

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

Bulletin

Autumn 2024



www.saintmargaretsleigh.org

bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org

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

From the Vicar's Study.

All Souls at the high altar



The last three months have seen a great change in the weather and many changes in different people's lives within the Parish. The Church of England often uses the phrase 'life events' as a catch all for Baptisms, Confirmation, Marriage, Ordination and Funerals. However key birthdays, anniversaries and of course births are all part of our life especially at St. Margaret's when often accompanied by special prayers and blessings with the gathered and dispersed community.



Phoebe (nee Hull) and Alex Clarkson were recently blessed with the birth of Florence and Phoebe is now home after a long stay in hospital. Please continue to pray for them as they now begin life anew as a family. At All Saints Elliott and Leonora both 4 were baptised and both demonstrated how with a little preparation young children can so appreciate God's love. At an older age Angus Willis was baptised and provisionally admitted to communion before commencing his classics degree at Exeter. David Miller and Tracey Searle were married late summer and took over the halls and had a splendid parish and family celebration. We said our earthly goodbyes and thank-yous to Ivan Starkey who was himself married to Janet at St.



Margaret's. His funeral was very well attended, reflecting his years of community contribution not least with the Leigh Horticultural Society, local politics and much else. Pat and John Lamb celebrated their Golden wedding in church with a blessing and also with family and friends at "Porters" as is the privilege of former Mayors. Joyce Taylor and Enfys Williams both celebrated their 90th Birthdays and Angela Bridge 80th. Noah Cockett was ordained priest in Colchester and despite me getting a parking ticket for parking where instructed to by the warden it was a special occasion and his mother Lorrina has given a full write up below.



Life at St. Michael's School is challenging not least thanks to the Labour policy of taxing fees and applying business rates. Combined with the falling birth rate which is effectively widening the catchment area of our other state schools in the parish the changes in policies are a serious concern and St. Michael's now runs at 2/3 capacity. However we carry on with our parish oversight and plan

for the future. In the meantime, a wet St. Michael's day meant an indoor mass in the hall (the chapel being too small for the whole school) and a delayed procession around the streets.

We recently hosted a business fayre funded by the Council who took over all the halls for the occasion. It was most interesting and well attended. Star attendee was the



donkey who provides therapy for those in need. Sadly, she didn't stay but maybe I should get one for the vicarage garden. Finally, as we approach remembrance let us finish with Ivan Starkey's favourite hymn and pray that we may faithfully and dutifully serve in our country honouring our forebears as we face the many serious future challenges of our times.

*Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.*

*Still stands his cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still through the veil the victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.*

*These were his servants, in his steps they trod,
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God:
Victor he rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk his cup of sacrifice.*

*O risen Lord, O shepherd of our dead,
Whose cross has bought them and whose staff has
led-
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to thy gracious hand.*

The Revd Fr. David Wylie RN
5th November 2024



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We are waiting for you to write a short piece to be included in the next edition of Bulletin.

Everyone has something of interest to share, please think about putting pen to paper or tapping your computer to share with us all.

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Barbara Southward bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org

Back to Stratford

Peter Maddox

I have been back to Stratford-upon-Avon a couple of times recently which is now under the direction of new co-artistic directors, Daniel Evans and Tamara Harvey. They are again putting on various Shakespeare plays, usually in the main theatre, with other productions in the Swan Theatre next door. Recent plays I have seen include 'Love's Labour's Lost', 'The Merry Wives of Windsor', As You Like it and The School for Scandal. The Merry Wives was particularly "merry" and very well done. In the Swan Theatre I saw 'The Buddha of Suburbia', 'Kyoto' and Pericles.

'The Buddha of Suburbia', based on the novel by Hanif Kureishi, had very good reviews though I was not over enamoured of it, but perhaps it was just me. However, the young cast clearly had all their mates in that night, who were whooping and cheering at the end.

'Kyoto' was an interesting play all about the 1997 Kyoto Climate Conference, known as COP 3, or the third 'Conference of the Parties'. This was about the ten days of fraught negotiations to finally agree the Kyoto Protocol which provided legally binding targets to curb the carbon emissions that were destabilising the world's climate. They had actors of different nationalities to play the various delegates, and I thought all the infighting and intrigues that must have gone on were well done. Among the delegates portrayed were Angela Merkel and John Prescott – I hadn't realised he was there.

When the previous director, Gregory Doran, announced he was going to put on the whole cycle of Shakespeare play, Pericles and Henry VIII were the only two he did not include. However the new artistic directors have now included Pericles, so Henry VIII is the only one outstanding. Maybe this will be put on in due course.

