

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

# Bulletin

**Summer 2025**



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

**[bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org](mailto:bulletin@saintmargaretsleigh.org)**

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

### **Sunday:**

08:00-08:30 Said Mass

10:00-11:00 Sung Mass

Live Streamed & available on web site

Sermon written copy online

### **First Sunday of the month**

17:30-18:15 (winter 17:00)

Mass with music for family groups

followed by pasta/pizza and activities in the Lower Hall.

### **Third Sunday of the month**

**St Margareteers** At 10:00 Mass

A teaching session for children ages 4 - 10

### **Last Sunday of the month**

Evensong & Benediction 17:30 - 18:15 (winter 17:00)

**Wednesday:** 19:30 Said Mass

**Thursday:** 09:30 Said Mass Followed by coffee

14:00-16:00 Church open for personal prayer

(Term time only)

### **Not the Rambling Rector.**



Some 4 years ago or maybe more, a member of the parish donated two roses – ‘Rambling Rectors’ which with much effort in pretty horrid stony ground I managed to plant them fairly deep by the walkway between church and hall. Rather like some of us I dare say, they have taken time to settle and root but now are flourishing in June and festooning our useful but less than attractive walkway and it becoming a glorious natural arch.

It takes so much longer to create, grow and nurture than to destroy and undermine. I know that many young middling and old feel that much in our Church and society that has taken root so long over so many years is under threat of rapid and damaging change.

We of course are called to change constantly into the likeness of Christ and be restless of how things are until we find our rest in God. But even now we are also called to be thankful people for we receive many blessings and everything that God makes is good even if our use of those “goods” can be deeply flawed – not least when we play God.

The past few months since I last wrote at the beginning of Lent have seen some sad developments in our national life and continuing tragedy on the world stage. On national life - I have written elsewhere (which you may read) on the extraordinary decisions in Parliament on decriminalising full term abortions and approving assisted suicide. However to repeat, for us whatever Parliament decides, it can choose to reflect the Gospel and orthodox Church teaching but it can never change it. This parliament is temporary and passing – the Gospel and Church are not. In the meantime we “keep praying and carrying on.”

In Lent we took the opportunity to look at the creeds, not least as it is the 1700<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Nicene creed amongst other resources we used the BBC lent course and the first reflection by Professor Frances Young on “that God is Almighty” was wonderful not least because she conveyed the cosmic majesty and goodness of God to her and her

family through the life of her severely disabled child. If only she was able to speak in Parliament!! I do hope the BBC makes it available again.

Our numbers like many were up about 10% over Holy Week and Easter and one of the highlights was our all age stations which we were able to hold outdoors. The interjections of children to rhetorical questions re-roots the experience with a smile and tear at the same time.



After Easter I took my annual leave and was very grateful to those visiting priests who assisted in my absence, especially as it is so hard to find priests who are able and willing. Of particular note were the visits of Fr.Robin Eastoe (former vicar and ordinand) and also Fr.John

Bundock eldest son of another former vicar and child of the vicarage. Not long after my return we were into the Ascension, Pentecost season and we joyfully welcomed a younger oldie in the shape of Fr. Noah Cockett as our preacher for Corpus Christi. We keep the feasts on the day generally and it was a good turn out – probably the combination of Noah and real cider helped.

Our parish pilgrimage to Walsingham took place after Ascension, in conjunction with St.James the Great, Leigh. The weather was quite warm and experience uplifting and refreshing. A good sign of this is the goodly number of people including several new folk who have signed up for next year.





In the wider parish life, the life of our groups and institutions “carries on” too. I have previously written about the challenges of schools and not least our own St. Michael’s. Demographics are challenging all schools and government policy especially private schools. The Governors have worked very hard with senior staff to ensure the school has a future and we continue to guide that future in accordance with the principles and purposes of its foundation. Against the backdrop of the challenges the education in the broadest sense continues commendably. There was a wonderful whole school production of “The Tempest” and some inspiring dancing at the thanksgiving.



Our Scouts, Cubs, Beavers, Brownies and Rainbows are all currently on holidays though I hope some of them will join us for our “WW2 Peace Party and Summer Fayre” in August. Prior to the end of term the Scouts re-inaugurated the annual renewal of promise in St. Margarets and we hope to develop that afresh in future summers. The Sea Cadets for whom I am chaplain did a brilliant routine to secure third in the National Drill Competition and performed twice in the scorching heat at Armed forces day – rehearsals in the hall were cooler and easier!



On one of the hottest and of course the longest day we held the blessing of marriage for Hannah and Sohil – they were



married in Mumbai (cooler) a year ago where they live and wanted to have a blessing here for family and friends. We don't have a lot of weddings here though I do cover a quite a few for St. Mary's Benfleet along with baptisms. Hannah and Sohil used the gardens and we welcome some musicians from the Baptist Church. Preaching on the Trinity and marriage evoke come really fruitful conversations with Christians and non-Christian Indians in the congregation.



