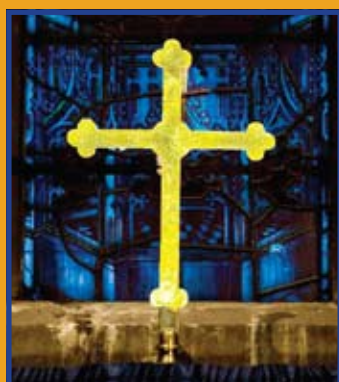


COMMENT

THE MAGAZINE OF THE CHURCHES IN TRING



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Holy Week and Easter in Tring Church



9th April Palm Sunday
6 am TAYA Dawn service @ Tree Cathedral
10 am Worship for All
Mon, Tue, and Wed
8 pm Compline and Talk

13th April Maundy Thursday
10 am Holy Communion BCP
8 pm Holy Communion and Foot Washing followed by Vigil Watch

14th April Good Friday
10 am Worship for All
11 am Walk of Witness (starts at St Martha's finishes at Tring Church)
2 pm Last hour at the cross
7 pm Easter Sepulchre

16th April Easter Day
6 am Dawn Service with New Fire and Communion
8 am Holy Communion BCP
10 am Family Service with Communion for Easter Day

EASTER MONDAY PILGRIMAGE 2017



St Albans Cathedral

Monday 17th April
Gather from 1pm
Service at 3pm

Journey together - Play together - Sing together



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The swing of the pendulum

I have commented before that getting the balance right is difficult when putting together this magazine. We may plan and commission a good range of topics but we cannot guarantee that people who offer their contributions unsolicited will fit in neatly nor can we be sure that those commissioned articles will materialize in time. So I had some feedback on the March edition, not all of which was favourable!

If last month was dominated by thoughts of old age – whenever we decide that is – this month has quite a bit on death, not least because we lost at least another three stalwart members of our faith community recently. Some of those articles continue our theme

of 'lifequakes', the events in our lives which challenge or prove our faith, and mixed in with that is how God answers our prayers. I think there may be some strong reactions to these articles too – but as always, we welcome your contributions, whether as feedback to those articles or because you have something you would like to say about your own experience.

I caught part of a piece on the radio the other day by a Jewish speaker which I found helpful. He said that we were all at risk of the swing of the pendulum. We pray but we cannot 'outsource our responsibility to God'. Our faith must lead to responsible and ethical living; we must be lovers of peace and harmony

and live our lives to be a force for good. So whether we live to be twenty-five or ninety-nine, whether our lives are a bed of roses or we find ourselves always lying on the thorns, God does not change. He is always there to help us through the darkest and most painful moments. As the apostle Paul discovered, God's grace is sufficient – for his power is made perfect in our weakness. The greater our need, the more God is there to help.

The Editor



The reason for the season

Are you feeling Eastery? I suspect it is a strange question and I doubt anyone has asked you that. However, in the build up to the Church's other major festival, similar statements will be made. People will say after a carol service, 'It feels like Christmas now'.

Maybe there isn't such an excitement about the arrival of Easter, or maybe the penitential side of Lent still dominates. It is interesting that many people who do not go to Church are still keen to take on a Lenten discipline. Feeling Eastery requires us to journey with Christ and that means first going to Golgotha with him.

This issue of the magazine comes out on Passion Sunday (passion meaning suffering) and then we have

Palm Sunday, Holy Week and Good Friday. I suspect these aren't days that we can get excited about or that we look forward to with eager anticipation. Having said that, I am feeling Eastery and by that I mean I am really looking forward to Easter. I want to feel the joy, hope and possibility opened up by celebrating Christ's Resurrection. One cannot avoid the path to Golgotha and I am not looking for short cuts to avoid it.

This year maybe we as a parish have been more aware of it than usual as suffering has come too close to home for comfort, the road has been rocky. But I am feeling Eastery because that path continues onwards to the empty tomb. On Easter Monday as we walk to

St Albans as part of the pilgrimage to the Abbey, the world is unlikely to be any different from the way the world was on Holy Saturday. The only thing that can be different is the way in which we choose to view it.

Can we put behind us all that has passed? Can we look ahead with the eyes of the Resurrection? Will we face all of the new challenges with hope? Will we believe? I truly hope that we will. Happy Easter.

Huw Bellis, St Peter & St Paul



Making time for God

'Holiness is the space we make for God' according to Rabbi Lord Jonathan Sacks, former Chief Rabbi.

Recently the Book Group at the Parish Church met to discuss Jonathan Sacks' marvellous book, 'Covenant and Conversation, Exodus: the Book of Redemption'. It's worth a read, if not least for its wisdom and insight. It can be tackled in short chunks as each chapter is only a few pages long.

In one chapter, Sacks reminds us of the importance of the Sabbath, not simply as a day off but as time 'we make for the Otherness of God – by

not listening, not speaking; by being, not doing; by allowing ourselves to be acted on rather than acting. It means disengaging from that flow of activity whereby we impose our human purposes on the world, thereby allowing space for the divine purpose to emerge.'

While it might be a bit much to stay silent all day on a Sunday, there's something to be said for marking out the Sabbath as a day of difference. For some that might mean not working, for others it might mean not emailing, tweeting or staring at our phones or tablets or computers; for more still

it might mean valuable time with the family. It might even mean all of the above.

Whatever it might mean for you, I hope we might find some time and space to hallow Sunday by reminding ourselves we are in the presence of God and for allowing God's purposes for our life to be made known.

Didier Jaquet, St Cross, Wilstone



Does prayer change anything?



I suspect if you ask the average Christian today to describe the nature of God, the answers would be very varied; however, recurrent themes

are likely to talk about a God who is eternal and unchanging; all-knowing and all-powerful; one who is infinitely wise beyond human comprehension. How then can we understand the dynamics of intercessory prayer? If God is beyond time, is the future somehow already known by him and therefore prayer is redundant, or will the course of events be changed as a result of our prayers? Can God be influenced as a result of our prayerful requests for divine intervention into our lives and situations?

A fundamental aspect of prayer is that we do not pray either out of or into a vacuum. We pray expecting a response, indeed our prayers are not the starting point but are themselves a response to a God who first acted in creation.

If we believe that God has created an ordered world, following unchanging physical laws; and that we have ultimate freedom to observe or ignore divinely established moral law, then it could be argued that all consequences of intercessory prayer are felt exclusively by the one who prays. The discipline of prayer, of turning our minds and attitude towards others, does not leave us unaffected, and nor should it, and yet for me it needs to affect more than just the one praying.

The world in which outcomes are not affected by prayers of intercession is the world of Deism or Semi-Deism. God is the watchmaker, whose creative act is in and through the whole of time and who does not intervene in the established mechanism. This is not, I believe, the world I inhabit and experience every day.

When I pray, I do not do so simply asking for the capability to accept God's unchanging and unchangeable will, though acknowledging my fundamental weakness and requesting help is important. Stopping with prayers simply being 'heard', would feel inadequate as a conclusion; the church through the years and individuals, myself included, have experienced and continue to

perceive that prayer 'works' – or God answers prayer. Divine hearing leads to genuine response.

An understanding of God as omniscient, of a divine knowing of everything, is closely related to our understanding of God's relationship to time. As human beings we can only experience time as a succession of linear events. What we 'know' is related to both our memory of the past and to our current experience. If God can glide effortlessly backwards and forwards along this time line, and has access to all events, past, present and future, then divine knowledge would be perfect. I would suggest that in order to be invited in to true relationship with the Trinitarian God, there has to be real interaction and responsiveness and as such there is an openness and 'unknowing' even in God's relationship with future events. This allows the future to be open and to be affected by prayers in the present.

When we think of God as all-powerful, as omnipotent, we acknowledge his sovereignty in creation. We picture God as one whose will cannot be thwarted and who exercises total control. Yet the God, who by his very nature is relational and who seeks true relationship with us, has given humanity a significant degree of freedom to act. Does God take a risk in creation in giving libertarian freedom, allowing behaviour that is not in the divine will? Or is freedom volitional, with ultimately no risk in creation?

My theological tendencies are distinctly Arminian so I find I want to

emphasise voluntary co-operation with God's will and with his projects in the world (Missio Dei). In trying to understand what we do when we pray for God's intervention through prayers of intercession, we meet God as a willing partner rather than a reluctant participant. In regard to God's 'unchanging' nature, if we assume that intercessory prayers affect outcomes, does this automatically have as a logical consequence the possibility that God's mind can be 'changed' and that an 'outcome' of prayer is not simply our alignment with a plan or purpose that is somehow already in place?

I believe, and experience, that in my relationship with God he gives me libertarian freedom to act, so it would appear to be inescapable that God's experience of time must be such that he potentially does not yet know what the future holds, or else how could I genuinely say I have freedom? I believe he actively seeks our co-operation in the fulfilment of his will and sees prayer as part of the relationship and as a consequence I have to believe God's intentions can be changed and outcomes are directly affected by my prayers and the prayers of God's people.

Clearly the task of explaining God's response to intercessory prayer will in many ways ultimately remain elusive in this world. The standard Christian truism that God's answer is always one of 'Yes', 'No' or 'Not now' is useful in encouraging faithfulness in prayer, but would have done little to answer the question posed in the title.

As we look to understand God's response to intercessory prayer, it would be very easy to become distracted, always trying to make sure that our prayers were theologically coherent with our understanding of God. We would do well to remember that, as in much of Christian life, the key point is to do, to pray, even if full understanding this side of heaven is elusive!

Andrew Openshaw, New Mill Baptist Church

Editor's note

If you have stories you are willing to share of how God has answered your prayers, please write to me and I will print them in Comment: annetter@ad-publishing.com or though the R pigeon hole in the Parish Church.



On the loss of a child

There are two prayers that many people will have prayed.

Anyone who's lost someone in an untimely way, particularly perhaps a child, sibling or parent, very close friend prays, 'Make them better. Lord, make them better. Get them out of this. May they recover and be healed.'

The other is when that prayer has passed. A lot of people pray, 'Lord, let me join them. Take me as well.' For many of us, neither of those prayers are answered in the way we hoped. But time goes by and we begin to rebuild our lives. We never 'get over it' (that's such an atrocious expression) but we do begin to rebuild. You live with this gap, as my wife Caroline and I did more than thirty years ago when our first child, Johanna, died.

Our daughter died five days after a car crash on the way back from France. We were moving back to the UK after several years living in Paris. And so we came back and we came to the Church where we'd been married, and we began to rebuild.

Time goes by. There's a sense



sometimes of 'What's it all about? What's it all for?' We were Christians, and sometimes people turn away from God and sometimes they turn to God, and like the psalmist they say, 'Where were you? Where are you?' It's in the Psalms: tough words, bitter words of anger with God; much better said than suppressed. And if we're wise, and if we have wise friends who love us (as we did, friends who loved us and looked after us), eventually we begin to look up a bit. We find the strength. For some people it's much harder than others. Never, ever tell people what they 'ought' to be or 'ought' to do or how they 'ought' to behave... but somehow, with wise friends we were able to move forward.

We came back eventually to that great puzzle, which is that there is one child in the whole of human history who died, whose father could have done something and didn't; who could with a mere exercise of will have changed the world so it didn't happen. His beloved child, whom he sent to live this risky life, and who died unjustly some thirty years later, out of time, unfairly.

And when we turn to that child and see in that child that there is hope and healing, we find a source of purpose, a source of going on, that is so boundlessly deep, so extraordinarily puzzling sometimes, but so wonderfully embracing, that in the dark moments and the light moments we are held and comforted and carried, often unawares, and the dark moments continue. Many people will know how suddenly and surprisingly that can catch up on you. You see a face, you think, you hear a tune, you go to a place... and the memories just trip you.

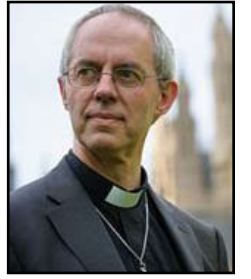
We continue like so many to live

with all of that. But we found over the years that this puzzle of the God that so loved the world that he gave his only son so that all who believe in him should not have that sense of endless death and destruction, but have the hope of life and the knowledge of a future, enables life to be somehow rebuilt around us by the grace and love of God.

We found in Jesus the transforming hope and purpose which enabled us to rebuild and through many more trials, through many moments almost as bad, to find ourselves where we are, with the bitterness of the memory, and the joy of the memory. We remember every 5 November, on the basis that if you don't attack the birthday, the birthday attacks you. And so we have all the family and we do something silly: buy a present we can't afford, have some fun—we have a lot of fun actually. But there's always that reality, and yet there's now that hope.

My prayer for those who are in those darkest of dark moments, which I remember so well, where they are praying that second prayer... and neither prayer is being answered or has been answered, I pray for you and for all of us, for that hope that heals and strengthens and draws us forward, because that child who was born and risked his life and died and rose again, offers life to us and to all we love.

Justin Welby
Archbishop of Canterbury
From a sermon given at the Child Bereavement UK Carol Service 2015



Who are we?

In the notes for the first week of the Parish Church's Lent Course, Jane Banister highlighted three modern models of defining personhood: the rational, the technological and the economic.

The rational model of personhood defines a person as someone who is aware of themselves and free to choose (but what does this say about the person with dementia?). The technologically-

minded world sees ageing as a problem that needs to be fixed or cured. The economic models values people (and things) on their productivity which leads unproductive people to be viewed or to view themselves as a burden.

