

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

Bulletin

Spring& Summer 2022



www.saintmargaretsleigh.org

bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org

Church Services

Worship at St Margaret's Church

ALL SERVICES ARE NOW PUBLIC

Sunday: 08:00-08:30 Said Mass
10:00-11:00 Mass with music
Live Streamed & available on web site
Sermon written copy online

First Sunday of the month 17:30-18:10 Mass
with music for family groups followed by pasta/pizza in the Lower Hall.

Wednesday: 19:30 Mass
Thursday: 09:30 Said Mass
14:00-16:00 Church open for personal prayer
(Term time only)
Friday: 09:00 Said Mass
Saturday: 09:00 Said Mass

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

View from the Vicarage:

As I write this contribution to the summer bumper edition of the bulletin I do so of course with sadness in my heart as my mother died on St. George's day and we have her funeral at St. Margaret's on 12th May. I will if I may repeat here the message I gave to her friends and parishioners at St. Margaret's at the time.

Dear Friends, my mother Beryl died on Saturday 23rd April at Midday. Her 11 weeks in hospital, having been admitted with hip failure though dying of heart failure, was blessed with some individuals with enormous empathy diligence and care. However, as many of you know, she was also the victim of poor care communication and coordination within our health system which many of you yourselves have experienced. I'm more devastated than words can express not least at the manner of her death and that I was not able to protect her however hard I tried. It was the end of an 11 week litany of trauma that of course started some years before within the primary care system. Our lives are ordained not solely for the benefit of self but for others and my mother's dying words constantly epitomised that. For now all I will say is how grateful I am to those of you who found in her not so much my mother but a good friend and

quietly faithful person with a sense of fun and life in her own right. Many of you have been very kind in words, deeds and prayers as she has been in her life. I anointed her myself the Thursday before she died and know God treasures her even more than we do. Every blessing this Easter time to all of you.
Fr.David

Lent, Holy Week and Easter had a deep poignance and resonance for many of us because what was happening in real time. That is what this bulletin is about: I am glad that there is such a delightful obituary for Jeremy Shallis in this issue whose funeral took place in Holy Week. We also laid to rest dear Ruth Fink after her battle with dementia – the last of many she faced in her life with feisty humour and grace. Real time is all time and all time is God's time. I find the breadth of the contributions heartening and uplifting. The range of folk and lives that we touch upon in our parish is humbling and delightful. As I marked the Easter candle at dawn (for the second time as I covered St. David's Eastwood the night before) all these aspects of our real time lives were at the forefront of my mind. *You are the alpha and omega, beginning and end and all time belongs to you.* Such real time involves joy and sadness; the exciting and mundane – it's all God's time.

In terms of our daily and weekly cycle we are still trying to recover from the impact of the pandemic and Susan's picture

reflects this. Nevertheless we have signs of growth and mission. Our monthly Sunday evening monthly mass continues to grow with young folk and families, we have a little uplift in weddings with the first being Maria and Scott before Holy Week. The Mothers' Union enjoys a new spurt of life and school assemblies and meetings are getting back to some normality. Mothering Sunday was a highlight of this last period as it was the first since 2019 that was approaching normal and so many of our families and uniformed groups made a real effort to return.

The loss of our pre-school is a blow, having established a good relationship we hope it may come back. It shows how the real time of the political world affects us all. The funding of early years formation is lumpy and a real issue in our borough whilst demand is strong – something must change.

The other area of life close to my heart of course is health care. Ageism and coviditis are undoubtedly scourges that need addressing. *As I prepare the case review for my mother I would be very interested to hear your own stories and experiences within our local hospital and care system.* Resources are often cited as key but leadership and a sense of vocation and

professionalism also present as common themes. The status quo won't do though it will take time and tenacity to change.

We have much to look forward to, including in the near future, and I hope to see many of you in real time!

Future Key Dates

May Fayre

Sunday 29th May 13:00-17:00

***Platinum Jubilee* Tea Party**

5th June 15:00-17:00

St. Margaret's Day Festival Mass and Party

20th July 19:00

Every blessing Fr.David - May 2022

Easter Day 2022



From a Corner of the Cotswolds

Alison Whitby

Dear friends

During my time here it has become evident how the life of Churches is still very significant in so many ways. Plough Sunday was celebrated on 7th January. Farmers brought their tractors to Church and a ploughshare was brought into most Churches. There was a Blessing of the seed and a Blessing of the plough. In essence this denotes the beginning of the farming year although farmers can be seen in all weathers tending to their stock in sometimes very harsh conditions.

