

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

Bulletin

Summer 2024



www.saintmargaretsleigh.org

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Worship at St Margaret's Church

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.

Third Sunday of the month

St Margareteers At 10am Mass

A teaching session for children ages 4 - 10

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

Dear readers – there is a lot in this edition and much has happened in the last few months – without mentioning D-day 80, elections, football, Wimbledon, and Olympics of course. We our new wardens for the year are now in place (Peter Maddox – continuing, and John Lamb newly appointed). I should like to express my special thanks to Michael Bridge for his service in the role this last three years. Each person executes the role in their own way and with their own gifts – I hope some of you may consider it in the future.

I attach the Annual report I recently gave but would like to update that with the death of Rosemary Quick (lifelong member and former churchwarden and also Ivan Starkey. We must give thanks for them both – long lives well lived in Christ.

With other stages of life we baptised Romee Stephens recently and Tracey Searle and David Miller will be married here on 3rd August. We have also had some joyful occasions including our mid-week keeping of the feasts such as Ascension and Corpus Christ though the rain put the vicarage gardens out of bounds. We've also had lovely end of year school masses and celebrations, a wonderful celebration of St. Margaret's day recently with a pretty full church and a most fruitful and enjoyable summer fayre – the outgoing and incoming MP's did not come to fistycuffs on the bouncy castle I'm pleased to say.

Every blessing to you all. Fr.David.

Parish Priest report to the APCM May 2024.

Firstly, I'd like to begin by saying that my report for the year since the last APCM will be printed in the quarterly bulletin. This leads me on to the main point of my report which is, on behalf of the parish in its widest sense, to thank those who have helped in any way to support the work and mission of the parish this last year. This includes the production and distribution of our weekly booklets and quarterly bulletin, flowers, servers, readers, prayer leaders assistance with children's ministry and our nativity group, school governors and holders of other offices not least our wardens, PCC members, secretary, covering clergy, stewardship and treasurer, uniformed group leaders, hall cleaners, maintainers and managers of hirings, sacristy servants, singers, players and director of music, organisers of groups not least mothers union and pilgrimages, eucharistic assistants and welcomers, live streamers, coffee makers and open church monitors, banner makers, launderers and repairer of robes, overseer and updaters of website, and most importantly all those who contribute with their faithful presence and prayers from home and at daily and weekly worship, with their time money and resources. The body of Christ here in this parish is alive and well – we can always see where we fall short or are weaker than we would like or were, yet we must always remember the Christian life is a right blending of thankfulness and dissatisfaction. So, there is always much to be thankful for and much to work towards.

The year has seen us say goodbye in this of folk and also to

welcome others some young and some not so young. There have been funerals for Tony Dermott, Martin Gibbons, Zena Ives, Anthony Haynes, Margaret Royce, John Whitbread, Ed Benton, and Billy Green, most have not been Church funerals (though some were and were splendid). If we think that some didn't seem to reflect the full faith of the departed – it is an important lesson for us all that our last act of witness and mission on this earth will be our funeral – I hope we would all want to say that Christ is risen and we belong to him whether that be in a reserved or richer way. To be absolutely sure of this it should be written into our wills.

We have welcomed new people into our worshipping community and this is reflected in our Electoral roll remaining the same. We have baptised a number of children: Florence and Ronald Andrassy, Michael and Gabriel Dyer, Elodie MacLeod, Ernest Wells and Scarlett Marriott.

Daniel Tuck-Bridge and William Pirie were confirmed with the final visit of Bishop Norman to our parish before his retirement and we should mark what a loyal and easily accessible bishop he has been. Michael Bridge and Kathrine had their marriage blessed here and one of our own Noah Cockett was finally ordained Deacon to serve at Witham where he will be ordained priest in September God willing. Whilst we are all on distinctive journeys it is right we should understand in the church that our personal journeys are deeply bound up together,

renewed and shaped by each other.

One of the big things that didn't happen this year was the joint oversight with St.David's Eastwood and we must respect their decision not to proceed and wish them well. As I have said elsewhere with early retirements and new appointments we will be 4 full time clergy in a deanery of 12 parishes by the end of the year. This is less than the cuts planned by the diocese three years ago so who knows we may see an uplift yet – don't hold your breath. However the big message from this is that we need to be more self sustainable financially, pastorally and ministerially. This is on the radar of your PCC and was a key part of our PCC away conversation. With this in mind we hope to produce a Mission Action Plan over the next 18 months that can be a living and changing point of reference and focus as we look to the future.

