

COMMENT

THE MAGAZINE OF THE CHURCHES IN TRING



Tring Team Parish

www.tringteamparish.org.uk

Aldbury, Long Marston, Puttenham, Tring and Wilstone Churches.

Please visit our website for everything.

Services - Resources - Pastoral Care Support - And Much More!

It's ok to contact any of the clergy

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Open Churches for Services

We have services in our five churches throughout the month, **subject to current government restrictions**. You need to book through our website, to allow space and for NHS Test and Trace.

www.tringteamparish.org.uk/news-events.

Aldbury, Sundays at 10am, and 1st Sunday at 8am
Tring Sundays 8am* & 10am*, once a month zoom Worship for All 3pm,
Tuesdays 9.15am, Thursdays 10am
Long Marston Sundays at 10am or 6pm.
Wilstone Tuesday at 10am,
Puttenham 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month 3.30pm.

* denotes live-stream service on our website or YouTube

Open Churches for individual Prayer

Tring Church open daily, 10am - 12noon

Wilstone daily 9am - 4pm

Long Marston Church open Sundays (daylight hours).

Aldbury Church open daily, 11am - 3pm

Join in with our worship on the web. Some streamed, some recorded.

Services featuring our clergy and others coming into your home! Different styles, something for all ages and activities for families. Access to daily prayer and services from the Church of England.

Pastoral Care and Support

We are here for you, please contact any of our clergy. - Keep in contact with church friends - Prayer support and resources - Protecting your mental health, lots of ideas about staying focussed and in balance.



The Foodbank in Tring Church is open on weekdays, 10am - 12noon, to collect food and to drop-off food donations.
www.dens.org.uk



Editorial



I know I have failed as an Editor when my picture appears more than twice in these pages. It speaks of desperation. I have space to fill and all those lovely readers whose articles I hoped for and expected did not materialise this time.

We need around forty articles for each edition of Comment and we love new faces, new voices, new themes – as well as those more familiar. I know from those who are kind enough to write in that you like that too – and it gives me great pleasure (and makes it all feel worthwhile!) when readers respond to something another reader has written.

It feels like real communication, a dialogue; and during these long months when face-to-face contact has been more limited, it's been a joy to keep in touch with each other whether you live in the next street, the next village – or on the other side or end of the country or world!

Whether you have a book (or favourite hymns or churches) to recommend, an event to report on, a viewpoint or good news to share – we all want to hear it!



The deadline is always the first of each month.
The Editor

The mystery of the resurrection



'And when he had said this, he showed them his hands and his feet. While in their joy they were disbelieving and still wondering...' (Luke 24:40-41)
One of the many things I have missed during lockdown is being able to visit art galleries. In particular, my absolute favourite is the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Given my usual time restraints, I tend to head straight for my top five, and approach them with a beaming smile, as though greeting a long lost friend. Included in my list is one which attempts to encapsulate the story, 'The Supper at Emmaus', by Italian painter Caravaggio. I'm sure many of you are aware of it.

The painting depicts the moment when the resurrected (but incognito) Christ reveals himself to two disciples in the town of Emmaus. Their conversation with Jesus on the Emmaus Road has brought some comfort but may have raised yet more questions. Their roller coaster of emotions include shock and grief at Jesus' death and confusion and disbelief at the disappearance of his body. However, as Jesus eats with them, these feelings give way to an expression of pure joy and, when Jesus

explains the Scriptures to them, it leads them to understand the truth about who he is. The two then rush back the seven miles to Jerusalem to share their news with the rest of the group.

Seven miles, that's Tring to Aylesbury. How long would it take to get there on foot? According to google maps it's just under two hours, less if you were running, but longer in sandals and the blazing heat! And how do we think the other disciples would have reacted when they heard this astonishing news? Can it be true what they were saying?

They'd already heard the witness from Mary Magdalene, but now, here are two more people, hurriedly trying to explain, to attempt to put into human words, an experience that was clearly not from this world. Then suddenly Jesus is among them. 'Peace be with you', he says.

All four Gospels tell of Jesus's resurrection and appearances and yet not one of them tries to make sense of what physical form Jesus was taking at this moment. None of them attempts to explain the resurrection away: none of them tries to tell us what happened in the tomb that night; none of them tries to dispel the mystery.

So much can be said about these events, but to my mind, the most amazing thing of all, the true gem of the account, can be found in an almost

throw-away phrase: 'in their joy they were disbelieving and still wondering' (Luke 24:40). Surely that's exactly right and completely reasonable! The disbelief – 'This cannot be happening! This can't be him...' But coupled with the joy – 'Look, this is him. He's back! After everything that happened on Thursday night. And on Friday. Amazing! I can't believe it! This is incredible!'

It is worth highlighting that, 'disbelief', is not the same thing as 'unbelief'. But it is not 'belief' either. Not yet, anyway. How reassuring is it that even though Jesus' friends, the first Christians, witnessed the risen Christ first hand, they still had their doubts, yet praised his name at the same time; that whenever we doubt or just can't quite get our heads around what happened nearly 2000 years ago, it's OK, we are in good company! We do not need to explain away the divine mystery, it was not of this world, it's OK not to just accept it, as if 'that's it'.

Don't simply just believe what you have been taught to believe. Instead, approach and feel with 'joyous disbelief'. Always! Keep that tension between the staggering incredibility of Jesus's risen presence, with that of an overwhelming happiness to see him again!

Christ is risen, he is risen indeed, Alleluia!
Sarah Marshall, Tring Team

Known by name – and loved



In 1987 the American conceptual artist Barbara Kruger coined a phrase and a poster 'I shop therefore I am'. Others have then turned this into 'Tesco ergo sum'

so 'Tesco's therefore I am'. Whether you think that Tesco's is a lifestyle choice or essential, we've got this new phrase – essential retail. Essential retail has been able to be open in lockdown, but I was forced to confront on one occasion quite how essential some of our Tesco shopping is. I had a particular yearning for pâte and red onion marmalade, and I met in Tesco's Ian Matthews, our churchwarden, who had been sent down to get the ingredients to make tarte raclette. Possibly this is slightly more lifestyle choice than absolutely essential keeping body and mind together.

We have been delighted, of course, that Tring Brewery has the whole time been designated as an essential business and those there are key workers keeping us going.

As we come out of lockdown, the strategy is to 'buy ourselves' into recovery. The view is that we have got millions of pounds which we haven't spent and if we all go out shopping as much as possible, we will kickstart a recovery. Shopping can be about our identity. We make these various lifestyle choices and purchases, and this becomes the people we are.

So who are we? What is our identity?



What does it mean to be known by Christ? John 10:3 and 14: 'He calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. After he has gathered his own flock, he walks ahead of them, and they follow him because they know his voice' and 'I am the good shepherd; I know my own sheep, and they know me.' Sometimes we don't quite understand what the 'being known' individually is. We're sometimes a bit more fixated on the image of the lost sheep rather than the good shepherd who knows everyone.

We're coming up to the time when schools are beginning to think about transition, when back in the day all Year 6s would go up to Tring School to have a day there. The thing which you would quickly find out is that the teachers would spot who the troublemakers were. On your one day visiting the school you could mark yourself out for the rest of your school career because they saw you on that day and they remembered you. If you were being a pain on that day, you could be marked out and labelled.

How many times have you met someone who says 'Oh yes, I remember you'. And you are thinking: 'What on earth did I do to make people remember me?' And our normal assumption is that it is something bad, isn't it? 'How did I embarrass myself so that you will remember me for the rest of your life?'

When I go and visit my sheep in the morning, I suspect I am a bit that way inclined because I do look out for the lost, the lonely and the lazy among them. The first thing I do is check that the weak and vulnerable are OK – and that's a good thing, isn't it? We are meant

to be most concerned about those on the edges of society, and whether it is checking a flock of sheep or whether it is looking at humanity as a whole, the first thing we ought to be doing is checking that the weak and the vulnerable are OK.

That is the lost sheep though. I don't know who every sheep in the flock is. Perhaps one of the other Crooks such as Martha or Chris knows the ones I don't, but it's fine. There will be some sheep that bumble along: it's got a good mum and will be absolutely OK. I may not know its name or even its mother's name – it's OK. But Jesus, the Good Shepherd, said: 'He calls his own sheep by name' and 'I know my own sheep'.

Some of the Tring Team used the Church of England Lent course this year. A lot of it was about evangelism and giving examples of people who were great at evangelising. It had an unfortunate effect for some of us at times, of making us feel inadequate because the people who were doing it were fantastic. We wondered if we were not managing an awful lot here in our lives.

There's a famous Baptist missionary, William Carey, who spent a lot of his time in India, and when he was asked to describe his ministry, he said 'I plod'. And I quite like that.

What's your Christian journey like? Are you the lost sheep or are you an amazing evangelist who does fantastic things and everyone knows who you are because you stand out so much? Or do you plod? I'm guessing most of us are plodders, aren't we?

Most people in life in general are, whether it's within the church or not. We're not the completely lost, we're not the fantastic, but we're there, doing our best to work and follow our lives. And sometimes we feel as if people don't necessarily notice who we are.

The Good Shepherd knows us each by name and calls us to follow him. The plodders are still known fully by name. We don't have to be the lost. We don't have to be those who excel. We don't have to shop and try to create an identity for ourselves to fit in, to be made to be something else, for we are already known as we are, unique and loved by God. And that simple, central message of the gospel is so utterly fundamental. We need to do nothing. We are known and loved by name.

Huw Bellis
Tring Team

We did it!



The first time the challenge to walk half a marathon between the five churches in the Tring Team was offered, I had never been a walker and didn't own a pair of walking boots (I was lent a pair for the purpose, in fact). But I wanted to join in and thought a few of my friends and family might sponsor me.

That first time I walked only with Janet Goodyer, an experienced walker with a map! The habit was begun and later established of talking all the way, getting to know each other more than just being people who attended the same church. Since then, Janet has been my most consistent walking companion, the one who still has the map and knows where she is going.



Over the last seven years we have changed direction, going clockwise rather than anticlockwise (so the hills are tackled at the beginning rather than the end), walked in larger and smaller groups, in rain and warm sunshine, and changed from walking in September to walking in May, both bringing advantages of watching the unfolding seasons. Carrie Dodge, Jo and Simon Weatherall, Andrew and Kate Openshaw, Didier Jaquet, Matt Dennis and his dad were among later companions – all of whom have now moved away; some have been people with six and seven decades behind them and others teenagers from Youth Café; some have been regular walkers and others first timers as I used to be. There have been runners too – including Huw Bellis – but most consistently Richard Abel, who once went the wrong way and added several miles to his half marathon!

One year when the blisters, aches and pains were particularly bad, I vowed I would never do it again: but that's hard when serious money is being raised for a cause you believe in and all you have



to do is walk... The blisters heal and the aches and pains do go away...

Along the way we picked up some matched funders so that anything either Richard Abel or I raised would be doubled. This year the twins' sponsorship was being matched. And, of course, gift aid, where appropriate, adds 25% to the total.

In 2020 it looked as if we would be defeated, with a pandemic causing government restrictions to prevent us walking together in lockdown. So Janet and I independently decided we would walk shorter distances without the larger groups if people would sponsor us. Janet visited the Tring and surrounding area and set herself challenges of collecting some dozens of churches and walked eighteen miles. I walked from my home over the county border in Buckinghamshire with my husband and one of my sons and discovered beautiful countryside and churches never before visited and also did more than the half marathon as usual. Between us we raised over £10,000 for Christian Aid last year and thus the total amount raised since 2013 now runs into tens of thousands of pounds.



In May 2021 we were just coming out of the worst of the restrictions but we still couldn't walk in groups larger than six people or two households by 16 May. But we had another difficulty too. Since last November Jon and I have been caring for twin baby girls – if we were walking, the babies had to come too! So we decided to walk with the double buggy and the



twins and do a whole marathon. Now, before you think this would be a doddle, imagine a wayward supermarket trolley with wheels that go the wrong way and then fill it with over 2 stones in weight. Then remember that babies need to stop to be fed and changed or just taken out and cuddled. Without an all-terrain buggy, fields were a no-no and stiles a complete impossibility. So we chose more scenic locations for the walks – we



really do have access to some stunning countryside round about us in the Chilterns. We walked in sunshine, strong winds and got caught in some light rain. (What happened to that lovely weather last year?) We walked around some local fields and along the tow path to Marsworth and Ivinghoe. We went to Whipsnade Zoo on two occasions, College Lake and Ascott House (National Trust) on another (who put all those steps there?). My back and leg muscles have been challenged, particularly by all those hills you had never before noticed were there...

We finished by walking with Janet Goodyer and Margaret Kelland on part of their longer distance after church on 16 May and completed 33 miles (the longest distance in one journey was nearly eight miles). The twins benefited from lots of fresh air and the current combined church total stands at £13,400 for Christian Aid! If you have so far missed the opportunity to donate, it's not too late! Contact me directly on 07968 312161 or using the Just Giving link below.

Annette Reynolds
St Peter & St Paul
<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/thetwinstpeterandstpaul>

Book Group celebrates Les Mis



Our April Book Group session was unusual, even by our standards, feeling more like a revival gathering of fans than a sober discussion of a worthy tome.

We were celebrating the enthusiasm several of our members felt for 'Les Miserables', the French novel by Victor Hugo which has become famous as a London musical as well as in film and TV adaptations. In the words of one advocate, 'I love this book because it's about love, justice, redemption and compassion – it stirs my soul!'. And perhaps the oddest thing was that hardly anybody among the ten of us on the Zoom call had actually managed to read the whole book (1200 to 2000 pages, depending on the translation). Several had seen the musical version on multiple occasions – and wanted to see it again when they could.

The story of 'Les Miserables' is simple, and reflects experiences of its author in France during the first half of the 19th century. Jean Valjean is born into poverty, gets arrested for stealing bread to feed his starving family; he ends up spending

twenty years in grim prison conditions and emerges as a cynical bully. His life is changed by an encounter with a rural bishop, who treats him (and everybody) with generosity and kindness; the bishop exonerates Valjean when he is caught making off with precious candlesticks. Valjean spends the rest of his life atoning for his error, and dedicated to

seek her fortune but is abused by a spoilt rich young man who casts her aside.

