

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

Bulletin

Autumn 2023



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
and activities in the Lower Hall.

Wednesday: 19:30 Said 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

Remembering back and looking ahead

As I write the autumn is in full swing with the leaves needing much clearing in the grounds, the driving rain is coming in the church and hall (not too calamitously) and the heating is now a regular whirring in church once more. November is known as the month of remembrance for it comes at the end of the church year but also prompts us to look ahead as its leads us into Advent once more. We have just finished one of the busiest times of the year with a very enjoyable pumpkin party for our children for All Hallows Eve, All Saints, All Souls, baptisms and confirmation with Bishop Norman on the 5th November followed by lunch and of course Armistice and Remembrance itself (I think I clocked up 7 services for that all told). Mixed into this we also had the funerals of Anthony Haynes and Margaret Royce who had been regulars with us for much of their lives.

You will see below some photos of some of these events below, but two things come to mind. Firstly of course our time of remembrance and thanksgiving has had as a backdrop the horrific conflict in the Holy Land prompted by the evil terrorist atrocities of Hamas against so many innocent and defenceless Israelis. I will not say any more though you may read some of the sermons prompted by apposite readings during this period. We must just pray for repentance, justice and long-term solutions with reconciliation and healing. Especially we should pray for the role of the small Christian community in that part of God's world that they may be an effective voice of reason and

reconciliation. Secondly, I am reminded by the articles, contributors and events touched upon in this edition how the life of our parish extends much beyond our small congregation. This is only made possible and maintained by the efforts and endeavours of a few and we should remember with thanksgiving their contributions to our parish life and its continued influence beyond the boundaries of our Sunday congregation and the boundaries of West Leigh. So, I look back with thankful remembrance for them as we now look forward to a new Church Year and the many groups and people that will seek our space and time this coming Advent and Christmas.

Enjoy the pictures and enjoy the articles.

Blessings Fr. David 13th November 2023.



Harvest Festival



The Pumpkin Party



All Saints' Day



All Souls' Day



The visit of Bishop Norman
(Read on for a report and more pictures)



Parish lunch after Bishop Norman's visit

Remembrance Sunday





St. Margaret's 'bring and share' Coronation lunch in the garden after church

Sunday 7th May 2023

What a lovely idea, thank you, with all the local roads arranging Street Parties it was special for us to have something arranged to be with people we so often meet and chat with. There was a list of food contributions, so we all took a share, well organised thank you. On the morning of 7th May our contributions were taken into the hall and set out on two tables – what a lovely feast it looked. Peter Maddox took charge of the drinks table. There was plenty of choice alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks – we all gave a contribution for the drinks.

As usual we went into the hall for coffee after the service, which was taken by Fr Ian Forrester as Fr David was on holiday. Unfortunately, the weather was not good enough to have lunch in the garden, so we were happy to sit around tables in the downstairs hall, but Fr Ian could not join us as he had to get back to Boxgrove near Chichester. No one was allowed to start on the food until after coffee at twelve noon. We served ourselves, plenty of choice – paper plates were a boon, washing up saved – and plenty for hungry people to have a second and third visit to the tables. The desert was delicious, strawberries and raspberries with cream ably served by Ann Redding and Meadow thank you.

Each table was given a questionnaire about King Charles and his life. This caused much discussion but were we right with our answers? Although our

table were all old enough to have seen King Charles grow up it was hard remembering the exact answers; all the completed questionnaires were handed in to be marked. While the adults were busy with their task Lorrina was busy making crowns for the children. Everyone was catered for.

We had a very enjoyable time but missed the extra input we would have had from a very important person; it is unusual to have gatherings like this without him.

Julia Philips

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**“We all have the same God, we just serve him differently. Rivers, lakes, ponds, streams, oceans all have different names, but they all contain water. So do religions have different names, and they all contain truth, expressed in different ways forms and times. It doesn’t matter whether you’re a Muslim, a Christian, or a Jew. When you believe in God, you should believe that all people are part of one family. If you love God, you can’t love only some of his children”**

~ MUHAMMAD ALI

## **Back to Shakespeare**

A while ago I wrote about my trips to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon. The Royal Shakespeare Company announced a few years ago that they planned to put on the complete cycle of Shakespeare plays and I decided to try and see them all. The cycle has now finished although for some reason they have missed out Henry VIII and Pericles. They have now started a new season putting on all the Shakespeare plays that were published in the First Folio.

