

**Church of St Margaret of Antioch**  
**Lime Avenue, Leigh on Sea SS9 3PA**

# Bulletin

**Autumn 2020**



**[www.saintmargaretsleigh.org](http://www.saintmargaretsleigh.org)**

## **Church Services**

### **Public Worship at St Margaret's Church**

Sunday        08:00- Mass (30 minutes)  
                  10:00 - Mass (50 minutes)  
                  10:00 Live streamed Mass (50 minutes)  
                  Available on web site until midnight Sunday  
                  17:30 Family Groups (40 minutes)  
Thursday     09:30 Mass (25 minutes)

To attend a service, at the moment it is necessary to book a place, as congregations are limited to 30. Please ring Carol Dowsett - 07415271458 to give name and number in your party intending to attend.

**Protocols for attending can be found  
at the end of Bulletin.**

Details and services are correct at time of publishing.  
For up to date arrangements for all services and festivals please see the web site. This is updated regularly.

**[www.saintmargaretsleigh.org](http://www.saintmargaretsleigh.org)**

**Coming liturgical diary**  
**All Saints to Christmas**

**All Saintstide**  
**(including All Souls and Remembrance)**

**All Saints: Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> November**

0800, 1000, and 1730 with Bishop and Confirmations  
(if you wish to attend sung mass with the bishop please  
speak to Fr.David/Carol Dowsett)

**All Souls Day Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> November 1930**

Sung Mass live streamed

Please provide names for the departed  
and come and join us

**Remembrance**

Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> November 1730 Civic Remembrance  
St.Mary's Prittlewell

No cenotaph service - Invitation only  
and broadcast on Sunday (link)

**Remembrance Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> November**

0900-0950 Combined Mass live streamed

***1015-1115 open church for “come and remember”  
(a 15 minute cycle of music and prayer  
for individuals to lay a poppy,  
light a candle, reflect and leave)***

## **Advent and Christmas**

### **Advent Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> November**

*“apart and together” – waiting for Gods promise*

*A pre-recorded one hour advent reflection of music and prayers covering the 4 weeks of advent made in homes and church*

### **Advent 4 Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> December -1730 -1815**

#### ***Street Song Christmas***

A physically distanced outdoor presentation of music around the bonfire

London Road/Lime Avenue

(bring your own refreshments)

*Dry weather dependent*

## **Christmas**

### **Christmas Eve 1600 -1700 –**

***“come and see go and tell “***

A 10 minute cycle of reading and music for children to come and light a candle at the crib

*Our community Nativity and Christingle will be pre-recorded and online from Christmas eve.*

***There will be three 1 hour Christmas Masses at 1800 and 2330 (live streamed) Christmas eve at 1000 Christmas Day***

***– children and families are welcome at all masses***

*(you may only attend one of the three masses numbers are initially restricted to 40 – speak to Fr.David or Carol Dowsett)*

## **Autumn Bulletin**

As I write, the end of the church year (All Saintstide) and the beginning of the new one (Advent and Christmas) are in the forefront of my mind, baptisms, confirmations, many special services, remembrance and much else. Endings and beginnings always pretty full demanding and often exciting. How the plethora of carol services and other activities are going to pan out this year I simply don't know – I have a plan, but I do not expect it to work out without change and adaptation. I do know that a combination of a deep breath and invocation of God's guidance is necessary to both enjoy and engage with the changed opportunities and demands of the next couple of months.

I wrote a very full report on the last 18 months for our delayed annual meeting recently – it is not available electronically but if you want one you may ask. Physical copies are at the back of church. It was a report of two very different halves – our centenary year and the last 6 months.

I was reflecting on the sense of purpose, confidence and hope that we are called to have as Christians in the midst of chaos and onslaught as I prepared to lead the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the handing back of the pier this month after

its wartime military role back to its civilian role. There is no going back, times are changed and we either adapt or sink. Adaptation is not the same as abandonment. The Christian way above all is to take the past into the future. The resurrection appearances of Christ show him with the wounds of his passion and death – they are not covered or forgotten but used. It is a way that will present huge challenges but also opportunities for us as a parish and as individuals. Whether we are up to it will depend whether we look back like Lots wife or forward like the Apostles and Saints.

Have a blessed All Saintstide.