It's a long story, well represented in the recent BBC adaptation available on iPlayer. Along the way Hugo shares with the reader – often in great detail – his view of the French revolutions of the era, Napoleon, the monarchy, the grave injustices of class and sex.



I think I was the only person to get to the end of the book recently, but I achieved this at times by just reading the first few words of each paragraph. At its best, 'Les Mis' is spellbinding; however, it can seem to plough through detail irrelevant to the plot (e.g. a long explanation of the ebb and flow of the Battle of Waterloo). The value of the book group to me is that it persuades me to read books that I wouldn't otherwise consider, it opens me to perspectives on faith and life that I would not otherwise have considered. It's an enjoyable opportunity to learn.

By the time this edition of *Comment* hits your doorstep we'll be looking forward to our session on Sunday 27 June.

We hope that we'll be able to gather in person for the first time since February 2020. We'll welcome old friends and new for an hour or so of informal discussion. Please get in touch for more details.

John Whiteman, Tring Team

honesty and compassion, even towards those who consistently wrong him. He becomes rich but is always only one step away from re-imprisonment. He adopts Cosette, the illegitimate daughter of a pretty young girl who goes to Paris to

New grandparents!

After a year of Covid-19 with all its difficulties and concerns, it has been so wonderful to welcome our gorgeous new grandchild Sophie, born 23 April 2021 and weighing 8lbs 8ozs. She is a real joy to our family.

Sophie is the daughter of Jenny and her husband Dean, who were married at All Saints Church, Long Marston in 2018. They have since moved first to Guildford then to Eastbourne, so we have a little way to travel to see them. However, that is not stopping us as we are now allowed to travel and visit family. All pregnant women during the pandemic have not been able to access the usual groups and opportunities to make friends with other antenatal

mothers that are available in normal times. Hopefully the worst is behind us and mother and baby activities will be able to restart. With the summer ahead, and the possibility of warmer, maybe drier weather, it is a lovely time to have a new baby.

**Judy Brown
St Peter & St Paul**

Congratulations to Jenny and Dean – and to Neil and Judy! It is a rather scary prospect for me, however, as I remember holding Jenny and her big brother Andrew when they were babies and we all worshipped together in All Saints, Long Marston. Can that really be nearly 32 years ago?! Ed.



On The Bible



Here's a short poem addressed to a reader of the Bible. It's not about the Bible – it's about the right attitude to reading it. Understanding and intelligence are not all that is needed. It is a sacred book containing complicated mysteries and reverence must accompany the reading of it.

Thomas Traherne: 1637-1674

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this poet is that he was virtually unknown until 1896 when hand-written copies of his works were found on a bookstall in London. At first the author was identified with Henry Vaughan, a contemporary Welsh poet of the

When thou dost take this sacred book into thy hand:

Think not that thou th'included sense dost understand.

It is a sign thou wantest sound intelligence

If that thou think thyself to understand the sense.

Be not deceived thou then on it in vain may'st gaze

The way is intricate that leads into a maze.

Here's naught but what's mysterious to an understanding eye;

Where reverence alone stands ope, And sense stands by.

Commonwealth period, who also was largely disregarded in his lifetime and for some time afterwards. Later scholars established Thomas Traherne as the true author.

Born in Hereford, the son of a shoemaker, Thomas studied at Oxford, was ordained and later served as a parish priest for seventeen years at Credenhill, near Hereford. He died in Teddington and is buried in St Mary's Church. He wrote religious prose and poetry and works by him continue to be discovered. None of his poetry and only a very small amount of his prose was published in his lifetime: he was forgotten thereafter for over 200 years.

The following inscription was found on the fly-sheet of a book by him found in Lambeth Palace Library: 'Why is this so long detained in a dark manuscript, that, if printed, would be a Light to the World and an Universal Blessing?'

**Kate Banister
St Julian's, St Albans**

Whose graveyard is it?



corner of the church grounds.

The first two, those within the boundary wall, were closed for burials in the 1920s. Closed church yards can be transferred to the local authority, however the Parochial Church Council has retained all of the land within the boundary wall and the responsibility of looking after this area. This was confirmed when they were registered, together with the church building, when the Diocese was ensuring that all their sites were on the Land Registry.

Unfortunately, the third graveyard, being outside the church grounds, was missed. It was located on land donated by William Kay, a local benefactor, in the 1850s when the existing churchyard was becoming full. Everybody believed

that this had also been closed and transferred to the local authority when the current cemetery in Aylesbury Road was opened around the end of the 19th century. Both the church and the local authority have been working on this assumption. However, a recent concern, regarding some vehicles driving across it, produced doubts as to its status.



I was contacted by the Town Mayor who had been informed that occasional motorists, who had driven along the west side of Church Yard to use the free parking places opposite the west door of the church and finding them all occupied, were driving across the graveyard to get to the Frogmore Street car park. It was suggested that some

posts should be put in to stop this happening as it was a potential danger to people in the car park, apart from the damage to the grass.

When the town clerk investigated the matter, he found that there was no record of the land being transferred to the local authority and therefore they did not have the right to install posts.

Tring's county councillor had investigated the matter previously and also found that there was no record of closure and transfer. After some discussions, the Town Council suggested that they install the posts anyway if the church agreed; I said that that would be fine. This was subsequently endorsed by the Diocesan Advisory Committee during a site visit.

I was advised by the Ministry of Justice that we should arrange to have the land registered and then transferred to Dacorum Borough Council. This is currently in hand with the Diocesan solicitors. Hopefully, the matter will be resolved by the end of the year. It has only taken 100 years to resolve.

Ted Oram, St Peter & St Paul

A community of faith



It's evening on the first Easter day. The disciples are scared. They've locked themselves in. It doesn't sound ever so resurrection-y.

We lock ourselves in when we're scared of what might happen if we don't. I check my doorlocks every night at least once before going to bed, just in case. We lock our car doors – sometimes when we're inside the car – for fear of someone from the outside getting in.

It's evening. The disciples are scared. And they've locked themselves in. St John is clear about this: they're indoors, they're scared, they're locked in. He's also clear that Jesus somehow turns up at this lock-in and says to them, 'Peace be with you'. Cue shocked faces, maybe a stumble to the floor, a panicky feeling in the stomach.

What's going on?
Jesus is gentle with them when he says, 'Peace be with you'. They'd betrayed and abandoned him. Now, the next time he sees them, he might have said something other than 'Peace be with you'. But Jesus isn't interested in guilt, only in truthfulness and life. It's life that Jesus gives that day. 'He breathed life on them and said, "receive the Holy Spirit"'. And he has stuff for them to do: 'As the Father has sent me, so I send you.' It's a massive task. He sends them out to build a community of faith.

The disciples know they lied about their capabilities. They embellished their CVs, they said that they'd never abandon Jesus, they'd follow him and stick with him through everything. Now, it's different. They need not be gung-ho about what they can do, but be inspired by the vision of the gentle Jesus who has called them. The vision is of community – grafted into the community of the Trinity. The interdependent love of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. This community, though made up of flawed humans, gives a chance to glimpse the community of the Trinity.

Piece of cake. Right?
St Luke's telling of the acts of the apostles gives us ideas about what a community of faith can look like. For centuries, churches have looked at that

community in Acts and wondered why they weren't like that. 'Why aren't we the perfect Christian community?' we ask. 'Are we too weak? Do we simply fail too much?'

We read about their spectacular giving and sharing, and we can get distracted by it.

In this Acts community, money is used to destroy what it usually creates – barriers between people.

We can be distracted by the spectacular giving and not see the spectacular joining, a joining together that means the community becomes a bridge between unequal wealth, unequal resources and unequal life.

Life in all its fullness is lived out here in Acts. But life in all its fullness is hard to find when you're full of fear. We hide behind locked doors when we are fearful. Parts of ourselves become locked away when we can't face them. Our imagination, our creativity, is locked away by fear. Our compassion and empathy are locked away by our resentment. Hope and courage might be locked away because of hurt or neglect. Our self-awareness, our openness to others may be locked away by our privileges and prejudices. Our generosity may be locked away by our pride and by our fears that God isn't really who he says he is, an ever-more-generous Christian community isn't possible, and that we need to remain self-sufficient.

Our disappointment, our guilt, regret, anger, sorrows and losses, wounds and hurts can all be allowed to lock the doors of our lives. We're only human. We need help. Sometimes that help comes through prayer and reflection. Sometimes help comes from the encouragement of a friend. Sometimes a deeper unravelling of what's going on is needed with the help of a therapist or counsellor. It can be an important step on the journey to being the whole person we are created to be.

It can be hard to say out loud that things are not OK. It's easier to pretend everything's fine. Being truly in community with people means sharing in the good, the bad and the ugly. Not telling absolutely everyone in detail about our struggles, of course, but ensuring that we have a few people with whom we can share our load when we need to – and being part of sharing

someone else's load with them.

Always saying you're fine when you're not denies your community the chance of knowing the true you. Always saying you're fine when you're not is isolating. But always saying you're fine when you're not can be a hard habit to break – because it can be scary to own up to life not being fine, as if somehow it might all be your fault and you might be judged on everything that's come your way and if you let someone in, if you upset the careful balance you've arranged, then everything might come crashing down around you. It often takes courage and vulnerability to tell it how it is, even with just one person we trust.

And, of course, as well as sharing our struggles with others, celebrating with each other is important too! Sharing our joys: the things we're excited about; the prayers that God has answered; the blessings God has given us.

In the Acts community we see a glimpse of the community of the Trinity. A community life that's rich, enlivened, its heart beating so that it can live whole-heartedly. The same spirit who breathed life into that Acts community, the same spirit who breathed life into the world, the same spirit who breathed life into the risen Christ – that same spirit breathes life into us and each of our churches.

We allow God into the locked places in our lives and he can breathe life there: life that is truthful, hopeful, creative and enlivened; life that embodies our declaration of 'Alleluia, Christ is risen. He is risen indeed. Alleluia!'

Michelle Grace
Tring Team

Coming out of lockdown



What a joy it has been to meet outside in a group of six. TRingers have met each week for coffee in Tring churchyard since the restrictions were eased at the end of March.

Although we had met on Zoom from time to time, being together in person has been lovely and we look forward to getting inside the church as a group and starting to play the bells. The only sadness has been that we are a group of eight, so we have to have a rota of whose

turn it is to be in the six! Last Monday we had two interlopers as we had the company of two robins!

Craft and a Cuppa have met on Zoom during lockdown but we are depleted as several members have not had the technology. Some of us visited Ascott Estate near Wing, as an opportunity to get together and enjoy the beautiful yet ever-changing gardens, as well as a face-to-face natter over tea and cake! It won't be long before we are back in church getting the knitting needles out!

Our Tuesday morning 9.15am service in St Peter & St Paul's congregation has been able to take advantage of being low enough in numbers to sit outside after the

service and enjoy a cup of coffee, usually with two tables in two smaller groups.

The conversation has included an update on lambing and Huw invited us to visit his sheep out at Aldbury. On the day we went, there were seventeen ewes, and a total of twenty-one lambs. We were able to watch the last one being born: if you blinked, you missed it! Born to Jasmine, we have christened the lamb Tuesday!

Two more ewes were waiting to give birth. There were three orphan lambs that are being bottle-fed so some of us were able to help with that. We were able to go to see the rams and congratulate the proud father!

Janet Goodyer, St Peter & St Paul



Corpus Christi



We are all familiar with the idea of pressure groups, of lobbying, of doing something to attract the attention of other people. One such example is the renaming of a date

in the calendar to highlight a particular person, event or idea – Hedgehog Day, for instance – to remind us to remember hedgehogs. The Church has often gone in for special Days of Prayer for this, that or the other. In the 13th century there was a Belgian nun, Juliana of Liege, known for her visions as well as her progress in the spiritual life. She wrote to the Pope suggesting that there should be a special day called Corpus Christi to remember the institution of the Eucharist. The idea caught on for a short while in her home diocese but it was not until after her death that Pope Urban IV agreed.

So the first Sunday after Eastertide was designated the Feast of Corpus Christi, a kind of second Maundy Thursday, and an occasion to give thanks for the Institution of the Eucharist by Our Lord. One great help was that St Thomas Aquinas, a contemporary Dominican theologian, wrote some splendid Eucharistic hymns which are still familiar to us today. To understand this feast there has to be recognition of how through the centuries Christians have varied in their understanding of the Eucharist and what Holy Communion means to different Christians.

It is a sad fact that while John's Gospel tells that at the Last Supper Jesus prayed that all who believe 'may be one' and Paul and Luke inform us that Jesus told them over bread and wine to 'Do this

in remembrance of me' yet we Christians show our divisions by how we obey that command, by what we think that this means, who should do it, and how and when, what sort of bread and wine, what language should be used and so on.

The feast of Corpus Christi has remained a great feast in the Roman Catholic Church since it was instituted but things changed in this country at the Reformation. It was only in the 1920s that provision was made for Anglicans to keep The Day of Thanksgiving for the Institution of Holy Communion on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It had been dropped in the various versions of the Book of Common Prayer in the 16th and 17th centuries. As far as I know it is not a feature in the calendar of the Orthodox churches nor of the Free Churches. The Salvation Army and the Society of Friends do not celebrate Holy Communion in their worship. The great paradox is that this feast arose when attendance at the Eucharist was frequent but reception of Holy Communion rare and then under the forms of bread only.

A very early account of the Eucharist from the 2nd century was written by Justin Martyr. He describes the Sunday worship of his day. There were readings and a sermon and then 'bread and wine and water are brought forward. The president offers prayers and gives thanks to the best of his ability and the people assent by saying 'Amen'. The Eucharist is distributed and everyone present communicates and the deacons take it to those who are absent. Earlier Justin had written 'we do not consume the eucharistic bread and wine as if it were ordinary food and drink'. In other words, once consecrated, the bread and wine become the Body and Blood of Christ, and is received as such outside the service.