I had not seen *The School for Scandal*, by Sheridan, before so that was a new and enjoyable play for me to see. Apparently, it had been staged at the RSC a number of times before, the latest being in 1998.

As You Like It was performed on their open-air stage called The Holloway Garden Theatre. This was well done but clearly edited down as the whole performance lasted only 80 minutes with no interval. It was very amusing but different in that they had no orchestra so at various points all the actors came on stage with various musical instruments to provide the music. It sounds a bit strange but worked well. As part of the play two of the actors were supposed to have a fight but unfortunately one was injured, having one foot in a surgical boot. Whether his injury resulted from a previous performance I do not know. So the other actor fought alone while the injured actor looked on so that scene was included.

Last time I saw a play on the open-air stage it was at the end of covid, and it rained. The audience had been warned to take waterproofs so generally we were OK, but the cast got rather wet as the stage had no roof. The stage still has no roof but this time the weather was good, so we all kept dry.

A Reverse Advent Calendar

Instead of eating chocolate every day from 1st December to Christmas Eve, why not try the **Reverse Advent Calendar**. Get an empty cardboard box and each day place something inside that would be of benefit to a homeless person. It could be as small as a comb, a bar of soap, or a toothbrush, or something larger such as a pack of chocolate bars or biscuits, or a tin of soup. Maybe a pair of warm socks, gloves or a scarf or hat.....the list and ideas are endless - but something that might make a difference to a person living on the streets of our town. Then after Christmas bring it to the back of church for taking to **HARP**.



Congratulations



David and Tracey on their Wedding Day

Harvest Festival



.....followed by Harvest Lunch



In Days of Yore

St Margaret's Parish Paper January 1954

Extract from the Vicar's letter

'I do not believe in anticipating Christmas by holding Carol Services and Nativity Plays during Advent. This is necessary in school but undesirable in Church. I rather fancy that in certain quarters they make up for the paucity of their ideas about Advent by substituting the Christmas message in advance. There is also the temptation to "get in first" with services in church as well as with the sale of Christmas goods in shops. Nowadays the Christmas shopping season overlaps the firework season. There is no need to do this with our Church's seasons.'

"At St Margaret's carols were not sung until Christmas Day. Our Carol Service will be in the evening of Sunday 3rd January, and our Nativity Play on Sunday 10th January."

Fr John Bundock



A SPECIAL WEEKEND.

Lorrina Cockett.

You may recall that Noah was ordained a deacon last year, by the Bishop of Chelmsford, in Chelmsford Cathedral. He has been working in a team ministry in Witham and the surrounding villages since then. His work is varied and challenging in all the right ways. As well as serving God in the churches, Noah works in schools and with the different church groups. He represents the church in the wider community too.

Now, a year later, and with his progress and development continuing, Noah has been ordained a priest. This time, the deacons were ordained priests by the three area bishops of the diocese, in the different parts of Chelmsford diocese. So Noah was ordained by the Bishop of Colchester at Saint Botolph's Church, Colchester.

Saturday 28th September was a perfect, bright day. We set off from home and all the deacons left their retreat at Pleshey to travel to their different ordination churches. Wary of hold-ups on the road, we arrived early and so were able to greet all the family and friends who had travelled to support Noah. He had three friends from Cuddesdon, where he trained, and his three colleagues from the Witham churches were there with him. He was delighted to see Father David and a group from St Margaret's in the congregation. The service was amazing! The Holy Spirit was so surely moving in the place! As ever when many Christians come together, the singing was roof-raising. Afterwards there was time for refreshments, photos and much hugging. Then Noah returned to Witham to prepare





From a Corner of the Cotswolds

Alison Whitby

Since I was a child I have always enjoyed looking at pictures. We don't always need a script. These are photos taken just five minutes from where I live.

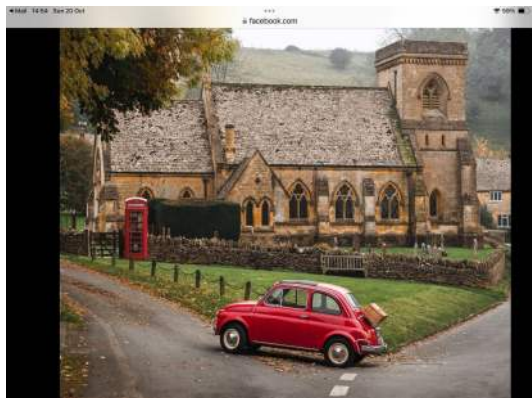
The head in the wall who is he? No one knows.

Pool End Cottage it really is as dreamy as it looks.