Whilst exploring this beautiful countryside it is always very reassuring to spot the spire or tower of one of the Churches in the oncoming village or market town. From my house I can see St Peter's 14th century Church which is lovely at Christmas as it has an illuminated star on the tower and in a village with no light pollution the star hangs in the dark sky at night. Once in the Churchyard two other Churches can be seen dotted through the hills. I never fail to think of the effort folk made to reach these Churches before cars.

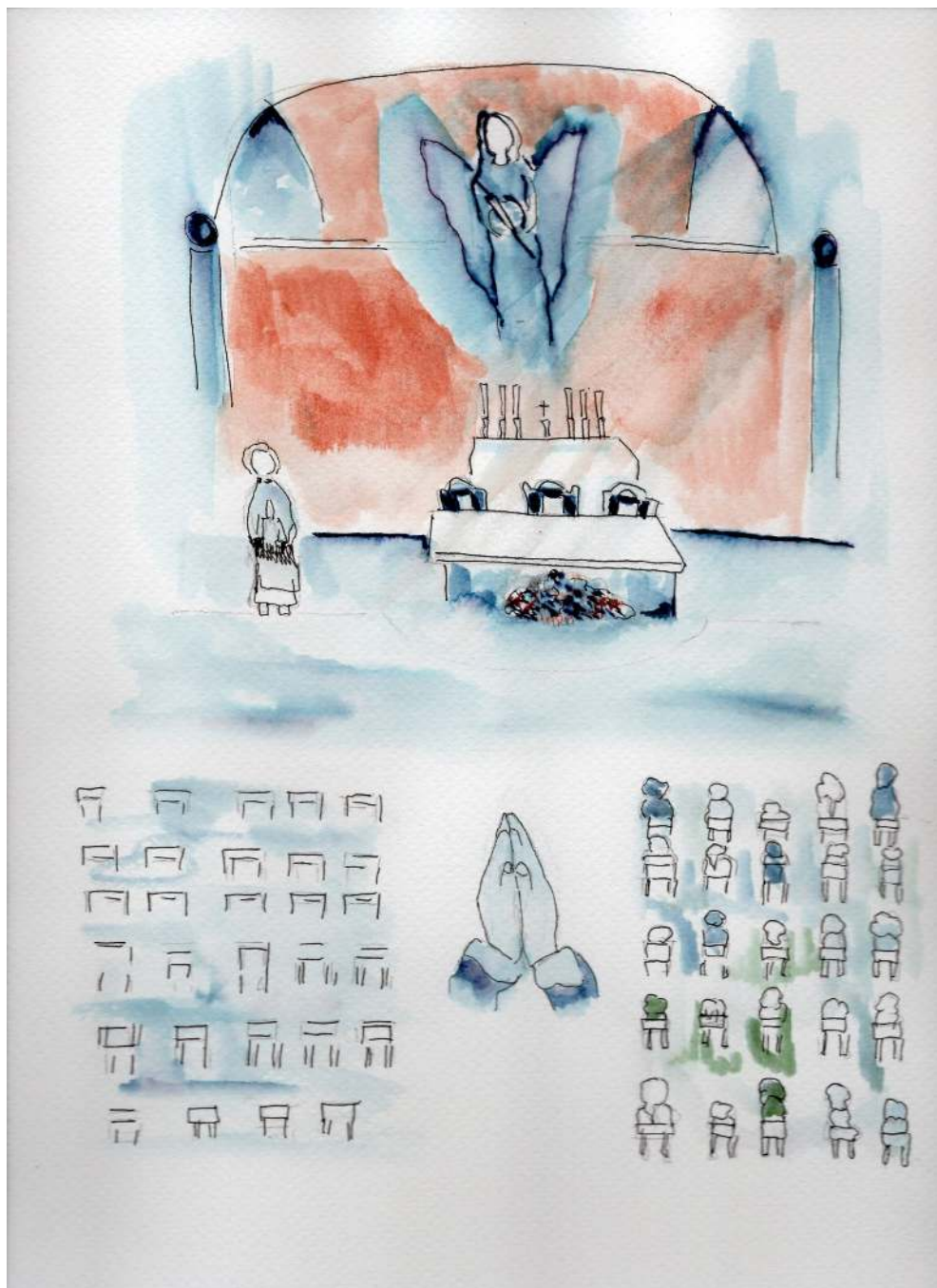
The village of Broadway where I live have a 'live' Advent Calendar and one of the Churches was Window 24 as can

be seen below with a life size Nativity scene. The cosy windows of shops and houses also display Nativity scenes which is lovely.