How we explain this is a matter of debate. Some would say we just remember Christ through receiving the bread and wine and what may be left over is of no sacred significance. For them the action is simply a memorial. But for most Christians this is not so. It is acceptable

to reserve the elements for those absent, the sick and others or simply as a focus of Christ's presence. Hence in many churches the Reserved Sacrament is kept in an aumbry (cupboard) or on the altar in a tabernacle with a light burning before it. And for some there is the Service of Benediction when the priest blesses people with the Host, the consecrated bread.

What needs to be remembered is that after Justin, instead of all receiving Communion, the emphasis was on worthy reception, on the need for holy fear, which led to most people attending Mass but only the celebrant receiving the Sacrament. So when medieval churches were built, people went to Mass every Sunday and Holy Day but received the Sacrament only at Easter and after Confession. The emphasis was on seeing and not on receiving.

In England all this changed at the Reformation and the 'new' forms of Holy Communion were provided in the Book of Common Prayer. It was intended that people received Communion frequently but in practice it meant that the service was celebrated rarely and Morning and Evening Prayer took over. Later, of course, the Free Churches then developed their varying practices and beliefs about how to 'Do this in memory of me' and what that means.

We can wonder at the ways and ideas that follow Our Lord's command to 'Do this'. At the same time, and Covid-19 has taught us this, there are varied ways of understanding the Last Supper. For some it is a memorial, for some a sacrifice, for some a reminder of Christ's presence under the form of the eucharistic bread.

This year Corpus Christi falls on 3 June. Whether it is part of our tradition to keep that date as a Day of Thanksgiving for the Institution of Holy Communion or not, most communicants have had to think about how we 'Do this in remembrance of me'. We have been through weeks of Zoom services and become used to the idea of Spiritual Communion when we cannot actually be together in church. Nonetheless we look forward to a return to normality, sharing the Sacred Meal in a Sacred Place with our fellow Christians.

Martin Banister
St Albans Cathedral

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Congratulations to Charlie and Chloe!

Weddings have been in short supply during the last year, with numbers of guests being severely limited. But they are beginning to be booked again in our churches and many are planned at St Peter & St Paul's Church this year – banns are once more being read each Sunday.

Charlie Dickenson and Chloe Rowley had planned their wedding for 2020

but, like many others, had to postpone it not once but twice. No one expects a pandemic to change plans for such a special occasion!

They were finally married on 24 April at the parish church where Charlie was confirmed not long ago and where they are now regular members.

'The wedding was amazing,' said Chloe. 'We had the most amazing day

and we'll both remember it forever. Despite having fewer people, it felt very intimate and relaxed which worked really well for us!'

Congratulations to Charlie and Chloe Dickenson and we wish them every blessing for their lives together! We have some early photos to share ahead of the official ones – enjoy!

The Editor



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Cornwall revisited



Who said Covid-19 was all bad news?

Cornwall has a very sad recent political and economic history. Recent re-runs of the old TV crime drama 'Wycliffe' have

given some insight into its historic social and economic structure and problems. However, the combination of climate change and Covid-19 is updating its ambient and outlook in a very positive way.

Although I am a Londoner, I have strong links to neighbouring Devon. Father was born into a farming family and brought up in the village of Black Dog, about twenty miles north of Exeter. I lived there as an evacuee in early WWII and still visit family there regularly (Covid-19 permitting!).

Father moved to London in the 1920s to work in and eventually manage a chain of North London farm shops owned by a closely related Devon family. He married a London girl and I was born in a maternity hospital in Hampstead.

Jenny's father was stationed at RAF Halton and later in the Air Ministry before, during and after WWII. He also married a local lass, and Jenny is an Aylesbury girl, born and bred.

For many decades Cornwall was a foreign country to both of us.

Our first experience of Cornwall was on our honeymoon in September 1959, when we stayed in Newquay. I can't remember why we chose it and I forget the details of the house we stayed in, but the town and harbour seem essentially unchanged.

It went very well for us and we spent much of our daytime on the beach at Holywell Bay just along the coast, which appears to be still the unspoiled place we remember well.

It all really changed when our oldest son, Stephen, attended the Camborne School of Mines (CSM). He was born in a tin mining town in Nigeria; I am a Royal School of Mines (RSM) graduate myself, so perhaps it was predictable.

Steve married a Cornish girl and worked for Balfour Beatty as a planner/designer on the development and construction of the A38 road tunnel on the Cornish side of the Saltash Bridge. He later became a specialist in Artificial Intelligence (AI), working in Australia and now in the UK.

Mining has been made a dirty word by environmentalists. During my professional career, however, I saw at close range in several countries how lives and even whole sections of a country can be positively transformed by well-executed mining development. Local politicians are the problem; they get greedy.

Both Schools of Mines have changed unbelievably since we were students, the CSM physically most of all. The old school main building in Camborne has been pulled down and replaced by a Tesco supermarket! The School has been subsumed academically into Exeter University, and is now physically located on the Penrhyn Campus near Falmouth. Incredibly, it seems to have maintained its character, and independence.

My main personal contribution to Devon (but also for immediately neighbouring Cornwall) was a successful major process investigation I carried out in the 1980s on the treatment of ore from

the then 'Hemerdon' tungsten project, on the Devon/Cornwall border, just outside Plymouth. It was implemented successfully. It is claimed to be the biggest tungsten deposit in the world.

This project has recently been renamed the Drakesland Project. Its operating history has been a bit fractured but its future is looking promising, as the tungsten price tends to rise in times of growing international tensions.

As already stated, climate change and Covid-19 are going to have some very interesting knock-on effects and Cornwall will be a beneficiary as significant parts of the UK urban population drift away from the major cities to more attractive living/working locations. There will be hiccups in development, but the pattern is clear.

The county may have a relatively high annual rainfall but it is warm! Communications at all levels are better now than they have ever been and are steadily improving. For all its mistakes elsewhere, the EU ploughed a great deal of money into upgrading Cornwall's public infrastructure and its connections with the rest of the UK. Internet availability continues to improve and widen.

The recent positive changes in the international political and investment climate with respect to mining is very pleasing and promising, after many decades of negative opinion. The prices of shares in major mining companies are now rising steadily. This is reflected specifically in Cornwall in lithium mining and geothermal energy production projects which are active targets for new environmentally oriented investment. I hope they go well. My fingers are firmly crossed for them!

Bill Bradford, St Peter & St Paul



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Church family barbecue returns!

It was great to be back in person, firing up the BBQ at the end of the Tring Team's Christian Aid walk/run. We dusted off the BBQ tools, hunted high and low for the napkins and loaded up the car for our first attempt at mass catering in fourteen months.

Being aware of Covid-19 restrictions, there were lots of rules to follow, including asking people to book their food in advance and arranging seating in the churchyard for two households or groups of six people. Forty-six burgers and thirty-



three sausages later, we seemed to have enough food to feed a small army.

However, the joy on the faces of the children running around the churchyard and the smiles of everyone enjoying each other's company made it doubly worthwhile.

We won't mention the pouring rain during set-up because it must have been much worse for those running and walking (or the abrupt ending to the event under the next deluge). At least we had a gazebo to hide under.

Tring Team BBQ: Barry, Vivianne and Peter Child, Jane Banister, Martha, David and Huw Bellis

Tring School New Build – work in progress



What an incredibly active three months it's been on the Tring School site! The last time we wrote an article, the foundations for the building had just finished and we were waiting for the

first steel sections to arrive.

Three months on and the steel framework is now virtually complete. In addition to this most of the roof is in place, the stairwells installed, over half of the cement cladding for the walls has been attached and many of the window frames in place. The construction is moving incredibly quickly and it remains on schedule for us to move in at the beginning of January 2022.

If you'd like to see some more photographs from the last three months together with some very impressive drone footage, please do visit the New Build pages on the school website (<https://www.tring.herts.sch.uk/358/new-build>).

During this time we have had to keep the school operational, of course, and dealing with Covid-19 in the best ways that we could. On Monday 8 March we were delighted to welcome back all our students. This was a very challenging week and a half as we had to test all the students three times within eleven days. This was a mammoth effort but all the staff involved, as well as the students themselves, were absolutely brilliant. Since then the school has already settled



back into a purposeful rhythm and I think the students are delighted to be back and enjoying their learning.

The next few months of the construction process will see the walls and window installation completed and the roof go on the sports hall. The exterior bricklaying commences soon

whilst inside B+K will be working on the 'first fix'. The rate of progress is both exciting and even awe inspiring to see, and we can't wait to watch the developments over the spring and then the summer.

Rod Gibberd
Tring School



The backstory to two truths...

I asked Ted Oram and Caroline Ellwood to tell us more about their truths from earlier editions of *Comment*. Here are their answers.

Ted Oram

My television appearances were briefly in 1988 when the BBC broadcast the Easter Monday service from St Albans Abbey. The St Peter & St Paul's Church Youth Group were involved in the service, so we were given a place near to the platform that was being used for the service. I was also captured walking up to the Abbey.

Then in the late 1950s, Granada Television had a programme called 'Youth wants to know'. It was originally

an NBC programme in the US and featured various schools asking questions to politicians and leaders. My school was selected for one programme and we travelled over the Pennines to participate.

I was working at a trade fair in Moscow during the Soviet era. Restaurant service was intermittent, many items on menus were unavailable and the (West) German company, who were organising the fair, wanted to ensure that the exhibitors had a guaranteed hot meal at least once each day. They provided beef stew from large catering tins, which they had brought with them, but it was the same for all the days we were there.

Caroline Ellwood

I worked on the Arctic Circle in Finland for a year. I ran a Finnish British Society, part of the British Council's attempt to offset Russian influence in the Cold War. I flew up to the far North to a place called Ivalo by the Russian border and a local firm made me a Maypole and put the ribbons on. I had brought country dance records with me – and a jolly time was had by all.

I have always thought that some anthropologist might come across the remnants of English country dancing up in the Arctic and create a theory of cultural transition.

Two truths and a lie

Here are more wonderful facts about people you thought you knew in the Tring community. Has anyone guessed right yet without cheating?! Please send in your own two truths and a lie for the next edition of *Comment*. Answers on p23.

Mystery person 1

1. I hold silver medals in both ballroom and Latin American dancing examinations.
2. I try to swim half a mile three times a week (when indoor pools are open).
3. I have hosted my own radio programme.

Mystery person 2

1. I met Cliff Richard in 1959.
2. In my youth I walked, youth hostelling, south to north Luxembourg.
3. My mother made wedding dresses from parachute silk.

Mystery person 3

1. I used to teach pioneering to Guides and Scouts.
2. I raced Karts at Rye House against Johnny Herbert.
3. I used to work on a farm in Norfolk.

Mystery person 4

1. I once won my weight in Edam cheese.
2. I have a gin trolley, currently with 26 different bottles.
3. I have climbed Sydney Harbour Bridge and flown from Alice Springs in a hot-air balloon.

Mystery person 5

1. I once spent Christmas Day white water rafting on the Zambezi.
2. I persuaded the cast of Downton Abbey to film a Star Wars spoof.
3. My wedding service was in Welsh.

Mystery person 6

1. I have won two poetry competitions in the last three years.
2. I do a total of ten clubs every week.
3. I have eaten baby octopus.

Mystery person 7

1. I have something common with Queen Elizabeth 1: her grandfather was born in the same town as my grandfather – but hers was born in the Castle, mine down by the docks.
2. I have seen Wales beat England live at the Rugby Stadium in Cardiff more times than I have seen them lose.
3. I once got a good heckle in on Jacob Rees-Mogg in the audience at 'Have I Got News for You', to which he responded 'Thank you, Sir'.

Piano and More returns live!



Piano and More returns live, hopefully with an audience in St Peter & St Paul's Church, on Sunday 13 June, when Arwen Newband and I will perform French music for violin and piano, including sonatas by Faure and Debussy.

Helen Godbolt will be playing cello with some friends on 11 July. We have concerts planned for most of the rest of the year, and into 2022 – more details on our website www.piano-and-more.org.uk. It's wonderful to be back!
Anna Le Hair, St Peter & St Paul



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Make Tring a bee town!



Since last year, the Justice & Peace Group has been raising awareness of the national decline in insect populations. The primary reason for this is habitat loss due to modern farming methods and urban spread. Nationally, our approach to gardening is being challenged to move away from manicured spaces to garden with wildlife in mind. Tring Justice & Peace Group have been communicating with local government and Dacorum to request areas of verges and park spaces to be left unmown, as well as encouraging individuals and schools to create wildflower spaces and plant bee-friendly species. They have called the campaign 'Make Tring a bee town'.

Tring Together's Spring Fayre 2021 ran for three weeks from the end of April. Despite being mainly online this annual event was still able to bring the community together for a celebration of Spring and all things Tring. Tring Justice & Peace Group chose to contribute to the Fayre with a programme of activity to promote their 'Make Tring a bee town' campaign.

During the Tring Spring Fayre it was wonderful to see the interest and involvement in this campaign grow in the community and to have so many local businesses showing their support for events and displaying bees in their shop

windows! When you walk around you may have noticed blue hearts on verges and in gardens; these indicate areas of uncut grass which have been left wild on purpose for wildflowers to grow and create habitats for insects.

Lawns, traditionally a monoculture where any source of nectar and pollen is removed with a weekly mow, can be transformed to be useful to pollinators. As part of the Spring Fayre the Justice & Peace Group also made two short videos which explored local gardens to discover how the owners have taken an unconventional approach to their lawns. The process takes time and addition of seeds or plugs to bring in native species but gradually can become low-maintenance wildlife-friendly spaces. Moving away from the traditional concept of a lawn can be challenging and selected mowing can indicate that the wild area is purposeful and signs can be helpful to spread the word that it is not just being neglected! The group also created an identification sheet to help people start exploring their



lawn and recognise the species. The videos and lawn plant spotter sheet are available on the Justice & Peace Group website.

The Justice & Peace Group have been tremendously encouraged by the interest and local support for this campaign and would like to thank all those individuals and local businesses who took part in the Spring Fayre. If you would like to know more about the campaign visit the Justice & Peace Group website (www.justiceandpeacetring.org) or email Michael Demidecki (michaeldemidecki@gmail.com).