A Christian model of personhood is that our identity is found in Christ, we are children of God, we are a blessing. We are valued not because of what we produce but because God loves

us. We can't fix everything that is broken, we are saved through God's grace and the cross.

How do we define ourselves? Is it by our relationship with God?

Huw Bellis, St Peter & St Paul



100 favourite hymns

As we celebrate Easter this month, we have included the appropriate hymns chosen by Comment readers. I wonder if this would have been the same list 20 years ago? Where is ‘Rock of Ages?’ (We included ‘When I survey the wondrous cross’ chosen by Frank Dalton a few months ago.)

‘The old rugged cross’

I used to sing with the London Welsh Male Voice Choir and sing the first verse of this as a solo.

Andrew Kinsey, St Peter & St Paul

A friend who ran a Youth Group on the old Kent coalfields once described a Revival as when the drunks come out of the pub singing this hymn! The Editor

*In the old rugged Cross, stain'd
with blood so divine
A wondrous beauty I see
For the dear Lamb of God, left his
Glory above
To pardon and sanctify me
So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a
crown*

George Bennard

‘Lord of the Dance’

Chosen for its nostalgia value and for its great melody, great rhythm and brilliant words.

John Allan, High Street Baptist Church

Sally Smith, Mac Dodge and the congregation and friends of St Cross, Wilstone, also put this hymn on their list.

*They cut me down and I leapt up
high
I am the life that will never, never
die
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the Lord of the dance, said he*

*Dance, dance, wherever you may
be
I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I lead you all, wherever you
may be
And I lead you all in the dance,
said he*

Sydney Carter

‘Thine be the Glory’

This is a fantastic message of redemption and new life and is particularly rousing when sung in St Albans Cathedral at the end of the Easter Monday walk to the Cathedral from Tring. **Richard Abel, St Peter & St Paul** Mike Watkin, Jon Reynolds and Anthea Fraser put this as one of their favourite hymns too.

*Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the
tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear
and gloom;
let the Church with gladness,
hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath
lost its sting.
Thine be the glory, risen
conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er
death hast won.*

Edmond Budry

‘The Greatest Day in History’

Churches have so few traditional Easter Sunday hymns that we get to sing them endlessly and they become almost meaningless. I feel that traditionalists can miss out on some amazing newer songs and this is one of them. It has so much energy and excitement, something to truly celebrate. Without the resurrection we have no faith and Jesus rising from the dead is such a huge thing – so let's get happy and celebrate and make a noise!

Kate Openshaw

New Mill Baptist Church

*The greatest day in history
Death is beaten, You have rescued
me
Sing it out, Jesus is alive
The empty cross, the empty grave
Life eternal, You have won the day
Shout it out, Jesus is alive
He's alive*

*Oh, happy day, happy day
You washed my sin away
Oh, happy day, happy day
I'll never be the same
Forever I am changed*

Tim Hughes

‘Look Ye Saints the sight is glorious’

This is a very robust hymn on the theme of crowning Jesus King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

St Martha's Methodist Church

*Look, ye saints, the sight is
glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.*

Thomas Kelly

‘The Strife is o'er, the battle done’

This hymn shows that Easter is not just a joyful occasion, but the sum total of Christ's whole ministry, his life of spiritual battles with his opponents, his last days of pain, insult and crucifixion, leading to the triumph of overcoming death. Easter shows death is not the end but the gateway to a new life.

Ian Ogilvie, Tring Team

*The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung:
Alleluia.*

Francis Pott

‘There is a green hill far away’

To me it sums up in four short verses the pain, suffering and whole meaning of Easter.

Maria Lashley, St Peter & St Paul

Ken Martin, St Cross, Wilstone and Debs Berry, St Peter & St Paul, also chose this hymn.

*There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.*

Cecil Frances Alexander

‘The Servant King’

This has to be my choice (especially since Thelma has chosen ‘And can it be’ which was probably the signature hymn of All Saints, Laleham where I began my Christian journey). The words not only take you through from the events of Good Friday to Christ's resurrection but to our response to the death of Christ on the cross.

Annette Reynolds, St Peter & St Paul

*Come see His hands and His feet,
The scars that speak of sacrifice;
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails surrendered.
This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
To bring our lives as a daily
offering
Of worship to the Servant King.*

Graham Kendrick

‘And can it be’

A rousing hymn which can be sung with parts for men and women too. It was written in the 1700s and although the language may sound dated, the essence of the words still ring out clear and strong. The final verse concludes: Bold I approach the eternal throne. And claim the crown through Christ my own” and some people feel uncomfortable singing this but it isn't a boastful statement: the hymn writer is declaring his faith and this makes him bold. Singing this hymn in a Church full of people always seems to me a wonderful affirmation of faith.

Thelma Fisher

High Street Baptist Church

Also chosen by Annette Reynolds and Kate Openshaw

*And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his
pain?
for me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for
me?*

Charles Wesley

‘Thy hand, O God, has guided’

Easter is the one time of year when all the churches in Tring come together in a public act of worship and although we don't sing this song on Good Friday, the last line of each verse sums it all up. We may worship in different Churches and in different ways but we are one church with one faith and do all believe in the same Lord.

Roy Hargreaves, St Peter & St Paul

*Thy mercy will not fail us,
nor leave thy work undone;
with thy right hand to help us,
the vict'ry shall be won;
and then by all creation,
thy name shall be adored.
And this shall be their anthem:
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.*

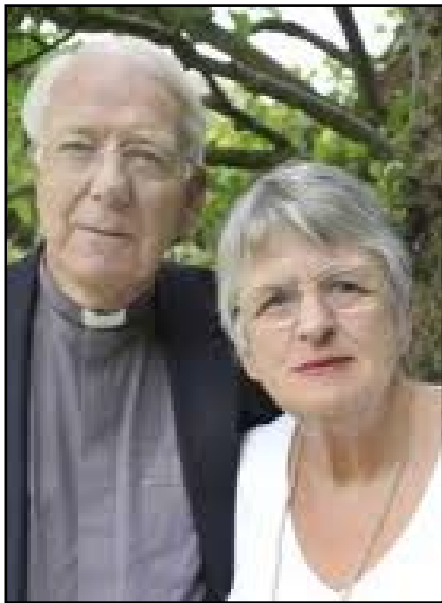
Edward Hayes Plumptre

Invitation

The Ogilvies at 80!

Jenny and I hit the big 80 this year and invite any members of the parish who would like to do so, to join us to celebrate or commiserate(!) over a glass of wine on Sunday 30 April at St Peter & St Paul after the 10.00am Team Parish Eucharist, when I will be celebrating and preaching.

Ian Ogilvie



‘There is a green hill far away’

I was very lucky to have attended a secondary school where there was a long-standing choral tradition. I had been a chorister from the age of six, when I was a member of the Church choir at St Sidwell's in Exeter in the early 1940s and later for several years at St Michael's Church in Highgate.

The school chapel choir was modelled on the King's College Cambridge group and had broadcast on the BBC in the 1930s and 1940s. A standard feature of every academic year was the festival of nine lessons and carols at Christmas.

One year the choirmaster organised a similar festival at Easter. I can only remember fragments of it, but I was the choir member who spoke the sad words; ‘Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?’ (Lord, lord, why hast thou forsaken me?) It ensured me a few moments of fame but a negative comment from the headmaster for some reason!

The lead carol (mimicking ‘Once in Royal David's City’ for the Christmas festival) is my choice of favourite Easter hymn: ‘There is a green hill far away’. The words are by Cecil F Alexander

(1818-1895), written near the old city of Derry in 1847 while she watched over her sick daughter. She was inspired by a green hillock that she passed on her way to the shops that reminded her of Calvary.

It was later published in her ‘Hymns for Little Children’ (1848). The music (Green Hill) is by George C Stebbins (1878), but there are alternative tunes.

It is worth remembering that carols are not simply for Christmas and I still have my old copy of the Oxford Book of Carols which has carols for all seasons. A carol is defined as a ‘joyful hymn’. The hymnbooks of my youth were ‘Songs of Praise’ and ‘Hymns Ancient and Modern’ – rarities in a church these days.

My secondary school was Highgate, and I was Choir Prefect in my final year. The Choir was fairly recently voted ‘National School Choir of the Year’. **Bill Bradford, St Peter & St Paul**



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To baptise or not to baptise...

I was baptised when I was just a few weeks old so obviously don't remember anything about the actual ceremony. However as a church-going Christian, I have seen many other people being baptised, including my own children. The photo is of Maisy who is now eleven.



It's not just babies who are baptised in the Church of England. Anyone who was not baptised (or Christened to give it another name) as babies can choose to be baptised at any age when they feel they want to join God's family. That's a big part of what baptism is about.

For me, part of being in that church family as one of God's people, is following the instructions given during the baptism service when the whole

congregation will say: 'Do not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified.'

To me that means not being embarrassed about believing in God and doing my best to make the world a better place; helping and being kind to people regardless of faith, colour or beliefs. It's about loving other people, trying hard to not hurt people or the world with my words or actions and being honest and asking for forgiveness when I get it wrong.

My parents decided to have me baptised even though they didn't actually believe in God. They wanted the opportunity for me to have Godparents who would help me learn about Christianity so I could make an educated decision when I was old enough. My Godparents took me to Church and I joined in with church clubs and events. When I was sixteen I chose to be confirmed – to confirm that I wanted to be one of God's people.

I like being a church member. I attend a few different Churches within

the team parish and I love being around people who feel the same way as me. We try hard to make a positive difference in the world and feel very sad

when people blame organised religion for bad things that happen. Having a belief and faith gives me comfort and I feel even when I am alone or frightened, God is with me. He will be with me until the end of my life.

Afra Willmore
St John the Baptist, Aldbury



If you are interested in being baptised, or bringing a child for baptism in the Tring Team Parish, or helping families prepare for baptism, please contact one of the clergy or Mike Watkin who coordinates baptism in the Parish on 01442 890407 or baptism@tringteamparish.org.uk.

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Is God good?



God is good. All the time. For that is his nature.

But what about right now, in Aleppo? What about in oncology wards? Where is that

goodness in the Congo as millions have been slaughtered over wars fuelled by a western desire for minerals to create a more powerful smartphone?

In February Jon and I went to St Albans Abbey to hear Richard Harries talk about and answer questions on his new book, 'The Beauty and The Horror', written as a response to atheistic rationalism. It was excellent and very thought-provoking.

The Bishop, who is clearly a fan of Rowan Williams, R.S Thomas, Reinhold Niebuhr, C.S Lewis, Fyodor Dostoevsky and William Golding, took us on a journey, presenting the precise nature of the Christian response to suffering in the world. We live in a secular culture but the hearts of most people reach out

naturally to the transcendent. But the only question that matters, he argues, is how can a loving God allow so much suffering?

God created our world and it was good. But God let that creation 'be'. God did not make man or woman to be robots to perform exactly as he wanted but allowed men and women to have free will; and the exercise of that free will, that human choice, causes terrible things to happen. Would it have been better if there had been no free will? If God intervened every time we asked him to make a miracle happen, it would have repercussions everywhere. And for those who are born as slaves or die young, is life, any kind of life, worth living? Is it better to have been born, to have been rather than not to have been? Even a brief life has meaning and purpose and beauty.

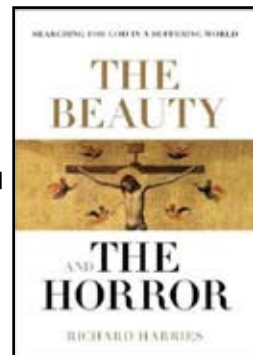
Novelists, filmmakers and other artists often take tragic events as their theme because through them there is hope, the kind of hope that changes the way we live and how we live. It is through engagement with very real

suffering that we become truly human.

As to the answer to suffering, Richard Harries does not have a view of God as one who deliberately trips us up going down the stairs in order that we may be better at tripping as we go down the stairs next time. Suffering is a result of real freedom, not as a sort of trial or preparation for heaven.

The Bishop presented us with the death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth and the Christian hope in the face of death that rises above wishful thinking and presents an answer: suffering happens, it is not good but we shall overcome because Jesus overcame. God in Christ suffers with us and if we allow him, the presence of the Holy Spirit embraces us and comforts us.

Annette Reynolds, St Peter & St Paul



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Vicarage tales

The first church that I can remember being part of was a little mission church in a fishing village on the Roseland Peninsula in Cornwall. My father, who was an NSM at the time, was the priest in charge.

The Church was on the main street, which was actually a very narrow lane, and there was no parking so we had an arrangement with the landlord of the pub to park there and walk down. We then had to get the key from an old lady who lived in a cottage behind the Church. She didn't come to Church, and all I ever saw of her was her hand proffering the key from around the corner of the door frame. The same old lady also provided water for baptisms, but water for communion came from a plastic bottle my dad brought from home.

The church was actually an old lifeboat house, and was opposite the slipway into the harbour. A lifeboat had been stationed at Portloe in 1870 by the RNLI. It proved difficult to move the boat across the beach so a new house was built in 1877 nearer the water. This was withdrawn in 1887 without ever having performed a rescue. The second boathouse became a house, and the original became the Church. There was still an ancient stretcher propped up against the vestry wall, of similar vintage to the type used in the BBC's version of 'Poldark'. I think it would have fallen apart had we tried to move it, which is possibly why the lifeboat men did not take it to their new boathouse. I do not think we ever had cause to use it during one of the services.

