

September 2020

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Views expressed in the magazine are those of the contributors and do not necessarily represent the views of the church leadership or other church members.

Note from the Editors

Dear Readers,

Welcome back! We are really pleased to be publishing and distributing our magazine again, and in colour! It will continue to be available on-line but we know many of you have missed the paper copy in your hands. With this in mind, we have decided to make this edition something of a compilation of different articles from the last three months as well as including some new ones.

We are also featuring a few of the superb photographs from the *Winchcombe's Virtual Garden Tour!* Indeed, our front cover show-cases one of the photos from the winning garden. Turn to page 13 for more details.

We hope you enjoy the magazine.



Happy reading and stay safe!

Peace and tranquillity must be found in this lovely garden of Jules Redgers!

The Editorial team



Jo Rees

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Jennie Davies

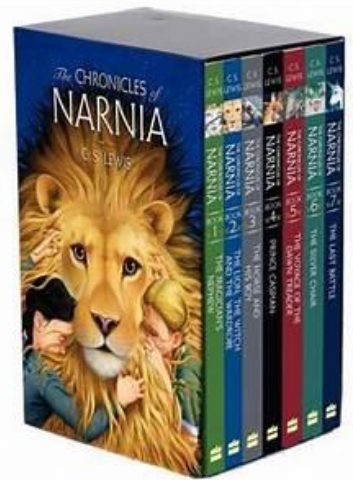
Cathy Wilcock

(most of us but not all!)

Foreword

September is usually a time of new beginnings and new possibilities. Our children are starting a new school year, and we wish them well on their adventure. But for most of us it doesn't feel like a fresh start. We probably haven't had the summer holiday we wanted. We're not feeling reinvigorated. The virus is still here. Some of us are still isolating ourselves at home. So it doesn't feel like a new beginning. It feels more like just plodding on with no end in sight.

My daughter and I have been re-reading the *Chronicles of Narnia* by C S Lewis. Right now, we're enjoying *The Silver Chair*, the fourth book to be published. Rather appropriately, it's all about faith and faithfulness and keeping going when things are tough.



At the beginning of the series we met Aslan the Lion, the Christ-figure. We learned from him that Jesus is not tame or safe, but that he is good and that we can be completely confident in his love for us. Later on, we were introduced to Eustace Scrubb, whose selfishness turned him into a dragon, but who was utterly transformed by his encounter with Aslan.

As *The Silver Chair* begins, we meet Eustace again with his friend Jill Pole. They are summoned by Aslan to search for the missing Prince Rilian. At the beginning of the story, Jill is in Aslan's own high country, where he gives her four clues or signs to help her on the way:

Remember, remember, remember the signs. Say them to yourself when you wake in the morning and when you lie down at night, and when you wake in the middle of the night. And whatever strange things may happen to you, let nothing turn your mind from following the signs.

Here, C S Lewis is deliberately echoing the words of Moses in the Old Testament, reminding the people about the importance of remembering the Law of God:

Hear, O Israel: The Lord is our God, the Lord alone. You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might. Keep these words that I am commanding you today in your heart. Recite them to your children and talk about them when you are at home and when you are away, when you lie down and when you rise (Deuteronomy 6.4-7).

Throughout *The Silver Chair*, Aslan appears in person only in his own country above the clouds. As the quest continues, Eustace and Jill find themselves first in Narnia, where the air is thicker; and then



deep in Underland, far below the sun and the sky. Up above, we can see clearly. But down below, we are liable to confusion and forgetfulness. Jill keeps falling asleep! This is why we have to work so hard to remember the signs – the scriptures and the story they tell us. We need them to remind ourselves about who God is and about what God has done for us in Jesus.

One of the most memorable characters in the Chronicles is Puddleglum the Marsh-wiggle. Puddleglum looks a bit like a frog and is unremittingly gloomy. But despite his pessimism he is the real hero of the story. This is because Puddleglum is absolutely committed to following Aslan, even when the going gets tough. It is he who keeps reminding Jill about the signs, and it is he who makes the decisive intervention at the climax of the story.

Deep below the earth in Underland, the children and Puddleglum encounter a mysterious knight. He has been enchanted by an evil witch, the Lady of the Green Kirtle. Bound to a silver chair, the knight warns them they would be in danger if he were released. But at length he does plead to be loosed, finally imploring them in the name of Aslan. The children are afraid, but Puddleglum understands because he has remembered the signs. They just have to trust Aslan.

The knight, of course, turns out to be the missing prince. With the witch defeated, Rilian proclaims: *Doubtless ... this signifies that Aslan will be our good lord, whether he means us to live or die*. And just a few pages later he repeats the point: *Courage, friends ... whether we live or die Aslan will be our good lord*. C S Lewis is undoubtedly recalling the words of St Paul: *Whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's* (Romans 14.8).

Jesus does not promise us an easy journey. He does not promise a life free of pain and suffering – and Puddleglum would be the first to remind us of that. But Jesus does promise that he will be with us, and that we are his. Remember the signs. Remember who God is and what God has done. Keep the faith, and keep plodding on.

Rev. John Paul Hoskins



The cool waters in Pookie Shaw's garden

The Front Cover

Our front cover features the wonderful winner of the *Winchcombe's Virtual Garden Tour!* which replaced our well-loved *Open Gardens* afternoon in June. Congratulations to Barry and Mary Roberts.

If you would like to have your photograph on the front of our magazine, please submit it and it may well be chosen particularly if it's a colourful, seasonal picture of Winchcombe!



Our Parish Magazine



We welcome any contributions to our magazine but **please remember to send them to us by the 10th of each month, using "Word"**. Unfortunately, copy submitted after this date will not be able to be included until the following month.