Last weekend (19<sup>th</sup> July) we combined our Patronal Festival with confirmation. Our three candidates Matthew, Thomas and Angus were joined by three from St.James the Great Leigh- on-Sea. It was the first time that Bishop Luke Irvine-Capel visited us in his new capacity as Bishop of Richborough. We planned a BBQ picnic and summer party in the gardens however the heavy rain before caused us to use the halls though some were able to enjoy the outdoor freshness with towels and gazebos.

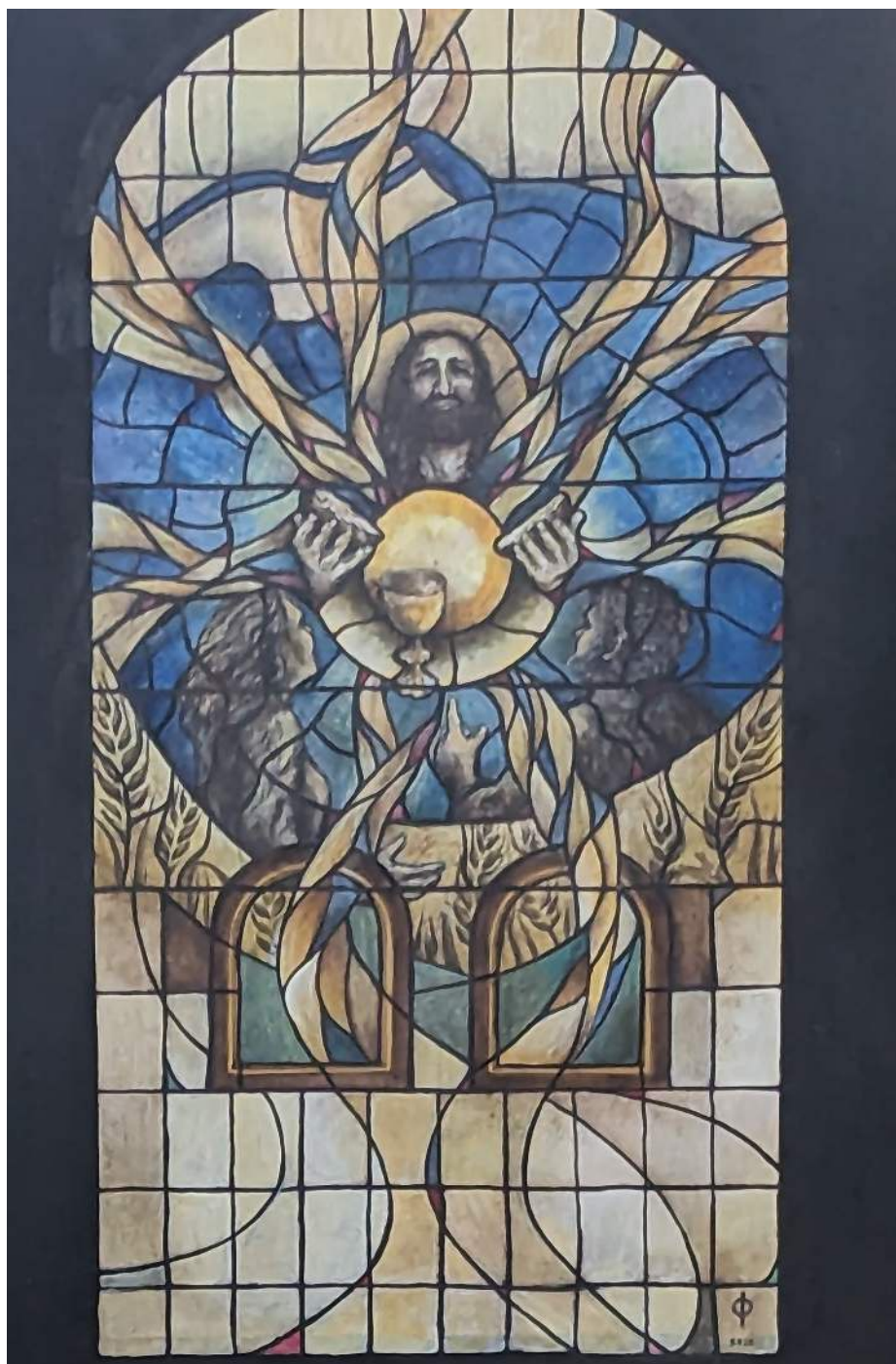


Our regular parish life continues with our Sunday School (St. Margareteers) having restarted on a monthly basis and our monthly First Sunday Supper Mass with home made pizza and activities. The Mothers' Union have an interesting programme of speakers with broad interest and remain active in assisting parish life. We had our APCM at the end of May and our wardens Peter Maddox and John Lamb continue for a final year before we must find two replacements.