Polly Eaton
Justice & Peace Group, Tring



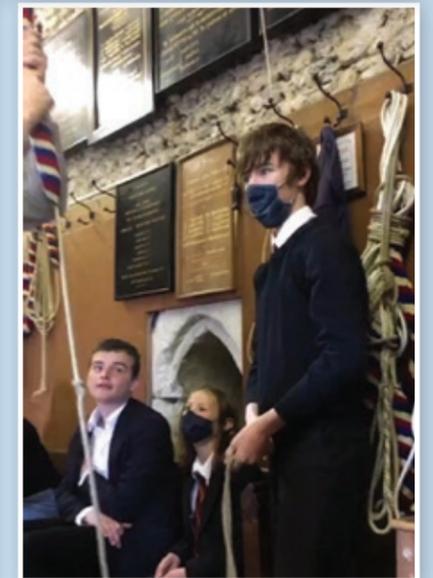
Visit to the Bell Tower



It is great to be back at Youth Café! Each week, on a Monday afternoon, St Peter & St Paul's welcome our secondary age students into the church for a chance to catch up, discuss hot topics and consume large amounts of snacks and drinks!

As an added extra to one of our meet ups, we were treated to a tour of the Bell Tower, led by our till lately resident churchwarden and very experienced campanologist, Chris Hoare (who, sadly for us, will have moved away from Tring by the time this article is printed).

We clambered up the narrow, spiral staircase, stopping off in the Ringing



Room to look at the inner workings of the clock, then up to the actual bells (some of them being 400 years old!) and balancing our way along the narrow beams, whilst simultaneously holding our ears when the bells chimed! Then we made our way up to the roof for the most magnificent views of Tring and out to Ivinghoe Beacon.

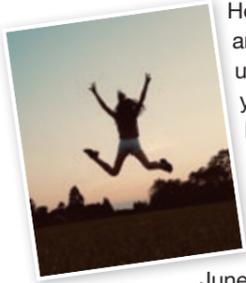
After 'ooing' at the views, we carefully stepped back down the tower staircase, detouring for a brief lesson on how to ring the bells.

I think I can speak on behalf of all who attended, when I say, it was the best use of an afternoon in a long time! Happy days.

Sarah Marshall, Tring Team



Let's make a difference!



Hello again! It's June and only two days until my birthday – yay! Now I may be biased, as many of us are when it comes to our birthday months, but I think that June is definitely the

best time to have a birthday. Summer is starting, bringing the hot weather and the fun, but spring is still around with the wildlife and the flowers... It's not too hot like August but not rainy like April – its' just right (I'm starting to sound like Goldilocks here).

Yet every time someone complains about all the rain in winter or the heat in summer, I can't help but think of how, at this rate, those problems are going to start getting a whole lot worse if we don't start making changes to reduce global warming. Droughts, floods and gales will all become more common and research shows that by the end of the century, settling snow in most of the UK will be pretty much non-existent. We don't want that!

This is a big topic at the minute and it's coming up a lot in the news; yet people still don't seem to be taking it

seriously. It's as if people don't recognise the consequences if we don't take action now. People say we need to 'solve' this crisis, but – as Greta Thunberg says – 'The climate crisis has already been solved. We already have the facts and solutions. All we have to do is wake up and change'.

It's just too easy to ignore it, to keep the little luxuries responsible for this huge issue but that just doesn't work! It's too easy to leave it to people like Greta Thunberg and David Attenborough and all the other people in the news making big differences. But unless every last person makes a small change to their life, nothing will happen. We have to do this together!

You don't even have to leave your house to make a difference – small changes to the things you buy can also be key. My parents watched seaspiracy (without me, I'll have to watch it this weekend) and we've consequently decided to eat much more vegetarian food and to stop eating fish altogether – good for me since I hate seafood!

Think about the things you eat and where they are being produced. Think about where you shop and the sustainability of their products and start

buying from charity shops rather than getting new clothes. Think about the small household items like toilet paper: I can really recommend a company called Who Gives A Cr*p which sell toilet paper/ kitchen roll made from bamboo and recycled materials – please check out the link below! (This company is also really good because they donate 50% of their profits to help build toilets and improve sanitation to people around the world in need.)

Think about the packaging on the food you buy and the disposable masks you wear. Think about buying fully recyclable bamboo toothbrushes from Amazon and reusable bags from shops. There's a great search engine called Ecosia which plants a tree for every 45 searches by making money from adverts which you don't even notice are there.

Think! We got together and banished plastic straws; now we just have to do that with everything else too. Together, we can do it! Please don't just read my article and then forget – just spend two minutes looking at the links below and let's make a difference!

https://uk.whogivesacr*p.org
<https://www.ecosia.org/?c=en>

Fern Asquith, High Street Baptist Church

The weirdest day of my life



Most days of my life are fairly hum-drum but a few stick out in my memory as out of the ordinary.

One was on a day in the summer of 1976, the hot, dry one as some people will remember.

I was training in Canterbury to be a Religious Education teacher and we had a trip to the coast at Rye, partly for social reasons but also to listen to the distinguished Anglican theologian Alec Vidler who lived there in retirement. He was the former Dean of King's College, Cambridge, and author of one of our set texts 'The Church in An Age of Revolution' which took church history from the French revolution through to the 20th century.

Before we visited Dr Vidler in his house, we stopped for a coffee and the Head of the Theology Department, a spinster in her 50s, decided to pay 20p

and ride upon the children's mechanical horse ride, popular in sea-side towns at that time, much to the amusement of the lecturers and students there, all of whom regretted not having bought a camera. It was as if Theresa May had to sing rap, so unexpected was this performance.

We then proceeded to Alec Vidler's residence, The Stone House, where his family had lived for generations. Like his father and grandfather before him he had become the Mayor of Rye. Dr Vidler proceeded to lecture us informally on modern church history and answer our dumb questions when we heard a loud ripping noise as the canvas on his deck-chair split and this illustrious cleric was completely jammed into place with no chance of unaided escape. A fellow student, Brian from Northern Ireland, proceeded to pull him with my assistance on the other arm, trying to give Dr Vidler as much dignity as we could give him as he tumbled out of the chair, which was not a lot. His

Jack Russell Terrier (named, as usual, after a character in the Old Testament beginning with the letter Z), upset by his master's plight, bit the Principal Lecturer in Theology on the leg.

This marked the end of the session and to recover myself and toast the good sense of the dog, I found the nearest pub and bought a pint. I sat down in the beer garden, looked to the next table and saw the Welsh actor Windsor Davies (aka Battery Sergeant Major Williams and star of many 'Carry on...' films) at the next table, who raised his glass in salutation and wished me good health. Half way through the pint, who should appear but my former French teacher who looked as if he had fully recovered from the hopeless task of trying to drum into me the rudiments of that noble language.

We went back to college on the coach, a bunch of supposedly serious student teachers, still giggling like a bunch of year 7 kids.

Jon Reynolds, Tring Team

Tweet of the month

The Wryneck is a curious bird for a variety of reasons. It belongs to the Woodpecker family but doesn't really peck at wood – it lacks the strong bill and other adaptations that true woodpeckers have that allow them to hit wood hard enough to make holes in it. Although Wrynecks nest in holes in trees, they reuse holes other birds make as they can't make their own. Its favourite food is ants which means it often feeds on the ground but can also take ants from decaying wood. Compared to the Woodpeckers found in Britain, it has cryptic plumage comprising of complex patterns rendered in grey, brown, black, pale buff and white. One characteristic Wrynecks share with true woodpeckers is their zygodactyl feet. Instead of three toes pointing forward and one pointing backwards, like most birds, they have two pointing forwards and two pointing backwards. Unlike other European Woodpeckers, Wryneck is truly migratory and a summer visitor to Europe and winters in Africa. In the past Wryneck bred reasonably commonly in Britain but for the past forty years it has

been relegated to being just a passage migrant.

The name Wryneck comes from its ability to turn its head in almost 180 degrees in either direction and certainly it can perform interesting snake-like head movements as can be seen in the video clip at this location <https://youtu.be/9UGYn5n1nPE>. The Wryneck's scientific name is *Jynx torquilla*. *Jynx* is derived from a word meaning a spell and indeed the bird used to be used in spells more than 300 years ago – happily this is no longer the case! *Torquilla* is Medieval Latin derived from *torquere*, to twist, referring to the strange snake-head movements.

Despite this bird seemingly being an oddity and not brightly coloured like our other Woodpeckers, this is a sought-after bird for birdwatchers. It could be its elusive nature or it could be the subtle beauty of its plumage or more likely a bit of both. Certainly I enjoy seeing it on the occasions I manage to. This April was one of those occasions and without doubt my best to date. I was walking round Incombe Hole, next to Steps Hill and near Ivinghoe Beacon



when I saw a Wryneck fly across a valley and perch in a tree. I phoned friends to let them know this wonderful bird was about and then I heard it sing as well. Unfortunately, the bird lived up to its reputation for being elusive and only a few people saw it, but several of us saw it well.

I know that God made us in his image and made all of creation and to me Wryneck certainly has some of God's image in it. A Wryneck isn't normal and what we expect, is cryptic and elusive at times, but when we get a glimpse of it, this gives us pleasure; God gives us so much more.

Roy Hargreaves, St Peter & St Paul

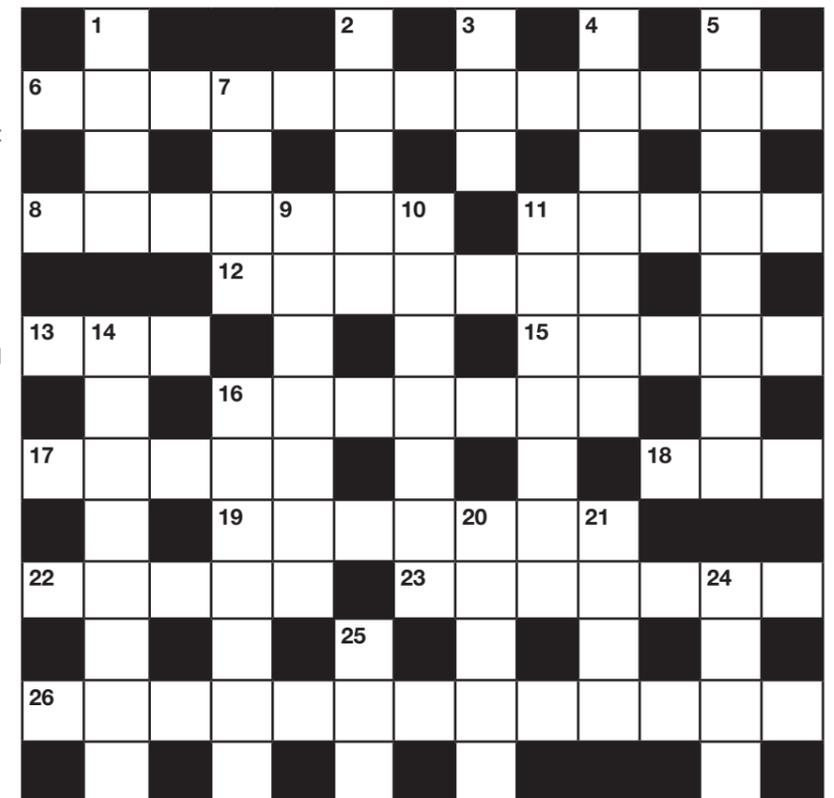
Crossword

ACROSS

6. Herts town 'Three Rivers' (13)
8. Jesus' mother (7)
11. Still (5)
12. Smiling with pleasure (7)
13. Do something (3)
15. The great foe (5)
16. Sung a psalm (7)
17. Daniel '.....' - Author (5)
18. Yes (3)
19. Make more tasty (7)
22. Worries (5)
23. Patterns (7)
26. Hope you have a lovely time (6) (7)

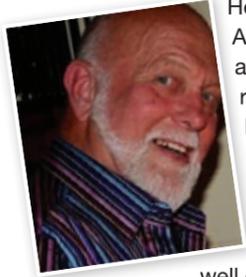
DOWN

1. Girl's name (4)
2. Food given on exit from Egypt (5)
3. Request (3)
4. Relaxed in an idle manner (7)
5. For evermore (8)
6. Those who spread the Gospels (12)
7. Door handle (4)
9. Male relatives (7)
10. Changed (7)
11. Book lists (7)
14. Happy (8)
16. Formal dress (7)
20. Voice part (5)
21. Decree '...' (4)
24. Lived in an ark (4)
25. Attempt (3)



Answers on page 34

Letter from Orkney



Hello Tringsters!
As some of you are aware I am recovering from a brainstem stroke which has been, and still is, a bit of a setback. However, I am well on the way to

recovery, thanks to the fabulous Orkney NHS, my lovely wife and the prayers of many friends, so I am now able to type this short resume of local happenings.

The main news here is that the excavation of the Ness of Brodgar, just down the road from us, has revealed the fingerprint of a 5000-year-old potter. Whilst quietly musing (there's not a lot else to do at the moment), it occurred to me that this man or woman was a neighbour of mine 5000 years ago, looking upon the same hills and mountains and water I look upon every day. The archaeologists tell us that these hills and mountains had great significance to our ancestors, as they do to me. They offer peace and tranquility and time to think about the more important things of life, which puts my current state of repair into the background.

We have just started our Spring here with literally millions of daffodils lining the roadside. It's all very beautiful, and with the sunshine that we are having lately, there is a certain joie de vivre in the air. While I cannot drive, Carrie takes me around the island which is quite stunning at the moment. Because of our



lengthy daylight hours, things are growing like mad. Carrie has already harvested onions, lettuce and herbs in abundance from the Polycrub. I can drive the lawnmower, so I am happy to zip up and down the garden. Killing two birds with one stone, I can mow the grass on the way. It will soon be time for sunbathing on the patio. Carrie was not overly impressed when I got onto the lawnmower before going into the house on my return from hospital. I just wanted to see if I could. Being mobile, even on the lawnmower, is a big plus towards independence.