Fr.David 28<sup>th</sup> October 2020



Harvest Festival 2020

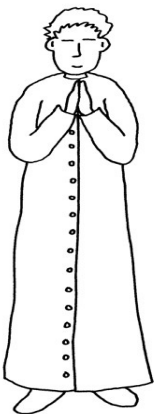
## Help Needed

We are planning to hold our popular Christmas Eve Christingle/Nativity Service this year but with a recorded video which we hope to stream on line and through social media.

However we really need some help with the filming of the video and the subsequent streaming etc.

If anyone knows of someone who could help us with this please contact **Lynda Bartholemew**  
**07952211871**

## THE CASSOCK



THE OUTWARD  
APPEARANCE



THE INWARD  
REALITY

## **Bill Griffiths**

### **An introduction by Lucia Curthoys**

With Remembrance Sunday on the horizon our thoughts will soon be turning not only to those who gave their lives for their country, but also to those who returned with bodies and minds forever marked by what they had seen and endured. This year we commemorated VJ Day, the end of the war in the Far East.

Bill Griffiths was in a Japanese prisoner of war camp in Java when he lost his sight and his hands. He was 21 years old.

I had the privilege of interviewing Bill, and his wife Alice, many years later at their home in Blackpool. I learned not only how Bill survived the war but how he coped back in civilian life which tested his courage and determination again.

We kept in touch and one day Alice phoned to say the Far Eastern Prisoners of War Association was having their annual conference in London and could I get a paragraph in somewhere – they still felt they were the Forgotten Army.

Sometimes it's possible to tell the story of thousands through one man. I put Bill up as a subject for *This Is Your Life* a popular tv programme of its time. It was accepted. Alice, who had never had any secrets from Bill found it extremely difficult keeping this secret and slipping away for secret meetings with the production team.

Bill was 'caught' during the conference. Quietly spoken



with a soft Lancashire accent, he was not one to seek the limelight. However, he was astounded and delighted to find himself speaking to the surgeon and nurse who had saved his life in the prisoner of war camp all those years ago.

Following the programme Bill had literally hundreds of letters from former POWS in the Far East and their widows. This was what Bill enjoyed most being in touch, talking on the phone to them, a good listening ear.

He became an inspiration to thousands, touring the country – with Alice driving - speaking for St Dunstan's and raising money for their charity.

A torchbearer for those with disabilities. He proved what could be achieved through determination and that you could still do something positive with your life. He even became an accomplished sportsman and wrote his biography entitled '*Blind to Misfortune*' – he had a good sense of humour.

Bill died at 92 in 2012 with Alice at his side. Now she too has passed away. I often think of them and always on Remembrance Day. They were special people and touched my life. This year the VJ Day Commemorations evoked special memories of Bill. Afterwards I emailed their daughter in law Chris. She had been thinking of me too and said: "I suppose if Billy hadn't had those horrific injuries, he wouldn't have been the inspiration he was to so many. But I like to think wherever Billy is, he can now see again."

## **Meet Bill Griffiths - A Living Legend.**

Bill Griffiths' story begins, for us, in 1942 in the tropics of Java. March 16 is a date which will always be engraved on Bill's memory, for it marked the end of one life and the beginning of another.

"Until then I was just an ordinary Lancashire lad" he told me. And as he talked, I imagined him clutching his bag of sweets at the Saturday morning pictures, playing football and, later going to the local hops in his native Blackburn.

He left school at fourteen, and went into the family road haulage business. But when he was twenty he was called away into the R.A.F. and celebrated his twenty-first birthday on board ship bound for Singapore.

In the Griffiths home, as in thousands of others, you'll find a few faded war-time snaps. They show a smiling youth with a shock of hair, wearing khaki shorts and looking as though he were on holiday at the seaside instead of ducking bombs in Singapore.

"At first it was like one long holiday at the Government's expense," joked Bill "Lovely sunshine and plenty of time for photography and football." He took up both. He dribbled a ball across a makeshift pitch and snapped away with his camera like an American tourist. But it wasn't to last long. Within days of attacking Pearl Harbour, the Japanese descended on Singapore airport in droves, turning the sky

black with their bombs. And the lad from Blackburn was running with the rest of them, falling flat on the ground amid the now familiar thudding sounds.