As my father was taking the service in a mission church with fewer than twenty regulars in the congregation, inevitably all the jobs done by many volunteers in bigger churches had to be done either by himself or his conscripts (my sister and me). My first job had been putting up the hymn numbers and taking them down again at the end. I remember being old enough to carry around the collection bag (always known as The Bag) to help out old Mr Spooner who was not as sprightly as he had been, and then being in charge of checking that it was the correct liturgical colour for the season. I always thought the green bag, used for so long during what used to be called Trinity, was a bit dull and tatty, so I quite enjoyed it when we changed seasons. My route around the

Church was planned, and had to include looking on the windowsill behind the flower pot which is where the organist put her money. Meanwhile, my sister had been promoted to lighting the candles at the beginning of the service and taking off the blue altar cloth. We both rushed to extinguish them at the end as we got to use to candle snuffer. Sometimes the candles wouldn't light very easily as the Church was damp.

As in most Churches, people had their preferred pews. We sat two rows back. Behind us sat an elderly gentleman who used to bring us Animal chocolate bars, and opposite was a lady who had been to America and brought us both back a doll. At the front sat a very old lady called Mina. By virtue of being a nonagenarian, the front pew was always left for her so she could have the electric heater on. As the service went on she warmed up, and would get up and take off her coat, only to reveal a different coat underneath. I don't think there was any other heating and if Mina didn't come to Church the heater wasn't switched on.

We were not the only young family at the Church. There was a family with children slightly younger than us. Both of the girls enthusiastically joined in the hymns from an early age, guessing, incorrectly as it happened, not only the words but also the tunes. It was a relief to all the congregation when they learned to read.

At the end of a service, once we had tidied away and fought over the candle snuffer and whose turn it was to count the loose change in The Bag, my sister and I would play on the organ.

This was in fact a harmonium, operated by pedals, and was played by a lady in her eighties. Her legs were not as fast as her fingers, and often my mum, who has a strong singing voice, would battle on with the hymn until Lynda caught up with herself. On one occasion Lynda stopped and announced that she didn't think she was playing the same hymn that we were singing, so there followed a discussion as to which hymn we would like to sing, and off we went again. After services (and when Lynda had gone home) we would have a go on the harmonium. One of us would pedal and the other would do the hands, although as neither of us played the piano it can't have been very pleasant.

If it were a fine day, or if our parents had had enough of our musical improvisation, we would cross the road and run up the cliff path alongside the harbour, known as The Jacka. 'Can we go up The Jacka?' and off we would dash. At the very top we could see all the cottages and watch any activity in the water. Eventually we would see our parents standing outside the Church, waving at us to come back down.

Over fifteen years ago, the Methodist Chapel at the end of the village was in danger of falling into the sea, and so Portloe Church became a United Methodist and Anglican Church. I believe they no longer have the stretcher.
Gill Kinsey, St Peter & St Paul



View of Portloe from up The Jacka. The Church is left of centre in the middle distance.

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Women's World Day of Prayer 2017

The annual Women's World Day of Prayer was this year celebrated on the afternoon and evening of Friday 3 March at Corpus Christi Catholic Church, with the active participation of members of all the churches in Tring.

This event had originally begun as separate days of prayer organised by different denominations in the United States in the mid 1800s and has now become a truly international and ecumenical day of prayer.

This year people in the Philippines prepared the worship service and the resource materials at the time when typhoon Haiyan struck their country. The theme of the service was 'Am I being unfair to you' and it was an opportunity to reflect on what this means to us as individuals and to our world through the eyes of the women of the Philippines. A

central theme was justice and fairness and a contrast was drawn between those who have the riches of the world in abundance and those who have little or nothing and have few opportunities to improve their lives.

The service consisted of readings, prayers of intercession, reflections and hymns and there were personal stories from four women from different parts of the Philippines, who gave details of their lives and the hardships they have to endure. All present received small bags of rice symbolizing the fruits of the harvest.

The Gospel reading was the parable of the landowner who took on casual labourers one day to work in the vineyard. Though they were employed at different times of the day, when it came to make payment all were handed

the same money. Those who had laboured all day were paid the same as those who had worked for just one hour though all received what they had been promised. The congregation was invited to reflect on the justice and fairness of this.

Following the services refreshments were served. A collection was taken which raised £280.00.

As the service took place around the globe 3million people in 170 countries will have prayed with and for the people of the Philippines. In the British Isles 6,000 services will have been held.

Tricia Apps, Corpus Christi



Eight till eight



Archbishop Justin Welby has called for there to be a global wave of prayer from Ascension Day on 25 May to Pentecost on 4 June.

Save the date

At St Peter & St Paul we are planning to run an all-day drop-in event from Eight till Eight, 8.00am to 8.00pm on Saturday 3 June. We are inviting churches and Christian groups in our community to take part and hoping the day will encourage people to explore and experience different forms of prayer. Come when you like; stay as long as you like.

Plan to contribute

We would like contributors to mount displays, and give a short presentation or demonstration – perhaps for ten minutes – if they want to. Then there would be a period of twenty minutes or so of unled

prayer time, when people could look at displays and try out the prayer ideas. The length of time for this will really be governed by how many groups take part in running the day.

Sustenance

After the opening of the event, there will be the Churches Together Prayer Breakfast at 8.30am; then tea, coffee and biscuits will be provided throughout the day. Please bring your own lunch if you are in Church at that time.

Get inspired!

Do you, or a Christian group you belong to, have a particular style of prayer you would like to share with others? Maybe you would like to expand your prayer life? Are you unsure what it means to pray? You could check out some of the ideas and resources on the ‘Thy Kingdom Come’ website – www.thykingdom.co.uk which leads you to www.thykingdomcome.global.

We liked the idea of Fizzy Explosions (see the website) as well as perhaps using images in stained glass, or icons



to assist with prayer. Some might like to explore music, singing or dancing as a method of praying. Do you have clever ideas for praying with children and families? Or do you have experience praying with people in bereavement? Could you introduce the use of poetry or art and craft in prayer? Maybe you even have ideas for ‘extreme prayer’ that you could share?

If you would like to help with the event, please contact the St Peter & St Paul Prayer Ministry Team c/o Mike Watkin on 01442 890407 or me on 01442 823971.

Anne Nobbs, St Peter & St Paul

Why forgiveness matters

An American friend of mine tells me that when he was about ten, he chastised a minister who had just preached a sermon on the need for our sins to be forgiven. ‘I don’t need to be forgiven’, said my friend’s precocious young self. ‘I’ve never committed any sins; not really.’ The minister fixed my friend with a steely gaze. ‘Perhaps not’, he replied (sensibly avoiding the temptation to lecture my friend on the concept of original sin). ‘But you will.’ My friend reports that the minister turned out, of course, to be right.

‘Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us.’ We pray this – whether we are ‘sins’ people or ‘trespasses’ people – all the time. But what do we mean? What does it really mean to forgive, and what does it mean to be forgiven?

In May, I’ll be one of the speakers at a workshop in St Albans that aims to explore what forgiveness is, and why it matters. This is part of Why Philosophy Matters, a series of public events organised by the University of Hertfordshire Philosophy Department.

‘Why Forgiveness Matters’ is our second workshop to be co-organised with the St Albans Cathedral Study Centre.

We plan three talks and a discussion of forgiveness between a theologian (Professor Anthony Bash of Durham University), a psychologist (Dr Liz Gulliford of the University of Birmingham) and a philosopher (yours truly). There should be plenty of time for questions and discussion, and it’s all tailored for a general audience. Amongst the issues we hope to explore will be: What, precisely, is forgiveness? Is it ever right to forgive those who are not sorry or repentant, and if so, when? What does the New Testament actually say about forgiveness? How might its message have been changed – or even distorted – by ideas that have arisen since the Bible was written? Does forgiving a wrongdoer amount to condoning or excusing what they have done, and so somehow justifying a wrong? What are the roles of justice, mercy and love in forgiveness? And what should we do if we find that we just cannot forgive? Turning to the psychology of forgiveness,

what psychological processes are involved in forgiving someone? Should forgiveness be promoted in psychotherapy, and if so, how? Who gains from it – the one forgiven, the one forgiving, or both? Finally, is it possible to forgive yourself? Does self-forgiveness always amount to letting yourself off the hook, or are there circumstances in which it is just what is needed?

Do come along if you are available. The workshop will take place on Saturday 13 May, in the Board Room, Diocesan House, Holywell Lodge, 41 Holywell Hill, St Albans AL1 1HE, between 10.30 and 15.30 (with breaks for coffee and lunch). Attendance is free, but to register, please contact Caroline Godden: caroline.godden@stalbanscathedral.org.

Hope to see some of you there!
John Lippitt, St Peter & St Paul



My faith story

I’ve always been a Christian – at least that’s what it feels like! I was fortunate to be brought up in a Christian family who lived and breathed Christianity. We went to a reasonably large Baptist Church in a different part of town and were very involved in the running of it. I went through Sunday School and Girls Brigade and then went on to Crusaders and loved being part of it all.

As children, my two brothers and I would spend every summer going over to the Isle of Man to a wonderful Beach Mission that took place in Port St Mary. We also had a great aunt who lived there, so we got to visit her too. My summers were idyllic and I never yearned to go abroad or do anything that my school friends did because I had a great set of friends from all over the UK and Man itself who would be on the island for the first two weeks of August. I’m still in regular contact with a few of them...

From a very young age the stories of Jesus being by Lake Galilee were brought to life through chalk pictures and being right by the Irish Sea and when I was told that all Jesus wanted of me was to be my friend, how could I refuse? So aged six, I was in my bedroom and asked Jesus to come into my heart and that was that! My mum was very excited, but nothing physically happened to change me: I just got on with it.

I did, however, feel quite miffed as I got older that I hadn’t experienced something really bad so that I could have some kind of Damascus Road event. I would go to all kinds of youth evenings and listen to some amazing testimonies and feel that I’d somehow missed out on something exciting. There was still plenty of time...

I left school at sixteen and went to the local college to study Hotel and Catering. I was still at home, but was

mixing with a different crowd. I was really keen to learn new things and this got me labelled as a bit of a square. So I needed to learn how to rebel. I tried smoking, but couldn’t get into it much as none of my friends smoked. I tried drinking – and still remember a boyfriend coming over to meet up with my friends during Girls’ Brigade with a Tupperware cup filled with cider that he’d found in his parents’ pantry! The lid wouldn’t stay on because of the alcohol! We thought we were so racy, but our parents still controlled the strings.

At twenty I left home and started years of shift work in the catering industry. I worked very hard for very little pay and for so little respect. At the end of each shift we would unwind by going to clubs and drinking and doing all kinds of things that my parents would be horrified to know about. I stopped going to Church because I was too exhausted and couldn’t find the time: I just didn’t have the same kind of network there. Smoking was really easy because everyone smoked, so this was my new life. I really enjoyed myself – it seemed so exciting! I went through a rather difficult and lonely experience at twenty-one and realised just how much my life had changed. I was mixing with people who would drop me the minute someone or something more exciting came along. I wasn’t loved in the same way that I had been by my friends at Church. I needed something to change in my life before it spiralled out of control.

The opportunity came in the form of being an au pair in France. The family were mixed race: she was half French, half Dutch, and he was the son of American missionaries who had raised him speaking French and English. So they wanted someone who didn’t speak French and who was a non-smoker. I

stopped smoking immediately and spent eighteen months with the family. It was incredibly hard at the beginning because I felt so lost and lonely. I would try to think up ways in which I could go home honourably – like falling down stairs and breaking my leg! Clearly this was not going to happen and I needed to be sensible about this. My absolute last resort was to read the Bible. It was a passage-a-day type Bible, and gradually over time I learnt that God still loved me in the same way that he did when I was six, that nothing could separate me from his love. I had felt that my sins were so great, that I had taken myself so far from his radar that he would never welcome me back...

Going back home was most welcome. I was not the same person any longer. I was not the smug know-it-all teenager I had been. I was broken, but repaired. I had felt unloved by the world, but was for some reason taken under God’s wing and loved. My favourite part of going to the Beach Mission was singing all the old CSSM choruses. One in particular stands out: *‘I know He’s mine, this friend so dear, He lives with me, He’s ever near; Ten thousand charms around Him shine, And best of all, I know He’s mine.’*

My life continues to have ups and downs, but now I know that with God’s help, and the support of all my family and friends, I have a hope that is steadfast and certain.

Kate Openshaw
New Mill Baptist Church



Baptists invade Prezzo!




On Tuesday 14 March more than twenty folks from High Street Baptist Church went to Prezzo in Tring for a meal together. It was a good evening and a chance to talk and enjoy each other’s company. This was one of the programme of events organised by the Social Group at the church and our meals out are very popular.

Thelma Fisher
High Street Baptist Church



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Wednesday 8th March New Mill Baptist Church
Wednesday 15th March Corpus Christi Church Hall
Wednesday 22nd March St Cross, Wilstone Village Hall
Wednesday 29th March High Street Baptist Church
Wednesday 5th April St Peter and St Paul Parish Hall
Wednesday 12th April St Martha's Church




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Why are we here?