Only about half of Shakespeare's plays were published during his lifetime, in small paperback editions called Quartos. Two of Shakespeare's friends, John Heminge and Henry Condell published the First Folio seven years after the death of Shakespeare, in 1623, including many of his previously unpublished plays. This included plays such as Cymbeline, Twelfth Night, Measure for Measure, The Winter's Tale, Coriolanus and Antony & Cleopatra.

The original print run for the First Folio is thought to have been around 750 of which 235 are currently known to have survived. About 150 are in the United States (82 of which are at the Folger Library in Washington). Elsewhere, 15 are in Japan, six copies in wider Europe and three in the southern hemisphere. Around 50 copies are in libraries, museums, colleges and castles all over the UK including one at the RSC.

When the RSC recommenced productions after the Covid lockdown, only the Main theatre reopened. The smaller Swan Theatre remained closed for a major refurbishment, including the installation of new

seating. The Swan Theatre finally reopened in May 2023 with the first play staged being Hamnet, based on the book of the same name by Maggie O'Farrell.

It is to be hoped that now the Swan has reopened the RSC will put on more plays so that it will be possible to see at least two in any one visit.

**Peter Maddox**

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Don't walk out in a huff because they've changed the Communion wine or the time of the morning service, or even because the bishop has said something silly (especially if the bishop has said something silly, which he might well do). Each of us is a gift, to God, to the church, to each other. In our 'must-fit-me-precisely' culture we're used to everything being customized to our needs. But perhaps we're not the defining centre of everything. In which case, with humility, let's stay with God's people and make the church a truer reflection of the character of God.

John Pritchard

Living Faithfully: Following Christ in everyday life

#kindlequotes

Memories of Oz

I don't think it would surprise anyone to know that the first thing to hit me – literally! – was the heat, especially as we stepped out of the plane into the first day of summer (1st December) having left four inches of snow in the U.K.

Not only that, but in 1980, although Brisbane was the capital of Queensland, in many ways it was still a country town, and the airport was a country airport. So, in fact we stepped out onto the tarmac – wham!

I was prepared in so far as I could be. Alan, my husband, was an Aussie and even though he had left some ten years previously, he warned me....so I had made a deliberate effort to think in C° (tho' mentally converting), as also to remember that the sun went "over the other shoulder" i.e., being in the southern hemisphere, the sun was in the north so if you relied on its position in the sky for direction etc you were back to front or upside down! (Something which Alan, an excellent driver who drove by instinct and a sense of direction based on the sun, discovered when detailed to go to Birmingham and suddenly realised he was on his way to Bristol!)

Thankfully when we eventually settled in Bell, we were the other side of the Dividing Range where the temperature was the same, even occasionally higher, but it was a dry heat, so we didn't have the humidity which made Brisbane down near the sea, so uncomfortable.

I was fortunate that this was to be my "forever home", so I had to acclimatise to the temperature. Even in

winter, (this is Queensland (QLD) not New South Wales (NSW) or Victoria (Vic)) the overnight temperature seldom went below 6°, and by midday would be around 20°. It was a case of 'sink or swim', reaching the point where I really struggled only when we reached 38°.

I learned a salutary lesson while still in Brisbane where we first lived for a year renting a house while we prospected. I was working for 'Save the Children' and we moved office to larger premises on a scorching day in summer. I said to one of the removalists "Actually I am not finding 43° much worse than 38°" He gave me a straight look and said, "Why do you rush around so much?"

Joke: Question: "There were three men walking down the road in mid-summer. One was from QLD, one from NSW, and one from Vic. How do you know which one is the Queenslander?" Answer at the end of this piece.

So people might think I greet our mini-heatwaves with insouciance? Far from it: once I was back in UK (twenty three years ago) it took me sometime, but I have again acclimatised.

I am lucky that I have my Aussie experience to help me cope. The only difference is that I am forty-odd years older than my first foray onto Aussie soil.