I watch the Service at St Margaret's regularly and can almost smell the incense which sometimes masks the altar, very pleasing.

Until I can be there in person I send my love and prayers to you all.





‘Empty Seats’

A painting by Susan Heinelman.

Are you one of those whose seat is empty?

Have you returned to ‘live’ services yet?

St Margaret’s church services are open to the public once more.

Covid protocols facemasks etc per government law and guidelines.

Come back and enjoy joining in with the service and hymns and meet safely with church friends.

Perhaps next time Susan paints St Margaret’s church there will be more people filling the pews.



The late Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Hilary Shallis

In August 2003 I had the privilege of representing Chelmsford Diocesan Mothers' Union on a visit to our prayer-linked diocese of George, in South Africa. I travelled around 3000 miles in two weeks visiting many MU branches and members and doing a number of other things all connected with Mothers' Union. One of these other things was supper at Bishopslea with Bishop Donald and his wife. We had a wonderful evening and in the course of conversation he mentioned that Archbishop Desmond Tutu would be visiting George Cathedral the following day and if I wished, a seat could be found for me. I would so dearly have loved to take up that offer but plans had been made months before for me to visit another part of the Diocese the next day.

My son Paul and his two sons, Adam and Daniel, had the chance I missed out on. The Archbishop was the permanent Assistant Curate at the parish church of Bletchingley in Surrey where Paul's family lived and worshipped, and during a visit to Britain in 2004 the Archbishop was to be in Bletchingley on 8 February for the main Sunday service. Paul and Daniel (just 8) attended church regularly but on that Sunday Adam (aged 9) went too, and parishioners were encouraged to take photos with the Archbishop. This is a photograph I cherish.



Desmond Mpilo Tutu OMSG CH GCStJ was a South African Anglican bishop and theologian, known for his work as an anti-apartheid and human rights activist. He was Bishop of Johannesburg from 1985 to 1986 and then Archbishop of Cape Town from 1986 to 1996, in both cases being the first black African to hold the position.

A Happy Homecoming

James Smith

Half my Grandparents had attended St Margaret's, and the other half had lived on Burnham Road, and I've grown up in the shadow of the church at West Leigh Schools - so when the time came to consider moving back to the area from Prittlewell Square, it felt right to darken the door.

At a time when many churches remained virtual, it was especially significant for us that our first service was Mothering Sunday, as by then Puspita was six months pregnant with Toby.

The warmth of the welcome, and the experience of Easter - from the vigil in the recreated Garden of Gethsemane, to the dawn service around the brazier - helped ease us into a delightful rhythm of prayerful worship, fellowship, and gentle banter.

2021 turned out to be quite a year for our family - new business, new baby, and new home - so it was all the more important to be able to shake the world off of our feet every Sunday, and find peace in the pews.

Our previous long-term Church had been St George's Tanglin in Singapore - and while we miss the tropical sounds and smells seeping into the service, St Margaret's smells and bells have been a pleasant substitute.

While not Anglo-Catholic by upbringing, the breadth of Anglicanism is its great strength - and I've found much to treasure in the language, ritual and mystery of St Margaret's - which has been in turn both reassuringly familiar and refreshingly new.

Although in the end we moved half a mile in the wrong direction to Southchurch Park, I'm looking forward to continuing to find peace in the community of St Margaret's, contributing to the life of the Church, and to marking an important milestone with young Master Toby's Christening. And we remain thankful for our generous welcome into the St Margaret Family.



Toby goes to church for the first time

Curate Pudding

Janet Starkey

A nationwide competition has recently been launched to find the perfect pudding to serve at her Majesty's Platinum Jubilee. Two of the judges will be Dame Mary Berry and Buckingham Palace's Head Chef, Mark Flanagan. One of the requirements is that it should be a simple pudding that can be easily made at home. My recipe for "Curate Pudding" certainly meets that requirement and is made from ingredients that most of us would have in our kitchens, although it is probably not suitable for the Queen's Jubilee as I suspect a cold pudding would be best to serve at the many street parties that will be taking place up and down the country.

Curate Pudding:-

Half a pint of milk

2 eggs

2 oz sugar

2 oz butter

2 oz flour

Put the milk (except 2 tablespoons) butter and sugar into a saucepan and heat until melted - do not boil. Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Beat the yolks with the

2 tablespoons of milk and with this mix the flour to a smooth paste. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Take the hot milk etc and add to the flour mixture, then lastly fold in the whites of eggs. Put the mixture into a buttered dish and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

The recipe suggests serving this with jam but we enjoy it with warmed Golden Syrup poured over and (another store cupboard ingredient) evaporated milk.