The baby Fiat reminds me of my mother's, 500 cc just like a motorbike. My mother would cram us in with our picnics and swimming things on our laps and we'd happily go on an adventure to the sea. My father once threatened to fix a large key to the back of it, it really was like a clockwork toy.

I hope you enjoy them.





Memories of Oz – 4

Pauline Swenson

My last article described arriving in Australia, getting settled in ‘Rivendell’ and travelling between the churches of the parish. So now I turn to the wild life, and so many creatures to get used to.

The first sounds to greet me on the day we arrived, and I went to have a rest, were those of the magpie. The Aussie magpie is quite different from the UK: black and white, yes, but no blue sheen amongst its plumage; and it is shorter and



“square” tailed. I have several in my garden here and always know they are around by their harsh chatter. The Aussie have a similar call but with one rather surprising extra. As I lay on my bed that afternoon, I could hear a soft warbling, a lovely sound. Again, when we hired a static caravan at Severnlea on the New England Highway as we looked for somewhere to live, Alan would go off grape picking while, chores done, I sat under gum trees on the bank of a creek, listening to the serenade from the branches overhead; a song described as “an organ-like fluted

carolling”, and often in groups. And I found their relatives at Rivendell.

One bird took me completely by surprise. We rented a house in Dalby and the first thing I said was “Oh look, a lot of Charlies!” They were actually sparrows and one had adopted us in Greenford which I called ...Charlie! They did not venture into Queensland Country.

Speaking of “chatter”, as we turned up on our 30 acres in Bell, we were greeted by a flock of agitated chattering birds. It sounded as if they were constantly chatting to each other (which they were). Dull greyish in colour, they kept together, mostly foraging on the ground in family groups of 12 or 13; hence the name apostle birds. We obviously arrived in the middle of their regular habitat and there was a great deal of irritated noise when we set up camp under the bottle/ wilga trees. They eventually moved on when we moved the house in, though not far away.

Nor must I forget the micky bird (otherwise noisy miner). A grey bird with a striking black crown and head. What stood out was the brilliant yellow beak, the yellow echoed in a patch of bare skin behind the eye. This together with the black crown gave it quite a cross, even threatening glare. Its habits were similar to the apostle birds, and they were more frequent around the yard, tho’ while the apostles chattered



the mickeys scolded.

Of course, Oz is identified by the Kookaburra. They were regularly around and at breeding time it was amusing to see – and hear – the adults teaching the young ones how to call: imagine “Head back beak pointing up to the sky, let rip” We speak of ‘laughing kookaburras, but in fact it is no laughing matter. A battle cry.

Another noisy bird who was around from time to time was called the “noisy friar bird”. With its head and upper neck of bare black skin and a knob on its upper bill, it was a strange sight. I promptly dubbed it the ‘Rebecca bird’ (Alan’s niece) because that was its call (official description ‘tobacco’) Once on a fiercely windy day we found one on the ground, outside the house, somewhat stunned. Alan picked it up and put it on the step, (wooden of course) and it rested there until it had come round enough to fly away.

A couple of times I caught sight of the blue faced honeyeaters, (of the larger species) named for the large patch of bare skin around the eye. (This is the third bird I saw with bare skin on the face)

We had birds with loud rolling songs to carry across the paddocks. The grey butcher bird (so called because he

would hang his catch in the tree!) had a rollicking song, while the pied butcher bird had a splendid, fluted song. Both had, in various degrees, black and white plumage, like

the magpies.



Of parrots there were many, spread throughout Australia. Out in the country we had some of the largest, especially the king parrot in magnificent scarlet and green which did occasionally come to Rivendell but tamest at the campsite in the Bunya mountains.

What I did see one season was a pair of red-winged parrots. Outside my bedroom window was a wattle tree, and that year, after flowering, it had large seed pods. The parrots came in the early morning and spent much time cracking open the pods for the kernels inside. I'm glad I feasted my eyes on them each morning as I sat at my window because they didn't come again.



Crimson rosella and pale -headed rosella came by (the latter particularly pretty) but perhaps the most famous of



the family is the sulphur-crested cockatoo, (quite prolific, with harsh cries. I would see flocks in the paddocks as I travelled between Bell and Jandowae.

I never thought of galahs in the same breath as cockatoos – seen throughout Australia with pink and grey plumage. My first acquaintance with them came on Christmas Day in 1982., having first moved our house on. We were sitting at breakfast, looking out towards the dam and Bunya mountains when Alan exclaimed “The electricity cable is sparking”. It was the only source of electricity to the house, from the road, over the dam in which



there was a ‘puddle’ of water. An electrician came out by lunchtime and found the cable had been cut almost right through, at one point above the dam. It turned out to be the work of galahs because we caught them at it soon after: whenever there was any rain (hence the ‘puddle’ in the dam) they would hang on the line from their beaks and spread out their wings to catch the drops. Actually, it became a game at any time. A pest but so handsome and endearing.