"It was terrible seeing your mates killed all around you" Bill remembers" and to my young eyes, the look of utter defeat in the faces of our military leaders was shattering. I felt quite disillusioned. "After we had burned to airport to the ground, we scrambled on board an old merchant ship and set sail for Java" says Bill. "We were dive bombed constantly and hit several times. I can't describe the feeling of dread of going down in those shark infested waters"

But after three days they finally arrived in Java and lined up for their first meal since they had left Singapore - corned beef sandwiches and tea. When Java fell to the Japanese three weeks later, Bill was in a large convoy of lorries. In the middle of the night they were suddenly stopped. A bridge had been blown up. They were trapped. There was nothing for them to do - nowhere for them to run to. They made their way to a village school up in the mountains, and sat and waited for the Japanese to find them.

"For weeks I'd had this feeling that I was going to be either killed or captured" Bill recalls."Now the suspense was over. In a sense it was a relief. "I can't say I was terrified of the Japs. I was just full of wonder. You see I'd never seen a Japanese soldier."

He didn't have long to wait to have his curiosity satisfied. The mountains were swarming with them. A week later a party burst into the schoolroom and ordered the group of no prisoners-of-war to go further up into the mountains and dismantle booby traps.

The date was March 16 1942 - a lovely sunny day.

" I remember coming through a little village" says Bill "The natives were sitting around in the sunshine. It all looked so green, almost like an English landscape, except for the odd rubber tree dotting the skyline" That scene will for ever be etched on Bill Griffiths' mind for it was the last thing he ever saw. With a rifle trained on his back, he was ordered to pick up a piece of green netting strewn on the side of the cart-track road. In seconds his whole world literally blew up in his face.

"I didn't lose consciousness at first" says Bill. "I remember standing up and putting my hands to my face and saying 'Oh God I've lost my face'. I couldn't feel a thing.

"Of course it wasn't my face that had gone, but my hands, and as I learned later, my sight" With a badly damaged right leg Bill crawled to the side of the road where he collapsed. Luckily for him a British convoy of prisoners-of-war went by at that moment. They picked him up and took him to the native hospital where an emergency operation was carried out to save his leg.

"I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I realised it

must be something terrible. I can't tell you how dreadful I felt." "I wasn't in any pain at first. I just felt so very cold. I prayed to be put to sleep." He nearly had his wish - he came to on a stone slab in the mortuary. He'd been given up for dead. Many of us have had nightmares, having woken up shaking with relief when we realise it was only a dream. When Bill was removed from the mortuary he too thought it was all a horrible dream. Everything seemed so unreal. Where was he? Why couldn't he see or touch his pillow? Surely he would soon waken up.

He was moved to another hospital further up into the mountains which was still under British and Dutch control. By now he lived only for his nightly dose of morphia to relive the pain in his leg and arms. He still didn't realise the extent of his injuries.

Through the mist of pain his drugged brain wondered if he was perhaps already dead. One day he decided to find out. He flung himself out of bed and tried to grope around but he lost consciousness.

Next day he was told the blunt truth. He had already guessed about his hands, but the fact he would never see again stunned him."That was to me absolutely terrible, devastating. I couldn't imagine going through life like that." His reaction was a very human and honest one. "It was at this time that I asked the matron to give me a little injection to send me on my way for ever" says Bill "but the Australian commandant of the hospital, now Sir

Edward Dunlop, would not agree"

Bill's next test was the abrupt withdrawal of his morphia injections. They had to be stopped because he had become and addict, and anyway supplies were short. The hospital was soon to be fully under the control of the Japs. He succeeded in learning to live without his pain-relieving nightcap, but only after weeks of sleepless, pain-racked nights.

After that he was moved from one hospital to another. "When I talk about hospitals don't get the picture of long wards of beds, covered with snowy white sheets" grinned Bill. They were really parts of prison camps and some were better than others."For the first six months it wasn't so bad, but as the war progressed conditions deteriorated. Sometimes we slept on bare boards"

How can modern society which was weaned on drugs to relieve the slightest headache, appreciate what it must have been like to face Bill's agony of body and mind without any medical relief?

But as the months passed Bill gradually began to adjust to his new life. "At first I as beside myself with worry. Even if I did manage to survive what would life be like without my sight? Not being able to see the faces of my family, my friends, the green fields of home and Laurel and Hardy?" "I'd be an object of pity, I felt ashamed of my disability."

"But then I'd jolly myself up with plans. I would wear artificial hands and get a desk job in the family business. I'd maybe start a London office. I'd learn Braille." It was hope and plans such as theses , and my faith, which kept me going when life was tough."