I don't know how this pudding came to be called "Curate Pudding" and I can find nothing about it on Google. The recipe comes from a collection of handwritten recipes by my mother and must have been in the family for a number of years. The actual recipe calls for the ingredients to be melted by a fire! There are not many fires left in homes now and I doubt there are many churches in the country that still have Curates attached to them.



Bishop: "I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr Jones";
Curate: "Oh, no, my Lord, I assure you that parts of it are excellent!"

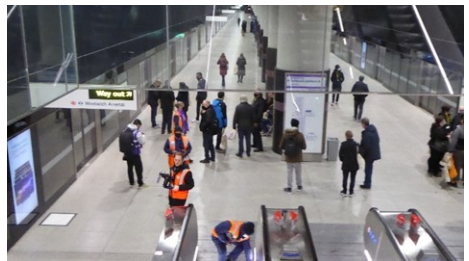
"True Humility" by George du Maurier, originally published in Punch, 1895.

An Unusual Present

Bob Southward

“Dad, how would you like to spend next Sunday on a train that breaks down and then have to be evacuated onto the track? You will then get on another train and that will breakdown in a tunnel” That was one of the strangest questions our son Paul has ever asked me and it intrigued me to the extent that I accepted his offer. The next day I received an email confirming my unusual present.

It transpired that Transport for London (TfL) was arranging a test event for the new Elizabeth Line (better known as Cross-rail) which is due to open in a few months time. I was to report the following Sunday to the new purpose built station at Greenwich bringing with me some warm and waterproof clothing.



I arrived at the impressive Greenwich station at the appointed time where I joined several hundred other volunteers to be booked in and given some souvenirs and a packed breakfast (pastry, fruit, energy bar and water). We waited on the platform for some time before being given a briefing during which they outlined what would be

happening during the test. And then the big moment.... the new Elizabeth train arrived and we took our seats, which proved to be hard and uncomfortable with the backrest being too upright. I would not want to travel on one of these trains from Shenfield to Heathrow; the carriages are more like tube trains than overground trains.



The train departed and after a disappointingly short time (about 10 minutes) we “broke down” and were informed by the very cheerful driver that she was summoning help as all attempts to resolve the problem had failed. And we waited ... and waited... and waited!

Eventually we were informed that we should proceed to the front of the train where we would be evacuated with the help of TfL’s Emergency Rescue staff.



Progress was slow but eventually we reached our evacuation point and were helped down to the track by the rescue staff. I am sure that in a real emergency, the evacuation process would have been quicker ... or at least I hope so!

We then had a fifteen minute walk in pouring rain to the next station where the second part of the exercise was due to start. I was looking forward to breaking down in a tunnel and being evacuated to a train that would be brought alongside. Disappointingly we were informed that this second evacuation had been cancelled and that we could now go home.

It was a fascinating day albeit very slow at times and one which I hope not to experience for real in the future. We should all be reassured that TfL is holding these training exercises prior to the opening of the Elizabeth Line.



Retirement

Sandra Huband

I have been retired for almost a year from my career as an infant school teacher and do I have any regrets? None whatsoever.

Do I miss my colleagues and the children? Yes, I do. But I am still in touch with the friends I made across the corridor and we now enjoy chatting about things other than work! And our gorgeous granddaughter, who is three years old, keeps me busy and connected to a little one's world.

So, what am I enjoying most about being retired? The simple answer, as most retirees would probably agree, is 'time'. Time to read over a leisurely breakfast; time to potter in the garden instead of blitzing jobs at the weekends; time to walk to the shops rather than taking the car. As other teachers will know, a cup of tea at school has to be drunk piping hot (or not at all) and lunches consumed within ten minutes. The luxury of a long lunch is still a novelty. We can now go on holiday out of peak season and as for being able to go to the toilet whenever you like..... that is another joy of retirement!

Now I no longer have an ironing pile, and I am enjoying trying out different recipes for dinner instead of churning out the same quick favourites. When I am in the kitchen with the radio

on, cooking and baking, I am in my happy place. I'm not sure that retirement is going to be good for my waistline though!

Walking brings me much pleasure and I especially love to stroll along the seafront; the ever-changing views across the water are beautiful. So, in September I kick-started my retirement by taking part in a half-marathon walk across London, raising money for BookTrust, a charity dedicated to getting children reading. It was such a good day. When we holidayed in the Lake District in September, I loved waking early, walking through the country lanes and watching the sun rise through the mist. Special times. And now that I have retired I've been able to join two walking groups – one to explore local routes, the other to walk through different parts of London, learning about the history of the places we pass.