'Jo and I think you'd be really good at funerals. Would you like to train for the Ministry?' Those words from Huw got me started on my training as a minister. Here I am five years later operating as a Licenced Minister and writing about Death.

That's why I am here – but why are we all here and what are we for? We are here to live; to live our lives fully and make the most of every day. We are also here to die. The end of life is death; for all living things. Plant or animal, mighty tree or brilliant polymath, all God's creatures travel the same road.

If you read any collection of poetry you will find that the two great enduring themes are Love and Death. Indeed, quite often both themes are intertwined in the same poem. Perhaps the certainty of Death makes the mystery of Love all the sweeter.

Yet in Modern Times we do not live our lives as if that were so. We live our lives in a strange pretension that death will somehow not happen. Every official management act seems to be aimed at prolonging lives even when there is no apparatus or resources to make those lives bearable. In our Western Society we have an epidemic number of really old people enduring agonising conditions as they wait to die. Prolonging life is not the same as living fully. Ignoring Death is not the same as loving and cherishing life.

Here in the Tring Team Parish in this season of Late Winter 2017, it is hard to

ignore death. The sudden unexpected death of Sarah Eynstone, the rapid decline and death of Val Rockall, the sad loss of Val, Marjorie Forman, Sybil Philp in the same few days – three stalwarts who all taught together a generation of Tring's children (two of them were at Wigginton and one at Goldfield); it seems the Grim Reaper is giving us some special attention.

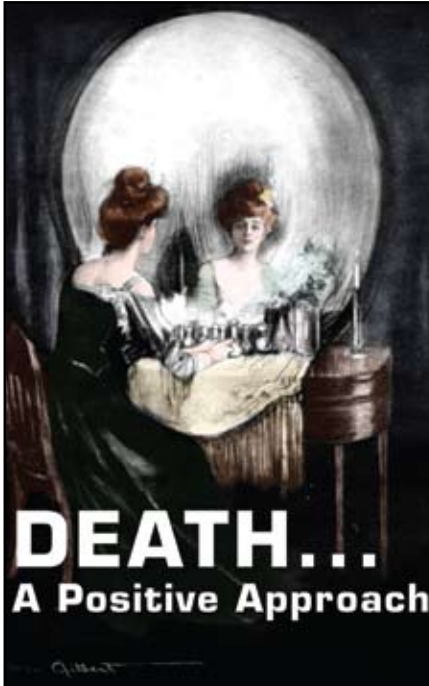
What is ageing for?
In our Lent Study Themes this year our key subject is the nature of ageing. There will be many interesting discussions taking place about the theory, practice and reality of the ageing process. If we are lucky we will all go through it. We are happy to talk about ageing but we seem less ready to talk about Death. As the Dalai Lama puts it: 'We live as if we are never going to die; and thus we die having never really lived'.

The purpose of ageing is surely to prepare for death. It is impossible to cling on to life, no matter how hard we might try. Might it not be helpful if we were to be positive about preparing for the inevitable future which we all must face? Is it not the case that our faith is there to help us do that? Is it not the case that Christ's message is one of hope for the future beyond this earthly life?

As the apostle Paul states very clearly in 1 Corinthians 15:19: 'If for this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all people most to be pitied.'

What is the church for?
'Hatching, matching and despatching' is the traditional description of the function of the established church within our society. Dealing with births, marriages and deaths through services for baptism, holy matrimony and funerals is something we offer to the whole community. In these secular times, many choose not to have their children baptised and many choose civil rather than Church services for weddings. Funerals, whether traditionally in Church or at crematoria still frequently have religion at their core.

In the same way that there is a process of preparation for baptism and marriage, should we have a process of preparation for death? We have bereavement counselling and support within the Parish; we have First Saturday



DEATH...
A Positive Approach

Lunches and special services and home visits, but surely we could do more.

What do YOU think?
Would it be a good idea if our Church Community here in Tring made a special effort to do more to provide support and services for those trying to come to terms with Death? Just talking about it openly surely helps break down the barriers of taboo which currently seem to surround it. Would it be a good idea if we had a team of people ready to talk to others about the realities and practicalities: not just making the arrangements for funerals and dealing with bereavement support as we do now, but going further and being more open about all that is involved?

The poem printed here surely has it right. We are all dying so perhaps we could all look forward to dying 'meticulously, wisely, optimistically – without wasting time'.

Busy with very urgent jobs, I forgot, One also has to die.

As from tomorrow, things will be different, I'll start dying meticulously, wisely, optimistically without wasting time.'

Tadeusz Rosewicz

Huw has asked me to look at assembling a group of people who are interested in this subject and who would like to help our community to face up to the great endgame we all face. Perhaps we should even have a 'Funeral and Bereavement' event which brought together all the services in one place in much the same way that hotels have 'Wedding Fairs'.

It's a daunting subject but surely worth approaching.

Please let me know what you think, and whether you would be prepared to be involved – at least in an initial discussion on 01442 822770 or gsenior@seniorpartners.co.uk.

Grahame Senior, St Peter & St Paul

End of life - a funeral director's perspective



'Oh, hi Charlie. How's business?'

'Yes, very good thanks, and you?'

'Good thanks. You're busy then?'

'Yes, very

busy at the moment.'

A stony silence or sudden change of subject to Donald Trump or the Synod's position on LGBT Archbishops.

Anything but the 'D' word.

Eleven years ago, I was driving on an arterial Wiltshire A-road at night – a pitch black night with no road lighting. I don't remember the actual tyre blow-out which tugged my car down off the side into a ditch spinning it over and back out again across the road. Coming to, it was lucky no one had ploughed into the car at 60mph.

It was a life-shaking moment that happens to some people: a moment to look back and realise that my life would have just been about raising two lovely children and making money in the capitalist world of financial services. And that wasn't good enough.

It was then crystal clear that a worthwhile life is not about what you got but what you gave: what you gave to your fellow humans, not just your dearly loved ones. It took some perseverance to find a way in to becoming a funeral director. But once the penny dropped,

I understood I had found my real vocation.

That understanding is a gift. It is deeply satisfying to know what your purpose is and to do it. Try an online search of 'Maslow's hierarchy of needs'. That is the heart of what makes our work a vocation.

Yes, we are happy being busy. Fellow humans, friends and relatives who have died need looking after with utmost respect and care until they are laid to rest. Their precious families, arguing siblings, distraught loved ones, all need particularly careful and sensitive care.

Of course, it is easier emotionally, so much easier, to direct a funeral celebrating the life of someone whose service fell on her 100th birthday using a Harley-Davidson motorbike hearse being carried into Church singing 'Happy Birthday' and a round of applause. It is, as you can imagine, much more difficult to deal with the death of a child, a teenager, a friend and of course, recently, the late Sarah Eynstone. It was very difficult placing her in the chapel of rest; but the point is that it is not what we feel, it is our honourable duty to look after the deceased's family and to re-assure and support them.

We do support our fellow staff and counsel each other quietly in the background. Yes, we cry tears of compassion and empathy but privately. We need to be as solid as a rock around a funeral but it is compassion and

empathy that drives us, as it does the amazing hospice staff at Rennie Grove, The Hospice of St Francis and others in the world of care.

As humans it is commonplace to find tears coming into our eyes when conducting a funeral of someone we didn't know. But it is not a burden – it doesn't eat away or depress us because of the knowledge that you have been exactly what the family needed at that dark time in the suffocating world of their grief. It reaffirms that your very purpose of being, in God's eyes, is being fulfilled every day. That is deeply, deeply rewarding.

My mother, a fellow Christian of Roman Catholic persuasion, asked, after the Damascene car crash revelation, 'Is this work what you are supposed to be doing for the moment?'

'No Mum, it is what I will be doing until it is physically impossible to go on. And even if there were no God, it is still what I need to do to the end.'

So when you might catch a funeral director with 'juicy eyes' – don't feel sorry for them. There are tricks to appear stoical and unmoved – tipping the head back momentarily, focusing meditatively on the peculiar shape of the left eyebrow on the eagle on the lectern (and when was that made? Was it in Birmingham?...). And then the music starts – beautiful Faure's 'In Paradisum' or Eva Cassidy singing 'Over the Rainbow'. Difficult!

Personally, I should like to have the beautiful 'Dear Lord and Father of Mankind' at my funeral as it reflects forgiveness for our human state so beautifully, and then as the final piece of music (at the Crematorium) will be E.L.O.'s 'Mr Blue Sky' – which so perfectly expresses the joy of life and living it while we can – a message to those walking out of the chapel.

Funeral Directors are in a different position when it comes to how we cope because we will receive many hundreds of thank you cards and highly personal letters of real gratitude and appreciation from our families. We go to sleep at night knowing that we have found our very purpose in life – before being woken at 3.00am with a call to a house.

I just don't know how our parish vicars do what they do!

Charlie Jarrett, F.D.
M.Jones & Metcalfe





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Your church, your wedding



I'm sure you would agree that St Peter & St Paul's is the perfect place for a wedding. Purely on aesthetic grounds, it is a beautiful back

drop to a very special day.

The ministry team that look after the five Churches in the Tring Parish try very hard to be welcoming, friendly and helpful to anyone who wishes to get married in one of their buildings and, to this end, this month they are going to invite all the couples that are planning to get married in the Tring Team in 2017

to attend a Worship for All service at St Peter & St Paul and then to stay for lunch. The aim is to get to know wedding couples better before their big day.

Rev Huw Bellis is planning a very user-friendly service, making everyone feel very welcome and finishing with a slice of wedding cake and a warm 'hello' from members of the congregation. Then we will move to the Church Hall for an informal but delicious lunch and there will then follow a light-hearted hour's discussion on the reasons why getting married in a Church is a very important and special event.

This will be the second time we've run this event and last year the discussion unearthed some interesting conclusions.

Why marry in Church?

Churches are special places and there are some things about a church wedding that you just can't get anywhere else.

A Church is so much more than simply a venue for your wedding. Unique and special things become part of your marriage, on the day itself and beyond. A Church wedding will add a spiritual dimension to your marriage. The ceremony includes God and looks to him for help and guidance. God's blessing is the main attraction for many couples, whatever their beliefs. You can make amazing vows, or promises, in a Church. You can only make vows this big in a Church. These vows, made in public, will help you to stay together and

grow together. God and your church are there for you to help you keep your vows. The Vicar has a very particular role to play in your wedding. They can blend ancient tradition and modern experience to reflect your story. Because of the relationship with the Vicar, your wedding can be made personal, memorable, meaningful and beautiful. Church buildings offer outstanding beauty and they look great in the photographs!

The nicest part of the 2016 workshop for me was the feedback from already married couples about what they had valued most about getting married in Church. I'm sure it won't surprise you that Huw Bellis, Jane Banister, Didier Jaquet and Val Rockall all got rave reviews for the way they carry out weddings in our team.

Here are the top six reasons why couples were glad they had chosen to

marry in Church: The Vicar put us at our ease and personalised the service; having the chance to talk (just the two of us) about why marriage is important; beautiful building; the blessing, kneeling at the altar; felt supported by all in the Church; the Vicar helped us find ways of involving our family and friends in the service.

The date for the workshop is Sunday 14 May and if you would like to come and help you would be most welcome, especially if you can share some thoughts on your own wedding day.

A big thank you to the couples who let us use their photos: Matt and Pippa Wright, Adam and Lucy Poland-Goodyer, John Lippitt and Sylvie Magerstaedt, Mark and Amy Anderson and Tom and Fran Prescott.

Vivianne Child, St Peter & St Paul



100 favourite places

Paris (Champs Elysees)



Heart of the city, fabulous food and Gallic flair!
Andrew Openshaw
New Mill Baptist Church

Big Sur, California



Edmund and I had an amazing drive along Route 101 a few years ago, it's stunning the whole way.
Anna Le Hair, St Peter & St Paul

Isle of Man



It's the best place in the whole wide world because it's so magical. When the mist encompasses you it kind of takes you to another place (rather like Narnia, I suppose). There is so much history there having been invaded by the Vikings some thousand years previously. It's absolutely beautiful and has all the landscapes that I adore – beaches and mountains. Others may argue that it rains all the time (this is the same argument that the French have about the whole of the UK...), and that it's closed for ten months of the year. Personally I like my solitude and the fresh air! If I could just get a dog...
Kate Openshaw
New Mill Baptist Church

Sydney Opera House, Australia



Sydney is a fabulous city. It is clean, and the quality of light is amazing. The views over the harbour from the Opera House are stunning, which is excellent as that is where we were married! We have many memories of the waterfront performers, The Quays Restaurant, Darling Harbour, the Botanical Gardens and, of course, the Opera House.
Carrie and Mac Dodge
St Peter & St Paul

The approach to Ben Nevis summit along the Arete



Awe-inspiring and scary for walkers – but not for everyone.
David Whiting, St Peter & St Paul

Grand Canyon



Breath-taking.
John Allan, High Street Baptist Church

The New Forest and surrounding coast



Remembered for the joy of family holidays there.
Members and friends of St Cross, Wilstone

Millau Viaduct, France



A wonder of the modern world, designed by Sir Norman Foster, carrying traffic from Paris to Perpignan on the A75. Also known as the 'bridge in the sky', it was so impressive that we crossed it five times in one day, just to experience the wonder of the seven steel pylons which stand 343m at their highest point.
Sally Smith, St Peter & St Paul

The Great Wall of China



I was fortunate enough to attend a conference in Beijing a number of years ago. One of the optional trips was to the Great Wall. The part we visited snaked up and down over the wooded hills and looked spectacular. I also felt that the Great Wall was a place with deep connections to the history of China.
Jon Reynolds, St Peter & St Paul
John Allan also thought this awe-inspiring!