Cockatoos were not the only birds I saw on the road to Jandowae. The largest of the Aussie birds is the emu (2 metres in height) which I usually passed by in the pad-



docks. But one day I rounded a corner and came on a pair treading sedately down the road ahead. They picked up their feet and ran,- flightless, they can reach 40 km /hour – and veered across through a fence; and I had a good laugh, they looked so funny and ungainly from behind.

Another strange bird was the tawny frogmouth – difficult to describe; about 2 ft in length, all shades of grey, with eye-brows making it look quite fierce when caught sight of – camouflaged by colour when perching together asleep on a branch of a tree. Again, it was a night bird, calling ‘oom, oom, oom’ – a sound which became strangely reassuring.

As you might guess the largest bird of flight was the wedge-tailed eagle, a magnificent creature, black and brown with touches of gold. If ever the birds fell completely silent, I would go out and look up – and there way, way up in the sky would be 2 eagles circling, so large that when at that height they looked like a couple of crows. However, my place was not open enough for them to swoop on prey and

they were just ‘perusing their estate’. (as Alan would describe his wander round the paddocks!) Carrion formed most of their diet and there was much of it struck by cars on the roads. Once I passed a pair on the Bunya Highway, the first time I had seen how huge they were. It was a sad sight; they are lifetime mates, and one had obviously been killed on the road side; the other was standing forlornly alongside and looked at me mournfully (so I felt) as I went slowly past – and of course there was nothing I could do.

Other larger birds I occasionally caught sight of, sitting on the fences and trees were the red- and yellow- tailed cockatoo; the drongo (tail shaped like a fish’s) ; and the coo-ee bird the familiar name by sound, of the koel.

On days when I drove to Wynnum/Manly on the coast, I would see pelicans galore, and it always amazed me how such a large ungainly bird could alight with such balance and precision on top of a lamp post.

Of the smaller birds, not surprisingly we saw few. In Brisbane I met 2 honeyeaters, the scarlet (brilliant) and the brown. The latter is somewhat like the nightingale in that it is a small brown bird with a wonderful loud, rollicking song, belted out from the tops of urban trees.



Ps How could I forget the peewee, a black and white naughty bird , who would catch sight of himself in my wing mirror or stand on the water tank outside my spare bedroom window - and attack his reflection. So I was constantly clearing my wing mirror and enduring the thud, thud on my casement window, until I opened it slightly and his image disappeared, to his puzzlement.

Of course I covered the wing mirror but I often forgot....



Peewee also known as a 'Magpie-lark, but not related to either a magpie or a lark!!

An Excerpt from
“The Orient” annual publication of
St Saviour’s Priory in Hackney.

Sister Elizabeth used to be a Chaplain at the old Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children on Hackney Road.

She writes that one patient was a baby of Muslim parents. He had a very serious condition and was not expected to live. His mother sat with him all the time. On one of my visits his father also happened to be there, and was telling me a list of woes – as well as the worry and sorrow of this sick baby, there were other children to look after, poor housing, no job, big expenses etc. I felt overwhelmed by the enormity of his problems and with a sense of desperation I said “I can do nothing. I wish I could do something. I can only pray”. To which he replied, “That is as good as gold”. Now when I say to someone “I will pray for you” I remember that father. I am not praying as a last resort but because it is as good as gold.



'THE WILDLIFE AT CHRISTMAS TIME'

SUSAN HEINZELMANN

A frosty spiders web has a lacey effect
On a dewy, misty morning looks so perfect.

Not a sound can be heard
As a bright red fox is lurking around.

The sunrise has made a turning point
Where it changes into a pretty view.

From shades of grey and gold
When the air is so very damp and cold.

A robin perches itself on top of a spade
As I smell the mulled wine I've made.
He sings us a tune and raises his head high
When the snowflakes fall from the sky.

And squirrels jump high and low
Searching for red berries then off they go.
In my snowy garden what a superb sight
Look after our wildlife I do think it's right!



Many thanks to Michael Bridge and David Stowe for their hard work in re-furbishing our street notice board.

If you are passing at night you will notice that it is now lit up for a short time.



To die or not to die? That is the question.

This is not a spoof review of Stratford but one of the most serious questions before our new parliament at this time: the issue of assisted dying or suicide. The outcome could be even more impactful than the Budget we recently endured which ironically and cruelly undermined our hospices even more with so many of its measures. At least economic policy can be rapidly changed – that cannot be said of moral issues.