Pauline Swenson

Answer: He wore a hat, hugged the shade and walked twice as slowly.

An Introduction To Choral Singing

I grew up in a small village in southwest Surrey. Like most small village boys in those days, I was dragged along somewhat reluctantly to evensong every Sunday at 6.30 pm. It was usually the Mums who did the dragging, far fewer men attended church. Dickens once wrote of a character who attended church vicariously, that is he stayed at home while he sent the rest of the family. That character could have been my Dad or most of the other village Dads.

When I was about nine years of age word went out that our vicar wanted to start a boys' choir. Myself and other village boys in my age group were given little choice, we were told we were going to join like it or not.

Our vicar was Father Eric Ware, a patient man as his calling demanded but we led him a merry dance. On practice nights boys would almost fight to get on the organ to play chopsticks or some other two fingered tune. If ever we knew "alternative" words to a hymn or carol, we would sing them.

On Sundays we changed into our cassocks and freshly laundered and starched surplices in a small annex adjoining the side of the church. To enter the church, we had to go outside and walk around to the main door. In bad weather this could be a pretty quick trip but if it was fine, it was a time for fun and games in particular when exiting at the end of the service. We would be led solemnly out by one of our number carrying the cross but as soon as we were out of the door the carrier would turn the cross around and grab it by the short end turning into a broadsword, shouting

something like 'back you varlets' while the rest of us tried to grab the sword off him. This could be quite a noisy business and went on until one night when Mr. Woods the church warden, normally a very quiet and mild-mannered man, came out and gave us all a severe ticking off.

Eventually we reached the age of eleven, rising twelve and voices began to break. Father Ware prepared us for confirmation after which the choir broke up. He never recruited any younger boys; I think he'd had enough. We didn't realise how lucky we were to be trained by such a fine musician. Father Ware eventually left the parish to become the first precentor of music at the newly consecrated Guildford cathedral. I lost touch with all those other boys long ago, so I don't know how they feel but I have loved singing ever since that time.

Chris Dandridge



Congratulations to Dr Emily Hull



I successfully defended my PhD thesis “Irving Kristol: Cold War Liberal and Conservative” on 14th July 2023. I spent four years studying at the Institute of the Americas, University College London where my research was generously funded by a Wolfson Postgraduate Scholarship in the Humanities. My thesis used the life of the New York journalist Irving Kristol to investigate political and intellectual transformations in the post-war United States. As part of my studies, I was lucky enough to spend six weeks in archives in the United States and presented my findings in both Europe and America.

RICHBOROUGH FESTIVAL 2023 – ST ALBANS

The weather forecast for Saturday, 5th August was less than promising, but it did not dampen the spirits of those of us who journeyed by coach to St Albans for Bishop Norman's Richborough Festival.

The St Margaret's contingent consisted of Father David, Bob and Barbara Southward, Ken Davis, Kate Baynes, Ann (my wife) and myself. There were a number of pick-up points en route and we were joined by members of the congregations of other Richborough parishes in the southern part of our diocese: St James the Great (Leigh), St Luke's (Prittlewell), St Mary's (Benfleet), St Thomas of Canterbury (Brentwood), St Alban's (Romford) and St Barnabas (Woodford Green).

St Alban's Cathedral is a grand building in a superb setting with a mix of architectural styles and periods. It stands on the site of the execution of St Alban, Britain's first Christian martyr, in about the year 250. Refusing to worship the pagan gods of Rome, Alban declared, "I worship and adore the true and living God Who created all things". The central tower, built by the Normans between 1077 and 1115, is the oldest cathedral tower in England. At 275 feet six inches, the nave is the longest medieval nave in existence and its west end is Victorian. Behind the high altar are the remains of St Alban's shrine, which was destroyed in 1539 and re-erected between 1872 and 1875.

The Dean, the Very Reverend Joanne Kelly-Moore welcomed us to the Cathedral and I would estimate that there were more than three hundred people in the congregation, representing Bishop Norman's parishes throughout the Richborough region.

Mass was concelebrated with Bishop Norman presiding. Many of the priests present were vested and joined him around the altar. It was an uplifting service of great solemnity – a mass celebrated on the Eve of the Transfiguration.