The Editorial Team would welcome any suggestions, ideas or contributions. Contact us at magazine@winchcombeparish.org or speak to one of the team.

www.winchcombeparish.org.uk

Visit our website for weekly bulletin, forthcoming events, church calendar, music at St Peter's and much more.

Selected services at St Peter's can now be heard via <https://myradiostream.com/winchstpeters>

Prayer for September

September is often seen as a time of new beginnings, but it is also the time of harvests. This year in such difficult times the tensions are more apparent and so are acknowledged in this prayer written by Ann Hand.

Lord of Creation,

We praise you for the beauty and wonder of our surroundings,
for the summer sun and refreshing rain.

For bird song, neighbourly chats and the few family gatherings
we have been allowed.

We acknowledge before you the tensions we experience as we
live with what we would like to do and what is safe to do.

In these uncertain times we remember the young people
moving to new experiences of school, college or university,
may they be encouraged, inspired and enabled to be safe
however different their education looks.

As we all adapt to new ways of being community may we
become people who ease tensions and enable understanding.
Living in the knowledge of your love for us, may we enable that
love to flow like a healing stream through our communities.

For your name's sake. Amen

From the Registers

Funerals

David Rowe	Molly Rosemarie Jones
Nesta Grime	Corella Hyett
Edward Andrews	Ken(neth) Pike
Joan Holgate	Florence Bate
Alan William Bee	Clive Geary



Lichens at St. Peter's

There are some beautiful abstract patterns in subtle colours in our churchyard. Have you sometimes glanced at the gravestones as you wandered down the path through St Peter's churchyard? Or maybe you've been more adventurous and wandered off the path? If so, you may have been admiring the lichens that are abundant here.

So, what is a lichen? For more than 100 years it has been known that a lichen is the product of a symbiotic relationship between two partners – a fungus and an alga. Although recent scientific evidence suggests that it is more complex, this essential relationship still holds. They are all slow-growing, some very slow-growing, which is why undisturbed churchyards are good sites to find them.

Lichens are beautiful and interesting organisms in their own right, found in all continents of the world, including Antarctica. Most produce a fascinating range of chemicals, many of which have yet to be fully evaluated for their beneficial properties for human beings. Several have been used for dyes for hundreds of years in many parts of the world, including Europe and India. For about a century also, it has been realised that lichens could be useful as pollutant monitors, some being very susceptible to atmospheric pollution.





Verrucaria baldensis

There are three main growth forms, named after their appearances: crustose (crusty), foliose (leafy), and fruticose (bushy). They grow on three main substrates – stone/rock, tree bark and the ground. Some lichens will only grow on certain types of stone, while the majority are not too fussy. The prevalence of

lichens on both the gravestones and our church building indicates that they certainly like limestone. They are easy to appreciate low down on the church walls and are there high up too, perhaps softening the profiles of the grotesques slightly as they look down on us.

In the UK we are lucky enough to have over 2000 species of lichen. Unfortunately, though, very few lichens have common names as our birds, flowers and trees do, so here are the Latin names of a few of the most noticeable lichens at St Peter's.



Xanthoria parietina

We can appreciate the patterns made by lichens even from a distance, but if you peer at them with a magnifying glass, they reveal wonderful miniature worlds. An appreciation of lichens adds another dimension to our appreciation of the natural world around us – one that for many of us has indeed increased during our coronavirus-imposed home confinement.



Diploicia canescens

Michael & Jennie Davies

Update from Winchcombe Museum

Our new area downstairs has been opened on Saturdays with displays kindly offered by local artists, with the chance to look round and buy pictures, cards and books. The Trust wanted people, especially those who donated to the cost of the building works, to come and see what has been done-from the inside as well as from the street.



Replies from the questionnaire have been very helpful in giving ideas about displays, what can be improved, and in the need for more information about the town's history and its people. Required building changes have meant that some of the display of police items has been reduced.

We would like more involvement from local people – in all sorts of ways. There are, as in all museums, things in cupboards to be sorted and recorded, and we value help and new ideas with displays. Experience in research, retail, hospitality, even cleaning might make you an ideal person to join us over the winter and help open up again in the spring.

One of the few bonuses of lockdown has been more time to follow up lines of research on the internet into the real life experience of families, and some of the gaps in the town's story. Some of what surprised me was how many young men and families went to work in the mines in the hugely expanding South Wales coalfield in the later nineteenth century, the concerts and balls of the better off residents, dancing two steps and the Lancers into the small hours, and the dreadful state of the drains! If you've written up your family history, you might enjoy more exploration into Winchcombe lives, the town's forgotten history, and sharing your discoveries.

Carol Harris



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Open Gardens 2020

Thank you to all the people who opened their beautiful gardens this summer! Congratulations to *Barry and Mary Roberts* of Greet who are the winners of the Photographic Competition which was organised in lieu of the actual Open Day organised by Rosie Green. I hope you have been able to view/visit the wonderful gardens which abound in the Parish. If not, there's still chance - visit <https://www.opengardens-winchcombe.com/2020-virtual-tour> to see the winning garden and all the wonderful entries.

More than thirty people submitted photographs of their gardens, (well actually there were thirty- seven entries)! It was a joy *wandering* through the gardens but I'm glad I did not have to choose a winner. To my way of thinking they were all winners.

I must thank Mark, from *Gotherington Nurseries*, for judging the photographs. I do hope that next year when everything has returned to normal (whatever normal is) that you will all open your gardens – if access is suitable – so we can admire them.



At the moment the next event which the Friends of St Peter's have arranged is a concert by OCTAVO Singers on December 4th in St Peter's Church – see you all there! Hopefully!

