, a ball pool and much more. The music therapy room, equipped in memory of Marsha McDonald, also offers an opportunity for fun and stimulation. There are indoor and outdoor play areas, a library and a hydrotherapy pool, all carefully planned for easy access and interest.

Among the carefully thought out provisions for parents and children, I thought the suite for reflection and prayer after a death was beautifully organised. I could imagine grieving parents finding some comfort in these simple quiet rooms, spending the last few moments with their child. Outside the window is a small walled "Peaceful Garden", specially designed and planted, the gift of Vincent Cable. The curved building is designed so that all the bedrooms and the dining room look out onto a central courtyard garden and outdoor play area. The decor throughout is light and bright to create a calm and welcoming atmosphere. These wonderful facilities will cost £6850 a day to maintain, all of which comes from donations. After all the years of planning and building, the hospice hopes to welcome the first children for respite care in June.

## **BOOK REVIEW: Holy Smoke by Libby Purves**

(available in Hampton Hill library)

Libby Purves is a well-known journalist and broadcaster who looks back, at the age of 50, on her Catholic upbringing. Her father was a diplomat so the family was constantly on the move. She describes her childhood and education in convent schools around the world, including Bangkok, France (rations of beer for nine-year-olds after High Mass). South Africa at the height of apartheid and Britain (plainsong in chapel and Beatlemania in the dormitory).

After this very varied upbringing, the author went on to read English at Oxford where she found her Catholic heritage very useful when reading the works of Milton, Donne and Herbert.

Many Catholic girls of her generation gave up religion entirely as adults, refusing to accept the Papal ruling against contraception and enjoying the growing individualism of the age. The author, however, while disagreeing with some Catholic doctrine, says "Although I am no kind of good Catholic, I never really drifted very far. Best efforts never quite doused the lamp. It is years since I was a regular attender at Mass, but Christianity, a core of belief, affecting everything, informing every decision, has never left me. Behaving like a Christian is difficult and not obviously rewarding and I very often don't: but not for a moment do I doubt that I ought to".

This is an unsentimental memoir of an unusual early life and a reflection on the underlying faith that the author has retained through adulthood.



---

Congratulations to Brian on becoming a Prebendary of St Paul's Cathedral; details earlier in this Spire.

Congratulations also to Pat Young on her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday and thanks to her and her family for the celebratory refreshments provided.

The windows at the East end of the church have now gone to be repaired and should be back by the end of June.

You may have noticed the changing face of the High Street: we have lost two restaurants and gained three flower shops and an ironing shop. In addition, two newsagents have refurbished their premises.

The young people of our church gave another splendid concert on 8<sup>th</sup> May. The Children's Choir, together with many talented soloists, combined to give a varied and most enjoyable performance. Our thanks to Susannah Nettleton, Martin Hinckley and all who helped with this event.

## **FROM THE APRIL REGISTERS**

### **BAPTISMS**

- 17 Lewis Michael Stephen Newman, Hampton  
Constance Thea Harris, Hampton

### **WEDDINGS**

- 2 Jayne Sarah Scorer and Paul Ivan Hall  
9 Rosamond Mary Sutton and John Adrian Daly

### **FUNERALS**

- 14 Walter James Herbert Shell 91

### **DATES TO NOTE**

- 1 Justin, martyr of Rome, 165  
3 The Martyrs of Uganda, 1886 and 1987  
**5 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Trinity**  
8 Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, non-juror and hymn writer  
9 Columba, abbot Iona, 597  
11 Barnabas, the Apostle  
Hampton and Hampton Hill Carnival Day Procession  
leaves St James's Road at 12 noon  
**12 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Trinity**  
15 Evelyn Underhill, spiritual writer, 1941  
16 Richard, Bishop of Chichester, 1253  
**19 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity**  
22 Alban, first martyr of Britain  
23 Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, 678  
7pm Carlisle and Hampton Hill Junior School Summer Concert  
in Church  
24 The birth of John the Baptist  
25 Ordination of deacons at St Paul's Cathedral, 5pm including  
Ros MacDowell  
**26 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity**  
28 Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyon and teacher of the faith, 200  
29 Peter and Paul, apostles  
30 Parish Church Council meeting, 8pm