St Oswalds Retreat, Sleight, Nr Whitby



Another blessing from God. Ten days before I was told there was no place available; and after prayer, there was a place! Praise the Lord!
Gill Barber, St Mary's, Puttenham and St Martha's Methodist

Tweet of the month

Easter will be upon us shortly so I thought I'd talk about eggs as they are linked with both Easter and birds.

Although other creatures do lay eggs, birds are probably what most people think about when eggs are mentioned. There are very few direct mentions of birds' eggs in the Bible and one of the few is Job 39:13-18 where it is far from complimentary concerning the parenting skills of the Ostrich, undeservedly so in my opinion.

Unsurprisingly the Ostrich lays the largest eggs of any bird alive today and they are about eighteen centimetres long and fourteen centimetres wide. The extinct Elephant Bird that was found on Madagascar laid eggs that were seven times larger than those of an Ostrich! An Ostrich egg is about 1% of the bird's body weight and so is comparatively small. Some hummingbirds lay eggs that are about 11% of their body weight. Hummingbirds are also known to produce the smallest eggs; the Vervain Hummingbird from Jamaica lays the smallest of these, less

than one centimetre long and weighing less than half a gram.

The largest eggs in proportion to body weight for any bird are those of the Kiwis in New Zealand. Their eggs can be an eye-watering quarter of the bird's body weight when laid. Kiwis only lay one egg in a breeding season and it is not hard to understand why. The male



Kiwi incubates it while the female feeds voraciously in order to recover from laying such a massive egg. The Kiwi's egg is the equivalent of a thirty-seven pound or 17.5 kilogramme human baby – ouch!

So where do Easter eggs originate from? In ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia and Crete eggs were associated with kingship, death and rebirth and it is thought that the Christian custom of Easter eggs originated among the early Christians of Mesopotamia. These eggs were coloured red to commemorate the blood Jesus shed when he was crucified. The Christian church adopted Easter eggs as a symbol of the resurrection of Jesus and what started in Mesopotamia spread through Greece and then throughout the Orthodox church before being adopted across Europe.

It is a curious thing that in some ways eggs mean the same things to birds and to Christians: for both they provide the hope and joy of new life. Obviously as a symbol

of Christ's resurrection it is the hope of eternal life. So when eating your egg this Easter it really isn't just a commercial thing but a symbol of the greatest gift you will ever receive.

Roy Hargreaves, St Peter & St Paul

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- CLUES ACROSS**
- 1. Dedicated religious person (6)
 - 5. One of the sons of Jacob (6)
 - 8. Stalk (4)
 - 9. Sorry (8)
 - 10. One of God's ministers (6)
 - 12. Egg shape (4)
 - 15. Book of the N.T. (13)
 - 16. Last word of any prayer (4)
 - 17. Acquire (6)
 - 19. Disciple of Paul (8)
 - 21. 'Lead me in the of righteousness' (4)
 - 22. Agree (6)
 - 23. Church councils (6)
- CLUES DOWN**
- 2. Jesus' birthplace (9)
 - 3. Limb (3)
 - 4. Extraordinary (8)
 - 5. Dispatched (4)
 - 6. Protestant sect (9)
 - 7. It is mine (3)
 - 11. Echoing (9)
 - 13. Rite of attachment to God (9)
 - 14. Gigantic statue (8)
 - 18. Help (4)
 - 20. Ridden by Jesus into Jerusalem (3)
 - 21. Enclosure (3)

Answers on page 38

10 favourite poems

Although I asked for books, a number of people have contributed favourite poems. So here are some of your choices with a few lines to remind you of them.

‘La Figlia Che Piange’

I like many poems but this one by T.S.Eliot, translated as ‘Young Girl Weeping’, I learnt in my teens and it has stayed with me. I envisaged a large house and garden and when I came to Tring and saw the back of the Mansion it would have been the perfect setting. I particularly like the idea of the girl standing with the sun on her hair, holding the flowers.

Felicity Pemberton, St Peter & St Paul

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair -

Lean on a garden urn -

Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair

‘Ted Hughes Poems 1957 – 1994’

Ted Hughes’s poetry is raw and uncompromising with no thought for the reader’s sensibilities, just truth. This is especially true of the period when he lived on a farm. This is my sort of poetry, it has power, tenderness and truth.

Mac Dodge, St Peter & St Paul

Terrifying are the attent sleek thrushes on the lawn,

More coiled steel than living - a poised

Dark deadly eye, those delicate legs

Triggered to stirrings beyond sense - with a start, a bounce,

a stab

Overtake the instant and drag out some writhing thing.

‘Binsey Poplars’

Gerard Manley Hopkins is my favourite poet. I like the way he used language creatively to describe visual forms – a result of him being an accomplished draughtsman. ‘Binsey Poplars’ was written after they were felled in 1879.

Binsey is still ‘a rural oasis in the suburbs of Oxford’. We must protect our heritage in Tring where every urban street view ends in trees or a wooded hillside. Storm Doris split my favourite tree down the middle. The oak stood on the hillside above Pond Close and now only the stump remains: a reminder of our Lent theme of ageing and consequent death.

Leslie Barker, St Peter & St Paul

O if we but knew what we do

When we delve or hew -

Hack and rack the growing green!

‘The Nation’s Favourite Poems’

I have absolutely no understanding of how poetry works but I really enjoy reading poems that invoke moods, memories and inspire both sorrow and great joy. I have chosen this one, ‘Warning’, to share by Jenny Joseph.

Carrie Dodge, St Peter & St Paul

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple

With a red hat that doesn’t go, and

doesn’t suit me

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’

This is as difficult to pick as your favourite hymn, but I have loved this by Samuel Taylor Coleridge for a long time. I remember Richard Burton reading it on Radio Three when I was a sixth former.

Jon Reynolds, St Peter & St Paul

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.

By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,

Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

‘Spring Morning’

Mum (the late Peggie Cooper) loved the Pooh books by AA Milne and read them to both Jenny and me and then to granddaughter, Flora. This poem formed part of her memorial service.

Richard Cooper, All Saints, Marsworth

Where am I going? The high rooks call:

“It’s awful fun to be born at all.”

Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:

“We do have beautiful things to do.”

‘The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock’

This is from ‘The Complete Poems and Plays’ and T.S. Eliot’s first great poem. I discovered this when studying English Literature at ‘A’ level and its strange beauty has stayed with me ever since. So many wonderful lines that spoke to me as an uncertain late adolescent...

Steve Berry, St Peter & St Paul

LET us go then, you and I,

When the evening is spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherized upon a table;

‘Renaissance’

Edna St Vincent Millay was a wild rebellious New Yorker who grew up into a wild rebellious passionately adventurous woman of the world. She wrote this poem aged nineteen. It starts with the pedestrian constraints of a world of limitations and progresses through an

odyssey of the imagination which takes in all of the human struggle with life, death and the nature of God. It ends with a triumphant realisation that beyond the frustrating limits of our own existence there is something greater – and we can touch it if we try. To read it is to be young again and realise that the possibilities are endless. If we have faith we can fly.

Grahame Senior, St Peter & St Paul

All I could see from where I stood

Were three Long mountains and a

wood...

...The soul can split the sky in two

and let the face of God shine through.

‘Composed upon Westminster Bridge’

My mother loved poetry and would often recite her favourites. Thus I also learned a number by heart. This one by William Wordsworth makes me think of her: I can still hear her voice when I recall it.

Annette Reynolds, St Peter & St Paul

Earth has not anything to show more fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass

by

A sight so touching in its majesty:

This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and

temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;

All bright and glittering in the smokeless

air.

‘Tenebris Interlucentem’

I have known this poem by James Elroy Flecker since I was a teenager, and it still speaks to me. It sums up things that I love – trees, the wind, the golden day; then music brought to them by a bird singing, reminding them of all that they had lost; and most touching of all, someone seeking to console, and be consoled, by a fellow sufferer.

Margaret Whiting, St Peter & St Paul

A linnet who had lost her way

Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,

Til all the ghosts remembered well

The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died

When they heard music in that land,

And someone there stole forth a hand

To draw a brother to his side.

St Mary’s Church, Puttenham

We are pleased to report that the work to St Mary’s is coming along very satisfactorily. As reported last month, not only is the floor base down, but we now have the under-floor heating pipes installed and the final screed is ready to receive the tiles together with their base. It seems very strange being able to walk directly into the Church without going down a big step.

The manifold for the air-source heating has also been fitted. However, a minor delay and some excitement came about as, while digging deeper in the corner for the inlet pipe etc a stone coffin made its appearance. Our archaeological man was summoned and this item was photographed and recorded. Due to the fact that there was no lid on the coffin and the coffin was filled with just earth, it was decided that it should remain in the place it has lain for generations and the floor replaced over it. Because of its position, the



manifold has now moved its siting in the corner from one wall to the other. This slightly alters the final proposed position of the font, making it more central in the north-east corner and, on the plans at least, looks more centrally placed.

We had a test-run with the new lights, a baronial style chandelier on a similar style as in Cecilia Hall and, this having been approved, the rest of the lights were ordered and have now arrived.

Our contractors also hope that before long the lower walls will be plastered and ready for decorating once the plaster has dried. We have even looked at test patches of soft colouring for the wall paint – fear not, St Mary’s will still look ‘white’ – a soft white was chosen.

St Mary’s is well on the way to becoming our Church again.

Our church services continue, as of recent time, in Cecilia Hall – 8.15am



Holy Communion and 3.30pm Evensong and Tea. If you haven’t yet come to our ‘temporary Church’, do come along and try it out.

Funding is coming along well, but if you have not already done so, and feel moved to help financially towards the project, we shall still be most grateful for donations as the costing is quite tight and does not allow for over-spend, although we are saving as much as we can on unnecessary work as the project progresses. We have applied for various grants, and this is still on-going but, as the Tesco slogan says, ‘Every little helps’.

Donations may be made to ‘The Friends of Puttenham Church’ or directly into the bank account. Please contact me for details on 01296 668337 or Astrope Folly, Puttenham, HP23 4PN. If you are able to Gift Aid your donation, then this is an added bonus.

Christine Rutter, St Mary’s Puttenham



The generation gap?

One of the discussion starters for our first session in the Lent House Groups on Ageing at St Peter & St Paul was ‘think about the contact you have with different generations in a week’.

Having discussed this with Youth Café, they thought about positive



suggestions they could come up with to have inter-generational contact.

The first of their top two suggestions was ‘Ask a teenager’. Do your grandchildren live too far away to get them to solve your technology problems? Or perhaps you don’t know any youth you can ask anyway. Would you come to an ‘Ask a teenager session’ when you bring your ipod or smart phone or laptop to Church and one of our youth helps you to sort out the problem?

The second was a ‘Debate with Youth Café’. On an occasional basis, come and join the youth when they discuss a topic. For example, all of them

are in support of gay marriage and don’t understand why other generations see it differently. Would you want to come and debate with them?

If you like the idea of either of these suggestions please comment and maybe we could get it to happen. They may need some help with organizing such events so the generations can learn from each other and bridge the gap.

Huw Bellis, St Peter & St Paul





Spring Fayre runs for a fortnight from 22nd April through to 6th May 2017.

A fortnight of events celebrating the arrival of spring in Tring. Our aim is to bring the local community together and promote well-being through healthy outdoor pursuits.

It includes guided nature and heritage walks, FOTCH Family Fun Day, a Spring Photographic Competition and special offers at local sports clubs.

The fortnight starts with the launch day on Saturday 22nd April on Church Square, High Street, Tring and features a petting zoo, local charity stalls and the photo competition launch.

For more information visit www.tringtogether.org.uk or look out for the Spring Fayre brochure.



Saturday 6th May is the Tring Together Job Show. After last year's resounding success the Job Show returns bigger and better. Many local exhibitors, a CV clinic and useful workshops all for free. For more information visit www.tringtogether.org.uk

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Sir Arthur Eddington

Arthur Stanley Eddington was the leading British astronomer of the inter-war years. He may well be the most significant scientist you have never heard about, but that may change in 2019. Why 2019? Read on.

Eddington was born in Kendal, Westmorland on 28 December 1882 was where his father was the Headteacher and owner of a Quaker School. His father died from typhoid at the age of thirty-four in 1884 before his son was two. His mother, Sarah Ann Shout, was descended from a long line of Quakers in south west England and she returned to that part of the world with Arthur and his sister Winifred.

After secondary education in Weston-super-Mare, Arthur went in 1898 (a term short of his sixteenth birthday) to Dalton Hall at Owen's College, Manchester, which later became part of Manchester University. In the first year his studies were wide but in the next three years he concentrated on physics and mathematics. In 1902 he obtained a first-class honours BSc in physics. Dalton Hall was the hall of residence for young Quakers. The Principal was John William Graham, who used his position at Dalton Hall to influence some of the brightest young Quaker students. Dalton Hall, named after the Quaker chemist John Dalton still exists as part of the University of Manchester.