Rosemary Hancock
Chairman of the Friends of St. Peter's

Film Review: A Beautiful Day in the Neighbourhood

I saw a wonderful film recently that I want to share with you. It's the latest Tom Hanks film. It tells the true story of a famous American children's presenter called Mr Rogers whose show 'A Beautiful Day in the Neighbourhood' ran from 1968 to 2001 and was beloved by generations. The show encouraged children (and grown-ups) to talk and think about their feelings. In the film a hard-bitten journalist comes to see Mr Rogers and plans to write a mocking review of him. But he was utterly disarmed by Rogers' sweetness, idealism and wisdom. He wrote 'What is grace? I'm not certain; all I know is that my heart felt like a spike, and then, in that room, it opened and felt like an umbrella.'



Mr Rogers affirms all he meets. He tells people that they are great, just the way they are and of course he talks about love. How we are all loved into being. Have you ever stopped to think about all the people who have loved you into being? It is an immensely powerful thought.

Mr Rogers was passionate about public service broadcasting. About teaching children (and grown-ups) positive ways to be. It is probably no coincidence that he was also a Presbyterian minister and that faith permeates what he does and shines love and acceptance on all he meets. He totally and utterly values all the people he meets. I hope you can see this film. It was one of the most joyous films I have ever watched. My soul felt better for watching it. So what I want to leave you with is Mr Rogers' message. That you are a wonderful person, just the way you are and you have been loved into being, not just by those who have loved you, but also, I would add, by God.

Rev Rachel Murray

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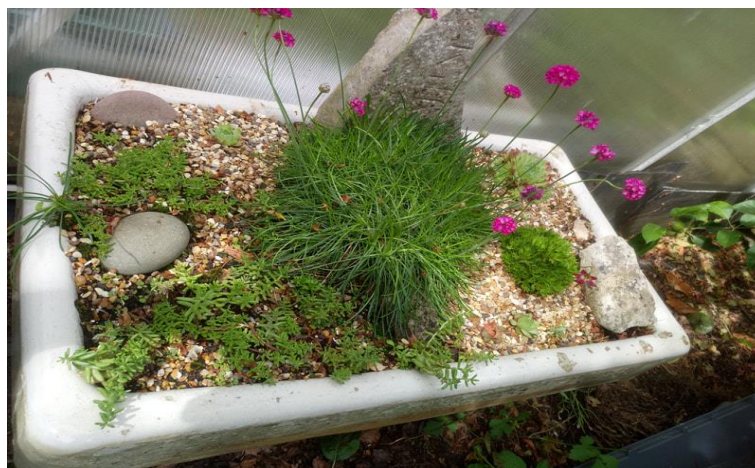
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The splendid sink garden at Fliss and Tim Hall's.

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Two Icons

Everyone knows we live in a world of instant, total and continuous communication should we choose to tap into any number of beguiling systems. This Instagram world, of which I am too feckless to be a part, prompts me to think of strange (but not sinister) connections and communications that may, ultimately, have a longer lasting impact than the average e-mail or text message: with often the life span of a mayfly.

So: a journey to North Norfolk and thence to North Wales.

In Great Walsingham in Norfolk there is an austere chapel.



Non - Conformist? Well, Russian Orthodox, actually. Go inside and you see icons. One in particular catches the eye. It features Saint Seraphim, holy monk and hermit of early 19th century Russia. In the icon, his back is bent. As a hermit he was beaten up by those who sought his wealth. He

had no wealth to speak of. Only a wealth of knowledge of the ways of God.

Here is an icon to be pondered, prayed before. The creation of the icon is a long labour of love. So should be the careful reflection on its meaning. We are a long way from the world of text messages. Instead, there is an invitation into a world in which a Saint who lived in a Russian forest speaks silently a few feet away from a village green and from English thatched cottages, with roses round each door. How strange is that?



The art of the icon does not die. In an ecumenical retreat house in North Wales there stands, on a low

table in a corridor that retreatants traverse a dozen times a day, an icon of the Holy Family. The icon was created in Holywell by a 'Sister Seraphim' (yes, Seraphim).

It's a recent work. I hope it lasts for ever. All is gentleness. Mary, Joseph, the boy Jesus: none clamour for our attention. There is no shouting. The nurture of the child has been peaceful and sensitive. The hands of Joseph and Mary surround the left hand of Jesus, but do not weigh heavily on his infant fingers. Joseph loves Mary. Mary and Joseph love the child whose right hand is raised to bless. His eyes do not transfix us. But they request our gaze, our attention. As the totality of our shared faith does.



One could pass the little Norfolk church in its tiny village (the title 'great' as in Walsingham is a kind of rustic joke): pass it in a hurry to somewhere or other, as the text messages accumulate on the smart phone: good messages, many of them; messages of love and care, of factual information. But there is no harm in stopping to open the chapel door to sit a while and look at the Russian saint whose holiness points not to himself but to the child – become man – who blesses all who would be blessed.

Michael Hand

Local Walks with the Cotswolds Voluntary Wardens



There are currently no guided walks taking place but do visit the website to find self-guided walks and the latest information. <https://www.cotswoldsaonb.org.uk/visiting-and-exploring/walking/self-guided-walks>

Friends of St Peter's Church Winchcombe

Registered Charity 1046434

Tower Illumination Request

Date(s) requested

Occasion(s):

Name:

Address:

Postcode:

Email: Telephone:

Donation (£5 minimum per evening) £.....cash or cheque to "Friends of St Peter's Church Winchcombe". Please read below and sign and return this slip with your remittance to St Peter's Centre, Gloucester Street, Winchcombe, GL54 5LU, at least two weeks before the requested date.