Two other issues have come from our PCC away day and subsequent meetings. The first is the enthusiastic embrace of the offer of the gift of a stained glass window to enhance our blessed sacrament chapel. Of course this things have to pass many hurdles and nothing is for sure. However the idea is to have an image of the resurrection namely the meeting of Jesus at Emmaeus where they recognised Him in the breaking of bread and with light and images of our nave altar and easter light shining through our apse window we will recognise our parish church and ourselves as a Eucharistic and community of new life. We will say more on this over the coming months once

provisional agreement with the Diocesan Advisory Committee has been given. The other issue is our hall which provides mission outreach and money. We will be looking to first seek a full survey as we do the Church building every 5 years to keep on top of issues and also to have a working group to review how we can better utilise and engage with the footfall past on the main road.

We have kept the church year with fullness joy and diligence with feasts kept on the day (a continued desire of our questionnaire to parishioners last year). On the odd occasion I travel I am able to return knowing that the quality of our worship is pretty high especially given our limited resources. Numbers were up over Christmas – not least the nativity moving back towards pre-pandemic levels and also over Holy Week and Easter (15-20%). I pray that this might translate into ordinary Sunday commitment and mid-week masses. We held a really interesting course in Lent on prayers in the bible – the contributions of attendees was thoughtful.

The Parish is of course not just worship and life in the Church building. I was teaching Year 2's only last week about the meaning of the word mass – to be sent. It's what happens out there that matters. That involves our schools, uniformed organisations, fairs, residential homes, cadets, legion and other outreach. This is a big commitment of mine but also of some of you even if it is not always seen except for those occasional days like

remembrance, Mothering Sunday, harvest and Christmas. The meals, coronation parties, weekly sea cadets, brownies, scouts etc, the pancake and pumpkin parties, daily and weekly assemblies, governor meetings, class teaching, home communions, coffees and services in Abbeyfield, Legra House and Adam Elms House – all these things are part of our common life not an individual's pass-time. We are all sent out to love and serve the Lord – thank you for doing it and may God bless you as you are fed here and then sent out in our different lives but common life in Christ.

The Revd Fr.David Wylie RN
St.Margaret of Antioch



St Margaret's Day 2004



Raising the pennant

– a message for daily faith and worship.

**Sermon for the first Sunday after Trinity (9th in Ordinary)
Year B**

Deuteronomy 5:12-15, 1 Corinthians 4:6-11, Mark 2:23-3:6

Even amongst regular church goers attendance on a Sunday; greeting and feeding upon our Lord in the Eucharist has become a decision that is a consequence of other events and issues: visitors, children's activities a late night the night before and much else – some things serious such as illness and many things if we are honest more trivial.

Shown before us the Church pennant of the Royal Navy it is a combination of the English and Dutch flags and dates back to the Anglo-Dutch wars of the 17th century. The wars were mostly conducted at sea between the two fleets. Now war is a pretty nasty and pressing business. However on a

Sunday there was something more pressing – the need to worship God. So the two flags would be run up the masts of ships together to indicate time for Worship. Once divine worship was finished the flags could be lowered and the battle recommence. We might think that rather quaint and gentlemanly in a way – I cant imagine Putin with his bogus faith allowing such respites. However even today in the Royal Navy this pennant of the two flags is run up for Church service and time – for taking time out for God.

In Judaism Sabbath was and is an important weekly observance. The close of the seven-day week is marked for Jews to abstain from any kind of work. There was in Jesus's day humanitarian benefit - slaves were guaranteed a rest from work. Beyond this it was holy time whereby people imitated the sacred rest of God on the seventh day after creation. Observance made Jews distinct from foreigners and they made the day holy by gathering in holy assembly in the temple or in the synagogue in order to offer sacrifice or interpret the Holy Scripture. It was a positive blessing to benefit the people rather than to trap them.

However as alluded to today in our scriptures the Pharisees put so many rigid prohibitions upon people it became something to bear rather than release. There were 39 prohibitions, among them reaping, threshing, preparing food, visiting the sick, clapping of hands, healing (unless to save life) and much else. The first three prohibitions mentioned were violated by the disciples of Jesus and Jesus himself violated the fourth one.