After the service, some of those attending walked into the town, but our party was amongst those who braved the elements and walked the few hundred yards down to Bishop Norman's house to enjoy our picnic lunches in his garden. As in past years, the bishop kindly supplied a very ample quantity of wine and soft drinks.

Our group from St Margaret's benefitted from Father David's military training. He carried a backpack of such size that we thought he was embarking on a week's manoeuvres. The contents included a groundsheet and a large hammock which he attached to the branches of some trees. This afforded us shelter from the rain.

Later the rain ceased, the sun shone and the mercury rose. There was time to walk into the town for a coffee, or something stronger, before Choral

Evensong.

Evensong was well attended. The service was conducted by the Dean who also preached. Robed in choir habit, Bishop Norman was in attendance. The Cathedral Choir was on holiday, but we enjoyed the beautiful singing of a visiting choir from the Episcopal Church of America, although their rendering on the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis might not have been to everyone's taste.

After Evensong it was back to the coach for the return journey; all in all, a long and tiring day, but a joyous one.



...the original recipe for Black Walnut Pineapple Bars has already made points as the Roane County winner in a West Virginia Black Walnut Festival Cook-off.

"Adding pineapple to these bars brings a special taste to a plain recipe," says Mrs. Carper, who wins \$5 in our weekly Specialty of the House recipes contest. She adds that brown sugar may be used instead of white if desired.

Black Walnut Pineapple Bars

layer:
up softened margarine
flour
salt
sugar
Mix together and press
into a greased 9 x
in oven at 325 de-
tes or until evenly

erves

1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 cup chopped black walnuts
1 1/2 cups flaked coconut
Spread pineapple preserves evenly
over baked bottom layer. Mix sugar,
flour, baking powder and salt. Add
eggs, vanilla, black walnuts and coco-
nut. Blend. Spread evenly over pineap-
ple. Bake in oven at 325°F for 25 to 30
minutes. Cool. Cut into bars.

Inspired by the recent recipe for
Preserving Husbands, Mrs. Carper of-
fers this bonus:

Recipe For Preserving Children

1 large grassy field
6 children
3 small dogs
Flowers
Narrow strip of brook with
pebbles
Hot sun
Deep blue sky

Mix the children with the dogs and
empty into field, stirring continuously.
Sprinkle the field with flowers, pour
the brook gently over the pebbles.
Cover all with a deep blue sky and
bake in hot sun. When children are well
browned they may be removed.

Will be found right for setting away
to cool in bathtub.

quoted in *Church Times*
article

ANTHONY DE MELLO SJ, in one of his story meditations (*Taking Flight*, Doubleday, 1998), recounts a Hasidic tale about a poor farmer who is coming home from market when a wheel comes off his cart. Stuck in the middle of a forest, it takes him some time to fix the wheel. When he re-focuses, he realises that he hasn't said his prayers. The Hasidim are known for following the letter of God's Law, and for them that includes praying three times daily, at specific hours.

Unfortunately, the man in the story had left home that morning without his prayer book. Knowing that his poor memory would let him down if he tried to recite the psalms without the text in front of him, he made a quick decision: he would recite the alphabet five times, and leave it to God to put the letters together to form the words that he couldn't remember. The tale ends in heaven, where God says to the angels: "Of all the prayers I have heard today, this one was undoubtedly the best, because it came from a heart that was simple and sincere."

NOAH'S NEXT STEP.

Lorrina Cockett

Noah was ordained a deacon on Sunday 10th September at Chelmsford Cathedral. You may remember Rachel Summers, nee Sayers, and she was ordained earlier in the day. Noah was surrounded and supported by his family and godparents, friends from Ripon College Cuddesdon and of course some of his friends from St Margaret's. He was thankful for their prayers and those of the people who watched online.

In the weeks beforehand, he had met with the Bishop of Chelmsford at Bishopsgate and she was interested to hear about his spiritual path so far. She visited all the ordinands at Pleshey where they went on retreat in the days before their ordination.