Two big takeaways: firstly, how we need to increase our payment of parish share although we can never afford the full £102000 as its over 80% of our income, nevertheless we are hoping to get to £75000 this year – please help! Our second takeaway was the reveal for the new donated window of the Resurrection “road to Emmaus.” (see next page) We have DAC approval and parish agreement but also unusually need planning permission in Southend. We hope to have the project completed by Candlemas next year and no doubt there will be an article on the project.

Every blessing for the rest of the summer from the rambling vicar at St. Margaret's.

***The Revd Fr.David Wylie RN***  
***Feast of St James the Great***  
***25<sup>th</sup> July 2025***



# **“WW2 80” Peace Party & Summer Fayre**



Bouncy Castle  
Garden Games  
Ice Cream

Teas & Cakes

Raffles

Beer Tent

Royal British Legion

Artifacts & Exhibition

Sea Cadets

Food &  
Produce  
Bottle Stall

**Sunday August 17th**  
**12:30 - 17:00**



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



Dear Friends

I wish to share with you all a pleasant experience while I was sitting in my dining room at home.

A beautiful blue tit was flapping against my French doors for a few minutes. I was quite concerned at first as I thought the bird was in some distress, but then I thought to myself could this be telling me something.

I decided to consult my iPad and found some information regarding the blue tit that could be seen as a religious symbol.

To my acknowledgement and found it was which read

**The blue tit is a symbol of love, faith, hope  
and honour**

**Which are all positive attributes attached to this  
wonderful creature.**

Then after a few minutes I wrote this poem that came to my mind. Who knows this could be a sign from my dear mum and dad who have now passed.





## **'The Little Bird Gave Me A Call In My Garden'**

**By Susan Heinzelmann (Nee Linton)**

A quiet moment in my garden to pray

To both of my parents on this day

They are gone to heaven's above

To our dear Lord they so loved.

Through the gates of heaven is paradise

And I wish I could embrace them

But I know they'll always be around

As a little bird gives a sweet sound.

So I cling onto my church

They have really helped me through

For my strong faith, ministry and congregation

God bless you!

As I see a white feather floating by from the air

The same little bird telling me my parents still care

So I raise my head to the sunshine As it lights up my face

And Jesus is all around me With his love and grace.

# Memories of Oz : Animals

## Pauline Swenson

I'll start with two familiar from the UK.

While we were treading water and attempting to find somewhere to live, we rented a house in Dalby, which backed onto a car park. One day a small cat with long back legs, and a stump for a tail turned up on the doorstep and wouldn't go away. She was obviously hungry, and we put out saucers of milk at a sensible distance, advertising her in local shops and the newspaper. Noone claimed her so eventually we took her in. Not wanting originally to give her a name we called her "Pusskins" – and it stuck

We soon realised that though she was probably not even a



year old, she was pregnant. Therefore, likely to have been dumped – especially as her long back legs and stumpy tail were not, as we had surmised, the result of an accident, but proclaimed her a pedigree

Manx. She became a faithful companion (Manx are close to dogs in their character and habits) and was there until I had to leave Bell and go down to Brisbane. Interestingly of the

four kittens she had (in my best shopping bag!!) the female was the only one with a stumpy tail. She was also a very brave little cat; when we found our 30 acres, she was faced with a situation she had never been in before, looking across a wilderness of paddocks.



A pig for the freezer.

"No sentimentality" said Alan -  
And promptly named him Falstaff!

The second familiar animal was our pig. The picture and annotation tell the story.....and yes, he did end up in the freezer!

I think our "little wooden shack" must have been set down in the middle of a widespread colony of ants (little black ones like UK) It was impossible to sit on the ground under the bottle tree without a blanket; and even then, the ants had to be discouraged from trekking across it. I found the best deterrent was talcum powder, lots of it; and along with washing up liquid, the same went for the kitchen, especially as they loved the cats' dry food.

They were great indicators of rain on the way when there was no sign of it as far as we were aware. They would climb and I would see them forging up the 3000L water tank and across the 'bridge' into the house roof. They would return the same way once the deluge was over (when it really rained it "sure did rain"!

I specified the little black ants because there were two more types – sugar ants (not much call for them at Rivendell) and the largest red meat ants (name self-explanatory) – a centimetre long making huge ant hills out in the paddocks. Eventually they disappeared, probably due to the exertions of the echidna (“spiny anteater”) with its extraordinary long sticky tongue, which we could only ‘see’ by its tracks ..and then a little squashed corpse turned up on the road...