For over a year he was presumed dead but when news of him finally reached home, St Dunstan's despatched a Braille typewriter. Of course it was promptly confiscated by the Japanese.

Bill was as meticulous with his appearance then as he is today. Every morning he would present himself to a fellow prisoner for inspection. Then he would seek confirmation from the others and so sort out in his mind just how he looked. By this time he was strong enough to take a daily stroll around the camp. A prisoner made him a stick from a bamboo cane and with this attached to his arm he would whistle and tap his way along, much to the amazement of everyone. As one prisoner said afterwards, hearing Bill whistling round the camp as though he was out for an ordinary evening stroll was like a tonic. "He stopped many of us from dying from hopelessness. We thought if that fellow can find something to whistle about then I am sure we can."

What did Bill do to fill his time?

"Boredom was the arch enemy" says Bill. We had no

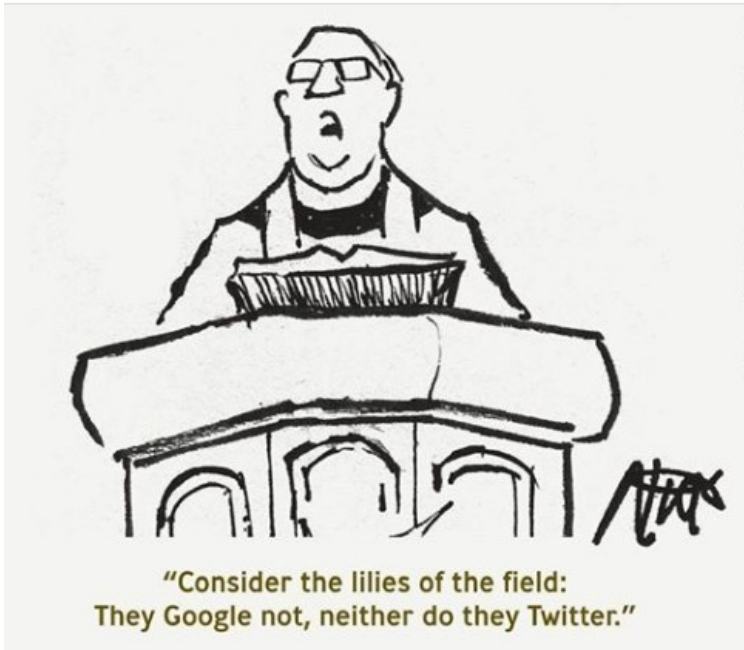
newspapers, no books or radios, so I used to talk to people as much as I could." "From a school master I learned history - and became quite expert on the French Revolution. Then I would talk to a Dutchman, a rubber planter, a tea planter and somebody in sugar refining. Gradually I began to build up a picture of life from people instead of books." He looked upon his daily constitutional as his "little adventure. A bit of excitement to break up the monotony."

As for the Japanese they were plainly bewildered. Sometimes his walks would be interrupted by a guard who would ask "You no hands. No eyes. Why do you live?" But in the end they too grew to respect him. And so those long, tough days dragged on and on, until it became gradually clear to the prisoners that the war was coming to an end.

Bill realised then, with upsurge of panic, that for three and a half years he had been sheltered from the world. Suddenly his old doubts came flooding back. He weighed less than five stones when he walked out of the prison gates and as he began his long journey home he had mixed feelings. Yes of course it would be great to be at home, to sleep in a warm, clean bed, taste a Lancashire hotpot and be with his mother and friends. But he couldn't help wondering what kind of life lay ahead for him.

*To be continued in the next edition.*





### **A note from the Editor.**

Just a reminder that this magazine is not 'mine' it is **'ours'** and belongs to all members of St Margaret's Church.

If you, or a member of your family, have an experience, a visit or just see something interesting, please write about it and send it for publication, with a photograph if possible. If you are not sure if it is appropriate, still send it and we will decide. It doesn't have to be a long piece, but something would be helpful towards filling these pages.

# **VISUALLY IMPAIRED CRICKET**

## **Bob Southward**

It was undoubtedly the most unusual request that I encountered during my cricket umpiring career - "excuse me Umps but I have to pop off and settle down my dog". It took place in September 2014 in what turned out to be my last umpiring appointment. A combination of illness and a major heart attack some six months later meant that I had to stop active involvement in my first love. (*I knew when we married that I would always come second to cricket!! Ed*). It was a game in the Blind Cricket League between Sussex and Warwickshire at Horsham.