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Signed:..... Date:

Notes:

- In exceptional circumstances the Friends' Committee reserve the right to decline a request.*
- Dates are not exclusive and in the event of more than one request for a particular date the later applicant will, where practicable, be informed and may be offered an alternative.*

All Change!

God called the prophet Jonah to go where Jonah did not want to go and his story is all about how Jonah deals with God's interruption of his everyday life. Interruptions, large and small are very much part of our own everyday lives and how we work through them can be life changing.

Back in 2014, my life was interrupted in an enormous way: a car accident left me with a broken neck and a life that felt 'like a bowl of tossed salad.' There was nothing recognisable left: for the many months of recovery I struggled with who I was in this new place and whether my life had any purpose or point. Complete healing began only when I realised that I could not go back to the 'me' I was prior to the accident. The work I had been doing was no longer manageable and the way of life, which had filled each day, was beyond me. That was a very challenging time.



Morag Adlington

So here we are in 2020. Yet again, our lives have been sorely interrupted, and it is questionable whether or not the lives we have previously enjoyed will just click back into place or even if the virus will ever cease to be a threat to us. So how do we deal with this interruption? In many ways it has been a lovely time for me: I have caught up with many of the house-related chores left undone as a result of an overly busy life; many postponed DIY tasks are now complete; heaps of unread books are much smaller than before and I now meet and chat with many more of my neighbours. I've caught up with far-flung friends and family via the wonders of Zoom, WhatsApp and even snail mail.

But it goes on - and on - and on! The rules become more confusing, the infringements more alarming and the inconsistencies of Government announcements more

incomprehensible. I really do not recognise this world where, according to the BBC online News, it is right to give Premier League footballers tests for the virus twice a week but care home workers cannot be tested weekly! Thank God for gardens and parks where I can now meet the Grandchildren. I've found life increasingly challenging as the weeks have gone on and my diversions diminished. Feelings of uncertainty and inner questioning begin to rumble in the background. A new way of living beckons - whatever that may be and however it looks. Reading this poem today has filled me with hope that all will be well and that God still has a plan for my life.

Morag Adlington

Patient Trust

Above all, trust in the slow work of God.
We are quite naturally impatient in everything to reach the end without delay.
We should like to skip the intermediate stages.
We are impatient of being on the way to something unknown, something new.
And yet it is the law of all progress
that it is made by passing through some stages of instability—
and that it may take a very long time.
And so I think it is with you;
your ideas mature gradually—let them grow,
let them shape themselves, without undue haste.
Don't try to force them on,
as though you could be today what time
(that is to say, grace and circumstances acting on your own good will)
will make of you tomorrow.
Only God could say what this new spirit
gradually forming within you will be.
Give Our Lord the benefit of believing
that his hand is leading you,
and accept the anxiety of feeling yourself
in suspense and incomplete

By Teilhard de Chardin

Joy



It may seem strange to think of Joy as we battle our wretched invisible foe at this challenging time, but I have come to feel that there is now all the more reason to ponder its mysteries than ever..

In my research I discovered that in no other religion is joy as conspicuous as in Christianity and The Bible. Physically and psychologically speaking, it is the criterion of health whereby all the powers and affections are enriched, and harmonised. So it denotes the satisfaction of the soul at attaining its desire, and Christianity stands firm so long as people who have it are invested with joy.

The word itself conveys such a positive feeling, I believe a unique feeling... there are synonyms, of course: delight, rapture, exultation, bliss, cheer, jubilation and the lovely French expression *joie de vivre*, but they, to me, convey a slightly



different feeling...I have always enjoyed the sensation that different reactions are conveyed in each of us by the same word, depending on the nuances of our

respective experiences...one of the great beauties of language. The verb to rejoice is a colourful one, and I have always loved adjectives derived from the root of joy: joyful, joyous, and, perhaps in particular, jocund! Whatever words we employ, the effect on our souls is innately positive...

I think joy is our response to something bigger, something eternal; it can often come from conquering ourselves and enduring suffering, insults, pain, humiliation or hardships for a virtuous cause, (if that doesn't sound too pious!) so true joy nourishes our souls even when our lives are proving difficult.

Not surprisingly, it was The Romantics who really put joy on the poetic map, tho' Chaucer had done his bit, and John Donne, the libertine who later in his colourful life became Dean of St. Paul's, knew a little about joys, both physical and spiritual! But the Romantic voices sought to write of their own experiences of life, rather than those of shepherdesses, wood nymphs and heavenly bodies, (in the metaphorical sense!). William Blake, an unusual character in so many artistic ways, led the way here, realising that joy cannot last for ever, at least in this life, when he wrote:



William Blake 1757-1827

He who kisses the joy as it flies

Lives in eternity's sunrise

and Wordsworth put his own stamp on the emotion's capacity to catch us unawares with the fact he had been *surprised by joy*, also the title of a very fine study of his marriage to a real-life Joy by C.S. Lewis. Lord Byron, in perhaps uncharacteristically generous mood, said *All who win joy must share it*.



John Keats 1795-1821

John Keats, my own favourite among The Romantics, knew a thing or two about suffering, the antithesis of joy, but that made him all the more grateful, as I am sure it will us, when the pandemic is finally vanquished, to celebrate joy when it came to him. His great poem,

Endymion, written after a mighty earthquake, opens with the magnificent: *A thing of beauty is a joy forever*, and, to me, those words, like all great writing, art and music, have ever-more resonant a sound as we go through life. I am not a great fan of lists, though Shakespeare was, but rather than comment on all the following, I shall just pen them for your lenient eyes

to peruse at leisure, aware that different lines will appeal to different eyes:

Truth illuminates and gives joy. - Matthew Arnold

Joy is the best of wines. - George Eliot, *Silas Marner*

O, running stream of sparkling joy

To be a soaring human boy. - Charles Dickens

and we cannot leave out The Bard: *Joy's soul lies in the doing.* - *Troilus and Cressida*

There are, of course, many other literary references to joy, from Coleridge, Shelley, Dryden, et cetera, not to mention the German heavyweight, Schiller, and the French author, Guillaume Apollinaire, who believed *La joie venait toujours après la peine*, (Joy always comes after pain); I am sure you will have your own choice of words/thoughts on the subject...