So, the day itself arrived, It was a very hot one! Noah, dressed in his clerical wear for the first time, came from Pleshey to the cathedral. Meanwhile guests arrived and took their places. The air was full of prayer and excitement. Noah was seated close to us, with his training incumbent Reverend Doctor Jonathan Pritchard. The music and singing was powerful and uplifting, mixing old and new. Noah was asked to do the reading, Isaiah 6: 1-8. The Reverend Tosin Oladipo, who had led the retreat, gave the sermon. He had very clearly got to know all the ordinands and his insights and advice were practically helpful.

And then came the Liturgy of Ordination. Very serious promises were made by the ordinands and the congregation. Each ordinand moved forward one by one and knelt before Bishop Guli; she laid her hands on their heads and asked the Holy Spirit to work through them in their work as deacons. Each was given a New Testament. Noah was vested in his new stole by Rev Jonathan. Noah designed it to show Saint Margaret because he is so grateful for the “start” our church has given him; all his Christian landmarks until this point have happened with his family here. He now moves into new challenges.

The service continued with Mass. The procession at the end was led by the ordinands and Bishop Guli. We then moved into the cathedral gardens for very many photographs. Noah went on to meet more of his friends back in Witham, where he is now officially the curate at St. Nicholas and the Villages.

So that's what happened. As his very proud parents, John and I wept buckets of tears as we know how much his ordination means to Noah. He has been frustrated by some steps on the journey because he was so eager to follow God's calling, which he has felt for such a long time. He now looks forward to a life of serving God and future congregations as an ordained person.

Photographs over leaf >>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>



TEDDY BEAR FAIR

Bob Southward

In September 2023 we had the pleasure of hosting two American ladies who have become firm friends since we met them 10 years ago on a trip to northern Canada to see the polar bears. We have visited Kathy and Jean in their homes in New Hampshire and Florida respectively and were delighted to be able to repay their hospitality.

Their trip started inauspiciously in that Jean was taken ill just before their flight and had to delay her trip by a week; Kathy however came on the original flight, and we met her at Gatwick Airport. Kathy had not been on holiday since our trip to the Polar Bears as she had been caring for her house-bound mother who died aged 99 on Christmas Day 2022. Consequently, she was nervous at first about travelling alone.

Kathy's main problem related to a much looked forward to visit to the Hugglets Teddy Bear Fair at Kensington Town Hall some four days after her arrival. Barbara suggested that I should accompany her, and Kathy was most grateful for my company. It was these events that saw me on Sunday 17th September take the train & tube to Kensington High Street and join many people in Kensington Town Hall where two large halls were filled with stalls of varying shape and size ... as were the Teddy Bears that they were selling.

I am not a Teddy Bear aficionado, but I was fascinated by the vendors, buyers and the Teddy Bears



themselves. The vendors were mainly middle-aged females who apart from being business people, had an obvious bond with their products. The Bears were available in varying sizes, styles and prices. I was astonished at many of the prices, but Kathy said that the prices were what she expected as she eventually bought three bears. The buyers were overwhelmingly female of a certain age with a smattering of males in tow all trying to look interested.

My favourite Teddy Bear was one dressed as Anne Boleyn who sat some 18" high. My suggestion that the Bear should have a head attached with Velcro to the body so as Anne Boleyn's demise could be re-enacted, was not well received.

We spent some three hours in the Fair and it did pass much quicker than I'd anticipated, and I had to admit to having quite enjoyed myself even though the credit cards stayed firmly in my pocket.

Kathy spent much time at one particular stall and engaged the vendor for a considerable time as they discussed forthcoming limited-edition bears. It was



only as we were leaving that I realised that the vendor was *Teddy Bear Station* located in the Victoria Shopping Centre in the middle of Southend-on-Sea! I spent the next few hours grumbling as to why we had spent time at Kensington when we could have just popped along the road to Victoria Shopping Centre. My grumbles were summarily dismissed by Kathy and Barbara!

My Teddy Bear visits were not finished as we travelled back from Kensington Kathy asked if I would take her to the *Teddy Bear Station* in Southend the following day. This I did as a dutiful host and Kathy bought two more Teddy Bears to add to the three bought at Kensington, one at Chartwell and one at Sandringham.