Since that game I have missed being involved with all players and my fellow umpires - but most of all I've missed being involved in Visually Impaired (VI) cricket. The players themselves have no time for the politically correct VI terminology and always refer to themselves as blind cricketers whatever their degree of sight. Indeed, VI cricket is controlled by the Blind Cricket of England & Wales (BCEW) and is played on a county basis.

The game is played with a size 3 football in which there are ball-bearings; when bowled and bounced, the ball makes a noise, and this allows all players (batsmen and fielders) to locate the ball. For those of us with full sight, it is very difficult to understand how the players locate the ball so quickly and accurately, let alone comprehend how

they can catch the ball.

In "normal" cricket (referred to as red-ball cricket) there is always a degree of antagonism between the teams and the umpire must be aware of the amount of 'sledging' during the game. The VI game is much noisier - but there is no antagonism or sledging whatsoever. The chattering is the players all helping each other - the fielders telling the batsmen where the fielders are and who is fielding in that position. It is quite common for the fielding side to coach the batsmen during the game, something quite alien to red-ball cricket. It is this spirit of playing that I miss so much as well as the players themselves.

All players in VI cricket are registered blind and are graded according to their degree of sight, from no sight at all to being able to see shapes. They have to travel the length and breadth of the country using public transport, from Durham to Taunton, from Liverpool to Hove and from Hereford to London. This is all part of their experience and generates much camaraderie during the journeys on train, tube, bus and taxi. It also helps them develop their personal skills whilst in the safe company of fellow VI cricketers.

I remember well a 17 years old lad playing his first season of VI cricket with Northamptonshire and whose parents insisted on chauffeuring him to and from all games. The experienced players in the team quickly invented a new Match Regulation which required all players to travel with

their teammates; the following week he was collected from his front door by a player. Within a month the lad was whizzing around his local area on public transport with his parents having been shown what he could do with encouragement. We all make the same mistake when meeting people with a disability in that we tend to concentrate on their disability and not what they can achieve.

I learnt how to work with VI people, and their dogs, and how I could assist them rather than impede them with being too overbearing.

Without exception, the players are friendly and remarkably cheerful unlike their red-ball colleagues who always seem to be so morose and aggressive. The VI players welcome the umpire who is involved in the game more than his red-ball colleagues. And at the end of the game, we are always thanked most profusely as the players accept that without the umpires the game could not take place.

I miss their friendliness; I miss their spirit of competitiveness, I miss their guide dogs scattered around the boundary keeping a watchful eye on their master or mistress; I miss their banter at the tea table (Berkshire provide the most sumptuous tea with the best ever Victoria Sandwich cake). I still do not fully comprehend how they deal with their sight impediment and remain so positive. What I have learnt is that, should I ever suffer from deteriorating sight (or any disability), it is not the end of life as we know it. There is so much available for VI people - but most of all it requires the correct attitude of mind

from us all. Those VI cricketers had it in abundance and I still feel privileged to have known them all.



**“Disability is a state of mind, my state, and your minds! You can't change my state, but hopefully, I've said something that has changed your mind.”**

End of a speech by Mike Brace CBE DL

Former Paralympic skier, social worker and leader of disabled charities. He was Chief Executive of Vision 2020 UK and served as Chairman of the British Paralympic Association.



Southend in Sight is the Community Services Division of Southend Blind Welfare Organisation, a local, independent sight loss charity that has been running since 1958. We offer friendly support, practical advice and fun social events and activities to ensure those living with sight loss can continue to lead independent, fulfilling and active lives.

There have been some inevitable changes to our services over the last 6 months, but we are still at the end of a telephone for anyone who needs us. If you are newly diagnosed, have a pre-existing eye condition or gradually deteriorating eye sight, we can help to find the right equipment to maintain your independence and make life a little easier. This could be support with magnification, lighting, cooking aids, talking books, diaries, pens, access to work or benefits, school support, phones and IT. We also operate a full time Eye Clinic Liaison Officer service at Southend Hospital to signpost people at the time of their diagnosis.

We help anyone of any age living with sight loss in the Southend area. Our current services include:

- Sight loss advice over the phone.
- Safe essential equipment delivery to your doorstep.
- Limited face to face appointments at our Centre.
- A “talk and support” service run by visually impaired volunteers.
- Over the phone technical advice for phones and tablets.
- Support at the hospital via our Eye Clinic Liaison Officer.