In our gospel Jesus refuted them by saying that, “the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.” The implication is that observance of Sabbath loses its holiness when not coupled with love and action for God and neighbour.

For us Christians especially catholic, sacramentally minded Christians like us - our Sabbath is Sunday, the day of the Lord. The day we remember and re-enact that God sows, reaps, prepares food for us, and heals us through his Son's sacrifice.

Sunday has different names. These include “the Lord’s Day” a name found in the Bible and Christian tradition. It indicates that Sunday has a special relationship to the Lord, the glorified Christ. This is His day on which the community gathers for the celebration of the sacrament of the Eucharist or His Body and Blood and the Lord becomes present in midst of his faithful in a sacramental way. It’s a day of celebrating the sacraments especially the Eucharist and Baptism.

Sunday is also called Sun-day – quite obvious . The ancient Romans had dedicated this day to the divinity of the sun which was one of the main gods of the Roman Empire. This is not without value as the sun is a wonderful image of what Christ is for the life of each one of us and the world - He gives light and expels darkness. Through the sun life and growth is possible – and though we haven't seen much of it recently - warmth is given and cold dismissed. It ties

in with our seasonal celebration of the Holy Spirit that proceeds from the Son and the Father at Pentecost and Trinity - for the sun is full of energy and power.

Sunday is also sometimes called the “Day of Rest” – though changed but not expunged with our shopping and working hours. In a sense though this name is not a name for Sunday in the strict sense of the word but a distinctive aspect of it. Importantly the day of rest is not mere abstinence from work only, but also consideration and pondering of the great work God did for us in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Not working is vital symbol that all our activities however worthy, could never bring salvation. Salvation is a gift from God. When we are resting we can better see grace beyond what we can ever earn however hard we work.

Sunday is the day which belongs to the risen Lord; the day on which the community of the Christian celebrated and still celebrates the sacraments; the day of salvation assuring Christians of their final place with God. It is the day on which we may see that our beginning present and end is with God and that his promises are given they are not earned.

Jesus was practical – let us be practical. When the Naval pennant is raised essential work must continue and there is no compulsion to attend worship but there is a Sunday routine. Importantly for modern church folk – it might for

practical reasons happen on a Friday or Saturday. This routine offers space and time to all and makes a place for the spirit of humanity created in the image of God to be restored just a little – before battle recommences – most of our busyness is not life or death in the same way. The “Sunday routine” happens however many attend to divine worship – but it only happens if some do! This is important for us in this mission time of Trinity.

Your attendance, your faithfulness in prayer worship celebration and receiving of communion at mass is not just about you – it is about your family, your community your society your world.

So, if there are obstacles in your personal and wider worlds that stop you think about how they might be overcome – change your Sunday routine use a time in the week – or a different time on a Sunday – we are very blessed to have options in this parish at the present time. Be practical and use them – and remember your decision is not just about you – you raise the pennant of God's grace for the sake of others too.

The Revd Fr.David Wylie RN

2nd June 2024

My Pilgrimage to Walsingham 2024

Lucia Curthoys

The first time I went to the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham was ten years ago. To be truthful I didn't enjoy it that much, I felt an outsider and decided never to go again. Decision made. That was it. Then a strange thing happened.

Last year I had this sudden urge to return. I couldn't and cannot explain it. However, I couldn't go, there were no seats available! This year I felt just the same and booked early.

I had a wonderful time! A weekend that will stay with me for ever. So how did this happen? And what is it like to be a Pilgrim at The Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham famous for its Pilgrimages which has been written about in this magazine before.

On arrival you are warmly greeted and given your *Pilgrim Manual* an itinerary of services and times of meals and the key to your room. The single rooms are small but comfy with a kettle so you can make a cuppa or a coffee. If you are a light sleeper beware! Take earplugs. Noise travels in the night!

There are many services and prayers. At the bottom of your itinerary is a wise message:

“Pilgrimage is not about overdosing on religion. It is also about getting away from the usual routines and having the space to reflect and just as important, relax. Please do

remember to pray for those we left at home and mostly, Enjoy!”

I did enjoy this time for many reasons. Over the years I had got to know members of our congregation, so I no longer felt an outsider. My companion for much of the time was Joyce Haynes – one of our MU members – who had visited the Shrine for many years. So no getting lost!!