Last year, I had the great good fortune to take the wedding of a young couple in Scotland, and I made joy the theme of the address. Since then, we have kept up a lively correspondence, and in his most recent letter, John, the groom, wrote of the importance of anticipation, when it comes to joy. He wanted to show how important is the looking forward to something, how much there is in the build-up, and his thoughts have great relevance to our Covid situation now: *During this lock-down we haven't only lost events themselves, but also the anticipation of those events. When we think of our lives, and our time ahead, we map this out with notable occasions: events and moments to look forward to. That's gone, for now... To be denied that anticipation is an imposition indeed, but one that seems to be saved by focusing on the smaller things.* He is so right and we are all, I hope, noticing the smaller things: the first bluebells, for those of us able to walk outside, but even a cup of coffee can become a highlight, not to mention a generous slice of lemon drizzle!

Chris Haslam

Poem: A Kind of Music

By Bishop Peter Firth

Nothing so healing as a garden
Glaciers and volcanoes are show-business,
and the chill of oceans and sky
humbles and subdues,
while forests threaten impenetrability
and deserts are implacable.
Etc..

A garden is in a different key,
mobile from its first vibrations
to the tip of its flourishes.
Infinite variations of music
spring from its bowels
in the silent roar of spring.



Gwyneth Cocks' contemplative garden, Gretton

Dance floor for squirrels, auditorium for birds
it blows fruit like bubbles
through its myriad fingers,
staining grass purple with its excesses.
Airport and underground railway for some,
it distributes seasons
in a roughly acceptable order,
embracing the intervention of a stream
as a frontier without passports,
sucking the juices of other lands
into its maternal depths,
translating them into fruit, flowers
annual joy.

Motorways make holidays
and oblivion travels by night,
but the grass of gardens sprays peace
from its tireless dynamos
underground, beyond judgement
and greed.

You can hear the music of forgiveness here.
We all need that before we go.



The wildflower meadow at the home of Margaret and Nigel Bearne

St Peter's Charitable Giving:
Christian Solidarity Worldwide

John Sutcliffe convenes a group that recommends to the PCC a list of charities to be supported in the forthcoming year, and the proportion of the total sum available to be given to each. This year the PCC agreed to the suggestion that each charity might be the subject of an article in the magazine. This month Ann Sutcliffe writes about Church Activity on Poverty (CAP).

Church Action on Poverty, founded in 1982 on the initiative of the Church of England, is an ecumenical charity which first and foremost empowers people in poverty to be involved at all levels in improving their lives.

Strong local CAP groups can be found, particularly in deprived metropolitan areas. In Greater Manchester CAP has helped to build a strong network of Self-Reliant Groups, which is now expanding across Lancashire. People on low incomes are helped to support one another, share skills, save money in credit unions, and establish small business ventures. Self-Reliant Groups include migrant workers, homeless people and residents in supported housing schemes. Activities include advocacy on mental health issues, 'pay what you can afford' lunches, creative writing, cooking, DIY and decorating, and crafts of all kinds.



Your Local Pantry is a relatively recent initiative where members can buy good quality food, receive advice and support, and develop new skills. In 2019 a social impact report found that the Local Pantry model (now across the country) brings

significant social, financial and health benefits to members. These include reducing isolation, averting food poverty and improving mental health. Pantry members saved on average £650 a year on food bills. Looking at the bigger picture of savings on costs to our wider society, £6 in social value is generated for every £1 invested in Local Pantries,

Poverty Media Unit was formed five years ago to work with journalists from radio, television and the press to introduce them to appropriate contacts, and to make maximum impact through their reports. This involves media-training workshops for people at local level with personal experience of poverty, alongside guidance to individual journalists. Through television, radio and the daily press this has shone the spotlight for example on the plight of many carers, and publicised personal stories of how our complicated benefits system has left people without income for weeks - and in the worst cases months. Regular contact with the media maximises the impact when CAP arranges for people from poor communities to meet and discuss their stories with Members of Parliament and government Ministers.

Church Action on Poverty is working at developing ways in which we might all become a Church of the Poor - the wish that Pope Francis expressed at the beginning of his Pontificate. This year a Lent Course 'Scriptures from the Margins' gave five bible studies from the Gospel of Matthew, exploring the challenge of being with people on the margins. CAP is involved in a research project at Coventry University 'Life on the Breadline', looking at the response of churches to austerity, involving clergy, theologians and grass-roots practitioners.

A growing number of churches mark Church Action on Poverty Sunday annually in February, using their well-resourced material. Here is a recent prayer to commission us:

Give us the spirit of John the Baptist
so that we may prepare your people
for a new kingdom

Give us the faith of Elijah
as we challenge the worship of false idols
of money, power and fame

Give us the courage of Daniel
as we stand up for what is right
in the face of corruption

Give us the mission of Jesus
as we bring people healing and wholeness,
a witness to resurrection.

Ann Sutcliffe



Sue Milton's perfect patio pots

The Organ Plays

Well, no it doesn't. Somewhere, a man or woman, boy or girl is sitting at a keyboard controlling the sounds that emerge from what Mozart described as the "King of Instruments". And those sounds might have been written down several hundred years ago or improvised by the player on the spot, imagined in an instant, never to be repeated.