Now: in good BBC style I issue a warning: anachraphobes beware!

You'll probably have heard of the lethal funnel web spider. Thankfully they were usually down south in NSW etc but the red-backed spider was in profusion, and a bite meant an immediate dash to the hospital in Dalby for an anti-venom jab. When a local farmer (Bill next door) came to look at the Ute with a view to removing it, and he lifted the bonnet, it was festooned with webs, red-backs and spiderlings (I had not used it since Alan died). Can't remember how he got rid of them. He still took the vehicle. Black widow spiders didn't often come inside the house but

the south-east facing wall, in the warmth of the sun became covered. I would occasionally take a broom and sweep them off to the grass about five metres away. It took them a week to get back.

One day, I asked Col what I should do about a thick 'curtain' which looped across from the guttering to the pole of the shade roof over the walkway to the back door. It reminded me of Bilbo Baggins and the dwarves encounter in the wood in "The Hobbit". I don't know what sort of spider was in there and I wasn't going to pry to find out. "We-e-ll" drawled Col "do you have trouble with mozzies?" "Not really" I replied. "There you are then, leave it be."

Mosquitoes...HUGE! At least three times as large as here. In the heat I needed to have my casement window wide open at night. My protection? A beautiful huntsman spider on the ceiling over my bed. Yes, he was beautiful. Creamy-browny furry body and legs which, spread out, would have stretched across the palm of my hand! I never saw him move; I assume he didn't need to forage for food.

Another protective creature was the gecko which had a similar colour changing ability as the chameleon. For instance, the one out in the car port was a greeny-brown, while that in the sitting room was almost transparent

mock fur collar had been used as a nest; and they had a fine time in and around the bed. Then once when I was driving back to Bell from Dalby around dusk, I had no alternative but to drive straight through/over a continuous 'sheet' of scurrying bodies.

Finally, after Alan had died, the influx seemed to be over, especially as Pusskins was an excellent mouser with long hunter's claws, so I could relax. Oh yeah? One April weekend – must have been around Easter I was down in Brisbane only a couple of days. You've guessed – I came back to find evidence of mice around. During the daytime they were out and about, so I determined to deal with them overnight. I had three mouse traps which I baited with large, dried seeds, and I sat up in the reclining chair in the (central) sitting room. Throughout the night I would hear 'snap' 'snap' and would take them out to empty over the dam fence and set up again. Traps really are the most humane way to deal with them – in UK too – because death is instant. 'Nuff said.

Another creature that took refuge from dry weather was the green frog. Even in ordinary times in the country they would take up residence in the loo, disappearing down the pipe when necessary.! I had a family of three which





I tolerated as long as I could and then would scoop them out into a large jar with perforated lid and on my way out to school, I'd deposit them at the end of my roughly 100m driveway. It took them about a week to get back – and yes, I was sure they were my family of three.

However, church friends at Durong had only a nearly dry dam and bore water to rely on. When I visited them one day in the drought and had to use the loo (out in a corner of the verandah) I found the flush handle difficult to deflect. "Lift the lid" they air. I was confronted by a packed 'carpet' of little green faces with large eyes looking up at me!

It seemed to me that smaller creatures took refuge where they could from snakes. There were two whose bite would be fatal to human beings. The taipan I never saw tho' there was one in Bell. The other was the brown. We had not long been in our little home when one morning there was no sign of Alan. As I went to the back door, I became aware of Alan standing like a statue, staring down. In a whisper he told me to fetch the gun and cartridges. He was facing, eye to eye, with a 6m long brown snake with massive girth. Yes, he shot it – had to= too dangerous to human life and too near to the house to do anything else. As he came in and wiped the sweat from his brow, everything came to life

outside and the larger birds jumped up and down claws extended on the twitching body. Sad but necessary.

The black snake was smaller and slimmer. I would sometimes see them come under the house towards the dam. All you do is let them go. Once, as I went to move the sliding gauze screen over the back door, I disturbed one snuggled into the rim. He slid away... Another time, I saw Pusskins with her ultra sharp claws tossing a tiny one up and down – it didn't have a chance. (One learns to develop an unsentimental attitude, even a hard heart, in Aussie country where it's a question of survival)

I must mention the “flying foxes” or fruit bats. I never saw them at Rivendell though for a time there



was one tiny pipistrelle bat that would fly around outside the front verandah as I sat on the step in the evening. Then he disappeared and later I found a tiny skeleton. I felt so sad.

The fruit bats were huge and had a preference for olive trees which grew to great height and girth. They would roost in them during the day. My main memory comes from Synod time in Brisbane, held at the Anglican Boys' School. In a break (or during a boring debate) I would

wander round the back of the hall and see them hanging motionless.