If you, a family member or a neighbour would like advice on the help that is available to anyone living locally that is visually impaired, please contact Southend in Sight:

Tel: **01702 342131**

Email: [info@southendinsight.org.uk](mailto:info@southendinsight.org.uk)

Website: [www.southendinsight.org.uk](http://www.southendinsight.org.uk)

Coralie made emergency deliveries during lockdown.



In 2019 Joshua Dyer, aged 14, was tasked at school  
to write a poem for **Remembrance Day**.

An hour later, without any help, he produced this:

### **One Thousand Men Are Walking**

One thousand men are walking  
Walking side by side  
Singing songs from home  
The spirit as their guide  
They walk towards the light milord  
They walk towards the sun  
They smoke and laugh and smile together  
No foes to outrun.  
These men live on for ever  
In the hearts of those they saved  
A nation truly grateful  
For the path of peace, they paved  
They march as friends and comrades  
But they do not march for war



Step closer to salvation  
A tranquil steady corps  
The meadows lit with golden beams  
A beacon for the brave  
The emerald grass untrampled  
A reward for what they gave.  
They dream of those they left behind  
And know they dream of them  
Forever in those poppy fields  
There walks one thousand men

~~~~~

Goes to show that the young can still surprise us.

**Lest we forget**





## **BUMBLEBEES PRE-SCHOOL**

It's been 4 weeks since Bumblebees has opened, and the children have settled well and have been amazing adapting to our routine in the current situation. The little ones have coped well with parents not being able to enter the setting with them. Parents are very happy with how things are being run and we have had incredibly good feedback from them.

The ladies at Bumblebees are enjoying working at the setting and are continually coming up with great ideas for the preschool.

We have vacancies for the morning sessions 9-12 everyday.

[bumblebeespreschool19@gmail.com](mailto:bumblebeespreschool19@gmail.com)

07936 436623

Jody French

## Congratulations

On Saturday 19th September Emma & Fraser were married in St Margaret's church. Sadly with Covid restrictions members of the congregation were unable to attend to support them. Even so it was a very happy day and we wish them every happiness.



“The service was really lovely, the church looked glorious and Father David was extremely reassuring, calming and supportive throughout. We couldn't have been happier.”  
Emma

## **Foibles & Fancies**

### **Valerie Underhill**

I stood and surveyed the Venetian blind, I was not happy. You see the right hand side was dropping lower than that on the left which meant that the bottom of the blind was not a perfectly straight diagonal. It would not do. Oh for a digitally built in spirit level! This begun the ten minute tweaking session, each tug of the cord, each flick of the slats every adjustment had to be studied from a distance so the window achieved the perfect symmetrical square.

Now let me whisk you back to the 1950s, picture this skinny little eight year old, hair plaited in two long braids writing in misery as she watches the teacher clearing the white chalk sums from the blackboard. Problem is said board has not been cleaned to the young madam's satisfaction, there is the bottom half of the figure 8 left in the top left hand corner and a plus sign on the far right. Oh how I long to be blackboard monitor and erase every tiny hieroglyphic from the minutest part of the board.

Maybe this explains why I love the comforting ritual of the Sunday mass, the elegance, the beauty of the language, the perfect arrangements of the prayers and scripture. This wonderful hour of harmony and peaceful perfection in the midst of the turmoil and horror in which we are living. Just listen to the soft murmurings of the tea cups, the confident chant of the lords prayers and the quiet reverence of the angels. So as we at St. Margaret's (and all Christian churches

throughout the world) prepare for lockdown 2, remember that Christ did die, but he rose again and was among us.



## Christmas Greetings from Serving the Homeless



31 Years ago, on 3<sup>rd</sup> December 1989 a group of people who had been strangers, met together in Leigh. The purpose was to discuss a Christian response to the pressing problem of homelessness in the Southend area.

There were representatives from Anglican, Catholic and Methodist churches in Leigh. Those present, proposed the creation of a new local ecumenical charity to help alleviate the desperate plight of homeless people in the area, most particularly the young single homeless for whom there was no statutory right to housing. They called themselves,