I was also now familiar with the Anglo Catholic service and loved to be part of it and see it in all its richness. To share these moments with your church friends in these wonderful surroundings was very special. I have never been one to join in church processions. I certainly didn't the first time, but this time I did and enjoyed the experience. The Stations of the Cross outdoors was moving and the candlelit Procession of Our Lady joyous.



However, in the middle of all this is your own personal Faith. The weekend is supposed to be I suppose a booster to your beliefs. There is much talk of “Reaching out to God”. I must confess I wasn't sure what to do about this apart from pray. Then came a possible answer - outside the services and chapels.

As you would expect the place is full of priests walking around the wonderfully laid out gardens, smiling and chatting to everyone and anyone. One jolly priest stopped for a chat. He had been a priest for many years and was wise. So I asked him, “So how do we find God?”

He replied. "You don't. Stop worrying about it. Because God will find you!" We chatted and it was wonderful and calming.

Also, I had often wondered if giving the Mass so many times that it might almost become second nature and even, dare I say it, routine. Many may think the same. Another priest who stopped for a chat was anxious to tell us how much the Mass meant to him.

"You never ever lose your awe and love of giving the Mass. Receiving it is equally special." Married, he went on, "When we go on holiday as soon as the suitcases are in the room I go and find a church where I can receive Mass." This too I found comforting.

On the subject of nourishment of another kind the meals were excellent – served up three times a day with a smile and a choice. Plus a salad bar.

After Stations of the Cross on the Saturday and lunch we had 'free time' to relax till The Weekend Pilgrimage Mass. The grounds were lovely with colourful flower beds. So easy to sit and cogitate I thought. However, companion Joyce at 87 had other ideas. There was a walk I just had to do! Others agreed. It was to the Slipper Chapel, the Roman Catholic National Shrine. Some say it gets its name from the early pilgrims who took their slippers off to go barefoot for the last mile.

Before we began our walk we spied five large coaches parked in a small carpark and wondered where the occupants were.

My thanks to Peter and Ann Fisher for the lift there and back and everyone who made my 'Pilgrim' weekend so special.



When my problems are so huge
That my mind goes numb
When prayer demands a strength I do not have;
It's at these times
That others must pray.

When the blackness of despair
Surrounds and pulls me down,
And words that should be said
Remain on lifeless lips;
Someone, anyone must send them forth.

Do not take lightly the command,
To pray one for another;
For there are times when
I cannot pray for myself,
And I need **you** to do it for me.

Carolyn Hooper

I recently needed help with a computer problem and emailed the family technical expert, our daughter Jane.

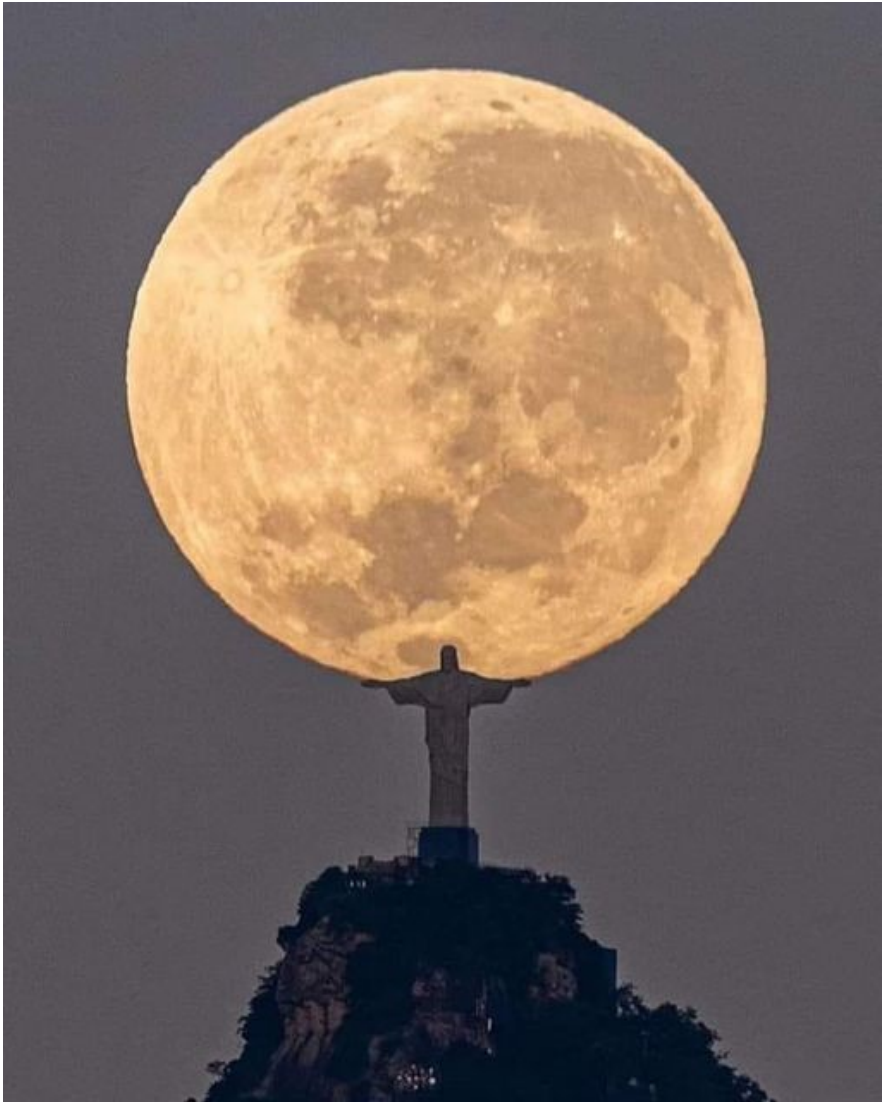
In reply she sent me this cartoon.