Finally, the animals that everyone knows – the koala and the Aussie icon, the Kangaroo.

My heart always aches with news of forest fires in Oz, particularly in eucalyptus country. Fire will rip through the trees and the highly inflammable eucalyptus is the habitat and food of the Koala. They move so slowly...Occasionally in Brisbane I



caught sight of one asleep in the boughs, but my magnificent Eucalyptus along my driveway was only one and no use for the animal.

Where I did see them more frequently was when I was driving, usually dusk or dawn, sitting on the side of the road – so dangerous and often with fatal consequences. One morning. Around 5 am I was travelling the northern route to the Cathedral in Brisbane, and a few minutes up the Bunya Highway there was a Koala, obviously starting on his slow journey across the road. He saw me coming and stopped a couple of metres past the verge. I slowed down to 1<sup>st</sup> gear, and he almost looked me in the eye as I

detoured past. In my rear mirror I saw him watching me go and I urged him “go on little fellow” – a truck could be coming past any moment. I didn’t pass any so hopefully..... Incidentally only semi-tame ones are ‘cuddly’. Shambling up the trunks gives them very sharp claws and woe betide anyone who takes any liberties!

Of course, the Ozzie icon is the kangaroo. This name also covers the wallaby, smaller and more likely to be seen around country properties and on the road. I had several who came to my water trough, dawn or dusk. I could watch them from my bedroom window.

In my first months in Bell, driving in the dark through the State Forest Alan would tell me to look out for eyes about a metre above the road surface. That scared me to begin with because I didn’t really appreciate what I was looking for!

After Alan died, I think my guardian angel must have worked overtime. One evening there was something on in Jandowae- probably indoor bowls – and we did not finish until midnight. One of the ladies who I did not know well thought I might like company on the way home. Unfortunately she was a chain smoker but she said I would probably prefer her not to smoke in the car! Very thoughtful. But she must have come to regret it. This was

within a year, maybe, of Alan's death, and grief does funny things to people. So off we went. And she must have been terrified although she didn't say a word. – probably hanging onto her seat as she couldn't puff. Because ...I went at my usual speed of 100k/hour – through the State Forest! I think everyone else took the middle route to Bell. It was sometime later that I realised the enormity of what I had put her through! But we seldom met and never mentioned it.

In fact it was a long time before I appreciated the absolute necessity of being 'animal aware' and that the safest thing (apart from speed) was to drive on dipped headlights so animals were not dazzled (and they were quite sufficient to light the way).

Sometimes, you couldn't do anything about it. On my journey to Warra that Easter Day morning (Bulletin summer 2024) I was going quite slowly in the dirt road where I knew there were wallabies. Nevertheless, one suddenly bounded out from the left. I heard a bang, and it disappeared back into the undergrowth. I got out into the pouring rain (normally so welcome) and examined the front of the car. Thankfully I had a substantial bull-bar; the headlights were intact, and I could see no signs of any damage. At first, worried for the 'roo, I realised it would

have been the muscly tail which caught the car. It was only sometime later that someone said to me “What has happened to your bull-bar?” It was bent..and it was solid. (I wasn’t in the habit of inspecting the car regularly, and after all, I had checked at the time.....and in the pouring rain)

I did have two memorable closer encounters. One incident I have dubbed a ‘kangaroo conversation’. It was around midnight, just before Christmas, that I was driving back from J/wae to Bell, of course via the State Forest, my favourite route (the others could be boring) There was a steep descent to a (dry) creek bed and up again, which I always tackled in 2<sup>nd</sup> gear. Round the corner (known as Kangaroo hotspot) there was a good two dozen of them spread across the road. I crept along, very slowly, dipped headlights, in first gear. They parted and let me through. As I eased away in the rear mirror, I saw them looking after me. Then they closed across the road again and re-



sumed their (vocally silent) “discussion”. ‘Convocation’ is my word and it’s known that it happens occasionally, usually around Christmas Most unusual to see. Lucky me. The picture (daytime) gives a tiny hint – multiplied by 3.



However, I had a truly awe-inspiring experience, on my own property, with the grey kangaroo – the largest of the inland breed. (The usually massive red id way out west)

I find it hard to remember when we had enough rain to fill the tank and put say –half a metre’s depth of water in the dam. (Reminder: my dam was first off the dirt road at the back, about 10-12 metres from the back door, behind a grass bank.) One day I was in the kitchen and became aware of movement at the dam (Out of sight behind the bank). I realised there was a young ‘roo and it’s mother. ( I could see their tails) who had come across from the left. I crept out onto the step to watch. And then, my peripheral vision caught movement to the left – and the massive male appeared, muscly and square jawed.