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Kathy enjoying the Teddy Bear Station in Victoria Shopping Centre



# **St. Margaret's Church in the Season of Autumn'**

**By**

**Susan Heinzelmann**

I wander through the grounds of St Margaret's on a  
fine sunny autumn day

To watch the pigeons around the bell tower and some  
leaves like feathers fluttering by.

Colours of glorious oranges, golds and reds have  
different shades from all the rest

To feel God's presence is where I have been blessed.

The door was slightly open for silent prayer with  
problems that confront us great and small

No matter how we feel deep within for God so loves  
the world

He died on that very sad day to save us all.

It makes us think that we must not take things for  
granted

So take time and believe in him

For this is what God would have wanted.

Different moods of bright rays of sunlight, through  
arched stained glass windows on tall pillars

Gives an atmosphere of flickering candle light and to  
sense that God is

Waiting for me there I believe I am in his care.

Father David reads the teachings of Jesus Christ is a  
true lesson to the congregation of his sacrifice

To walk in Jesus's footsteps is an inspiration to us all.

Through the rest of my life and his guidance to be  
loyal and anxious free

I love my dear Lord Jesus he is always with me.

Thank God for Saint Francis, the fine figurine standing  
on the windowsill

The man was a true martyr like no one other

And I wish there was another person like him to stop  
The animal suffering today, and to set the animals free

This comes straight from my very heart and to all  
humanity.

I hear the softness of the organ, and the gentle sound  
of a hymn

And the beautiful smell of misty incense is also taken  
within.

I stepped away and quietly closed the big church door  
The bell was ringing when I looked up to the blue sky  
And felt a special fulfilment deep inside I shall always  
adore

As I felt a true direction from the 'Open Door'.



## Carrie's Outreach

### Lucia Curthoys

When the film *Pretty Woman* came out in 1990, starring Julia Roberts and Richard Gere it was an immediate hit. The story of prostitute Vivian Ward (Roberts) and businessman Edward Lewis (Gere) sizzled with romance and fun and a generation later is still one to watch. Though it wasn't popular with everyone – the real-life prostitutes of LA described it as Disneyfying their lives which was brutal with incidents of rape, beatings and drugs.

On celluloid there has often been that bit of glamour attached to the hooker with her high heels and dreams. Yet, the reality is often a dark world of drugs and violence. One woman who knows this world is former sex worker Marie Edmonds. In 2020 she founded a charity called **Carrie's Outreach** which takes women off the streets of Southend and helps them get a new life.

Most of the women on the streets are drug addicts and sell sex to fund their addiction. Marie was a guest speaker at our recent MU Branch Meeting. By the end we were full of admiration for her. The word brave was on many lips. It cannot be easy to bare your soul to a group of strangers.

"I have been in very dark places in my life," she began. "But I don't want you get upset because I survived. I am here."

Sometimes she fought back the tears as she took us on her journey.

Her father had left home when she was four. “There was always plenty of men around. I was living in a background of sex, violence and drugs,” explained Marie. “I was introduced to drugs when I was 12 years old. That was the beginning of my spiral downwards.”

By 16 she had two children. “My mother said she would look after them on the condition I left home. I had no choice.”

As a teenager she lived in the care system, as an adult, the criminal justice system. No one identified the root cause of her addiction – her childhood upbringing which led to her life on the streets, earning money to pay for her drug addiction. “I took drugs to blot out the mental pain I was in, the shame I felt and losing my children who were eventually adopted.” That was her life for 25 years.

“No one, when asked at school what they wanted to do with their life, would put up their hand up and say, I want to be a drug addict. Things happen to people, there is always a reason behind every addict.”

Occasionally Marie would slip into the back of a church. “I loved the peace and quiet,” but becoming a Christian was a slow progress. “You see, I didn’t think I had a soul. I didn’t know what love was because I hadn’t been shown love as a child.”

She talked about finding God with the openness she had about her addiction. “I would pick out passages from the Bible, particularly Luke 7, 48-50 ‘*And he said to her, your sins are forgiven*’; and I loved the Proverbs. But it took years for me to realise God had

a purpose for me,” she pauses. “Being here in St Margarets means I can talk about my faith – it is not always possible - and that means a lot to me.” It is an emotional moment.