Eddington won a place to study at the then very Anglican Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he came top of the list of Mathematics students in a year when Bertrand Russell came fourth. He graduated in June 1905 and looked around for a job. Eddington was uncertain which career path he should follow until an offer was made from the Astronomer Royal, W M H Christie, for him to become the next Chief Assistant at the Royal Greenwich Observatory.

The post at Greenwich was an excellent one. Eddington was regarded as a talented young man and he benefited fully from using some of the latest equipment and working with some of the key observers in England. In 1909 Eddington went to Malta to determine the longitude of the island. In 1912 he went to Brazil to observe a solar eclipse. The event was washed out by rain but, nevertheless, he contributed a paper to the Royal Astronomical Society describing what he would have done,

namely, photograph the solar corona through different colour filters.

Eddington then accepted an offer to become Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge in 1913 following the death of George Darwin, the son of Charles. Eddington was only thirty-one. In the following year he was also appointed Director of the Cambridge Observatory following the death of Sir Robert Ball. The Observatory was his home, as well as for his sister Winifred, until his death from stomach cancer in 1944.



Eddington's deep Quaker faith made him refuse to serve in the services in the First World War. This did not make him popular. His influential friends kept him from imprisonment or fine saying his work was vital for the war effort, which may have been straining the truth a little.

As well as a pacifist, his Quaker beliefs led him to be an internationalist. He maintained his links with a young German Jewish scientist working in Berlin via an intermediary in a neutral country. This man was Albert Einstein. Einstein had predicted, amongst other things something quite new in his General Relativity Theory of 1915. This was to contradict something you may have learnt in O Level or GCSE Physics and I certainly taught it – the idea of

Newton that light always travel in straight lines. Einstein predicted it could be bent by a massive object. Eddington published the first account of Einstein's work in English in 1918 for the Physical Society of London.

A story is told, probably apocryphal, of a young journalist who approached him and said, 'Professor Eddington, I understand there are only three people in the world who understand Einstein's work. Is that true?' Eddington paused for a long time. 'Sorry', he eventually replied, 'I am having trouble working out who the third person is.'

Eddington wrote several accessible books which can be picked up via the internet. One is the semi popular The Nature of the Physical World of 1928 in which he explained how the new physics of the time following Einstein and others was more amenable to Christian faith than the mechanistic physics of the Victorian era. The second is the popular Science and the Unseen World of 1929 which does much the same as the later book but in an easier and shorter format. The third is The Expanding Universe of 1933, the first popular book on what we now call the Big Bang.

So why 2019? Eddington was one of several British scientists who confirmed the light bending nature of massive objects by taking photographs of the constellation Taurus close to the sun during an eclipse. This eclipse was photographed from the expedition led by Eddington to the island of Principe off the west coast of Africa and the date was 29 May 2019.

The papers proclaimed it as a triumph of post-war cooperation between Britain and Germany. I am not a pacifist but I respect the fact that Eddington stood by his Quaker principles, firstly by not fighting and secondly by working with German scientists when astronomers on both sides of the North Sea refused to talk to each other.

For these reasons and others, he is an inspiration to me. You will hear a lot about Einstein in 2019 and a bit about Eddington.

Jon Reynolds, St Peter & St Paul



On the loss of parents



The loss of a family member is always very sad but it is a part of the natural course of events that when we get older we are faced with the

death of our parents. Nevertheless, the circumstances can make a very great difference for all concerned.

The 13 November 2003 was a dry, late-autumn day and my father spent the morning raking leaves in the garden, came indoors and ate lunch with his wife, then sat down in their living room for coffee – and died. He was four and a half months short of his eightieth birthday. A post-mortem revealed that hugely elevated blood pressure had been undiagnosed and untreated. My mother was absolutely devastated but she said a number of times that it was exactly the sort of death my father would have wanted – no illness, no doctors, no hospitals; he had not suffered. Amid our shock and grief at this sudden and unexpected loss, we all recognised the truth of this and took some comfort from it, but over the next few years my mother suffered a great deal.

Following my father's funeral, my mother seemed to cope fairly well at first. Friends did all they could and my sister and I visited regularly. But it very soon became apparent that my parents had done so much together in the almost thirty years since his early retirement from the RAF that my mother scarcely knew how to function without him. It seemed that for many years she had hardly ever left the house alone; to do anything or visit the shops entailed a car journey and she never went on her own. She had not driven a car in the UK for years, only sharing the driving on

their thrice-yearly trips to their holiday home in France. However, she could not stay in her home in an isolated Wiltshire hamlet without driving, so in early 2004 she bought a smaller car, had some refresher lessons and gradually ventured out. But during that year it was increasingly obvious that she was becoming withdrawn and not eating properly. She began to say that she didn't want to go on living and eventually my sister and I took her, despite great reluctance on her part, to see her doctor. Anti-depressants were prescribed and, after much persuasion, she also agreed to try bereavement counselling. However, before the second session could be booked, she was taken into hospital. She had lost so much weight that she had begun to collapse and it

to go home. She refused to eat properly, displaying many of the signs of anorexia nervosa, and despite frequent visits from close friends and family she seemed determined to starve herself to death while nevertheless denying that this was her intention. Nothing that anyone could say or do made any difference. She wanted to die and said so, but she also said that to kill herself would be 'wicked'. To make no effort to live was apparently a different matter.

The medical staff tried everything to alleviate the severe depression: different anti-depressants were tried and when all this failed electro-convulsive therapy (ECT) was recommended. This was frightening for my mother and, despite sedation, sometimes painful – and after a number of courses it was clear that it wasn't helping. So, after eight months in the unit the doctors reluctantly admitted defeat and she moved into an elderly care home nearby. After a couple of months there – when it became clear that the longed-for improvement just wasn't going to happen – my parents' house was put on the market and my mother moved to a smaller and more personal care home in Wendover, nearer to me and her only

was no longer possible for her to stay at home.

After some weeks in hospital and numerous tests to eliminate any physical cause for the weight loss, she was transferred to the elderly psychiatric assessment unit of the local hospital. We all found this a distressing situation but were desperate for her health to improve and were reassured by the environment and the staff. She had her own room in bright and spotless surroundings, with excellent care, but many of the other patients were suffering from dementia and some were noisy, which made her anxious; she had been used to privacy and her own space and she just wanted

grandchildren. But all she wanted was to be with my father again; as far as she was concerned she had lost the whole reason for her existence, the most stable feature of her life. During 2006 her physical health declined and in early autumn she was taken into hospital with a chest infection, given antibiotics and after a few days was back in the home. But weeks later there was another infection and by now the medical staff from the local practice knew her circumstances – and her wishes – better. The GP who came out told us that she had developed pneumonia. It could be treated, but he knew that wasn't what she wanted. If nothing radical was



done she could be kept comfortable but wouldn't live more than a few days. What did we think? That was very hard indeed, and my sister and I talked about it at length. The last two years had been hard on us all but awful for our mother. There seemed to be no hope that she would ever lift out of the depths of grief she was in and so we agreed that she should stay where she was. We stayed with her and in the early hours of 29 October 2006 she died in her sleep, aged 78. In the final three years of her life she had suffered a great deal, affected by the massive changes in her life circumstances and, even more, by the loss of her frame of reference.

Neither of my parents had been churchgoers – their attendance limited largely to weddings and funerals – and they had found my 'conversion' as a student rather alienating. As far as my father was concerned, he lived in a Christian country, was nominally C of E and that made him a Christian. He seemed to find talk of God embarrassing, certainly never spoke about death or what he believed about a life beyond death, and apparently regarded religion as a crutch for other people. My mother was slightly more

open to the idea of God, and both my sister and I had been encouraged to say 'bedtime prayers' as young children, but for both of my parents Christianity seemed to be rooted in the Bible stories of their schooldays – something that perhaps they had left behind in the years of the Second World War. Nevertheless, they lived by a moral code drawn from the teaching of the Bible, they respected the faith of sincere believers and they regarded the Church as part of the fabric of British society. The Christian faith impacted on my parents only through the lives of other people and I have no way of knowing whether, had my mother been a committed Christian, things might have been different for her final years. The fact that her grief became a depressive illness suggests not.

My parents' deaths inevitably raised questions for me about their relationship with God, but I had never really believed that if you hadn't been 'born again', or had a definable conversion experience, you were destined for an eternal hell; my understanding of a loving, just and righteous God makes me more of a 'universalist' than that. On the night of my father's death my mother had asked me if she would see him again and I had

told her that I believed she would. It was what she needed desperately to hear at that point and I also believed it.

A few days after her death I had to visit the doctors' surgery in Wendover for some paperwork and, hearing me mention my mother's name, a nurse from the practice approached me. She explained that she had got to know my mother in her last few months of life, only ever seeing her as a frail, elderly woman who wanted to die. She was a Christian and she went on to tell me how she had woken her husband in the early hours of 29 October to tell him that she thought Ricky (my mother) might have died. She had dreamed of her as a younger woman, upright, lively and, above all, smiling. She wasn't suffering any more. This encounter was one of those rare occasions when I really felt that I had heard God speak to me personally – and I cannot read or write about it, even now, without tears. It was all the reassurance that I needed to move forward on my own life's journey, in the knowledge that somehow, in some way that I will never understand in this life, and do not need to, my parents are now at peace and are held safely in the hands of God.

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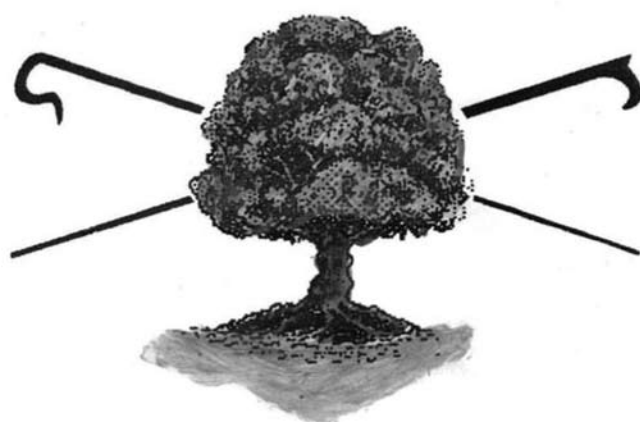
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Feedback



I have read the short article 'How old do I feel?' In the March issue of Comment and wonder where the Editor found someone with such negative ideas or did she write the article herself to provoke discussion! I have also read the other articles on Ageing in the March Comment but as most if not all of these were written by those I regard as 'younger' old people, I thought I would make a contribution.

I am eighty-nine but if you ask me how old I feel I would say I don't know as I don't believe that anyone has published a table showing how one is supposed to feel at any particular age! I am lucky as I am still able to take some older people to their Good Companions Club and do some legal work – long may it continue!

I have dealt with older people professionally for many years and have great experience from visiting them, whether clients, family or friends, in their own homes or in residential homes so will venture to share some of my

thoughts with you.

How often when referring to people with dementia have you heard it said, 'I hope I never get like that'. My mother suffered from vascular dementia from the age of eighty until she died at the age of eighty-nine-and-a-half and although initially she was terrified that men were coming out of the television to get her or had other irrational ideas, she went into a residential home where she had the best of care and apart from occasionally calling out for my father she seemed calm and relaxed. She deteriorated mentally over the years and as time went on she did not recognise me and did not realise that I was visiting her. On such occasions I used to see other sufferers whom I came to know well happily trying to feed their dolls with pieces of bread at teatime or pushing them around in prams. However, I know that sufferers often become very aggressive but I understand that insufficient research has been done to study the brain activity of sufferers to ascertain how they actually feel.

There is no doubt that the partners of dementia sufferers, particularly those still living at home, have the most important role to play in our consideration of

this subject. Not only do they have to act as full-time carers but they see their beloved partner deteriorating and gradually becoming a greatly changed person.

We know that this situation arises from other illnesses and were saddened by our first Lent film 'Amour' in Aldbury on Sunday.

On the other hand, if you retain all your mental faculties and deteriorate physically, perhaps becoming incontinent and needing constant care, you are fully conscious of your disabilities and may well regard yourself as a burden to others. If living alone and seldom going out, you can feel very lonely; but if in a residential home you can feel equally lonely with hardly anyone to talk to on the same level as yourself. I have seen a number of old people affected in this way.

There is no doubt that if we live long enough there will be problems and some may say that we are living too long. However, if medical research to find a cure for or alleviate the symptoms of life-threatening illnesses has that result, then that can only be a good thing – or can it?

Betty Aston, St Peter & St Paul

Variety of religions

At our previous meeting we considered choosing Islam as a future topic. but in the event it was decided to broaden this to discuss the Variety of Religions in our March meeting of the Men's Society.

We began by reflecting on Val Rockall's ministry during her retirement in Tring. Many of us had attended her funeral earlier in the day, and amongst her many gifts remember in particular her friendliness.

I opened the discussion with some thought-provoking comments made on the variety of Indian religions following a visit there in 1988. Though made as observations and not criticisms, they may be politically incorrect today! However it did show the variety of religions in terms of belief in one or many gods, and how they determine culture.

Islam was compared with Christianity and it was suggested that Islam may be at its 'medieval' stage and eventually

catch up with something similar to churches together. But this is something we have only achieved recently in the course of history.