He leapt up onto the bank and turned to look down at me standing high up on the bank, on his back legs and balanced on his tail, he appeared six metres tall. So he looked at me and I looked at him, as motionless as I could manage, a mixture of awe and excitement. I don’t know for how long we held our poses – it was breathtaking. Then he decided I was no threat, turned down into the dam, from which in the meantime the family had gone, and then bounded away.

A fitting way to end my screed.



Cartoon of platypuses (platipi?) enjoying the water.

- I never caught sight of one – only the ripples.

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Many thanks to Pauline for sharing her memories and allowing us a fascinating glimpse of her life in Australia.

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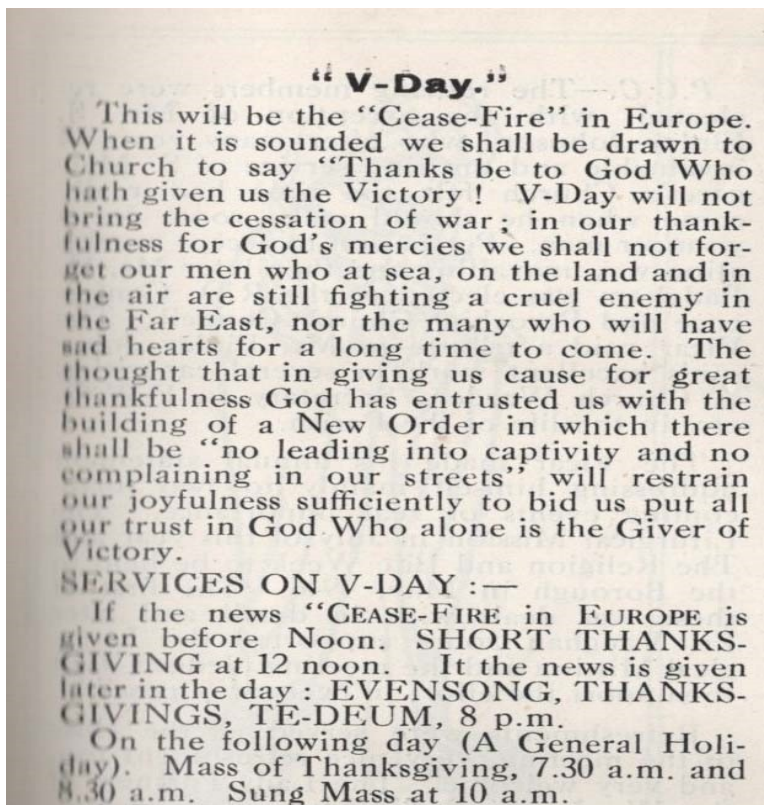


## Memories of V.E.Day

Thelma Levell (Mrs)

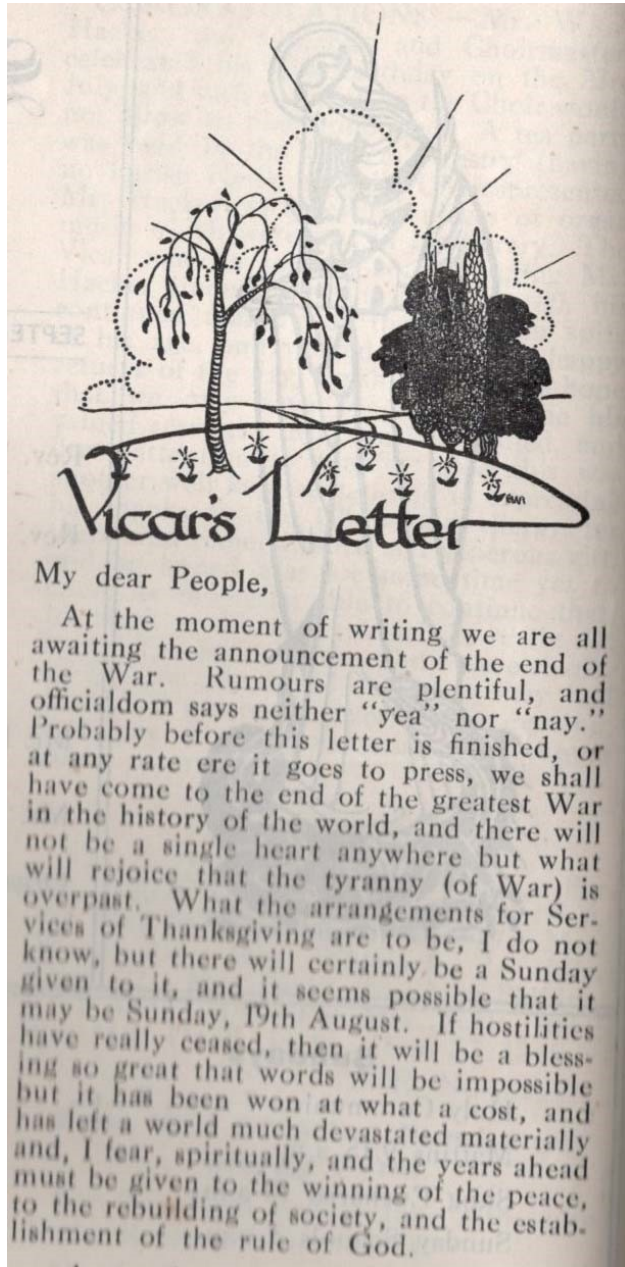


My mother and neighbours danced in the streets. When I asked mum why she danced in the street, she told me "We've something to dance about so we now won't be liable to be bombed at risk of death"