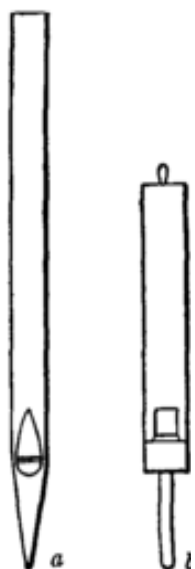
Oude Kerk – Amsterdam
1724

All music is intimately entwined with the instruments on which it is played and the old "chicken and egg" question often arises – has the instrument changed in response to the music or have instrument makers responded to the demands of musicians?

The organ is no exception and we find John Stanley, say, writing for the English organ of his time, Francois Couperin exploiting the French instruments of his age and J S Bach doing things with his feet that his English and French contemporaries would have found impossible.

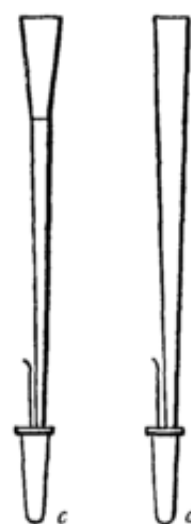
Until the 19th century, organs relied on a man to pump enough air into the bellows and the number of pipes was limited by the strength of the player's fingers operating the keys which let the wind into individual pipes. But then engineers developed electrical and pneumatic motors to do the hard work, and the organ could grow almost without limit. And the musicians exploited that and composed music which asks for louder and more varied sounds. Organs found their way into concert halls and cinemas as well as churches and cathedrals.

Sitting at an organ with maybe only 30 pipes visible in the case, I have known visitors be surprised when told that there are perhaps a thousand pipes inside, out of sight. So what does lie between the player's fingers and the sounds you hear? The organ dates back to the Ancient Greeks. Originally one key made a single pipe sound (or speak); then more pipes were added to make the instrument louder. To aid flexibility, a system was devised whereby some of the additional pipes could be silenced so that the organ was not always playing at full pelt – probably the origin of the term “stops”.



Each stop controls a row of pipes and each key on the keyboard controls one of those pipes. The rows of pipes are grouped together into their own “mini” organs controlled from their own keyboard – hence instruments often have two, three, four or even five keyboards (or manuals) with pedals for the feet. Each of these “mini” organs has its own purpose, but it is the individual pipes that ultimately determine the character of the organ. Pipes may be made of wood or metal and are usually simple whistles (think of a recorder with no finger holes). Short

pipes squeak and tall pipes rumble; some sound mellow and fluty, others thin and stringy. The base of the pipe is known as the foot, it speaks, has a mouth, and may have a beard and ears. The most colourful sounds, like oboes, clarinets or trumpets, come from a different type of pipe – one with a reed which vibrates. The human connection continues as the reed has a tongue, housed in a boot, and the whole pipe may have a hood!



The organ is a complex machine and each one is different. The challenge for the player is to make music that explores the instrument and transports the listener into the sound world the composer created.

Andrew Horton

William Wordsworth - A Poet for Our Time.

Taking solace in nature, we may think is a new message for the difficult lockdown times, but in fact, it was a radical and novel idea which was discovered, lived, and promoted by one of our greatest poets, William Wordsworth, whose birth, 250 years ago, we celebrate this year.



Having been forced into staying at home and only being able to go out for exercise once a day, I am sure I am not the only one who has felt the healing power of nature through being outside and seeing all the wonderful spring flowers and distant views around our neighbourhood. Somehow a new perspective on life can be gained by walking in the fresh air and hearing the bird song and noticing the new life in the fields. Wordsworth observed the details of nature acutely, but went further and attributed to it a nurturing effect on his life for good. As he writes in *The Prelude*, his magnificent autobiographical poem on the development of a Poet's mind,

*Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.*

One famous incident serves as an example of this nurturing influence. Wordsworth describes how he climbed high on the Lake District's hills, encouraged, along with other local lads, to take the eggs from nests of ravens as farmers believed them to be guilty of attacking lambs. He writes:

*While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! The sky seemed not a sky
Of earth – and with what motion moved the clouds!*

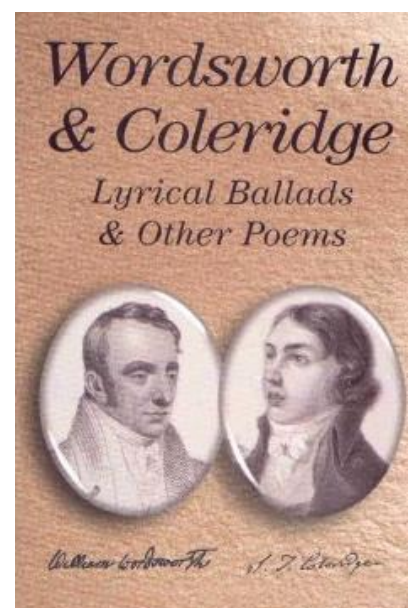
Wordsworth knew that he was out of harmony with Nature. His soul was sensitive to its disapproval of such acts. It is a lesson that we are learning today; you mess with nature at your peril.

Like many of us in Lockdown unable to see our families and friends, we now value their company and companionship more than ever. William Wordsworth treasured his dearest relations from very early on in life. By the age of 13, he had lost both his parents and his home, and was split up from his beloved sister, Dorothy. It was not until his mid-twenties, in 1795, that a legacy allowed him to work as a poet and to realise his dream of being re-united with her in his own home. Wordsworth and Dorothy spent the rest of their lives together, alongside his wife and children.