Several members were knowledgeable about church history and we were treated to a history of the church in England since the Reformation. This included the CoFE persecuting John Bunyan, and its political power which for long kept non-conformists out of parliament and universities. Philanthropists were also mentioned, such as the Quakers known for their industrial enterprises, and Anglicans for

providing housing for the working classes.

The big change over the last fifty years is that there is now a wide variety of religions in Britain, but space precludes reporting our thoughts on this.

In April the Men's Society will join the service on Wednesday in Holy Week, and our next meeting at the Half Moon in Wilstone will be on 3 May. As always, all men are welcome, and meals as well as drinks will be available.

The proposed topic is FASHION (do you think of clothes or interior design?) with the subtitle 'Why do we wear clothes? (Gen 3:21)

Bill concluded the evening by leading us in the Night Prayer.

Leslie Barker, St Peter & St Paul



Angels

This article, supplied by David Gittins, is in remembrance of Sybil Philp.

Everyone’s got it all wrong. Angels don’t wear halos any more. I forget why, but scientists are working on it. (Olive, 9)

Angels work for God and watch over us when God has got to go and do something else. (Mitchell, 7)

My guardian angel helps me with maths, but he’s not much good for science. (Henry, 8)

Angels don’t eat but they drink milk from Holy Cows. (Jack, 6)

Angels talk all the way when they’re flying you up to heaven. The main subject is where you went wrong before you got dead. (Daniel, 9)

When an angel gets mad, he takes a deep breath and counts to ten. And when he lets out his breath, somewhere there’s a tornado. (Mark, 7)

Angels have a lot to do, and they keep very busy. If you lose a tooth, an angel comes in through the window, and leaves money under your pillow. Then when it gets cold, angels go south for the winter. (Sara, 6)

Angels live in cloud houses made by God and his son, who is a very good carpenter. (Jared, 8)

All angels are girls because they’ve got to wear dresses and boys didn’t go for it. (Antonio, 9)

My angel is my grandma who died last year. She’s got a big head start on helping me while she was still down here on earth. (Nicole, 9)

I only know of two angels, Hark and Harold. (Gregory, 5)

Val Rockall and U3A

When Val Rockall arrived in Tring she said that she was going to pause before deciding what activities to pursue in her retirement. Soon, however, she joined the U3A here and became an enormous asset to this rapidly growing organisation. It was Val who greeted (and counted in) arrivals at the monthly meeting; Val who set up the social coffee mornings; and Val who coordinated the work of the individual group leaders and

arranged an annual lunch party for them all.

Val’s warmth and wisdom were a significant contribution to the U3A’s success. For her own pleasure she took part in the singing, poetry and history groups. This was outreach to the community at its most unselfconscious and effective.

Carole Wells, St Peter & St Paul

For whom the bells tolled
Quarter peals in thanksgiving for her life were rung on the day of the funeral of Revd Valerie Rockall at Aldbury and at Tring. At Tring the quarter peal was of Grandsire Triples and at Aldbury of Norwich Surprise Minor. Tring ringers were involved in the ring at Tring. The bands of ringers were from the Chiltern Midweek group.
Howard Collings, St Peter & St Paul

Parish registers

Baptisms
We welcome these children into our church family and pray for their parents and Godparents.

Rose Anne Butcher
Ethan Mark Alexander Mckenzie

Weddings
We offer our congratulations and prayers to this couple as they begin their married lives together.

Dominic Tutton & Beth Grimsdale

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

Joan Enid Moennich
Marjory Forman
Reverend Valerie Rockall
Valerie Jean Philliskirk

Tring Parish magazine April 1917

Henry Janes must have done well to have attained the rank of Corporal in such a body as the Royal Marine Light Infantry. He came through the Gallipoli Campaign unscathed, but ‘somewhere in France’ on February 17th (this is all the information that has been received as yet) he gave his life for our great cause. May God accept what he has given.

Frank George Wilkins has not lived in Tring

of late years, but was a member of a family now long associated with the Parish. For nine years previous to the war, he was in the Regular Army, and, when hostilities began, was recalled to his old Regiment, the Worcesters. No particulars of his death have reached his parents, but ‘somewhere on the Western Front’ he made the great surrender, and we can but gratefully record the fact.



In memory of Sybil Philp, 1921-2017

My strong, enduring bond with Sybil was forged during my first five years – almost seventy years ago – when my parents were long-term lodgers with Sybil and Ernest in their first home in Twickenham, my first home too.

We became great friends around the house as Sybil has always adored small children. I remember playing with her in the sandpit and tea-parties with my dolls in her garden after making cakes together in her kitchen. She was always a fun, lively aunt and always happy to dispense biscuits from a memorable glass goblet container with an aluminium lid. Even today, when I see such containers in antique shops, I think of her.

Christmas at our shared home was where I first discovered Father Christmas in her living room and I am sure she must have enjoyed it as much as I did. The little black ceramic ballet shoes which hung on her wall for years remain clear in my memory.

Later, when she was a teacher at the local village school, she would tell us funny stories of her ‘children’ as she called them. As her greatest sadness was not experiencing motherhood for herself, she invested great love and affection in my early years and our bond continued when she moved to Tring and I told my friends that my favourite aunt had a bungalow in the country.

Tring seemed exceptionally rural to those of us brought up in the suburbs of London and I really loved my visits. She would take me for nature walks in the hills adjacent to the Chequers Estate – where, by total coincidence, I now live very close by. Each time I pass the hill today she is in my thoughts. I remember seeing the same thatched cottage and laughing together about the hundreds of spiders hidden within. ‘We wouldn’t want to live there, would we?’ she would say.

Sybil was a gifted teacher of small children, seeing life as they saw it and taking great care over the wall-friezes and crafts she lovingly designed for

them. I well remember helping her create some of them with her on my many visits; they seemed amazing to me as a ten-year-old as she introduced me to a world of sticky coloured paper and simple art creations which I was later able to pass down to my very artistic daughter during her childhood.

When my daughter Miranda was born, Sybil was so excited as we had moved near to her then and she and



Ernest, now in their early sixties, were regular Sunday afternoon visitors. I remember telling her my news and the delight on her face and warm hugs. On those many visits Ernest loved to catch on his video camera painting, the first crawl up and down stairs and the first tricycle ride – videos which I greatly cherish for they were our only record.

Miranda was, of course, greatly loved by Sybil as a baby and toddler and very much loved back in return with regular visits to her, even when she was home from university and later when she was back from her travels. Sybil loved to hear of the progress of her great-niece who became very much an adopted grand-daughter. I still keep some of the small

knitted garments that she made her as she grew up. The jumper of Rupert Bear became so much loved by Miranda that I was not allowed to wash it often in case it should get spoiled. Sybil’s hand-knit was even captured by the local press photographer when, at the local bookshop, a very authentic Rupert Bear look-alike came to promote the book Miranda loved and she, among a number of children, was selected to be positioned on his lap with the book open as the large image of Rupert which Sybil had knitted with the wool, took pride of place and clearly secured the honour. Now, for three decades, the photo has hung in my home as it did, for many years in Sybil’s. She particularly delighted in showing it off to friends when I was there.

In her later years we enjoyed doing The Times crossword together – she tended to keep the science entries for me to solve as I was hopeless at the others. Sometimes even old ones were kept for my visits. She took great pleasure and loved to show off her display of spring garden bulbs.

She gained much solace from her weeknight church groups and friends in the years following Ernest’s death. I remember taking her to register Ernest’s death and arranging the funeral as I was the only relative nearby

and my parents were abroad at the time. I remember well the courage she displayed.

Sybil will be remembered with much love as a fun, lively, intelligent woman who had an independent streak, was unusually kind, a caring neighbour and a wonderful aunt and great-aunt. Even during the later visits to her at St Joseph’s and her final days in the hospital, her spirit of resilience and, indeed, independence shone through despite her very great frailty, but the faith that we shared reminds and assures me that we shall be reunited once again in God’s own timing.

Sybil died on 20 January 2017 aged ninety-five.

In memory of Marjory Forman, 1922-2017

Marjory's family

On 2 March 1922 (a mere four years after the end of the Great War) Marjory was born to Rose and Frank Forman. Her brother John arrived two years later. The family lived in North London with Mikki the dog.

As a young woman, Marjory trained as a shorthand typist but came to realise that her vocation lay in teaching. Accordingly she set out to train as an infant school teacher.

When she was thirty-five her beloved father passed away so she came back to live with her mother. In the early 1960s they followed her brother and his young family to Tring.

In 1978 aged fifty-six, Marjory elected to take early retirement on the grounds of ill health but also undoubtedly mindful of her mother's increasing dependence upon her. With Marjory's care, her mother went on to thrive for a further nine years before passing away just weeks before her 100th birthday.

Marjory then decided to have a change of scenery and moved to a cottage in Wendover, but decided – within a relatively short period of time – to return to Tring, where she spent the rest of her days.

Marjory's love for her family was profound. As young children Jane, Clive and Nigel have an abiding memory of the legendary teas at Grandma and Auntie's, where they would be presented with a veritable feast, with all their favourite goodies in abundance. She was a lady of many parts, and as Clive recalls she seemed an endless source of pocket money – in his case necessary to fund his obsession with Airfix model kits. The tasks were various: trimming the Russian vine, car washing and, as he grew older, decorating.

Jane has a special memory of Marjory taking her as a young teenager, in the early 70s, to the National Gallery to see a Turner exhibition followed by lunch at 'Pizzaland', a very cutting edge experience in those days!

When sharing memories of Marjory, Nigel gave the family a new insight when, a few years ago, while watching a programme together commemorating the D Day landings Glen Miller's 'In the Mood' started to play. Marjory sat there tapping her foot to the music and out of the blue recalled how she was at a

dance in Devon, at the height of the war. The Americans had arrived and were training for the invasion of Normandy. At the dance a GI came up to her and said 'I must be in heaven because I'm looking at the prettiest angel'.

Not only did Marjory love her family passionately but she also had a wonderful propensity to nurture deep and enduring friendships. All speak with one voice of her kindness, her



generosity, her wisdom, her humour and absolute sense of fun. She knew many monologues off by heart and enjoyed being reminded of them. She also had a superb memory for poetry and, even when dementia took hold, could still quote favourite lines and knew every verse of the hymns. She loved the Parish Church in Tring and felt at home there, with so many familiar faces. Those who share her faith have talked of her very special gift: her ability, when praying, to enter into the world of the person who asked for prayer, and to be able to say aloud exactly what was needed.

Marjory's career

Marjory's vocation was teaching. She particularly enjoyed working with reception classes saying that she treasured the opportunity to support children as they embarked on their school careers. Going through a box of papers (Marjory was never one to throw ANYTHING away), Jane came across a copy of a letter addressed to Mrs Williams (the head of Goldfield Infant School). A parent had written saying that she should feel very proud of her school, with particular thanks to Miss Forman

whose care and attention had allowed her daughter to mature both intellectually and emotionally. On 27 October 1978, as Marjory was retiring, she made front page news of the Tring and District Gazette with the headline 'School says goodbye to teacher and friend'.

Marjory's art

Of course not only did Marjory have a deep love for people but also of the natural world, a sense of wonder which she never lost. Locally she particularly loved Ashridge in all its seasons, especially the glorious bluebell woods. For many, many years she was an extremely active and enthusiastic member of the Chiltern Vale Rambling Society.

Marjory also loved art and painting, particularly watercolour. Over the years she attended a number of art classes to help develop her talent and technique. Jane was amused to stumble across a certificate awarding Marjory 'The Sarah Moruzzi Special Diploma for 'Muddling through Magnificently' watercolour course 2001-2003. Not only that, but at the tender age of eighty-one she signed up with the University of the Third Age to pursue an art foundation course majoring in her beloved watercolours, subsequently gaining a City and Guilds certificate.

Marjory's faith

Following Jesus was very important to Marjory even though it wasn't always easy for her. She had her doubts which she overcame through her faith. She helped many people in the Parish Church with her quiet patience, wise counsel and prayers.

When dementia took hold, she was still a joy to be with and sometimes the condition was a gift. It meant that we could use the same jokes over again and she would be almost helpless with laughter. One of her favourites was when we were getting into the car to come to Church and she would start nattering to Anne who was in the back seat. I would say 'Belt up, Marjory'. She would stop, think, and start giggling like mad. And she loved that quote from Dad's Army, 'Don't tell him, Pike'.

Marjory was not only a good friend to all but a wonderful example to follow.

Jane Hansom, niece, and Malcolm Nobbs, St Peter & St Paul

In memory of Valerie Rockall, 1942-2017

Val was born in 1942 to Fred and Vera Rockall and I came along two and a half years later. We lived in a two-bedroom flat in Harrow Weald Middlesex.

Val loved school and soon learned to read. One of my abiding memories is her curled up in the big armchair at our grandparent's house reading and not wanting to play. No wonder she passed her 11 plus and went to grammar school, a bit of a shock after an all-girls school.

Across the road from the flats was a modern Church that had been built between the wars, with the Chancel at one end which could be closed off by big folding doors and a stage at the other and in between the two a hall which was used for every thing from Church services to jumble sales. Here we went to church and Sunday School every week and learnt our Bible stories.