Our church, Saint Mary's, is going through the wars at the moment. With the loss of our resident priest and Covid-19 causing a great reduction in income, we are in dire straits, so a prayer for Saint Mary's would not go amiss. Thank you.

Nichola Sturgeon is just beginning to open up Scotland, but Orkney has already been in Tier 3 for a long time, as we have no Covid-19 here. Travel is now allowed between Scotland and Orkney and that means visitors. While that is a great relief for many as one of our major incomes is from tourism, there are many here who fear the Covid-19 bug will be brought in and expect hordes of holidaymakers upsetting their peace and quiet. My own view is that it is



necessary to provide the income to maintain our excellent social services, employment and county income plus all the other aspects provided by the council; and, of course, it's going to happen sometime anyway, plus we are expecting our own first visitors this year at the end of May. By then I would hope all things are getting back to some kind of provisional normality and we can settle down to enjoying each other's company – which will be lovely.

I am slightly concerned by the current problems experienced by my sister living in North Norfolk where it is rammed full of holidaymakers with no thought for social distancing and local people. It sounds horrendous in Sheringham, where the pavements are solid with holidaymakers all jostling along, and the local people are trying to go about their normal business. I feel that folk think they are leaving Covid-19 behind when they go on holiday.

Life here has been pretty normal so far. We are so spread about and so few in number that we have had it easy compared to many folk. Although the cafés are open and the few pubs that are still in business are beginning to open, this does not seem to excite Orkadians, as there are not many pubs and they tend to drink at home anyway – which is a shame for southerners like me.

Carrie has been 'wild swimming' a couple of times. She is very enthusiastic apparently, she says it gives quite a zing to the metabolism. Not for me though! I would rather stick to old favourites like Highland Park whisky. I get the same zing but less discomfort.

We sincerely hope that you too are beginning to return to some kind of provisional normality. I just pray the rest of the world will be able to follow suit soon.

Mac Dodge
St Mary's, Stromness

Holy places



A churchyard full of gravestones, old and new. The old are faded and weathered and some lean gently to one side. Names and dates have been slowly eroded by wind and rain

and time leaving a blurred remembrance of words. The new ones are carefully tended with fresh flowers, lovingly placed by those who grieve. To one side the compost heap is replenished with faded blooms, that along with grass cuttings and leaves will turn into the mulch to feed the plants – life out of death, the eternal story.

The wooden door, satisfyingly heavy to push, opens with a gentle sound, to let you in to the empty building. There is a gap at the bottom of the door, where generations of feet have worn away the stone, space for a draft of air from outside, for escaping leaves and the occasional insect to enter. A noticeboard, always a noticeboard, either in the porch on inside near the door; posters from Christian Aid and the Children's Society, from the Mothers Union and Foodbank; advertising of coffee mornings and quiz nights, of choir practices and bell ringing

practice; reminders that we recognize our responsibility through safeguarding and PCCs. Together the whole mix of our church life together – fundraising and meetings, socials and services – so much that is so familiar to us, yet constantly we say to ourselves: does this say the right thing? Does it show others who we are, and will they want to join us?

There is a bookcase, containing our shared knowledge of hymns and worship songs with books that fall open at our favourites; the Books of Common Prayer, used only by a few who know their services by heart anyway; our own printed orders of service, lovingly and carefully created, but that age so fast with split spines and marked with fingerprints.

Seating of pews and chairs, wood and fabric, old and new, comfortable and straight-backed – to anyone familiar with these places, we know that some are favoured seats, not to be surrendered or changed; others are always empty as they lack the perfect combination of good sightlines and effective heating and being far away enough from the front.

The building is empty but it is not silent. Despite the thick walls, the outside sound creeps in – traffic, birds singing, or tip tapping their way across the roof. And the building itself makes noises – gentle

creaks as wood and stone together exhale and sigh softly. The light comes in through clear windows and coloured, creating patches on the floor of gold and yellow and blue, highlighting slowly floating dust.

And there is the smell – so identifiable, that you could know this place was a church without seeing it: wood polish and lilies, burning candles and incense, sometimes that faint underlying odour of damp.

Do you come in here only to do things? To clean, to update, to set up, to refill, to check, to prepare? Sometimes we just need to come in and sit, to look, to listen. Yes, to pray, but sometimes just to sit in God's presence. To stop. Not always thinking of anything in particular, but just 'being'.

Our faith is not defined by these holy places, but they help us. It is as if the years and years of prayers and worship have seeped into them, and by sitting here for a while, some of that will be absorbed by us. And our prayers too, our hopes and fears, all that we offer up to our God, will be added to those of the people who went before us.

So stay for a while – and know that this is a holy place.

Jane Banister
Tring Team



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How times change!



I was fascinated with the recent articles by local school teachers Gill Kinsey and Paula Birley, detailing the work involved in 'remote learning' (home schooling) and the preparations made for children as they move from infant school to Bishop Wood School. So impressive, and so different from my own experience.

My recollections of school chime with those of Rosemary Berdinner. Aged 5, straight to infant school, no build up with nursery, play school or pre-school; and a full day from the start. I, too, can remember the appalling outside toilets at Gravelly School but very little of the education. One classroom had a large table whose lid could be removed to reveal a sandpit; we learnt some of the times tables, and reading was with the 'Janet and John' series of books. I also recall taking sixpence, or maybe a shilling, to school each week to 'buy' a stamp to put in my savings book. One stamp was illustrated with a portrait of Prince Charles, the other Princess Anne. I was transported to school each day on the back of my Mum's bicycle, in a child's seat behind the saddle, but with no protection: cycling helmets did not exist then.

I believe my Mum's main recollection of my early school days was the number of childhood illnesses I contracted. Measles, chickenpox, mumps, German measles, scarlet fever, impetigo and whooping cough meant my education was frequently interrupted, but like most parents, Mum was pleased to tick each one off the list as they occurred, knowing I was not likely to catch them again.

I moved to Tring Junior School in 1964 under the care of Miss Baker, a well known and formidable presence within the sphere of local education. She insisted all children should drink milk at morning break. When my mother told her that if I did so I would be sick very soon after, Miss Baker backed down in the face of such potential horror! (I still don't like milk, unless it is heavily disguised in a cup of tea.) But underneath her hard exterior, she was

a kindly woman and ultimately highly regarded by her pupils.

My secondary education took place at Hemel Hempstead Grammar School (HHGS), chosen without taking the 11-plus. Everyone travelled by bus, leaving Tring at 7.55am. There was no school coach until several years later. School always started with Assembly, and in my memory the main hymn always seemed to be 'Ye Holy Angels Bright' – there must have been others but that is the only one I remember.

I joined HHGS in September 1968, and the following year, on 4 March, there was a heavy snowstorm. The bus took three hours to reach Hemel Hempstead, and an hour after arriving, the school was closed and everybody was sent home. My friends and I waited for another three hours at the bus stop, until 3.00pm, when a bus crawled into sight, hoping but not promising, to get to Tring. I now look back on this day with horror. We had no means of contacting family or friends at home; no one had a telephone (landline) at home, and mobiles had yet to be invented. What we would have done if that one lone bus had not appeared, I do not know. The school had not provided any food or drink prior to closing and we did not have anything with us. Fortunately, the bus driver struggled through to Tring and I arrived home at 6.00pm, six hours after leaving school. Why do I remember this so well—because it was my birthday and my frantic mother was at home with family friends waiting to host my birthday party. What she wrote in a letter to the school the next day she has never revealed.

But the most interesting thing about my later school days is noting how different life was then in comparison to my niece's experience today. Molly is 19, studying English and History at Leeds, and she is intrigued by the names of the pupils in my class. She does not know anyone called Susan, Anne, Sarah, Rosemary, Gillian, Judith, Christine or Linda. My nephew doesn't have any friends called Robert, Paul, Ian, Michael, Andrew or Steven. Yet these were common names in my day.

Accessible music is also very different. I vividly recall the anticipation of the weekly Top Twenty chart, released at lunchtime on a Tuesday(?), when

a group of us would sit in the school playground listening to a small transistor radio as the chart counted down to No 1. The most important television programme of the week was 'Top of The Pops'. What has happened to all the teenagers who followed their pop idols, attending huge sell-out concerts at Wembley Arena with the likes of David Cassidy or The Osmonds? Sadly, I just missed the heyday of the Beatles, but this adoring fan base translated to the magazines we read.

Having started with 'June' and 'School Friend', I then moved onto 'Jackie', and finally 'Fab208', the magazine of Radio Luxemburg. This late evening radio station was another essential and I listened to it every night for several years. But what has happened to those magazines? When did they cease publication?

I have always been a great animal lover – any animal really, except maybe snakes and spiders, but especially horses. As a teenager my Saturday mornings were spent riding, initially at a riding school in Wilstone, where an hour's ride cost 10 shillings (50p). My pocket money was 2/6 (12.5p) a week, so I saved up to afford one ride a month. But I was lucky: my parents paid for another week and both sets of grandparents paid for a week each to allow me to ride every weekend. But I wasn't alone. At least three other friends also rode at these stables and even more within my class at other venues in the area. We all followed show jumping on the television: The Royal International Horse Show, Hickstead, and the Horse of the Year Show were prime time TV shows, featuring nightly at 9.00pm. Not any more: riding schools are comparatively scarce and show jumping is no longer a main stream television sport.

Do I look back on my school days with fond memories? Not really. I passed nine 'O' levels and three 'A's but there was no encouragement from the school to attend university unless a degree was needed for a particular career path. Most people left to find a job. One friend who achieved excellent 'A' level results became the receptionist at the local Gas Board showroom. Which raises another question: when did the Gas Board and Electricity Board showrooms disappear?

But one thing from my teenage years still persists, my love of horses. The first thing I did when I started work was to sponsor the work of the Home of Rest for Horses at Lacey Green and that support continues to this day. I also managed to achieve what was probably my lifetime dream, to have my own

pony. He was called Lacey Green (pure coincidence) and I adored him. My dream now? Probably to save and restore an historic working narrow boat. My other great passion from my teenage years is canals – but that is another story.

Oh, and we also have a landline – the telephone was installed in 1974 – but

our mobiles are very basic (£19.99 from Tesco), sufficient, however, to ring home should I ever again get caught in a snowstorm in Hemel Hempstead.

**Alison Cockerill
St Cross, Wilstone**

Resisting temptation rewarded

On 14 March 2021 a Walrus was seen on Valentia Island in County Kerry in south-west Ireland. By 20 March it had moved to Pembrokeshire and was seen at a few places before being seen at Tenby on 27 March and settling down there, spending most of its time on the Lifeboat slipway. Indeed it was still there on 7 May and feeding well on a plentiful supply of Razor Clams among other things.

Walrus is an Arctic species and apart from humans, only the Polar Bear poses a threat to them. The closest places to Britain they are normally found are eastern Greenland and Svalbard and, while they are rare here there have been several seen in recent years. Unsurprisingly Shetland accounts for the largest number of records as is the case for other rare seals that turn up in Britain. Despite its large size, they grow up to 3.6 metres (12 feet) in length; they feed mainly on bivalve molluscs but will scavenge and even predate seals, cetacean and seabirds.

In 2018 a Walrus was seen in Scotland in March, May and June. This individual was very mobile and seen in Orkney, Caithness, Sutherland, Skye, the Western Isles and finally Shetland before being seen on Vigra off the west coast of Norway in July. At the time I was certainly interested in seeing this individual as

Walrus is an iconic species and this had seemed like a chance to see one, but its mobile nature prevented that.

So when a Walrus turned up at Tenby it was seriously tempting and I was very keen to see it. We know this was a different Walrus from the one seen in 2018 as it has shorter tusks than that individual. However, significantly when it first turned up, we were under 'stay-at-home' lockdown restrictions and



so travelling to see it at Tenby was not an option. When lockdown rules were eased slightly on 29 March non-essential travelling to and from Wales from England was still not allowed. However, on 12 April restrictions were eased further and non-essential travel to Wales from England was allowed and the wait was over.

The news reported that some people travelled from England into Wales a few minutes after midnight to start holidays in Wales which were now allowed. I am not quite sure where they could go at that time of night and I left Tring at a more reasonable 8.30am, having received news that the Walrus was still there that morning. It was a long day but the weather was lovely, and when I got there, it was lying on the lifeboat slipway

and spent most of its time asleep occasionally sitting up. I must admit when I went to see it I hadn't expected there to be many people looking at it but quite a few families and other people on holiday in Tenby were looking at the Walrus. Indeed it has become a local tourist attraction providing a boost to the local economy. Given that this is probably a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, it is no surprise that people have travelled even further than I did to see it. It was well worth the wait and all the more

enjoyable to have my patience rewarded. So while 2021 will mainly be remembered for Covid-19 by most people, myself included, I won't forget that this was the year I saw a Walrus in Britain!

**Roy Hargreaves
St Peter & St Paul**

Answers – Two truths and a lie

1. Anna Le Hair (3 is false: though I have always wanted to and hope I will one day!)
2. Pam Russell (2 is false: I walked north to south...)
3. Clive Russell (2 is false: it was my eldest son who raced karts.)
4. Janet Goodyer (1 is false: that was one of my daughters.)
5. Hannah Asquith (3 is false: but my father and I recited Nursery rhymes in Welsh during his wedding breakfast speech.)
6. Fern Asquith (2 is false: I actually do six clubs a week, two sports clubs, two choirs, one music club and the High Street Baptist Church youth group.)
7. Jon Reynolds (2 is false: I have seen each of them win once.)

Welcome to Tring!



Last year, despite lockdowns and social distancing, the Churches Together in Tring group managed to proceed with an idea that had been suggested many months before. With the preparations for new house building off Icknield Way getting underway the

group were spurred on to complete welcome packs to present to new homeowners. Inside each folder is a two-sided A5 leaflet from each church in Tring, and one from the Justice & Peace Group along with a Fairtrade tea bag! The pack provides basic information on all the churches, including their website details and a friendly welcoming message.