Living later on in his life with them at Dove Cottage and Rydal Mount in the Lake District, Wordsworth, as a very young man, was an explorer, early peak climber, radical thinker, and visionary poet. In 1790 he had visited Paris on a walking tour of Europe (itself breaking with tradition as young gentlemen normally did the tour in carriages), and happened upon the French Revolution, joining in the celebrations for the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. Wordsworth believed in its values of liberty, equality and fraternity and saw it as a great opportunity for the world to be freed of tyranny and poverty. In *The Prelude* he describes his feelings at this time,

*Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.*

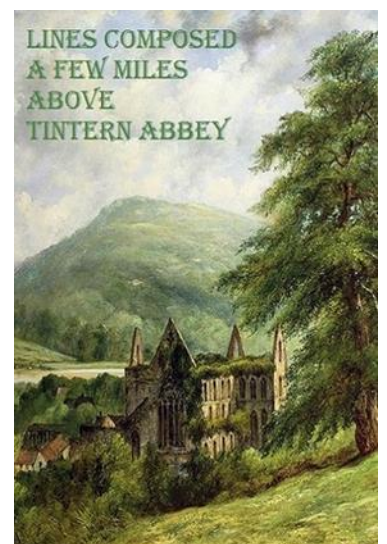
When Wordsworth returned to Paris, a few years later, the revolution had turned sour and the guillotine was the popular way to remove enemies. Wordsworth was horrified and disillusioned with the political scenes, and felt the ideals of a democratic society and freedom for all had been thwarted. He turned inward and drew on his spiritual and practical experience of people and places to



tell the tales of the poor. Through his poetry in association with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, his great friend and promoter, in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) he popularized the plight of the poor and disadvantaged. For the first time, the oppressed, the outcast, the child, and the disabled became the serious subject of the poet's imagination and the public's attention. Wordsworth tried to improve his immediate world through his poetry, where revolution had failed. Today, we are the beneficiaries and heirs of such innovation through the welfare state and NHS, but why is it that as the crisis has concentrated minds, only now has money been found to give the homeless accommodation, and, amongst other issues, the style of employment for those working in the gig economy, properly questioned? Wordsworth pleaded for change in society two centuries ago.

Whether or not to work and live in the city is another issue being given additional thought today as many enjoy the opportunity to work from home and not to have to spend valuable time commuting. Wordsworth rejected city life; he studied at Cambridge, lived and worked in London for a while and spent a few days in Bristol whilst searching for a true home for himself and Dorothy. He felt alienated in all of these environments and was continually drawn back to the countryside and the Lake District, but did experience the supremely restorative power of nature and its scenes during these times. In *Tintern Abbey* he reflects:

*But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and along the heart;
And passing into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration: feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love.*



Tintern Abbey was composed in 1798, not far away from here, at Symonds Yat as Wordsworth was walking, and written down later. Feeling at one with the world around him, feeling part of its essence and vitality and mystery, through his poetry, Wordsworth superbly articulated what, I suspect, many of us have experienced at some time or another:

A motion and a spirit, that impels

All living things, all objects of all thought

And rolls through all things.

Whether we do take solace in nature, listen to the questions his poetry poses about our way of living, or take tranquillity from our expeditions into difficult days, William Wordsworth is most certainly a Poet for Our Time.

Cathryn Wilcock

Buddhism and Covid 19

We all know that suffering is a part of life. From a Buddhist point of view we are born, we encounter problems, we die but then because our mind is formless and not any part of our body it continues and if it has any negativity left in it we will be reborn and continue the cycle of birth, suffering, aging and death. This is called Samsara.

Buddhists use meditation as a way to understand and overcome this suffering. By meditating on the inevitability of change, the unavailability of things happening beyond our control, we learn patience and peaceful acceptance and the ability to transform any difficulty into an opportunity to improve and progress and benefit others. Through meditation we understand that it is fruitless to grasp at things being or staying the way that we wish them to be and so we can overcome our frustration when they do not.

Through meditation we come to understand that we are the same as everyone else, doing the best we can to deal with what life (Samsara) throws at us. This generates a sense of equality with all other living beings and a deep compassion. Even when we see people who are better or worse off than ourselves meditation helps us to avoid negative minds that might arise and to see that each and every one of us has to deal with the unpredictability and suffering of life.

During this Covid-19 crisis it is clear that we all have this capability within us. Seeing the many wonderful examples of courage and selflessness, the appreciation shown to them and the many acts of kindness and generosity, we all have the potential to overcome difficult circumstances and to pull together with one another. In whatever difficult circumstances we find ourselves the only successful way to deal with it is to develop a peaceful and compassionate mind. Our mind is the only thing we have control over, the only thing we can change. Meditation helps us to see things more clearly by focusing on how things really are and developing patient acceptance towards an ever changing and challenging world and a loving heart towards others.



Ursula Cootes



The garden of Andrew and Gill Worthington

Notes from the July 2020 PCC Meeting

The PCC met online via Zoom. Simon Andrews updated the meeting on the latest Parish activity with regards to the coronavirus. St Peter's is now open for private prayer and an interim service pattern is in place. JP explained that, in this interim stage, we need to ensure that those who are vulnerable have their needs met; therefore, in consultation with others, the decision was taken to livestream the 10.30 service for consistency and to hold congregational services at other times. It is difficult to livestream and have a congregation – however, this is an evolving process and it is hoped that there can be a congregation once the technology is safely in place. Rachel Murray has a friend who has offered to advise on how the technology can best (and safely) be used. People were asked for their views to feed into the interim phase of worship; there were about 30 responses. Feedback has been invited through the Parish newsletters and can be given verbally or by email.