### **'Serving the Homeless' (STH)**

Over the years, with your help, STH has raised hundreds of thousands of pounds to support local projects. It supported the development of the Day and Night Shelter that was eventually to become HARP. It purchased accommodation used by Acorn and more recently by HARP to house clients. It spends £250 per month on food used to provide meals for the homeless at the Bradbury Centre. It financed the start-up costs of 3 of the Churches winter shelters; it has supported numerous individuals with temporary accommodation, travel expenses and equipment. It has

supported the development of accommodation for young people by Southend YMCA and delivers Christmas parcels to all of the young people at the YMCA over Christmas. Even in this most difficult of years we have managed to finance Westcliff SVP society in providing meals for the 100 rough sleepers put into temporary accommodation by Southend Council, and continued to provide £250 per month to HARP for food supplies.

We invite you to join us on **Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> Dec** for a virtual fundraising meal for STH at home, and on **Friday 18<sup>th</sup> Dec at 6.30pm** for an online Service of Carols and Readings for Christmas.

If you would like to donate:

Serving the Homeless,  
Lloyds Bank, Account No 00226011,  
Sort Code 30 00 09,

OR

STH c/o The Office, Our Lady of Lourdes Church,  
Leigh Road, Leigh on Sea SS9 1NG.

**Details of the service will be on Our Lady of Lourdes website.**

We wish you all the blessings of Christmas

## Walking Aid free to a good home - used twice only



If you are interested please contact Michelle

Michellephilips89@icloud.com

01702 529839

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If you have something that is surplus to your requirements, that you would like to pass on, or if you have a need of something and would like to ask, please email the details to [bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org](mailto:bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org) with a photograph if appropriate, and I will include it in the Bulletin.



# **St Margaret's Leigh-on-Sea Christmas Market**

## **Julia Fenton**

As we will not be permitted to be able to do anything decent face to face we are trying a

### **Virtual Christmas Market**

on Facebook. People will be invited to get in touch and pay £5 for a stall. When approved and paid they will have a stall number and be able to upload pictures on the site to sell or take orders. It will be the stall holders responsibility to manage their stall, keep track of orders, payments and deliveries.

I will receive the money for the stall which will be sent into the Church account. If everyone 'likes' 'shares' and 'invites' it will reach a wide audience and help small/cottage businesses locally in this very difficult time.

All money received from stall holders will be profit for the church.

Let's see how much fun this is buying Christmas presents without leaving home and having to wear a mask!!!

How 21st Century is St Margaret's???

If anyone else has any suggestions please contact me asap 09750909244.





Test and Trace

# LET'S HELP STOP THE SPREAD OF CORONAVIRUS



Scan this QR code with your  
NHS COVID-19 App to check-in



St Margarets leigh

1465 London Road, SS9 2SR

**DOWNLOAD THE  
NHS COVID-19 APP**



## **St. Margaret of Antioch Leigh-on-Sea Notes to Users of St.Margaret's Church, QR Code Halls, Rooms, Grounds and Vicarage**

### **Public worship in Church.**

The Vicar, Wardens, PCC and Congregation of St.Margaret's seek to give the highest degree of confidence for the Covid 19 Security for attendees of the "advertised public worship and open church" on Thursdays and Sundays complying with government law and guidelines

### **Other use of church property**

Hirers and users of any of the church property outside the space of the church designated for public worship and outside of the designated times do so at their own risk. It is part of the contract of use that users of the Church, Church Hall, meeting rooms, grounds and vicarage outside of these events and times must self- caretaker; cleaning and sanitizing all areas and items they are to use and repeat this at the end of their event or visit. They are to keep a full register of their users according to current law. Times, organisations and people using these spaces outside of the Thursday and Sunday Public acts of worship may be obtained from the Vicar who is to be informed of all activity with 24 hours notice until further notice.

The Revd Fr.David Wylie RN 23rd September