The welcome packs are being delivered as soon as the new houses in Roman Park are being occupied! We have delivered nearly forty packs so far. The 'welcomers' usually knock on the door, so they are getting to know people as they deliver (sometimes they even give a bunch of flowers from Carol's allotment!). The welcome



packs are not limited to the new houses and if you have a new neighbour, please let Polly (admin@tringbaptistchurch.co.uk) or Jane (jane@tringteamparish.org.uk) know so they can arrange to have a pack delivered or get one to you so you can pop it in yourself.

Polly Eaton
Churches Together in Tring



'Les Miserables' and the compassionate God



In the early days of owning my Kindle I was downloading some free classic books for holiday reading. I downloaded 'Les Miserables' as I had enjoyed the adaptations, but I hadn't realised quite how long it was. It has been considered for the 'Lent Classic' for Tring Parish Book Group for a year or so, and I was pleased that this year it was selected, so it was a good excuse to read it. I must admit I have not finished it yet but I intend to, in spite of it being so long. If you have enjoyed any of the adaptations, it is well worth a read.

For those unfamiliar with the book, the story is set in France around the time of the Battle of Waterloo, and it is regarded as one of the greatest novels of the 19th century. Having watched the stage musical, TV adaptations and the film, I have been attracted to the story and the characters, and the themes that run through the story, themes of imprisonment and torture, forgiveness

and atonement, loss and love, trust and hope, poverty and deception. But what I hadn't appreciated was that, as the book is so long, there is so much additional detail that the adaptations could not possibly include in their versions.

The basic story in the adaptations, generally about Jean Valjean's life, is kept true to the novel for the most part, but the book adds so much description about all sorts of aspects of life in France during the period and adds so much depth to the story that is missing from the other media. In particular, the Battle of Waterloo has the political hatred of opposing sides between royalists, republicans and followers of Napoleon, the inequality and poverty in 19th century Paris. And for a turbulent novel there is also humour!

But for me the story about Bishop Myriel in the early chapters of the book was one of the best. Although the book is not a religious book, it gives us a clear picture of living a life trusting in God. The Bishop was the first person to give Jean Valjean a chance and forgave him when he stole his silver; he sent him on his way with the silver telling him to do

good with it. That trust and belief was enough for Jean to turn his life around, to devote his life to God and to make amends for the wrong he had done. The Bishop had been given the job as bishop because he happened to meet Napoleon, but was a very humble man who had no desire for status or wealth and revelled in giving it all away to the poor and needy. He lived simply, devoting his life to God and others less fortunate. He understood people, showed no fear and studied religious writings and texts.

He trusted in God explicitly. He summed up the different qualities of God in this profound piece: 'Ecclesiastes calls you the All-powerful; the Maccabees call you the Creator; the Epistle to the Ephesians calls you Liberty; Baruch calls you Immensity; the Psalms call you Wisdom and Truth; John calls you Light; the Books of Kings call you Lord; Exodus calls you Providence; Leviticus, Sanctity; Esdras, Justice; the creation calls you God; man calls you Father; but Solomon calls you Compassion, and that is the most beautiful of all your names.'

Janet Goodyer
St Peter & St Paul

My life in churches



Looking back now at a relatively long life, I am aware that church has played an important part in my life since my childhood.

The church I attended was St Anselm's in Hatch End. There, soon after the War with some young friends, I was enrolled as a Brownie and then a Girl Guide. As my father was away from home for most of the war years, I still remember my baptism which took place at the age of 11 or 12, followed by confirmation at the age of 15.

I was attending a local Grammar School, where Religious Knowledge was part of the curriculum, so I chose it as an examination subject.

The war and the vicar at St Anselm instilled in my mother and me a discipline which involved regular church attendance, often both morning and evening. I remember well the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey. What a wonderful event it was after the pressures of the war years.

In 1956, my life took an unexpected turn when my father's job was relocated to Bickley in Kent. I did not wish to join another school, so I set about finding myself a job. I managed to find an opportunity to train in a professional role in the City of London. The organisation concerned was trying out 'the opportunity to employ girls as an experiment!'

This gave me the chance to spend some lunch breaks visiting city

churches of which there were, and still are, well over 100. I could find organ recitals, some concerts and just the chance to wander around looking at different buildings to find out what went on.

Meanwhile at home in Kent, I found St George's Church in Bickley – a really 'high' church where the vicar had been in post for many years. I was introduced to High Mass and Low Mass. There was also a Study Circle during the Winter months where Father G, as he was known, would explain and put things into context. I experienced incense for the first time and, with his help, made new friends from among the congregation. I also found the Church had a Deaconess, not someone I had come across before.

Lacking for me was a regular evening service that I understood, so I caught a bus into nearby Bromley where there were at least three churches with services that corresponded with the Bus timetable. I settled on St Mary's, Plaistow, where I found a familiar service, lots of fundraising events, an active youth group which I joined and which offered lots of fellowship and fun.

It was there that I met and eventually married my late husband – the wedding taking place in my parish church of St George's, a traditional service – no incense but we did have some bells.

I carried on working in the City as did my husband. By the time any family came along, we had both become Liverymen of the City of London following a short ceremony at Guildhall in order to obtain the Freedom of the City of London, with which several readers of *Comment* will be familiar. As

part of the Livery, we often attended The Temple church, St Bride's in Fleet Street, and sometimes St Paul's Cathedral.

Eventually, we decided to move back 'south of the River Thames'. I found myself 'headhunted' for a position which never materialised, but I was still kept on. We settled on a bungalow where we lived for nearly thirty years. For a time I was Churchwarden at St Mary's, Drayton Beauchamp, involved in fundraising for restoration and sometimes filling in when a local priest was not available. We called it the 'church in a field' and sheep could often be found grazing in the churchyard.

During that time I visited the Island of Iona twice, staying for a week at Iona Abbey. I remember the bumpy boat crossings from the Isle of Mull. On the first occasion, I was enrolled on a creative writing course, led by Prof. Ghillean Prance, one of the founders of the Eden project in Bodmin, Cornwall. The first time was probably in May or June, when I remember the puffins nesting in the rocks and then visiting the caves which some have said inspired Mendelssohn's Fingal's Cave. The second time was as part of a local parish group, where the greater emphasis was on helping church in the local community.

An eclectic mix of churches and opportunities to share your faith, I think.

In 2015 I downsized and moved to Tring where I joined the Mother's Union and the congregation of St Peter & St Paul's. I can sometimes be found sitting on the seats in the Churchyard.

Barbara Thomas
St Peter & St Paul

Congratulations to the Stanleys!

We are pleased to welcome Thomas Alfred John Stanley into our community, born on 4 May 2021 weighing 8lb 11ozs. He is a little brother to George and second son of Gary and Rachel Stanley. Congratulations to both and wishing you some good nights' sleep!

The Editor



Attempt great things for God



Jennie and I lived and worked in Central Africa for fifteen years. We arrived in the village of Upoto in the Democratic Republic of Congo, known then as Zaire, in 1968.

The gospel was first heard in Upoto at the end of the 19th century when missionaries from the Baptist Missionary Society – now BMS World Mission (BMS) – arrived. The church there is very much alive today.

At the end of the 18th century, in a small village in Northamptonshire, a cobbler called William Carey lived and worked. He was also pastor of the local Baptist church. He studied the Bible very diligently and in fact taught himself New Testament Greek and Hebrew, to better understand it.

He was also very interested in the world as a whole – in particular religious life in other countries. He became concerned that Christians in this country didn't seem to be taking seriously the command of Jesus to preach the gospel to every nation. He wrote a booklet with the snappy title, 'An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens'. In it he considered the words of Jesus about mission, Paul's missionary journeys and how the Christian faith reached this country. He listed the countries of the world, with their populations and the religions practised in them.

In 1792, Carey, together with other pastors in the area, concluded that



something practical needed to be done and they organised a group which became the BMS. They proposed sending people to other parts of the world to preach the gospel to people who had never heard it. 'Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God!' was the theme of one of Carey's sermons.

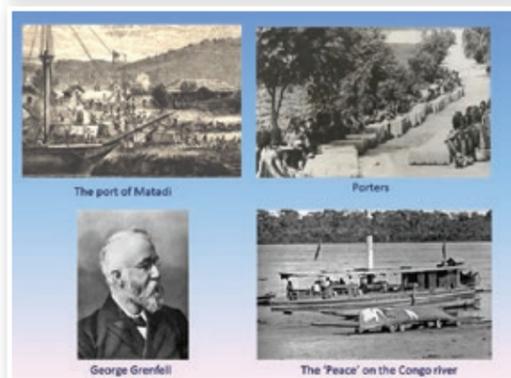
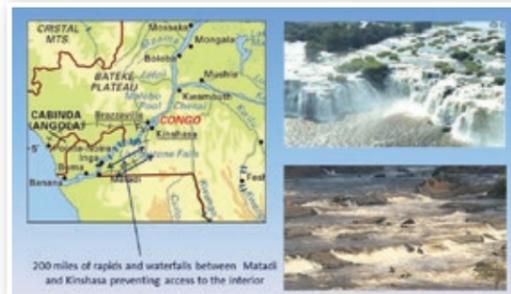
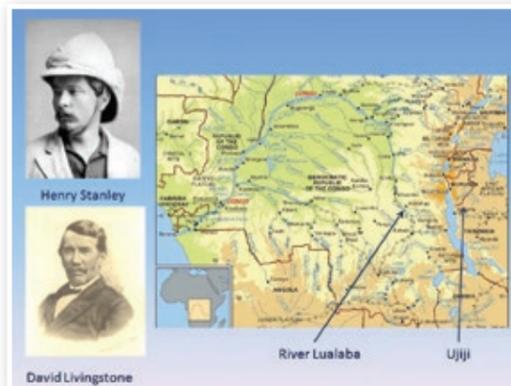
Within a year, in 1793, the group had collected enough money to send Carey, with his wife and three children, to India. Life there was tough. The money they had been given was not enough to live on and Carey had to farm to pay for food and accommodation.

Health too was a real problem. Carey himself suffered frequently from malaria, his 5-year-old son died and his wife developed severe mental problems. The British authorities in India made life very hard for him. He was accused of fomenting social unrest and they refused to allow him to speak in public.

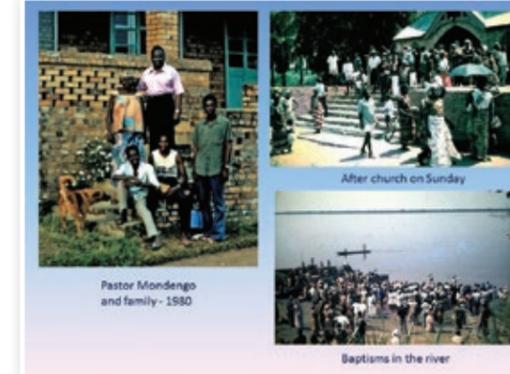
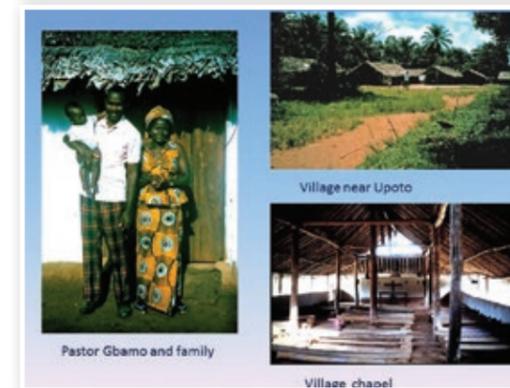
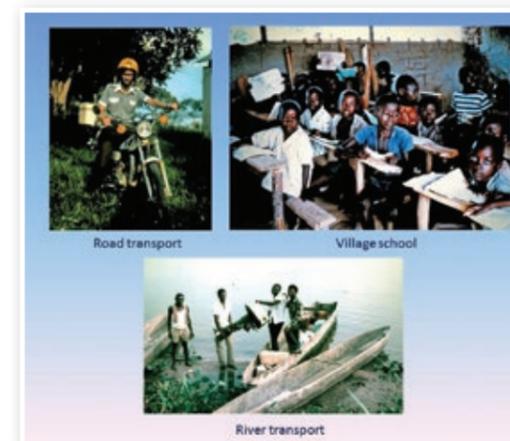
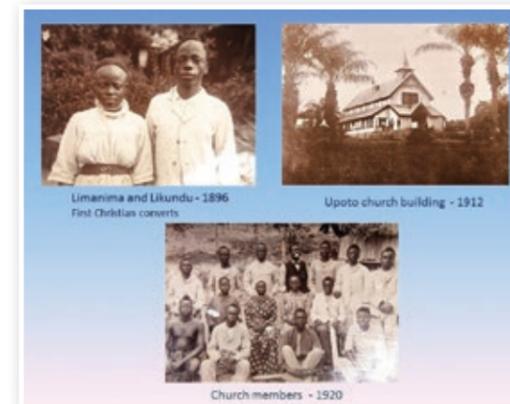
In 1799 he was invited to live in an area controlled by Denmark where he was able to preach. There he was joined by several other missionaries, one of whom was a printer. He printed those parts of the Bible which Carey had translated into local languages that he had learnt. Carey baptised his first convert in 1800, seven years after he arrived. Over the next thirty-four years he translated the whole of the Bible into all the major Indian languages and parts of the Bible into over 200 other languages, while actively spreading the good news of Jesus and building up a significant Christian community.

He worked in India for forty-one years without ever returning to England and died there in 1834. He wrote many books and founded a university college, teaching theology and other subjects, which today has over 2,500 students. His greatest legacy, however, was the global missionary movement which he inspired. The BMS continued to grow and to send missionaries to many parts of the world.

In the middle of the 19th century, David Livingstone, a missionary and explorer, worked in Africa from the 1850s. Nothing had been heard from him for several years and Henry Stanley, a journalist from America, was sent to Africa to look for him. His initial greeting when he found him, 'Dr Livingstone, I presume,' is well known. They continued to work together for some time, exploring the interior of the continent.