In 1954 we moved from the flat to a small semi in Bushy Heath which meant a change of schools for Val. She joined the local guide group and remained active in guiding until she took up full time ministry. A few years later Dad's job took us to Stockport near Manchester, where Val took her A levels but we missed the family and grandparents who had played a large part in our lives, so Dad transferred to Hemel Hempstead.

Val went to Coventry Teacher Training College and by the time she returned I had already left home to start my Nurses Training. It was while she was at college that she became a Christian. Her first school was Gadebridge, then Rickmansworth and finally to Wigginton C of E Primary School where she worked for many happy years and ran the Boxmoor Guide Company.

She attended Church regularly at St John's Boxmoor and grew in faith there. With the support of Revd Alan Freeman she became more involved in church life and did a 'Taste and See' course. After further training she was licensed as a Deaconess in St Albans Abbey in 1981. Val continued to teach, helping out at Church at weekends and in the holidays until women's ordination began to look more likely. After a ministry training course she was ordained Deacon in

Hertford and started to look for a post in full-time ministry. She took up the post of Curate and moved to Ampthill in Bedfordshire and to a house of her own, a brave move aged forty-six!

With ordination as a priest on the horizon, she moved to Southampton as Team Vicar. Here her confidence grew with support from the team and parishioners and then at last came her Ordination. We travelled down to



Winchester to join the crowds of well-wishers from Boxmoor, Ampthill and Southampton for a wonderful service of praise. A week later saw us in Southampton for her first communion service. On festivals and special occasions it was the tradition to use incense. When the very elderly server passed her the purifier she noticed that it was not closed properly and one or two pieces of glowing coals fell on to the carpet. As she read the Eucharistic prayer she was giggling about, trying to stamp out the smouldering carpet!

After a few years Val moved to her own parish of Aveley and Purfleet in Essex where she was welcomed by almost everyone (and soon won over those who were not so sure) with her honest faith and gentle ways slowly rebuilding the fellowship. She took an interest in community activities and

encouraged the use of the Church for outreach and community functions, oversaw the redevelopment of the back of the Church, a new roof and the problem of security after a break-in. As a school governor she took an active part in school life and encouraged them to come to Church for special services such as harvest and carol concerts. Under her gentle leadership she helped the laity to develop a Sunday School and other children's activities and to take a more active role in the services.

In 2008 at the age of sixty-seven, Val retired and moved to Tring. This was just what Val needed: lots of activities to join in and a welcome by the church team. The U3A took her in with open arms and she enjoyed many activities that she hadn't had time for: walking, singing, history and a writing group and the social side and outings. Val loved her family and wider family of nieces and then great nieces and spoiled them all. She visited and stayed whenever she could and we had wonderful times together.

We thank God that Val was not ill for very long. She had no pain and was peaceful and completely sure that if she were to die she would be with the God she had served so faithfully in a far better place.

Thank you all for coming to Val's funeral service. It was wonderful to see the Church so full of her friends and the singing was great. Supported by our daughters and their husbands we also welcomed friends from Boxmoor, Aveley, Wigginton (including someone who remembered Miss Rockall from when she was her class teacher) and nearly all our cousins. A special thanks go to Revd Huw Bellis and the Tring Team, to Church View Funeral Directors for their help in arranging everything and to Pam Russell and her team for doing the refreshments which took a lot of the stress of the occasion from us. As one of the letters we received said, 'Val strengthened our faith, not just with her down-to-earth teaching but by the way she lived'. May we all try to follow her example.

Lesley and Stephen Page and family

St Martha’s Methodist Church

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

The Club continues to meet on the first Tuesday of each month at 2.30pm. On 4 April, Audrey Cox returns to speak about thoughts on Easter.

LENT LUNCH

This will be on Wednesday 12 April between 12 noon and 2.00pm.

EASTER SERVICES, 14-16 APRIL

On Good Friday there will be a joint service at High St Baptists at 9.45am. At about 11.00am we will commence our Walk of Witness along Tring High Street, to be

followed by an open air service in the grounds of the Parish Church at 11.30am. On Easter Sunday, 16 April, Revd Rachael Hawkins will lead our Easter morning service at 9.00am.

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS

On Saturday 13 May at 7.30pm, Denise Harrison and Maddie Deane will give a concert of music by Haydn and Brahms, free admission, with a joint collection towards the Building Fund and Hospice of St Francis. On Saturday 10 June at 7.30pm, Alexander Ardakov returns to play Chopin Sonata

No. 3 and Beethoven’s Variations on God Save The King, amongst other works. Admission is £12, with concessions, and proceeds go towards the Building Fund.

2 April 10.00am
Morning Service
Audrey Cox

2 April 6.00pm
Evening Service
Revd Derek Mclean

9 April 10.00am
Morning Service
Revd Rachael Hawkins

Good Friday 14 April 9.45am
Joint Service at High St Baptist Church
Revd Rachael Hawkins

Easter Sunday 16 April 9.00am
Easter Communion Service
Revd Rachael Hawkins

23 April 10.00am
Morning Service
Revd Rachael Hawkins

30 April 10.00am
Morning Service
Christine O’Reilly

New Mill Baptist Church

Tot Spot

Tuesdays @ 10.00-11.30am
18, 25 April

Bright Hour

Tuesday 11 April @ 2.30pm
The Speaker is Mr Gerry Bessett

Knit & Natter

Wednesdays @ 7.30pm
5, 12, 19, 26 April

The Mill Café

Thursdays @ 11.00-2.00pm
20, 27 April

Friday Club

Fridays @ 6.00-7.15pm
21, 28 April

Quiz Night for Borneo World Challenge

Saturday tba, after Easter
Tables of 6, food available
Book places via Kate Openshaw
07814883177

2 April 10.30am
Morning Service
Revd Andrew Openshaw

9 April 10.30am

Morning Service
Mr Tim Prouse

16 April 10.30am
Morning Service
Revd Andrew Openshaw

23 April 10.30am
Morning Service
Mr Peter Wortley

30 April 10.30am
Morning Service
Revd Andrew Openshaw



High Street Baptist Church

@MYEG

Mondays 7.30-8.45pm
Youth Group for years 7 to 13

ACTIVITY ROOM

Tuesdays 9.30-11.30am
Craft, stories, songs and more!
Suitable for 0 to 4yrs

COFFEE FOR A CAUSE

Tuesdays 10.30am – 12noon
Coffee in the foyer in aid of BMS World Mission

TOTS

Wednesdays 9.30-11.30am
Baby play area, soft play, trikes, scooters!
Suitable for 0 to 4yrs

GAMES AFTERNOON

Wednesdays 2.00-4.00pm
Traditional games, puzzles and refreshments

PLAY CAFÉ

Thursdays 9.30-11.30am
Relax and chat while the little ones play
Suitable for 0 to 3yrs

FRIDAY CAFÉ

Fridays 12.00-1.30pm
Freshly cooked lunches

WHO LET THE DADS OUT

First Saturday of the month at 8.30am to 10.00am

SUNDAY MORNING WORSHIP

Service at 10.30am with Junior Church and Crèche

SUNDAYS @ 7

First Sunday of the month at 7.00pm



Tring Team Anglican Churches

The Tring Team consists of five churches: St Peter & St Paul in Tring; All Saints, Long Marston; St Cross, Wilstone; St Mary’s, Puttenham; and St John the Baptist, Aldbury.

2 April

8.00am Holy Communion BCP Aldbury
10.00am Holy Communion CW Tring
10.00am Holy Communion CW Wilstone
10.00am Sunday Worship CW Long Marston
10.00am Worship for All Aldbury
12.00 midday Baptisms Tring

Sunday 9 April Palm Sunday

6.00am Dawn Service Whipsnade Tree Cathedral
8.00am Holy Communion CW Tring
8.15am Holy Communion BCP Puttenham
10.00am Holy Communion BCP Aldbury
10.00am Holy Communion Long Marston
10.00am Sunday Worship in Wilstone
10.00am Worship for All Tring
11.30am Holy Communion BCP Tring
6.30pm Olivet to Calvary Tring

Thursday 13 April Maundy Thursday

8.30am Morning Prayer Tring
10.00am Holy Communion BCP Tring
8.00pm Holy Communion CW Tring
9.30pm Watch Tring

Friday 14 April Good Friday

8.30am Morning Prayer Tring
10.00am Worship for All Tring
11.00am Walk of Witness Tring
1.00pm Cross - Wilstone
2.00pm Last Hour Puttenham
2.00pm Last Hour Aldbury
2.00pm Last Hour Tring
6.00pm Worship Long Marston
7.00pm Sepulchre Aldbury
7.00pm Sepulchre Tring

Sunday 16 April Easter Day

6.00am Holy Communion CW Tring
8.00am Holy Communion BCP Tring
8.15am Holy Communion Puttenham
10.00am Holy Communion CW Tring
10.00am Holy Communion CW Wilstone
10.00am Holy Communion Aldbury
10.00am Holy Communion CW Long Marston

Sunday 23 April

8.00am Holy Communion BCP Tring
10.00am Holy Communion CW Tring
10.00am Holy Communion CW Long Marston
10.00am Holy Communion Aldbury
10.00am Worship for All Wilstone

3.30pm Evensong Puttenham
3.30pm Pet Service Tring
6.00pm Holy Communion Tring

Sunday 30 April

8.00am Holy Communion BCP Tring
10.00am Holy Communion CW Tring

Weekday Services

Mondays 8.30am Morning Prayer Tring
Tuesdays 8.30am Morning Prayer Tring
Tuesdays 9.15am Holy Communion CW Tring
Wednesdays 8.30am Morning Prayer Aldbury
Thursdays 10.00am Holy Communion BCP Tring
Fridays 8.30am Morning Prayer Tring
Last Tuesday in the month 10.00am Holy Communion Wilstone

Baptism Preparation

Sunday 12 April 11.20am St P&P Emmie Hobbs Room

Churches Together

Saturday 1 April 8.30-9.30am Prayer Breakfast

Dacorum Foodbank

Weekdays 10.00am St P&P

Meditation

Thursdays 8.00pm Corpus Christi

Coffee Mornings

Saturdays 10.00am St P&P
Tuesdays 9.00am Aldbury
Tuesdays 10.30am Wilstone

First Saturday Lunch

Saturday 1 April 12.00 midday Tring Parish Hall
For those who have been bereaved to meet and eat with others. Contact Margaret Oram for information on 01442 824575.

Afternoon Tea

Tuesday 25 April 2.00-3.30pm All Saints, Long Marston

Youth Café

Mondays in term time 3.30pm St P&P
Secondary School aged children meet for toast, crisps, coke and chat.

Young Adults Group TAYA

First and third Thursdays 7.30pm St P&P
A discussion group for young adults.

Mothers’ Union

Thursday 6 April 2.00-3.30pm Wigginton Church

Book Group

Sunday 23 April 6.45pm St P&P

Lent Films

Sunday 2 April ‘The Company of Strangers’ Aldbury

Lent Lunches

Wednesday 5 April St Peter & St Paul Parish Hall
Wednesday 12 April St Martha’s Church

Easter Monday Pilgrimage

Tring 7.00am to St Albans Abbey



Useful contacts

TRING TEAM PARISH

Team Rector
(Tring & Puttenham)
Rev Huw Bellis
2 The Limes, Station Road
01442 822170 or
07411 483229
huw@tringteamparish.org.uk
(Day off Thursday)

Team Vicar
(Aldbury)
Vacancy

School Chaplaincy and
Team Vicar
(Long Marston, Tring School)
Rev Jane Banister
01442 822170
jcbanister@btinternet.com

Associate Priest
(Wilstone)
Rev Didier Jaquet
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didier@tringteamparish.org.uk
(Day off Saturday)

Diocesan Lay Minister
Mike Watkin
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Ian Matthews (Tring)
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07548 696965

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01442 851854

John Barron (Puttenham)
01296 631351

Christine Rutter (Puttenham)
01296 668337

Ken Martin (Wilstone)
01442 822894

Rev Jane Banister (Long
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rachel.hawkins@methodist.org.uk

Senior Steward
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AKEMAN STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

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Emma Nash
01442 827881

CORPUS CHRISTI ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

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Canon Vincent Berry
51 Langdon Street
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tring@rcdow.org.uk

HIGH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

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07920 430739

Assistant Minister,
Kevin Rogers
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tringbaptistchurch.co.uk

Administration/facilities hire
admin@tringbaptistchurch.co.uk
01442 024054

NEW MILL BAPTIST CHURCH

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www.tringteamparish.org.uk
www.tringchurchmusic.org.uk
www.stmarthas-tring.org.uk
www.tringbaptistchurch.co.uk
www.newmillbaptist.org.uk
www.akemanstreet.org.uk
www.parish.rcdow.org.uk/tring

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next edition should arrive with
the Editor by the 6th of the
previous month.

Crossword puzzle answers

From page 23

ANSWERS ACROSS

1. OBLATE
5. SIMEON
8. STEM
9. PENITENT
10. CLERIC
12. OVAL
15. THESSALONIANS
16. AMEN
17. OBTAIN
19. BARNABUS
21. PATH
22. ASSENT
23. SYNODS

ANSWERS DOWN

2. BETHLEHEM
3. ARM
4. ESPECIAL
5. SENT
6. METHODIST
7. OWN
11. RESONANCE
13. ANNOINTED
14. COLOSSUS
18. ABET
20. ASS
21. PEN



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