So, how did I ever have time to go to work? I really don't know! My days are filled and I am busy. And what I enjoy most of all is having time to spend with people - my friends, but most of all my family. I feel so privileged and blessed to have them nearby. What can be better than a squeeze hug from our little granddaughter? >>>>

As the world begins to open up, I look forward to making the most of my retirement years. God willing, there are many more to come.



Early morning in Allithwaite

Bumblebees Pre-School

I am sad to say and it is with a heavy heart that we have had to close Bumblebees at St Margaret's Preschool. Unfortunately, we have been advertising and interviewing for staff for over 16 weeks as yet we have not found anyone good enough to take on the roles. There is a national and local shortage of suitably qualified and skilled childcare workers, and we find ourselves in this situation. There is strict adult to child ratios and with no manager, we cannot safely open at St Margaret's.

It's a very sad time for us as we had just made our first year open. We would like to thank Father David and the church community for their support and we will continue our good relationship. We can only hope that one day the national shortage of qualified staff changes and we can re-build our lovely Preschool.

Jody



MOPS AND BUCKETS!

Lorrina Cockett

It feels a sure sign that our church lives are returning to more normality. Yes, we now need to clean and polish our beautiful church building again!

During covid closures spiders had worked hard in corners and under chairs. Leaves blew in while doors were left open. And dust collected. Cleaning wasn't as thorough as usual.

However, we now meet on each first Saturday of the month, after the 9am Mass. The group of people numbers about 12-14 which is perfect. We divide up the building and wipe down seats, sweep floors, polish glass, dust statues, clean up candle holders and Hoover carpets. The whole church is done and dusted in about an hour! And the difference is lovely to see. Everywhere looking its very best.

The cleaning team then breaks for coffee and Barbara's cake before leaving. So much achieved by working together. The marvellous thing is that we now need to do it all again each month because we are back in church, worshipping God, face to face. Come along and join in if you can.



Mothering Sunday V Mother's Day

Mothering Sunday and **Mother's Day** are different days.

The date of **Mothering Sunday** changes every year because, in the UK, Mothering Sunday first began as a church tradition, and it takes place three weeks before Easter on the fourth Sunday of Lent.

This was when Christians would visit their '**mother church**', the church in which they were baptised, which is why we often refer to the day as **Mothering Sunday**. This Sunday is also known as '**Refreshment Sunday**', a day of respite from fasting, halfway through Lent.

Reflecting the day's association with the story of the Feeding of the Five Thousand and the reprieve from fasting, various types of cakes and buns have long been made for Mothering Sunday, especially Simnel cake*, as gifts to parents.

Because the dates of Lent and Easter change each year, based on the lunar calendar, the date of **Mothering Sunday** changes too.

In other countries like the USA, the day wasn't founded through religion and is specifically referred to as **Mother's Day**.

It became an official US holiday in 1914 when the President at the time, Woodrow Wilson, declared the second Sunday in May as a day of 'public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.'

The campaign for a national observance was started in



1908 by West Virginia activist, Anna Jarvis, who campaigned for a holiday in honour of her mother, who was a community activist. The idea was first planted by suffragist Julia Ward Howe in 1872 who suggested the holiday as a chance to unite women.

***Simnel Cake**

This is a fruit cake baked with a layer of marzipan across



the middle. It has a marzipan top and 11 marzipan balls to represent 11 Apostles (leaving out Judas). Sometimes there is a ball in the centre to represent Jesus, but usually there are crystalised primroses or violets.

Call The Midwife.

Barbara Southward

One of my Christmas presents from our son last year was a 'Call the Midwife' tour at Chatham Dockyard. The tour was at 1pm so Bob and I set off after the Thursday 9.30am mass. The journey was quite straightforward until we reached Chatham when the signs for the dockyard



disappeared. However, using our initiative, we aimed for the port and eventually found the dockyard.

We parked, found the restaurant for an early lunch then made our way to the rendezvous point. Our guide for the tour arrived wearing a Midwife uniform complete with red hat and carrying a large photograph album of sets from the series.



For those who don't know, 'Call the Midwife' is a BBC Sunday evening serial, based on the diaries of Jennifer Worth a midwife in the 1950s. It is very realistic (too realistic for Bob!) and is based in the slums of the east of London around the East India docks, which is where Chatham Docks come in.