JP thanked Simon and Rob Stone for all the work they have been doing behind the scenes. Simon thanked those who have come in to supervise the private prayer in St Peter's, and those who have volunteered to support the Clergy at the interim 9.00 service. The Clergy and Churchwardens are visiting the other Churches to consider if/when they can be re-opened. JP noted that there is a lot of guidance on Health & Safety on the Church of England website.

There have been no calls for specific action to support the Winchcombe Coronavirus Community Action Group activities. The twice weekly newsletters will continue for now; this will be reviewed in September.

The PCC were informed that Shelley and Andrew are still on furlough; a decision will be made on how and when the unfurloughing will take place. JP updated the meeting on the appointment



A pretty arbour in the garden of Margaret and Nigel Bearne

of a Pioneer Minister - the working group needs to be re-convened to take this forward again.

Geof Adlington updated the PCC on the 2020 accounts to date. Additional money has come in from planned giving and interest from the Coventry Building Society, and there have been savings on gas bills, communion wine, salaries etc - so overall the accounts break-even. From July payroll will be handled by the Diocese. The PCC approved the spending of up to £500 on exploratory work at Christ Church to determine the position and state of the drainage system, the purchase of 2 more modules for the Church Suite software system (to support admin) and the spending of £670 (+ VAT) on the leaded lights in the ringing chamber at St Peter's; these are dangerously loose.

Fabric Issues: Simon Andrews updated the PCC on the work resulting from the Stanley Pontlarge quinquennial review. The Faculty paperwork for the roof, pew platform and drainage is nearly complete; the architect has completed the schedule of work for the first two. The paperwork needs to go to the Diocesan Advisory Committee and Simon can then begin to apply for grants; there are 4 or 5 potential providers – most will want us to find around 50% of the funds. The work is long overdue. The quinquennial review at Christ Church has taken place. Some fairly small tasks were identified including the roof tiles, bird debris, guttering, ceiling plaster, pipe insulation and bats in the porch. The paperwork for the transfer of Gretton Old Tower from the Church to the Tower Trust is nearly complete. Wi-fi has been established thanks to Rob Davies and Simon Walls, and a digital key safe has been installed in St Peter's to keep the keys secure.

2020 PCC Meetings: 21st September, 16th November

2020 APCM: To be held by the end of October. Date and format to be confirmed.

Sara Collins

PCC Secretary

PCCSecretary@winchcombeparish.org.uk

Story: A Chance Encounter



The bench looked inviting after her walk. Sea view. The warm sun and gentle breeze of early spring. What could be nicer? Gratefully she sank down, lifted her face to the sun and closed her eyes. How very considerate of her daughter to pick a seaside town for her university years. Not too far from home to preclude the occasional visit and a free lunch from her doting mother!

Pleasantly snoozing in the welcome warmth, her thoughts drifting in anticipation of the jolly afternoon ahead, she was rudely disturbed by the unmistakable feeling of being watched, - Hello - She opened her eyes. - You! - The years had not been kind but yes, it was definitely her. After all these years, the last person on earth.....

Words deserting her she stared open mouthed as the thoughts snapped directly back in time for this, **THIS**, was the woman who ruined her life, came like a bolt from the blue, or so it seemed at the time, and swept away the life she thought she had and would have for evermore. *This* was the woman who stole, not too strong a word, who stole away her husband, her security, her love, and left her young, destitute, alone and pregnant. So long ago, over and done, dealt with, recovered from, set aside and locked away in that corner of the brain marked *do not go here*.

The tendency in these situations, so she had learned, is always to blame the *Other Woman*. The man is enticed, led astray and the married man, however clear his intention never to leave the one he loves, with whom he has a cosy married if slightly dull existence, is captured in the whirl of excitement that is *The Affair*. Caught between two stools he eventually has to decide. Unfortunately her husband chose the exciting, glamorous older woman over the very ordinary, pregnant, young wife.

And so it was. Years of struggle as a single parent, the hurt, the anger, gradually subsiding into the everyday effort of life and the joy of her wonderful daughter. Endings and beginnings. A new life which was almost a new identity, a very successful one as it turned out.

Back in the present her mouth snapped shut. The look on her face must have registered because the woman's smile froze. She started to speak. Maybe she would utter that once longed for apology, but no, no words -just a gurgle and a gasp of pain as she gently slid to the floor beside the bench. A small crowd began to gather.

Is it a heart attack? Somebody call an ambulance – A young man stepped forward offering resuscitation and announcing himself a doctor, quickly taking charge. In what seemed like an age the paramedics arrived. Dead at the scene. Over. Corpse removed, crowd dispersed. How very odd that what she had once, in moments of overwhelming anger, fervently desired had come to pass now, when it didn't matter. -I hope she drops down dead – A curse come full circle? Foolish thought!

A cheery greeting, the wave of a hand. Here she was at last, late as ever but never so welcome. – Mum are you ok? - Yes of course, just a bit dozy in the sun – Hugs, kisses and linked arms. – Come on let's do lunch. And a large glass of wine! -



Lynn Horton

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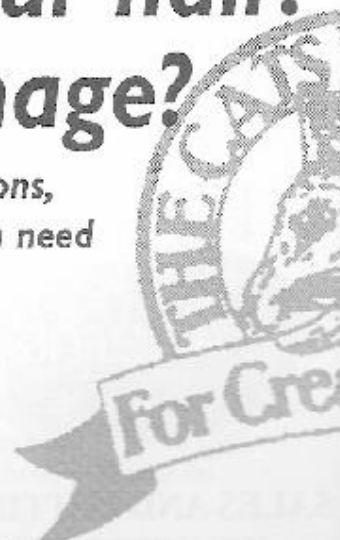
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