At that time Europeans knew very little about the centre of Africa. It is a huge area, largely covered by almost impenetrable jungle. It was extremely hot – the Equator runs right through it – and it was a very unhealthy climate for Europeans. There was no known cure for malaria, which was widespread



and often fatal. Other diseases too, such as sleeping sickness, were often lethal for humans, and also for animals such as horses. Many Europeans died of tropical diseases within a very short time of arriving in the region and horses and other beasts of burden could not be used. There were no roads and anyone travelling into the interior had to cut their way through the jungle. They had to walk and to carry their baggage. They often employed African porters for this purpose. The African tribes living there were sometimes very aggressive. For many, their only contact with white people had been with slave traders.

After Livingstone's death, Stanley returned to Africa as an explorer and discovered the huge Congo River, over 1000 miles of which was navigable right across the continent. Following Stanley's discovery, European countries were interested in the access that the river might provide for trade with people living along it and the BMS was excited by the possibility of reaching these same people with the gospel.

The Congo eventually reaches the Atlantic Ocean but there is a 200-mile stretch of cataracts and waterfalls from about 100 miles from the sea, which prevents access by boats from the ocean to the river in the interior. Missionaries were sent by the BMS to the mouth of the River Congo in 1878 and eventually walked around the cataracts, reaching the 1000-mile navigable part of the river in 1881. The journey round the rapids and waterfalls was very difficult, through mountainous and very rough country, and they were sometimes attacked by local people.

To work on the Congo River a boat was needed and in 1880 a vessel, called the Peace, was built in London, dismantled and sent to Congo in parts. It was to use wood as fuel – amply available on the banks of the river. To reach the main river the parts had to be carried the 200 miles round the rapids and so it was specified that no part should weigh more than 60lb – the load a porter could carry.

Eight hundred loads, each of 60lb, arrived at the mouth of the river and were carried 200 miles up to the main river. Three engineers were sent from London with the parts to reassemble the boat but all three died before they could start work.

A missionary called George Grenfell assembled the Peace in 1884 and it served for many years, carrying goods and people the length of the navigable river. Grenfell used the Peace to find suitable locations at intervals along the river where missionaries could be based and the BMS sent missionaries to work there. Life was not easy. Tropical diseases were still a very serious problem. Seventeen missionaries, mostly under the age of 25, died during the first eight years that the BMS worked in Congo. Many also suffered violent attacks from the local populations.

Chris Sugg
To be continued...

*Tata na biso ya likolo
Our father who art in heaven,
Nkombo ya Yo ezala na lokumo
Hallowed be thy name
Bokonzi na yo eya,
Thy Kingdom come
Nioso yo olingi esalama awa na nse
Let your will be done here on earth
ndenge esalamaka na likolo
as it is done in heaven
Pesa biso bilei ya mikolo na mikolo
Give us each day our daily bread
Limbisa mabe na biso
Forgive us our evil deeds
lokola biso mpe tolimbisaka mabe basali biso
As we forgive those who trespass against us
Batela biso mpo tokweya na komekama te,
Let us not to fall into temptation
kasi longola biso na mabe.
But deliver us from evil
Bokonzi, nguya mpe nkembo ezali na yo, mpo na libela na libela
For the kingdom power and glory are yours forever and ever
Amen*

More 'wow' moments



In February Sarah Marshall preached on the transfiguration, the mountaintop experience where three of the disciples saw Jesus for who he really was.

She encouraged us to think of the wow moments in our lives and others have already submitted theirs for *Comment* (still time to add yours!).

Now ask me to choose my desert island discs or favourite novels etc. and I freeze. I just can't choose from all the many possibilities that crowd in. But even as I started to think of a wow moment, I realised how lucky I had been in my life and what really mattered to me. You will think I am really sad or possibly strange as I share these wow moments with you.

I could have chosen some of the places I have been (though compared to many of you I am not well travelled). I thought of the waves crashing on the beach just outside Cape Town or watching 'The Merchant of Venice' at the Sydney Opera House with our eldest son who had never appreciated Shakespeare before that moment; of The Rocky Mountains in Colorado or that place in the Bayou just outside New Orleans where the sounds and smells of the vegetation were like being in another

world; or of the almond blossom in the Atlas Mountains in the Spring where we went for our 25th wedding anniversary; but the place I chose was the Sea of Galilee (the most exotic location I had ever been to when we were relatively newly married) where time seemed to stop still and it was easy to imagine being there in the time of Jesus as if no time had passed for 2000 years.

My other wow moments were all family related. The first was the day the phone rang to tell us that we were being offered a baby boy for adoption and that our dreams of being parents would finally come true. I can still remember the euphoria of that moment.

Then there was the moment one Shrove Tuesday when two of my teenaged sons decided they wanted to make pancakes. I know it sounds ridiculous but the simple pleasure of showing them how to toss them, the laughter and banter and the fun they had and the rivalry between them, just 11 months apart, was worth all the mess and the washing up afterwards.

Another was very different but it's a moment I wouldn't have missed for anything: the privilege of being there to share the last few hours of my mother's life, holding her hand, waiting and watching and praying in the small hours of the night.

I shared the joys of all of my sons doing well in exams at different levels

and each of those was wonderful; but the biggest of them all was the son who had achieved more in gaining his results because of his learning difficulties and then seeing him not only get a job and keeping it but knowing that he is appreciated for his contribution there.

I experience a wow moment every Christmas particularly at the Midnight Mass service when I tingle with the music and atmosphere inside the church; but also on Maundy Thursday when Cliff Brown sings as the church is stripped in preparation for Good Friday.

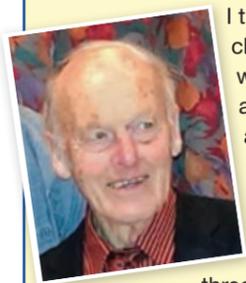
After another long period of waiting there was the amazing sense of privilege when we were asked to take care of Charlie, our first proper foster placement, going to the hospital to meet him at 20 minutes old and having the responsibility of loving and nurturing that baby boy for someone else. This could only be matched by the double whammy of our next placement of two premature baby girls... Truly wow.

But the final one is the last ten or so Christmas Days – not the presents or the food but the hours that we share as a family in the kitchen, Tom playing guitar and the rest of us singing Christmas songs while preparing the food together, the banter and the togetherness of family life – so ordinary and yet so special.

I am so lucky.

Annette Reynolds
St Peter & St Paul

Making a joyful noise



I tried to think of my choice of hymns when we are allowed to sing again in church. The difficulty is that there are so many favourites! Here are just three.

Composed in the 18th century, the words seem very appropriate for the times in which we live. 'How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord is laid for your faith in His excellent word.' Verse 2 starts: 'Fear not, He is with thee, O be not dismayed' and verse 3 'In every condition, in sickness, in health,' and verse 4 'When through the deep waters, He calls thee to go, the rivers of grief shall not thee

overflow, for He will be with you in trouble to bless,' and verse 5, 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, His grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply'. Yes, there are 6 verses and the last line finishes, 'He'll never, no never, no never forsake.' What a wonderful friend is Jesus who will be with us in all the difficulties and distresses that many are going through.

Then Charles Wesley's great hymn (18th century again) – 'And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Saviour's blood,' sums up the great work of redemption for which Jesus came into our world. The very rousing tune helps us to realise the depth of truth in the words.

And to offer another out of the dozens of favourites, I would choose: 'Fill thou my life, O Lord my God in

every part with praise' written by Horatius Bonar in the 19th century. This hymn calls us to praise God at all times and happenings in our lives. Verse 4 reads 'Fill every part of me with praise, let all my being speak of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord, poor though I be and weak'.

I have quoted from some of the old masters of hymn writing, but that is not to say that many of the modern hymns and songs composed in the last fifty or sixty years are really good in expressing our faith as we sing. Many are used in churches today alongside the old hymns. How wonderful it will be when we can all 'make a joyful noise to the Lord' together again!

John Young
Akeman Street Baptist Church

What does the Bible consist of?



The Bible, as we know it, was brought together between 3rd century BC and the 5th century AD.

In the 8th century BC the 'Old Testament' started to be written down by scribes in the reign of Hezekiah and in the 6th century BC the books of Deuteronomy and Judges were added. In the 3rd century BC King Ptolemy of Egypt arranged a Greek translation of this 'Old Testament' for the library in Alexandria and this formed the Septuagint which was the version of the Bible used by the early Christians in Rome – and referred to in Paul's letters. Just before the inclusion in the Alexandria library, the book of Daniel was transcribed and added – although it is thought it dates in some form from around 600BC. This Septuagint is basically our Christian Old Testament. The Jews use the older Masoretic text which differs in places from the Septuagint.

In addition the Orthodox and Catholic Old Testaments contain books not in the original Masoretic text. These books are contained in the Apocrypha which the Council of Rome in AD382 declared as part of the Old Testament – Tobit, Judith, additional chapters of Esther and Daniel, 1st and 2nd Maccabees, Wisdom of Solomon, Sirach (or Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach), Baruch. Apocrypha originally meant 'hidden' books considered too sacred for the public, but later came to mean books without the same authority as the

Septuagint – St Jerome (who was tasked with translating the Greek Septuagint into Latin for the Vulgate version published in AD405) said the Apocrypha was not divinely inspired. This was despite the Council of Rome declaring that the apocryphal books were an authentic part of the Old Testament, later confirmed by the Council of Trent in 1546. Martin Luther's Bible of 1534 was the first to separate the Apocrypha as a discrete section.

So at present the Catholic Bible includes the apocryphal books. The Protestant Bibles either omit them, or include them as a separate section – the Apocrypha. The Greek Orthodox Bibles include the Catholic apocryphal books plus 3rd Maccabees, 1st Esdras, Prayer of Manasseh and Psalm 151. The Old Testament is very variable!

The New Testament was assembled in the Muratorian Canon around 200AD, but it was not until the 5th century that all the various Christian churches agreed on one definitive form of the New Testament.

There were many early Gospels and letters that were not discovered until the 19th and 20th centuries. The Berlin Gnostic Codex was found in Egypt in 1896, the Gnostic Gospels were discovered at Nag Hammadi in Egypt in 1945 and the Book of Judas discovered in Egypt in the 1970s in the form of a Coptic manuscript which was not translated until 2000. All these documents are labelled as 'Gnostic' and contain books such as The Gospel of The Birth of Mary (attributed by Jerome to St Matthew), The Protevangelion (an account of the birth of Jesus by his

brother James), the Gospel of Thomas, The Gospel of Judas and The Gospels of Christ's Infancy. Although some of these have been estimated to have been written in the 1st and 2nd century AD, and some of the discovered parchments date to the 2nd and 3rd century, they have no official status. They are, however, a major theme in the Da Vinci Code, described as early Christian writings suppressed by the Church as they contained deep secrets!

The Gnostic writings are attributed to the Gnostics – or enlightened – who emerged in the 1st century AD from Jewish and Christian mystics who believed in spirituality of worship rather than dogma and Church authority. The Gnostics were declared heretics in the 2nd century AD and all their works were supposed to have been destroyed. Gnostic beliefs continued in the form of Montanism until around AD900 and the Mandaeans who still exist in Iraq and Iran. A number of Ecclesiastical Gnostic bodies were formed after the Second World War including the Thomasine Church and the North American College of Gnostic Bishops. Carl Jung was also very interested in the spiritual side of Gnosticism.

So maybe we will see a new publication of a Bible consisting of the traditional texts, the apocryphal texts and the gnostic texts. As some of the gnostic texts were not translated until ten years ago – this seems a possibility. Gnosticism has already featured in the writings of Jung, Philip K Dick and the film The Matrix. Watch this space!

John Allan
High Street Baptist Church

Read at your peril!

You will be singing this all day! **Ed.**

This is a hymn I am fond of. It was written for Clive and me. At our previous parish a Priest, who was having a Sabbatical, liked the fact that we had a Junior Choir who 'did a turn' on the second Sunday of the month, like St Peter & St Paul's, a service with some fun. It was sometimes Clive on the keyboard, and Brian (Priest) on guitar.

The title tune of Match of the Day is known by many people. Brian wrote words to the tune. Twice a year we held a 'Songs of Praise'. People came from

miles away. Chosen hymns had been sent in previously, with reasons why they had been asked for. This song was always asked for, and an encore always demanded.

Tune: Match of the Day by Barry Stoller, words by Revd Brian Melbourn. Approved by the BBC.

We come to church to worship Jesus and learn about his love

We come to praise the Holy Spirit Who comes from God above.

We come to church to greet each

other and pray for all below.

We are followers of Jesus and we like to let it show!

We come to church to hear the Bible – the very Word of God,

To read the parables of Jesus, the stories that he told.

We come to church to praise the Father because we love him so

We are followers of Jesus and we like to let it show!

Pam Russell
St Peter & St Paul

'Desert Island' churches



My choice of seven churches can be split into two groups, hatches, matches and dispatches, and 'wow' churches.

My 'hatches' church was St

Thomas's, Oakwood, where I was baptised on Low Sunday 1952. St Thomas's was built in the 1930s so was a modern church. It was our family church, with my brother and sister also both baptised there, and my dad was confirmed there having been brought up in a non-conformist church. Our family has always been involved in the life of our church and this was no exception with Dad helping to design the church hall as he was a civil engineer. I went to brownies there and was sad to leave when we moved away when I was 9 years old. However, I would not feel comfortable there nowadays as they appear not to support the ordination of women. I suspect they are not inclusive as well.



St Thomas's, Oakwood

Our 'matches' church was in Kings Langley where we became members of All Saints Church. Again our family fitted in well with Dad becoming churchwarden and Mum involved with kneelers, flowers and anything practical. The church had an elderly vicar who was likely to die in post so was not too forward-looking – it was a little frustrating! I helped at Sunday School and all three of us kids were married there, and both Mum and Dad had their funerals there, their ashes being buried in the rose garden that Dad had built previously. My brother and his family have continued with service to the church, with my sister-in-law as churchwarden and brother hands-on to

anything that is needed!

Moving to Tring, and St Peter & St Paul's in 1971, our three daughters were baptised here and it is fair to say I have made my spiritual home here. This is where the 'dispatches' comes in. As well as being involved in the funeral ministry here as a verger, I expect to have my funeral here as I'm not planning to move away! A pattern seems to be repeating here with service to the church, being both churchwarden and parish co-ordinator for a time and involved in sewing and flower arranging among other things!