I wonder how many people reading this can relate to it!

(She also solved my problem - user error of course!!)

Barbara Southward





Photograph taken in Brazil.

The photographer said he waited 3 years to take it .

The Sagrada Familia

Barbara Southward



The Basilica I Temple Expiatori de la Sagrada Familia otherwise known by everyone as simple '**Sagrada Familia**', is a church under construction in the Eixample district of Barcelona, Spain. It is the largest unfinished Catholic church in the world. Designed by Catalan architect Antoni Gaudi (1852-1926), in 2005 it was added to an existing Unesco World Heritage site "Works of Antoni Gaudi"

On 7th November 2010 Pope Benedict XVI consecrated the church and proclaimed it a minor basilica.

In May this year Jane (our daughter) and I spent a few days on a return trip to Barcelona. We had visited the city previously in 2007 when we made a trip to the Sagrada Família. At that time there was not a lot to see inside as the stone masons and others were still working and we were made to walk through corridors of wooden walls with the occasional window allowing sight of the craftsmen at work. At that time the basilica was due to be completed in 2027 and as that is my 80th birthday year I joked that Jane could take me back in a wheelchair! Seventeen years later, and without a wheelchair, we returned.

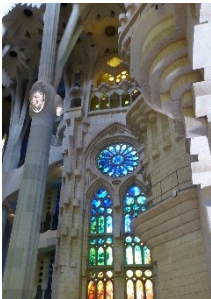


The outside is still under construction, but much has been added since we last saw it. Gaudí's original design calls for a total of eighteen spires, representing in ascending order of height the Twelve Apostles, the four Evangelists, the Virgin Mary, and, tallest of all, Jesus Christ. Thirteen spires had been completed as of 2023, corresponding to four apostles at the Nativity façade, four apostles at the Passion façade, the four Evangelists, and the Virgin Mary. There are two side entrances. The south entrance has carvings depicting the Nativity and the North the crucifixion. The Nativity carvings are detailed and 'curved' with softer edges. There is so much detail that one needs to stop and spent time just

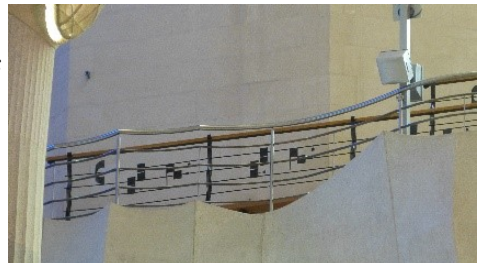
looking. The North entrance depicts the Crucifixion and is much more 'brutalist' in design. We spent a long time staring at the carvings and the details on the doors and façade of the Nativity before entering, via these beautifully carved doors with hidden natural details.