Incredibly the details of the proposed legislation are still unknown and yet we are less than 3 weeks from a vote. How can it be right to have so little time for such a grave matter? Such details we have make it a health service responsibility to permit such assisted dying. We do not know whether doctors will opt in or out. Is it right that those called to save and reserve life should have to make decisions about its end.

Motive is everything. The doctrine of double effect is key. That is to say that the alleviation of pain and suffering may hasten death but that the motive is the alleviation of suffering. There have been some commentators who have rightly said how damaging and undermining the Shipman scandal was to the long-held understanding and practice that pain relief could considerably hasten death and as a secondary consequence.

From the Archbishop.

This Wednesday, 16 October 2024, a bill (was) introduced to Parliament proposing a change in the law to permit assisted suicide. The debate will continue for a number of months, in society and in Parliament, before a definitive vote is held there. This puts in the spotlight crucial questions about the dignity of human life and the care and protection afforded by our society to every human being.

As this debate unfolds there are three points I would like to put before you. I hope that you will take part in the debate, whenever and wherever you can, and that you will write to your Member of Parliament.

The first point is this: Be careful what you wish for.

No doubt the bill put before Parliament will be carefully framed, providing clear and very limited circumstances in which it would become lawful to assist, directly and deliberately, in the ending of a person's life. But please remember, the evidence from every single country in which such a law has been passed is clear: that the circumstances in which the taking of a life is permitted are widened and widened, making assisted suicide and medical killing, or euthanasia, more and more available and accepted. In this country, assurances will be given that the proposed safeguards are firm and reliable. Rarely has this been the case. This proposed change in the law may be a source of relief to some. But it will bring great fear and trepidation to many, especially those who have vulnerabilities and those living

with disabilities. What is now proposed will not be the end of the story. It is a story better not begun.

The second point is this: a right to die can become a duty to die.

A law which prohibits an action is a clear deterrent. A law which permits an action changes attitudes: that which is permitted is often and easily encouraged. Once assisted suicide is approved by the law, a key protection of human life falls away. Pressure mounts on those who are nearing death, from others or even from themselves, to end their life in order to take away a perceived burden of care from their family, for the avoidance of pain, or for the sake of an inheritance.

I know that, for many people, there is profound fear at the prospect of prolonged suffering and loss of dignity. Yet such suffering itself can be eased. Part of this debate, then, must be the need and duty to enhance palliative care and hospice provision, so that there can genuinely be, for all of us, the prospect of living our last days in the company of loved ones and caring medical professionals. This is truly dying with dignity. Indeed, the radical change in the law now being proposed risks bringing about for all medical professionals a slow change from a duty to care to a duty to kill.

The third point is this: being forgetful of God belittles our humanity.

The questions raised by this bill go to the very heart of how we understand ourselves, our lives, our humanity. For people of faith in God - the vast majority of the population of the world - the first truth is that life, ultimately, is a gift of the Creator. Our life flows from God and will find its fulfilment in God. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' (Job 1:21) *To ignore or deny this truth is to separate our humanity from its origins and purpose. We are left, floating free, detached, in a sphere that lacks firm anchors or destiny, thinking that we can create these for ourselves according to the mood of the age, or even of the day.*

The clearest expression of this faith is that every human being is made in the image and likeness of God. That is the source of our dignity and it is unique to the human person. The suffering of a human being is not meaningless. It does not destroy that dignity. It is an intrinsic part of our human journey, a journey embraced by the Eternal Word of God, Christ Jesus himself. He brings our humanity to its full glory precisely through the gateway of suffering and death.

We know, only too well, that suffering can bring people to a most dreadful state of mind, even driving them to take their own lives, in circumstances most often when they lack true freedom of mind and will, and so bear no culpability. But this proposed legislation is quite different. It seeks to give a person of sound will and mind the right to act in a way that is clearly contrary to a fundamental truth: our life is not our own possession, to dispose of as we feel fit. This is not a freedom of choice we can take for ourselves without

undermining the foundations of trust and shared dignity on which a stable society rests.

As this debate unfolds, then, I ask you to play your part in it. Write to your MP. Have discussions with family, friends and colleagues. And pray. Please remember: be careful what you wish for; the right to die can become a duty to die; being forgetful of God belittles our humanity.

I hope that you may make your own voices heard and that this may inform your own prayers and discussions you may have on the subject. Our current MP can of course be contacted.

May the prayers of the Saints and examples of the faithful departed be with you at this All Saints-tide. **Fr.David.**



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