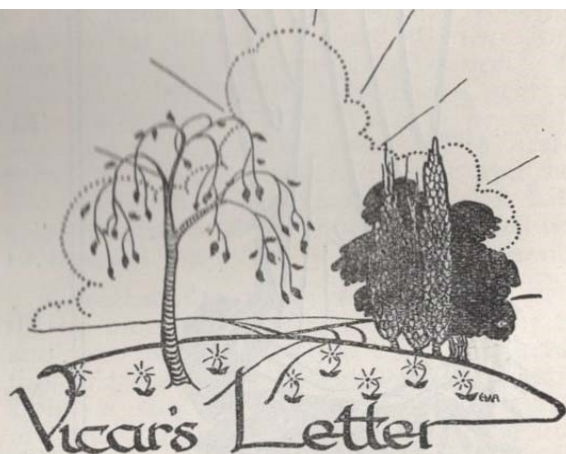
From St Margaret’s Church Magazine

## 80 years ago



My dear People,

At the moment of writing we are all awaiting the announcement of the end of the War. Rumours are plentiful, and officialdom says neither "yea" nor "nay." Probably before this letter is finished, or at any rate ere it goes to press, we shall have come to the end of the greatest War in the history of the world, and there will not be a single heart anywhere but what will rejoice that the tyranny (of War) is overpast. What the arrangements for Services of Thanksgiving are to be, I do not know, but there will certainly be a Sunday given to it, and it seems possible that it may be Sunday, 19th August. If hostilities have really ceased, then it will be a blessing so great that words will be impossible but it has been won at what a cost, and has left a world much devastated materially and, I fear, spiritually, and the years ahead must be given to the winning of the peace, to the rebuilding of society, and the establishment of the rule of God.



My dear Friends,

At last it came! V.E.-Day!! Our hearts were filled with thankfulness and we came to the Father's House and lifted up our hearts in praise and thanksgiving. There was no doubt about our overflowing joy. But, what sorrow, suffering, misery, and destruction war brings in its train. Europe must be re-built morally, socially, and upon a Christian foundation. A tremendous task. A work which will call for real sacrifice, much patience and long endurance. We are too near to the "Cease Fire" to be able to see the situation in its true proportions. It's magnitude is only just beginning to be unfolded. However, there is *one* clear call. It is the call to build the Kingdom of God. The Kingdoms of this World without the rule of God will move certainly and inexorably to another world war of which the terrors and awfulness are beyond our imagining. The Mission in July which Fr. Gibbard will conduct is our first concentrated effort to begin the laying of the foundation stones of the new Christian order. Elsewhere in the Parish Paper is a letter from Fr. Gibbard and I commend it to your earnest study.



## **Wartime Thoughts**

### **Enfys Williams**

I was 5 at the outbreak of war and lived in Aberystwyth on the west coast of Wales.

I remember:-

1. The church railings taken away and it seems that the idea was to 'make' tanks but the metal was wrong.
2. The church aisle carpet was taken up because of the troops' heavy boots. There was a parade service every Sunday
3. Having evacuees to stay. Kathleen was from Liverpool and cried for two weeks, so was sent home. June and Elsie were sisters from Poplar, London who stayed a long time (months/years?) Elsie grew so much her glass eye slipped (scary) and my mother took her to the hospital for a new eye.
4. Not being allowed to speak when the News was on the radio.
5. Going to say good-bye to the butcher, George Northwood who had the fame of being one of the first prisoners of war.
6. Having lessons in various chapel rooms as we had another school sharing our school premises.
7. The siren being tested on top of the Police Station at

6pm every Friday.

8. I was to be very kind to a man who was staying for a short while. He sat in the garden in the deck chair, and I was not to “bother” him. Later I learnt that he had just returned from Dunkirk.
9. The curate (The Rev J Stretch) ‘joined up’ and in 1945 I distinctly remember going to the local cinema to see **Mr Stretch** on Pathe News as he was one of the first group to enter Belsen.