She knew she had to get clean and stay clean. “I went to Narcotics Anonymous and detoxed myself in there.” She had had previous attempts at rehab but this time was different. She had a reason to succeed.

However, she quickly realised there was no support for recovering drug addicts or support to get women off the streets. So, in 2020 she founded **Carrie’s Outreach**. “I Jumped up and down to get funding – from local authorities, banks, other charities, anyone I could!”

**Carrie’s Outreach** is under the umbrella of **Aspirations Program** -which Marie also founded. It covers detox, led by trained councillors – and Family Support. “When someone suffers in addiction, their family and friends suffer too. And the children. We team up with other charities for expert help and support. HARP have been amazing. We have filled up nearly all their beds at some stage.”

Their latest venture is Harley’s Space. Marie explains. “That came about because we were hearing lots of young people recovering from alcoholism saying they wanted to go out and have fun, but there’s nowhere to go that is alcohol free. “*The IronWorks* in Southend have been so supportive taking all the alcohol out of the bar for one evening, so people who are in recovery have somewhere where to go.”

Marie still goes out on the streets carrying ‘little bags of

love' containing toiletries, snacks and little luxuries. "It makes the women feel people care. Because I was one of them, they trust me. It is a dangerous place. There is danger and knives out there. A lot of aggression, but by reaching out we hope to persuade them to come to our drop-in service and our 12-week programme of help.

Marie now has contact with her children. "I had no idea what to do when I found my kids. I didn't know what I should say to them. I could have done with professional guidance and that is what I would eventually like to be able to offer other people."

She is happily now a grandmother. "To a lovely little girl. And yes, I can now do for her what I couldn't do for my children."

So, who was Carrie? "She was my friend," explains Marie. "Intelligent. Funny and talented. She was also a drug addict and on the street. In the end she took her own life because she was unable to cope with the trauma caused by selling sex."

"I made a promise to her that I would not let her name be forgotten. And I have kept that promise."

For more information on

## **Carrie's Outreach and Aspirations Program**

Go to: [aspirationsprogram.co.uk](http://aspirationsprogram.co.uk)



A selection of the contents  
of the “Bags of Love



## **Visit by The Bishop of Richborough**

### **Bishop Norman on Sunday 5th November.**

We welcomed Bishop Norman to our 10 o'clock Mass where he officiated at Baptisms and Confirmations. This was followed by coffee and cake for all members of the congregation, which included family and friends of those baptised and confirmed. It was good to see worshippers from St James' church too who, with Fr Bill, joined us with their confirmation candidates.

Bishop Norman will be retiring soon and he was presented with a Garden Token from the parish of St Margaret .

The morning ended with a delicious lunch for parishioners in the church hall.





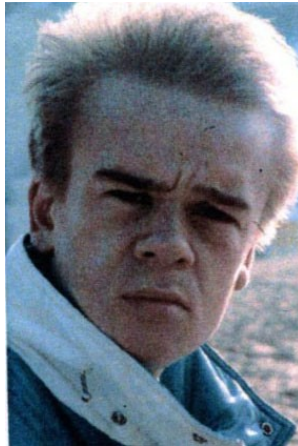
Baptism



Confirmation

**IN NOVEMBER WE SAID FAREWELL TO  
ANTHONY HAYNES**

**14<sup>th</sup> APRIL 1961 - 27<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER 2023**



**MARGARET ROYCE**

**10<sup>th</sup> July 1931 - 4<sup>th</sup> October 2023**

## **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  
Mr Peter Maddox    07905 338 794  
churchwarden@saintmargaretsleigh.org

### **Hall enquires:**

Mrs Julia Fenton    07980 909 244  
hallbookings@saintmargaretsleigh.org

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

Mr David Stowe    07876 496 757  
music@saintmargaretsleigh.org  
churchbookings@saintmargaretsleigh.org

### **Mothers' Union**

Mrs Lucia Curthoys    07401 175 742  
MU@saintmargaretsleigh.org

### **Webmaster:**

Mr Bob Southward    07876 685 210  
webmaster@saintmargaretsleigh.org