It was a long tour of one and a half hours with a lot of walking and much standing around. Our guide had a loud and very clear voice, and we were shown buildings used in the filming. The amazing thing is how one building can be dressed in so many ways to represent different parts of the area. False doors and windows featured heavily and fake snow and pretend cemeteries. One building is variously a hospital, the Police Station and another place which I can't now remember. The only disappointment was Nonnatus House and square. These are sets in the studio and not real buildings at all.



There was a museum display of some of the uniforms and original artefacts used in the filming. It's a bit disconcerting to go to a museum and find artefacts from your own childhood on display. We ended with a visit to the ropery and the Commissioner's Garden also used in the series to house Fred's shed and for park shots.

It was a fascinating look into the world of filming and for any 'Midwife' enthusiasts well worth a visit. The ticket also included access to the Dockyard itself. We need to go back another day for that.

Jeremy Shallis

13/02/1962 to 13/03/2022



Jeremy died on Sunday 13th March after fighting brain cancer for 18 months. In his last few months he achieved three goals he had set himself - to celebrate his wife's 60th birthday last October with a surprise party (with the aid of a party planner and, of course, his daughter and son), Christmas dinner downstairs with his family, and his own birthday in February.

He spent his young years as a member of St Margaret's congregation, being first a boat boy from the age of 4, progressing to acolyte and then altar server. At University in London he worshipped at his college chapel where he met his wife, Olwen. Worship at St Benedict's chapel was

ecumenical and Olwen is Roman Catholic. They married in 1985 and after living first in Shoeburyness, then Harold Wood and Grays, returned to Shoebury in the early 1990s when Jeremy attached himself to St Andrew's church. Here he undertook many tasks, finishing as PCC treasurer for several years.

He will probably be best remembered at St Margaret's for having designed and fired the fireworks display for our Centenary celebrations.

Hilary Shallis



Schools' Officer at Walsingham

A Personal Account

Jane Southward



I have known of The Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in Norfolk for as long as I can remember. As a child, we used to go on pilgrimage to the Shrine, often meeting up with my grandparents there. I have memories of night-time processions, trying to make models from the candle wax which had dripped down and tasting the Holy water. Later, I visited with my grandma and then with friends but always with the same sense of “coming home”.

For 22 years I was a teacher in the primary classroom. This was in two very different schools in Chelmsford; one a community school and one a church school. While working in the latter, I had the opportunity to hold a Farmington Fellowship in RE for one year. This paid for release time from class to carry out research into an area connected with Religious Education. The foundations from this enabled me to study for a Doctorate where I

extended my research into how children understand prayer and I was awarded the degree in 2021.

At about the same time, a job advert flashed up on Twitter – Schools’ Officer at The Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. It took a lot of thinking and debating as to whether to apply – it would mean moving to a new county, away from family and friends, and into a whole new role. However, with prayer and a good dose of courage, I applied, was appointed, and moved to Norfolk to start at the Shrine in January 2022.

My role as Schools’ Officer is varied and interesting. My main focus is working with students between 4 and 21 who come to Walsingham to learn about the Christian faith and pilgrimage. I also work on the organising team for the Children’s, Youth and Family Pilgrimages doing everything from booking inflatables to designing T-shirts and creating presentations for use in liturgy. On a day when a school is in, typically they arrive at about 10am. Once greeted, the tour starts with a short introduction to pilgrimage. There are a number of different options for school groups to choose, the most popular two being the Pilgrimage Experience and the One Church, One Faith visit. For the former, the students visit the Abbey grounds, learn about Medieval pilgrimage, dress up as pilgrims and design

pilgrim badges. For the latter, we visit the Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Methodist churches in the village and compare and contrast different expressions of the Christian faith. Both tours end with a visit to the Shrine itself, including to the Holy House, and all the students have the opportunity to light a candle if they wish. It is always a very touching moment when we take time to sit in silence in the Holy House and when centuries of prayer can be felt in the atmosphere.



Recently, the Children's Pilgrimage was held over a weekend. The children and youth leaders arrived on Friday evening for a first visit to the Holy House followed by the all-important hot chocolate. On Saturday, we walked the Holy Mile ending with Mass at the Shrine, then the afternoon was dedicated to fellowship with a crazy golf course, nail painting and tattoo parlour and crafts. There were also prayer stations in the Shrine for quieter moments of reflection and all the children had the opportunity to present their prayers in the Holy House.

Following dinner, there was a disco party complete with bubble machine. Sunday morning saw a second Mass then a full roast Sunday lunch. In the afternoon was Sprinkling, Benediction and the Last Visit to the Holy House before we waved farewell. Groups came from as far afield as Chichester, London and Wakefield. It was an exhausting but fulfilling weekend.