The whole indoor area is open now and as we walked in, I was so stunned by what I saw I am not ashamed to say I stood and cried. Words such as 'stunning' 'incredible' 'amazing' really are not enough, it has to be experienced to really appreciate it.



The columns holding up the roof are shaped like giant trees each a different colour according to the weight it is supporting. The overall feeling is one of space and light. Nothing in this building has been left to chance, everything is thought out and designed specifically. The east window where the sun rises to shine in is made of different shades of blue. The west window where the sun sets is oranges and



yellows. The choir stalls in the balcony have a balustrade which looks very modern but is in fact plainchant.

We had prudently downloaded an audio guide onto our phones and with headphones on, it took us around this marvellous place and we spent an hour or more wandering round and taking in everything, before we exited via the North door and out to where the Crucifixion was carved. On exit we walked over a depiction of Palm Sunday etched into the floor.



After this we retired to a café across the road from the basilica where over coffee and refreshments, we sat in silence just admiring the building from a distance.

This is a very meagre description of a most beautiful place. If you ever have the opportunity to visit the Sagrada Familiar, please go. Book tickets beforehand and an audio guide and prepare to be astonished and just remember, **this was one man's vision.**

WALSINGHAM NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE 2024

Bob Southward

At 7:30am on Monday 27th May 2024, we gathered at St Margaret's for the coach to take us to Walsingham for the National Pilgrimage. It was overcast and many of us were consulting our phones for the weather forecast – nothing was conclusive as the different Apps all gave a different forecast. It was decided that layers of waterproof clothing were in order.

The journey to Walsingham via Colchester to pick up some fellow Pilgrims, was uneventful and we arrived at 11:00am and made our way to the Abbey Grounds with our chairs and picnic boxes. The Abbey Grounds were filling as we arrived and we found a space close to the dais; the atmosphere was one of excited anticipation and good humour.

At 12:00pm, the procession from the Shrine arrived with a plethora of clergy in attendance. Once seated and welcomed by the Shrine Administrator Father Kevin, the Concelebrated Mass started. My thoughts were how would Communion be taken with so many people in attendance? Walsingham had a simple answer – a number of Clergy took the consecrated bread to points around the Abbey Ground with their location highlighted by the sight of a raised white umbrella. Simple and very effective!

Mass finished at 1:00pm and we took our lunch in the

Abbey Grounds. It was interesting looking at the picnics brought by our fellow Pilgrims which ranged from tables with cloths and groaning with food and wine, to humble sandwiches and flasks of tea/coffee. Barbara and I were in the latter category and enjoyed it very much indeed. During the lunch break, you could receive in the Abbey Grounds a sprinkling of water from the Shrine Well or visit the marquee for Young Pilgrims where activities and Goody Bags were available.

At 2:30pm, the Procession with the statue of Our Lady ar-



rived from the Shrine and we sat and listened to a wonderful sermon by His Eminence Archbishop Angaelos (Coptic Orthodox Archbishop of London). He spoke well and was most thought provoking. For many Pilgrims, the next event was the highlight of the day – the Procession of Our Lady from the Abbey Grounds via the Back Lane and Walsingham High Street. Here we encountered the normal group of noisy hecklers who were drowned out by all Pilgrims singing Ave Marie at much increased volume!



Back in the Abbey Grounds, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place before the day's events finished at 4:00pm. The day's programme was measured, never dull and not too busy. In speaking with our fellow Pilgrims, we agreed that it had been a full spiritual experience and wonderfully organised by the Shrine personnel.

Now it was time to find our coach, take our seats and enjoy the return journey with most of us snoozing along the way. We arrived back at 8:30pm, bade farewell to our fellow Pilgrims and drove back to our homes. It had been a most enjoyable and uplifting day and one that I would fully recommend especially with the travel being by coach.

The day could not have been bettered and we must thank Peter Fisher for making all the arrangements which ran like clockwork (it did for our coach – the coach organised for the west of the Diocese managed to go to Wells-next-the-Sea despite Peter’s comprehensive travel instructions).

The weather? It transpired that all the different forecasts were correct as we had cold/cloudy weather, blue skies/hot weather, cold breezes and a brief shower of rain (the main storms skirted Walsingham and we thank Our Lady for organising this). I lost count of the number of times my jacket was zipped, unzipped, removed, put back on again!