## **Useful contact numbers**

### **Jeffrey Conway**

Electric failure ( you don't phone your supplier) 105

Gas emergency ( again, you don't phone your supplier)  
0800 111999

Water main or sewer leak in the road( not in your house)  
0800 526337

Run over/ injured bird. 01702 557798 ( the lady's name is Ann)

Other injured animals ( but not sea animals)

S Essex Wildlife Hospital. 01375 893893

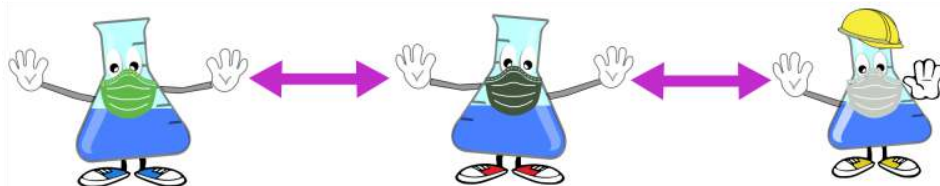
Injured sea life. (British Marine Rescue) 01825 765546

RSPCA. 07749 175032 or 0300 1234 999

## Protocols for “Open Church”

1. Adhere to best Government practice and guidance on physical distancing and personal hygiene.
2. Sanitiser and disinfectant buckets are sited at the entrance and exit - however bring your own where possible
3. Use West end doors as entrance and South aisle door as exit
4. Refrain from touching items unnecessarily
5. If you touch and use a ‘takeaway leaflet’ please **take it away**
6. Light candles from lit candle.
7. Use your own pen or pencil if you wish to write a prayer.
8. Offerings may be left in the boxes at doors and candle stand. (or in the baskets at services)
9. **Use only the red chairs** in the church if you wish to sit.

Social distance, please



## **....And finally**

### **Apologies to any WI members...**

Mobberly WI has issued the following guidance for isolation.

Right ladies, Judith Bickerstaffe has kindly emailed the crochet patterns for the face masks and matching underwear sets. Anyone who runs out of wool should message Delia who will leave fresh supplies in a vacuum sealed sandwich bag on your doorstep. She will knock the theme tune to Miami Vice on your door so you know it's her, you'll have to take pot luck on colours, but I do know there is a particularly lovely shade of burnt copper. Mavis has drawn up a rota for the Haz Mat suit and WW2 Gas Mask, it is one size fits all so please don't specify size requirements. If any of our less able members need provisions such as bread, milk, wine, Gin or pickled walnuts please contact Cynthia, who will pop to the shops for you providing her moped isn't being used by her grandson for pizza deliveries.

Laura will go ahead with her useful and inspirational talk on Christmas and other gifts made from j-cloths via Skype.

Currently we will have to abandon our collection of soft toys made from used hosiery, particularly after that unfortunate incident when Derek Malmsbury was found doing unspeakable things to the elephant made by his wife, Nora. I'm sure we all support Nora at this upsetting time. Apparently they WERE Derek's fishnets, which is why he was confused and why he wanted them back. Still that should never be done to a child's soft toy.

Connie is finishing off the template for making an emergency face mask and draft excluder from a spare bra. I know some members have raised concern that as Connie is a 46GG she has more material to work with than most, but she assures me her template will be scalable from 32A upwards.

Audrey wants to apologize for the mix-up with the medication run, but please be rest assured Joan suffered no side effects from taking Marjorie Butterworth's husband's Viagra and haliborange. And likewise Marjorie's husband seems to have responded really well to the HRT. Marjorie says they even agreed on the pattern for their new curtains.

Sad news because of the Government announcements, the trip to Leeds and 'Miss Fifi's Private Dungeon and Macrame club' has been postponed and at this moment we don't have a rescheduled date.

Great news: we have already started collecting prizes for the summer fayre raffle. It looks like the star prize this year may well be a pack of 9 Andrex Quilted Aloe Vera toilet rolls. Shortly followed by a complete set of knitted Nolan Sisters toilet roll covers. Mavis says any resemblance between Colleen and Anne Widdecombe is purely coincidental.

Right Ladies I must dash, I hear Springitts has just had a fresh delivery of tinned prunes.

Anon

# **Who's Who at St Margaret's**

## **Parish Priest:**

The Rev'd Fr. David Wylie RN    07768 687 605

vicar@saintmargaretsleigh.org

## **Churchwardens:**

Mr Michael Bridge    07434 974 583

Mrs Lorrina Cockett    07952 431 690

churchwarden@saintmargaretsleigh.org

## **Hall enquires:**

Mrs Julia Fenton    07980 909 244

hallbookings@saintmargaretsleigh.org

## **Organist & Director of Music: & Church bookings:**

Mr David Stowe    07876 496757

music@saintmargaretsleigh.org

churchbookings@saintmargaretsleigh.org

## **Webmaster:**

Bob Southward    07876 685 210

webmaster@saintmargaretsleigh.org

## **Editor for contributions to Bulletin:**

bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org