I'm looking forward to developing my role as time goes on. At the moment, I'm still learning the tours and the long history of Walsingham and battling with the booking system. It feels right to be here, right to be involved with this wonderful place and I feel both privileged and humble to be part of it, particularly working with children.

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## **My Family at St Margaret's.**

### **Hilary Shallis**

A thought comes to my mind that for over 100 years there have been members of my family worshipping at St Margaret's. It is, I'm confident, a unique record held by the Nay/Padgham/Shallis clan. My grandparents, Florence and James Nay, worshipped in the mission church from the time it was built in 1919, having previously been members of St Clement's congregation. They lived at that time in Turnpike Cottage which was at the junction of Eastwood Road and London Road. Florence was a diligent fund raiser for the permanent church building and hosted many little events in her house and garden. By 1927 when my parents were married the Nay family had moved into the house built by my grandfather in Fleming – spelt at that time with one “m” – Avenue and as that road had not been made up, the bride in all her finery had to walk the distance from just south of Prittle Brook to the London Road where the pony and trap awaited her.

My grandfather worked away from home a lot as he was a clerk of works for Robert McAlpine's large building company. He returned to Leigh at weekends where he felt it was his duty as deputy church warden to inspect and report on the building works that had been carried out since his previous

visit. Sadly, James died in March 1931, so he didn't see the building completed.

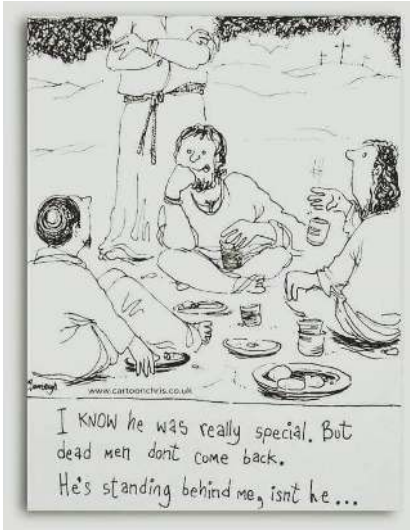
For a few years after their marriage my parents lived in Upminster where my brother and I were born. In the summer of 1935, the family returned to Flemming Avenue and lived with Florence until the end of her life in 1951.

The lives of all of us revolved around the church and associated activities. My parents both sang in the choir, my father Harry was Scoutmaster and then Group Scoutmaster of the 6<sup>th</sup> Leigh troop and for a while my mother, Maudie, ran the cubs. My brother Bob was a boat boy and then server from about 5 years old. He and I were both married at St Margaret's, and we've all served on the PCC. I married Peter here in 1956 and our three children, Jeremy, Anne and Paul, were of course all baptised at St Margaret's and all served at the altar. They moved away and became involved in church life in their different locations. Bob was PCC Treasurer for several years before he and his wife, Esme, moved to Somerset in 1987.

Peter edited the Parish Magazine for three separate periods, the first of which was in the late 1950 and early

60s. During part of that time there was a printers' strike and the company in Southend that produced St Margaret's magazines were not working. I sat at my small portable typewriter in our flat in Salisbury Road and cut stencils from which prints were run off on a Roneo printer in the servers' vestry. At that time, we were producing 300 copies per month. This system was used again in later years when the production was taken over by the Maddox family.

Readers may have noticed on the north wall of the church hall, to the west of the door, a stone bearing the inscription that the foundation stone of the hall was laid by James Nay. This James was the son of the James who watched the construction of the church.





# Springtime in the Cotswolds

## Alison Whitby

Dear Friends

Springtime is in full flow here in the Cotswolds. Lambs seem to be popping out in every field you pass. Just when you thought you couldn't see a smaller lamb another appears. The miracle of nature really hits home here the wonder of the survival of livestock and the amazing farmers I now think of as Warriors. Out in all weathers at all times of the night and day tending their flocks with such skill.

Right next to my garden there must be about fifty Ewes and lambs enjoying this warmer weather. Last night was bell practice at St Peter's Church and I was in awe of the beautiful scene of Ewes and lambs being serenaded as they munched the fresh meadow.



Something which fascinates me is the way in which farmers can give a Ewe a lamb to adopt. Either the mother has died in labour or for some reason rejects the lamb. As quickly as possible after birth the farmer smothers the orphan

with the adopted Ewe's liquids and places it close to its mouth

hoping it will think it had one more lamb. Within seconds it's cleaning the 'gifted' lamb lovingly making it her own. The next day it's wonderful to see the new lambs skipping through the field together as if they were both from the same Ewe.