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**T. J. Stretch** was born in Goodwick, Pembrokeshire in Wales on 17 January 1915; his father was Thomas George Stretch, a dock porter. He attended Fishguard County Secondary School (now Ysgol Bro Gwaun) before commencing studies at St. David's College, Lampeter in October 1934. He worked as priest at Holy Trinity Church, Aberystwyth and as army chaplain with 10 Garrison Detachment (Military Government) As the first army chaplain to enter Bergen-Belsen, he distributed food and clothing to the survivors and helped bury 20,000 dead. He appears in a film made by British troops on liberating the camp in April 1945 in which he recounts his impressions of the camp. Following the war, Stretch returned to parochial ministry. He served first at Chatburn, before moving on to Preston and then Poulton le Fylde, Lancashire; he died at Lytham, Lancashire.



## 1939 – 1945

### Julia Philips

The second World War started at the beginning of September 1939 so I was told, as I was only nearly one year old. My father was called up to join the Army and went off to train. The bombing started in the East end of London which was not far from where we lived, so my mother decided we should evacuate and join some of the family in Devon.

We went to live on a farm near Honiton in Devon well away from all the bombing. I don't remember much about our time there but I have a photo of us saying goodbye to Daddy before he went away as he had been posted to West Africa. (Since moving to Leigh-on-Sea my father told me he was billeted in Chalkwell Avenue and then left on a boat from Southend Pier to West Africa) We stayed there for about one year and then returned to our home in Woodford.



At home we had an Anderson shelter. It was a cast iron table with sleeping accommodation underneath where I slept with my mother. One night a bomb dropped on the house opposite, all our windows were blown in with much glass on the floor so I was taken to a neighbour's garage for safety while my mother cleaned up the house. My Uncle (my father's brother) who was stationed in Germany used to come and see Mum and I every time he had some leave. He loved children and I became a favourite and I loved him very much.

When I was almost five years old, the war was still on and I had to go to school about fifteen to twenty minutes' walk away. My mother took advantage of not having me for a while to get herself a job at a nearby factory, consequently I had to go to school no excuses. I can remember many times when I and a few others were kept in the school shelter due to possible air raids.

Food was rationed and you needed your own and or the family's ration books to get any food items that you wanted or were asked to get. I think sweets were one of the last items to be derationed. Life started getting better and we children were allowed to play in the street after school. One afternoon I was out playing with my friends and a man walked by and said "Hello Julia" I didn't know him so did

not speak, when I went in for tea I told my mother that a strange man spoke to me; - He was not a strange man my mother said he was my father, I had not seen him for over six years. Both my father and I found it very hard to get on especially as he took my mother away – he told me I was spoilt. I think my mother did a good job bringing me up



While Daddy was away.  
May 1942.  
"Sick little Jimmy"

If you have ever fallen flat on your face after tripping over a protruding pavement or dodgy kerb you will know the impact it can have on your body and your self confidence.



Our MU Balance Classes – open to everyone of retirement age - are not strenuous, but aimed at keeping us fit, with tips for avoiding falls and how to manage uneven pavements!

We have learnt our body is quite amazing. The vital journeys our blood makes, that our heart, lungs and brain can all be helped to operate better with a few simple exercises.

We are so lucky because all this is free! The exercise class is one of many subjects covered by the Everyone group, paid for by our City Council. We are in the Lower Hall on Thursday afternoon at 13.45.

The session ends about 15.30 when there is time for tea and chats and that in itself is good for our souls too!

**Lucia Curthoys**



# St Margaret of Antioch, our Greek connection

Alison Whitby



How many of us have had a close look at our Church from the back? We could be in Byzantine Greece. The red tiled roof over the Apse is designed exactly as the Byzantine Church shown below in Monastiraki, Athens and many others in Greece.







We have a Meandros painted in gold around our Apse. A Meandros (Greek) Meander (English) has many meanings including infinity, eternal flow of life.



We are blessed to have incense brought directly from Greece by two faithful congregants who spend long periods on an unspoilt island in Greece. If you are familiar with Greek Churches and close your eyes you will be transported instantly.

Antioch was of course part of Greece and this was not forgotten in its design.

St Margaret's has the reverence of a Greek Orthodox Service and the warmth of the best of Greek characteristics in its people. How blessed we are.

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

### **Parish Priest:**

The Rev'd Fr. David Wylie RN    07768 687 605  
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### **Churchwardens:**

Mr Peter Maddox    07905 338 794  
Mr John Lamb    07729 165 478  
churchwarden@saintmargaretsleigh.org

### **Hall enquires:**

Mrs Julia Fenton    07980 909 244  
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### **Organist & Director of Music & Church bookings:**

Mr David Stowe    07876 496 757  
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### **Mothers' Union**

Mrs Lucia Curthoys    07401 175 742  
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### **Webmaster:**

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