In 2025, the National Pilgrimage is on Monday 26th May – put the date in your diary especially as it’s also my birthday.



Memories of Oz continued

Pauline Swenson

My parish in the country comprised 4 churches some miles apart from each other. My church was St Matthew's in Bell I will work from there with rough estimates of mileage.



The Parish Centre was St Paul's in Jandowae – 42 miles away. Another 40 miles beyond Jandowae was Durong, while Warra, south of Jandowae was 30 miles from Bell.

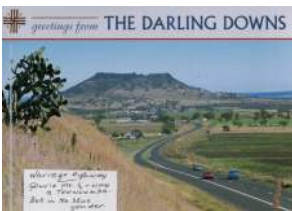
Thus, our parish priest had a fair distance to travel each Sunday. (These distances do not include the intermittent dirt side roads) Jandowae had weekly services at 9.30am and Bell had 3 Eucharists a month, one at 7.00, two technically at 11.00 but more often 11.15 to 11.30. On the fourth we had Morning Prayer at 7am led by one of the two liturgical assistants.

Depending on the route chosen (there were three possible between Bell and Jandowae) the roads were bitumen, or dirt, or middle strip bitumen. On the last you needed to go off onto the dirt edge first if oncoming traffic was ahead.

Otherwise, you could be battered by flying gravel- and larger trucks could not always slow down

Speaking of 'large trucks' the greatest vehicular hazard was a road train. (tho' I did panic one day when bringing a visiting speaker across to Bell, and a tractor with a large crop sprayer on the back came towards us. With a huge smile, seeing us in my little yellow car as he hugged the bitumen, the driver didn't seem to realise the danger he was to us and the roof of the car, until from the dirt edge, I made frantic gestures that he should go off onto the dirt on the other side. Phew! Just in time. A very close shave.)

Thankfully road trains were nowhere near. These were huge, intended for long distance travel across desert and scrub, but needing, of course, to come into the perimeter of urban areas where the industrial estates were – and no further. They generally kept to the dual carriage ways



(freeways the equivalent of but larger than UK motorways) However, when these, depending on the terrain, had to become single carriageway, if you came up behind one, you were stuck. Then

you took your courage in both hands if you wished or needed to overtake them. Their speed limit was 90k/hr. Cars was 100k/hr. On one occasion, going the southern

route Warrego Highway I came up behind one and eventually on a straight stretch was able to see a clear way ahead with no oncoming traffic-and I stepped on it!!Probably broke the speed limit but I had to make sure I had the minute that was required in order to overtake and extremely long unit of trailer prime mover. Hairy!

This southern route was the quickest and most frequented way to get to the south side of Brisbane.

The Cathedral on the other hand was on the northern side of the city and although accessible through the city from the south (Brisbane “still a country town” Bulletin August ’23) it was more convenient from the north.

As you might expect, the Brisbane Diocese comprised 3 large regions: Northern and Southern – both strung along the coast, with hinterland reaching beyond the dividing range; the Western Region (mine) stretching from the summit of the Dividing Range at Toowoomba and along the ridge, to the border with South Australia. (There is no comparison with our Assistant Bishop areas: no question e.g. of Bishop Guli walking across the diocese, or even across one region!)

We had problems getting clergy and they tended to stay only about 3 years, having ‘done their country stint’; a pity because it took them that time to get to know the district,

the outlying farms etc and start to have an impact. We endured many lengthy interregnums – and they still do. I'll complete my 'survey' of our parish Churches (after a bit of diversion) by an attempted description of their size and character.

Surprisingly St Matthew's, Bell sat on top of the hill – a position usually taken by the R.C. church! Thus you could look out across Bell to



the horizon. You will have seen from the previous photo that it was a little wooden church, with seating for a congregation of 60. Rather than

attempt a description of a place very close to my heart, here are a couple of photos. The full interior was sent to me on the Centenary in 2010, which is why



the words "Gory to God" are pinned to the curtain behind the altar. The 'organist and choir' photograph was insisted upon just before I left, as a memento. St Paul's Jandowae,



was double the size, a long low building, seating 120 or more. It had a pulpit and lectern in the usual places.

Both churches had a vestry immediately accessible to the chancel (ST P) or sanctuary (St. Matt) so no procession needed – which would only have been one -at the most 2 - people (except on high days) The second would be a Liturgical Assistant – the equivalent of the CofE Reader but not geared into the hierarchy.

i.e. a white alb but no stole etc or any indication of office.