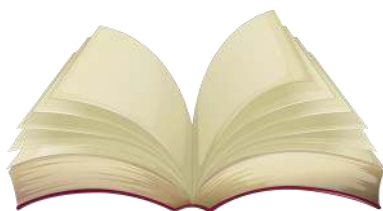
If anyone thinks animals don't experience the same feelings as humans it couldn't be further from the truth. One day I found a Ewe lying down in the shade on a chilly day which is unusual as they usually find the sun when it is cold. Next to her was her new-born lamb standing crying wanting to get to her milk. She didn't get up and stayed and stayed. I looked a little nearer only to see she had given birth to two lambs but one had sadly died. I waited some time before calling young George the farmer and he is young, about 17 fresh faced but so knowledgeable. He came over and gently and quietly picked up the dead lamb taking it out of her sight while she watched him constantly. He then picked up the very hungry remaining lamb and brought it up to her face. As if he had given her a boost of something which of course was love and the bond, she struggled up to her feet to allow the little one to feed. It's tail was wagging left to right with joy as it fed. During the next five days both the Ewe and the lamb didn't leave the spot where the tragedy occurred sniffing the ground and crying out, it was truly heart-breaking. George predicted this would happen and assured me in time the little one would occupy her

sufficiently to help her move on. I said he must have found these experiences very upsetting to which he replied he was shown how to pick up his first dead lamb when he was three and has wanted to be a farmer ever since, Warriors.

Wishing you all a lovely Spring

Love and prayers

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A book by the Rev. John Ambrose has just been published. It deals with problems associated with science and religion.

It's title is : **"WHY DOES ANYTHING EXIST?"**

Cosmic questions and theological thinking for today's world.

AVAILABLE BY PHONE TEL. 01702 474632. Price £5.

This is a most remarkable puzzle. It was found by a gentleman in an airplane seat pocket, on a flight from Los Angeles to Honolulu, keeping him occupied for hours. He enjoyed it so much that he passed it on to some friends. One friend from Illinois worked on this while fishing from his john-boat. Another friend studied it while playing his banjo. Elaine Taylor, a columnist friend was so intrigued by it she mentioned it in her weekly newspaper column.

Another friend judges the job of solving this puzzle so involving that she brews a cup of tea to help her nerves. There will be some names that are really easy to spot. That's a fact. Some people however will soon find themselves on a jam. Especially since the books are not necessarily capitalised. Truthfully, from answers we get we are forced to admit it usually takes a minister or a scholar to see some of them at the worst. Research has shown that something in our genes is responsible for the difficulty we have in seeing the books in these paragraphs. During a recent fundraising event which features this puzzle the Alpha Delta Phil Lemonade booth set a new sales record.

The local paper, The Chronicle, surveyed over 50 patrons who reported that this puzzle was one of the most difficult they had ever seen. As Daniel Humana humbly puts it, "The books are all right here in plain view, hidden from sight". Those able to find all of them will hear great lamentations from those who have to be shown. One revelation that may help is that books Timothy and Samuel appear without their numbers. Also keep in mind that punctuation and spaces in the middle are normal. A chipper attitude will help you compete really well against those who claim to know the answers. Remember there is no need for a mass exodus, there really are 30 books of the Bible lurking somewhere in these paragraphs waiting to be found.

Taken from the internet

Answers in next Bulletin.

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

Covid and other protocols

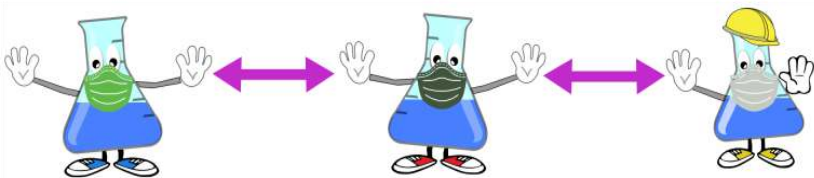
Facemasks – whilst these are discretionary please remember their purpose: to mitigate you infecting someone else within 1-2m in an enclosed space. If you are in an enclosed space and within that distance we advise you to wear one unless previously exempt or leading worship in any way. There is space within the church for you to distance without. They serve little purpose outdoors unless you are getting very chummy

Sanitisation – please make use of the stations at the entrance and exit to the church, continue to observe our other protocols as advertised for good practice.

Singing – please feel free to sing but do so with restraint unless you are part of the singing group.

Communion -- is now administered out of camera shot at live-streamed masses. Organist and musicians receive first during the communion music and before the communion hymn.

Social distance, please



Who's Who at St Margaret's

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