So now the 'wow' churches. These are places that I have visited on our travels, where I've walked in and not wanted to walk out of, just to stay and soak up the beauty, or the feeling of God in the place. There is a far longer list than these four I have picked out, and it has surprised me that they are mostly modern but I hasten to add, I do have wow feelings in old churches as well!

We went to New Zealand four years ago. Arriving in Christchurch, the temporary 'cardboard' or Transitional

Cathedral was about 100m from our hotel, the old cathedral having collapsed during the earthquake of 2011. I managed to get to a service and popped in a number of times. It is made of cardboard tubes, but it is the feeling of light and space that appealed to me. It is the same



All Saints Church, Kings Langley



Transitional Cathedral, Christchurch, New Zealand

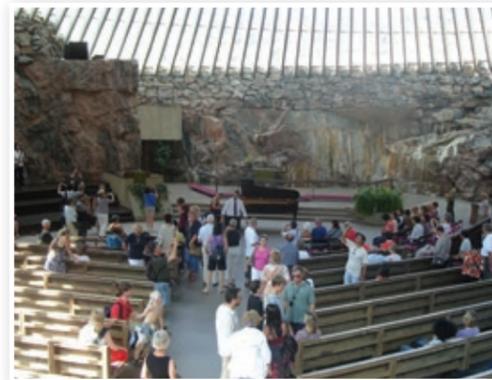


Arctic Cathedral, Tromsø, Norway

shape as the church in Tromsø in Norway which is another of my wow churches. We then travelled up to Mount Cook for a few days. On the way we came across the Church of the Good Shepherd on the side of Lake Tekapo: tiny, only holding a



Church of the Good Shepherd, New Zealand



Lutheran Church of the Rock, Helsinki, Finland



Lutheran Church of the Rock, Helsinki, Finland

handful of people, but the view from the window behind the altar across the lake to Mount Cook was just stunning.

I like quirky churches and the Lutheran Church of the Rock in Helsinki is just that. Built in a hole in the rock in 1969, with high windows and a roof over the top reminded me of being in a cave! We arrived as a recital was finishing and the acoustics are wonderful: well worth a

visit if you are ever in Helsinki.

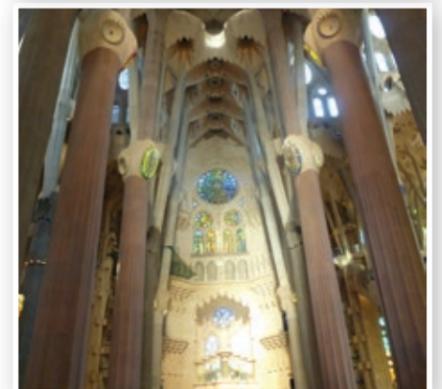
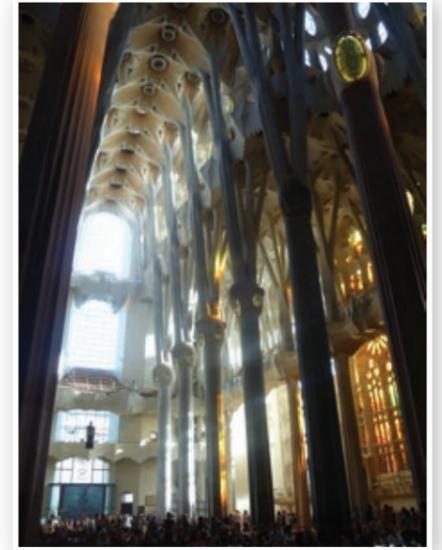
The last 'wow' church, but probably the best for me, is the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona which is actually a basilica. Designed by Gaudi, it is still being finished, long after his death, but the inside is a work of art. We nearly didn't get inside as the queue to get in was quite long, but we stuck it out and I'm so glad we did. The light pouring through various coloured windows created such beautiful colours in the building, and the pillars made of different coloured stone seem to reach up for ever. Beautiful. We had to wait for an hour until we could get the lift to the roof and the time went by in a flash as there was so much to explore and look at, so much to take in and experience.

And if I had to pick just one? A difficult choice but I think home is where the heart is!

**Janet Goodyer,
St Peter & St Paul**

I had the privilege of seeing the Sagrada Familia a few years ago while visiting a publishing partner in Barcelona. Toni Matas is the most evangelical Catholic I have ever met with a huge enthusiasm for life and love for his Lord. He knows everyone (it seems) or has connections, and had been involved in writing a guide book for the church so knew the right people to speak to. He managed to get us last-minute tickets and insisted on taking us round as

a guide, talking in English (one of the seven languages he speaks) nineteen to the dozen – until an official came and reprimanded him – and there was a heated discussion in Catalan – because only those paid to be a guide are allowed to tell others about the cathedral! He was only mildly put out by this... Ed.



Sagrada Familia, Barcelona, Spain

Parish registers

Baptisms

We welcome into our church family all those below and pray for their parents, Godparents and families.

Tallulah Russell

**Phoebe Elizabeth Mackinder-Fulford
Emma Young (adult)**

Weddings

We offer our congratulations and prayers to these couples as they begin their married lives together.

Joseph Price & Charlotte Hunt

Toby James Proctor & Catherine Mary Pitt

Funerals

We thank God for the lives of the departed and pray for comfort for those who mourn.

Pamela Shaw 72

Lilian Purse 90

Frances (Fran) Bowman

The enemy that does not sleep...



Writing about an evolving pandemic a month or more in advance of a magazine publication poses obvious challenges, but I hope the narrative provides some

perspective on the events that are now evolving quite quickly.

Previously we noted that exposure to invading viruses eventually produces 'learned' immune responses. The learning takes a week or so, during which we generally become poorly. The dose of Covid-19 needed to make a person ill is still unknown, as the results of human challenge trials are not yet complete. Seclusion and vaccination are the main defence strategies.

A separate strand of interest is developing in what happens to persons infected with Covid-19. A minority recover from the acute illness, but later again become ill in an apparently separate episode. Data are accumulating on these uncommon cases, either ill with the original infecting virus, or very rarely, ill with a different variant. These longitudinal studies are exacting and hard to carry out retrospectively. Persisting disability (long Covid) is of equal interest and again, more study data are awaited.

Vaccination exposes us to products that generate immunity and counter full-blown disease should we be later exposed to the parent virus. In the case of Covid-19, antibodies to the spike protein evoked by the Astra Zeneca Oxford, and the Pfizer BioNTech vaccines have proved extremely effective at preventing severe illness, and very protective against developing mild disease. We do not know why this minority of people develop mild illness, but given individual variation and other confounding factors, it is unsurprising. The protective effects of vaccination are unequivocal.

At the start of the vaccination programme we did not know if people retained the capacity to become infectious once they had been vaccinated. This is a nuance of practical importance, since avoiding individual illness is one thing, but not passing-on virus is another. Happily, we now know that a substantial proportion of vaccinees do not pass on Covid-19, thereby

curtailing infection in the community. Readily knowing who can and who can't pass-on Covid-19 after vaccination would be nice, but is not possible at present and the part-basis for continued testing.

So how do we know who is infectious? Checking people for Covid-19 in their noses and throats with Lateral Flow tests quickly flags up those who might be sources of new disease outbreaks. But inconveniently, negative Lateral Flow results can occur in infectious individuals: so from Lateral Flow there is no 'green light' just a red one, and this has triggered debate about how useful this test is. But when it is 'red' it really is 'red'. The alternative PCR test is highly reliable but takes over a day to feed back a result.

So, what about guidelines? The strategy on how to protect individuals and society needs to be constantly revised. It has some resemblance to the riddle: You have a fox, a chicken and a sack of grain. You must cross a river with only one of them at a time.... Foxes eating chickens, etc.

At present, immunity from vaccination is allowing safe easing of social restrictions, as judged by the low numbers of new cases, deaths and results of surveys. But relaxation is hard to adjust as it depends on messy data and professional judgements. The colloquial 'suck it and see' summarises the position, but the 'see' part requires multiple timely sources of information, and break-points for action.

Inevitably spikes in infections will occur particularly where there are poor levels of vaccination or other unhelpful factors. These can only be contained by vigilance, and maintaining surveillance, particularly for new variants. The virus knows no social niceties and is programmed to survive and evolve.

Social interactions can be informed using tests such as the Lateral Flow tests for potential spreaders of virus. Making test kits readily available has been thought worthwhile, and this is 'work in progress' – the outcomes remain to be reviewed. Keeping calm and carrying on may be the motto to bear in mind as the weeks go by and guidelines change. No doubt there will be new hiccups that the media will amplify, but hopefully nothing serious.

We have noted that viruses can change their properties at an uncomfortable rate, the risk being

that today's Covid-19 vaccines will be ineffective for new variants. In countries where infections are rife, the likelihood of a troublesome mutation arising is increased. We are betting the house on keeping ahead of this development. In the UK an ongoing programme of viral genome sequencing is particularly well-developed and feeds into this effort.

Presently it looks as if targeted 'tweaking' of the current vaccines can be done readily, and that extensive new clinical trials that might otherwise delay new vaccine deployment are not necessary. Re-vaccination should be feasible, and hopefully the logistics will again be impeccable.

As mentioned above, huge outbreaks provide good conditions for mutations to develop. Mass travel to numerous points on the globe risks returning such mutations to the UK, and worryingly, pressure to ignore the medical science and to yield to commercial concerns is already evident. The defence locker is not brimming with remedies.

The conclusion is that the future is definitely rosier. For many months we will need to pursue innovative research, monitor the health of the public, and be ready to accept mass re-vaccination in the face of an enemy that does not sleep. Complacency is not yet an option.

Michael Sherratt
Corpus Christi

People do read Comment!



A few weeks ago Caroline Ellwood phoned me to say that she had read my 'churches' piece in the last edition of *Comment*.

It appears that she was living in Rugby in the 1960s when I was a teenager there, and was a very good friend of Martin Turner, the priest I mentioned as being a big influence on my adolescence. We had a lovely chat about old times and places.

John Whiteman, Tring Team

Made in Tring – for Syrian refugees

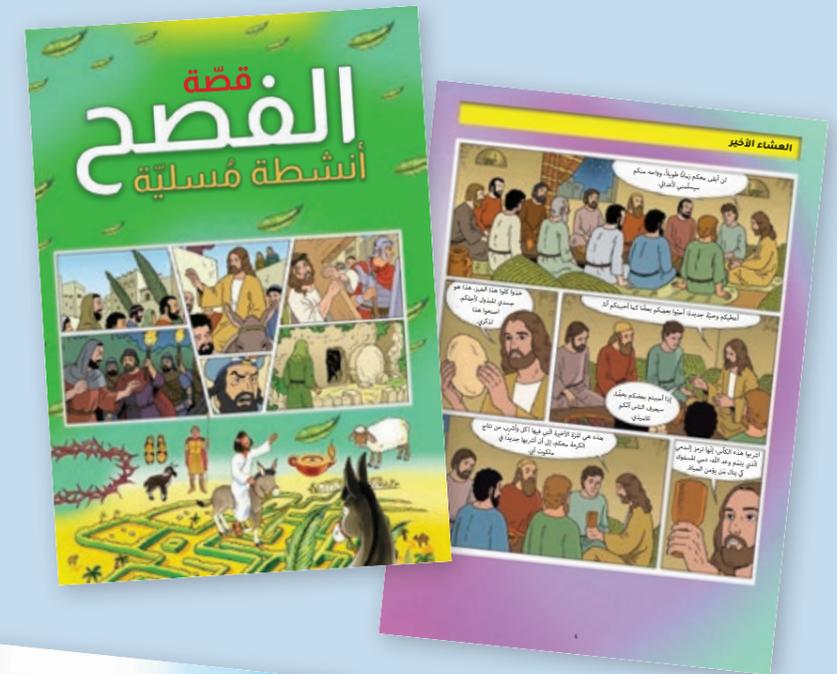


Two different Lebanese publishers worked with a tiny book packager in Tring High Street to produce four different Christmas books for 2020, amounting to 43,000 books in Arabic and Armenian.

These publishers worked with the Bible Society in Syria to enable over 30,000 copies in Arabic to be distributed free to children in Syrian refugee camps. They went on to produce an Easter title too and more are in preparation for the same seasons in 2021/2.

There may be some empty shop fronts in our High Street this year, but these books were all made in Tring.

Annette Reynolds
St Peter & St Paul



I'm going to be a granny!



It has been a very odd year, memorable for so many reasons. But amid the fear and facemasks we have had

some wonderful family news which I have sat on for a few months but have now been given permission to share. I am going to be a Granny!

Anyone who knows me in real life



knows this has brought me real joy and I am already ridiculously excited. My children have had to physically drag me

away from the baby stuff in shops; but I am happily crocheting an extra special blanket.

My eldest son is joking that giving me a grandchild lets him off the hook for the next few birthdays and so on. I have to say as Mother's Day gifts go, it was a good one!

I won't be expecting to be needed for much advice – mum-to-be is an experienced nanny and has probably looked after more children even than me!

Afra Willmore
St John the Baptist, Aldbury

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Minister
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SOCIAL NETWORKING

 Tring Parish

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Crossword puzzle answers From page 19

ACROSS	DOWN
6. RICKMANSWORTH	1. RITA
8. MADONNA	2. MANNA
11. INERT	3. ASK
12. BEAMING	4. LOUNGED
13. ACT	5. ETERNITY
15. DEVIL	7. KNOB
16. CHANTED	9. NEPHEWS
17. DEFOE	10. AMENDED
18. AYE	11. INDEXED
19. SWEETEN	14. CHEERFUL
22. FRETS	16. COSTUME
23. DESIGNS	20. TENOR
26. SUMMER HOLIDAY	21. NISI
	24. NOAH
	25. TRY

COMMENT

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COMMENT DEADLINES

1 January
1 February
1 March
1 April
1 May
1 June
1 August
1 September
1 October
1 November

High Street Baptist Church - Tring

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zoom

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