Durong church again a little wooden building, was on a corner of land gifted by a farmer and seated 12; small and intimate I only went a couple of times.

Warra I can't remember much about. I went once on an emergency trip one Easter Day when we had a deluge. The road from Jandowae to Warra was flooded and impassible and the Vicar couldn't get through. Urgent 6am call to me and I managed to get there to take Morning Prayer (I was an L.A.)

Yes, although my 10 years in Bell were drought, on the odd occasions it rained it didn't do things by halves. Bitumen roads could be completely flooded (UK recent experiences) – beware oncoming trucks! And dirt roads could become very treacherous, to be taken with care and at a much slower speed. Such was my road to Warra; they waited patiently.

Sometimes a farmer 'out west' would host a service on

his property and families from the surrounding area would come in, as in days of the Bush Brothers, before parishes were organised. You had a service when the Brothers could get there. (Properties were/are 1000s of acres in size)

So perhaps after 3 years, the parish priest was exhausted if he had tried to look after “all sorts of conditions of men” in “all sorts of conditions” of locations.



The National Flower of Australia

Wattles are well recognised for their large fluffy, bright yellow, sweet smelling heads almost hidden by long stamens, arranged in dense rounded or elongated clusters.

There are over 1300 Acacias worldwide with 960 of these being native to Australia, the most notable of them all being the Golden Wattle.

Rosemary Quick



I first met Rosemary about 25 years ago. I started going to Evensong at St Margaret's. Fr Robin was Priest and Rosemary and Dennis were two of a small handful gathered in the side Chapel. It was a lovely evening, the sun was shining through the beautiful windows and as I sat down Rosemary handed me everything I needed for our short Service along with a friendly smile. After the Service we had a nice chat and she made me feel very welcome. That was the start of my bond with our very special Church. I would regularly attend Evensong and was always pleased to see Rosemary and Dennis's car parked outside. I was guaranteed a warm welcome and it was such a pleasant end to a day. On Sunday morning Services

Rosemary would be singing up with the choir until the choir was disbanded. She then found 'her pew', the single carved out seat for one on which was placed the embroidered prayer cushion with Winston Churchill's face on it. She often used to joke with me "Have you seen Winston?" if he had been moved as his cushion was quite a substantial one so very comfortable.

Rosemary and Dennis were living in Buxton Square while I was caring for my dear Mother in Fair View Lodge, Underwood Square. My mother had Motor Neurone Disease therefore Rosemary knew what the outcome would be. She phoned me during my Mother's last few months and very gently asked me if I would bear them in mind should my Mother's flat be sold. I spoke to my Mother about this and she suggested I invited Rosemary and Dennis to tea to see the flat and meet her. Rosemary was very pleased and we all had a lovely afternoon together. Rosemary and my Mother were born the same year and were both as down to earth as each other so this was not an unusual situation, it was a very positive one. My Mother passed away in September 2013 and the following Mothering Sunday Rosemary invited me to lunch along with Doreen Sporle who had also recently lost her mother. I thought it was such a kind and considerate gesture.

As planned in 2015 Rosemary and Dennis moved into my Mother's flat and were very happy, especially being so close to St Margaret's. Sadly Dennis started to develop

Dementia and Rosemary started to have problems with her knee. She obviously couldn't leave Dennis to have the knee operated on and recovery after an operation was out of the question. In her usual practical way when they went supermarket shopping she would give Dennis the trolley to push which kept him focused while she hung on to the trolley. Dennis was given the task of putting the pink recycling sacks out which he could manage but Rosemary was finding difficult. Rosemary manoeuvred the whole situation with military precision in her usual practical way. Dennis sadly passed away in 2019 and Rosemary then had time to rest and get her energy back. Being a lover of nature she very much enjoyed the view from her lounge of the golf course and Woods.

When I think of Rosemary I think of someone who was down to earth and wise. During the interregnum before Fr David joined us she said to me once "Of course what people forget is the Church isn't about the Vicar it's about the people, the Church family". When I next clean the Church I will look for Winston Churchill's prayer cushion and will think of Rosemary.

Alison Whitby

St Margaret's Day 2024



Who's Who at St Margaret's

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