

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

Bradford on Avon



PARISH NEWS

APRIL 2008

web edition

DIRECTORY

Vicar

Canon Bill Matthews The Vicarage, 18A Woolley Street 864444
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Parish Deacon

Revd Angela Onions 27 Berryfield Road 309001

Retired Clergy

Ven John Burgess, Revd Alun Glyn-Jones,
Canon Peter Hardman, Ven Ian Stanes

Licensed Lay Ministers

Graham Dove

Dr Malcolm Walsh (retired)

Churchwardens

Joan Finch 40 Palaiuret Close 863878

Tony Haffenden 6 Folly Field 864412

Director of Music

Gareth Bennett 01380 728772

Ministry of Healing

The Vicar; Mary Burge.

Times of Services

(Check Bulletins and notices)

Sundays

8 am Holy Communion
9.30 am Sung Eucharist (coffee after)
6 pm Evensong
Service of Prayer for Hope & Health
and Compline monthly)

Holy Communion

10 am Wednesdays

(weekdays)

8 am Fridays

Times of Meetings

Choir Practice 6.45 pm Church, Tuesdays
Sunday School 9.30 am Church Hall
Mothers' Union 7.30 pm Church Hall, (usually) 3rd Thursday
Bell Practice 7.30–9 pm 2nd and 4th Mondays

Parish Web-site

www.brad-avon-ht.org.uk

Diocese Web-site

www.salisbury.anglican.org

Weekly Bulletin

Notices to the Vicar not later than Wednesday for
the next Sunday.

Please let the Vicar know if someone needs visiting at home or in hospital

FROM THE VICAR

Because Easter is early, our Annual Church Meeting will be held after Easter this year, on 6th April. If I give in to the temptation to look back, I think of the days when we were not micro-regulated by Church and Charity Commission rules, our Annual Accounts could be accurately produced in a simple and user-friendly fashion, and reports on the year's activities could be given verbally (though with the ever-present danger of forgetting to mention someone or something!)

These days we have to contemplate the production of a substantial booklet, making sure that the right phrases and jargon have been used for the report on the church's doings. The Treasurer has usually got the books to balance very early in the proceedings, but is frequently heavily stressed by the need to have things in the right categories and the mystery of 'accruals' properly sorted out. Both for busy Vicars and still more for lay volunteers who have other things to do with their lives, it frequently seems rather too much to cope with. I will not comment on the fact that the Share Count begins again on the Sunday when the APCM is to be held!

When I look back, in the same spirit, as a Foundation Governor of a large comprehensive school, I feel a certain nostalgia for the days when the County ran the finances and employed the staff, and three meetings a year (with no sub-committees) sufficed. We now have six full meetings, six sub-committees, and a budget which has to be printed on A3 to be legibly printed on one page, and, in cash terms, is about 400 times bigger than the petty cash for which we used to be responsible. Again, in our society, lay volunteers are expected to take on heavy responsibilities, and to fulfil them to professional standards.

The sense that life is getting more complicated is not simply a mark of increasing age. It is an observable fact, which can easily be documented by anyone in a public service rôle.

Of course, it's fruitless to yearn for a simpler past. We've simply got to get on with the situation in which we find ourselves. But if we want comfort, we have it in abundance in this Easter season. We are reminded that we are called to live out our lives in the perspective of eternity. If we do so, we shall not be less conscientious in dealing with the petty details that afflict us. But we shall be very much less troubled by them!

Bill Malles

DIARY FOR APRIL



2	Wednesday	10 am	Holy Communion for The Annunciation	
6	SUNDAY		EASTER 3	
		9.30 am	Sung Eucharist	
		11 am	Annual Parochial Church Meeting	Hall
		6 pm	Compline	
13	SUNDAY		EASTER 4	
		9.30 am	Family Communion	
		11.15 am	Holy Baptism	
		6 pm	Evensong	Christ Church
14	Monday	7.30 pm	Preparation Meeting for Venice Parish Holiday	Hall
17	Thursday	7.30 pm	Mothers' Union Vulnerable disadvantaged families, the work of SPLITZ	Hall
20	SUNDAY		EASTER 5	
		9.30 am	Sung Eucharist	
		6 pm	Service of Prayer for Hope and Health	
22	Tuesday	7.30 pm	Free Concert by Tappan Zee High School Choir	Church
27	SUNDAY		ROGATION SUNDAY	
		9.30 am	Sung Eucharist	
		6 pm	Sung Evensong	

Unless otherwise stated, Holy Communion at 8 am and Sung Eucharist at 9.30 am each Sunday

Copy Date for May is 13th April

FROM THE REGISTERS

Funerals

12.3 Donald Lewis Blrd
12.3 Roger Roule Llewellyn

Burial of Ashes

20.2 Liane Oakman

28.2 Winifred Wise
7.3 Thomas Hutchinson
7.3 Elspeth Hutchinson
12.3 Alice Furn

HOLY TRINITY MOTHERS' UNION

We had quite a challenging meeting in February from Ian & Sylvia Stanes, on the five Objectives of the Mothers' Union. They provided four teams with a variety of newspapers and we had to find any headlines which related to the Objectives. Fortunately Ian also provided a list of them, as I doubt whether any of us could have recited them off! Having made our lists and related them to the appropriate Objective, they then asked us what we could do about any of them. One that came up was the story of the young people from Bridgend committing suicide. We thought we could contact Bridgend, and offer them our prayerful support, if nothing else. I did this next day, speaking to the Bridgend Enrolling Member, to find that she was suffering from cancer, and also needed our prayers. The families are being cared for and supported by their priest and the MU, but she was delighted to hear from me, and was so grateful for our support.

On St David's Day, about eight of us did the posies for Mothering Sunday – 150 daffodils provided by Janet Brown, and the greenery from various gardens. With that number of busy fingers working, together with the tongues, it was a happy and busy morning, finished off by coffee from Mary Ford, and simnel cake from Joy Stenning made to Joan Dering's recipe. The cake was delicious, and we all thought and talked about Joan as we ate it.

The following week saw Marlene and me attending Diocesan Council at Sturminster Newton, in their lovely newish building called The Exchange. There were theatre-type seats, so that everyone could see what was going on, and there was plenty to see and hear about. It had a new format, cutting down the length of time the Co-ordinators could talk about their projects, which made it all very snappy, but lost none of its interest. Each project had set up a stall around the hall, showing what is going on, and after lunch we had time to wander around and see how much work is being done throughout this country and the world by the Mothers' Union. We heard about Bridget's visit to Sudan in April for the Enthronement of Archbishop Daniel of Renk, and were asked to support the visit with money, as she and Sarah Stancliffe are going to run workshops for the wives of the Bishops who will be visiting this diocese in July. They are going to teach them about our customs, and help prepare them for the visit. It was an excellent day, and we came back fired with enthusiasm for the work of the MU.

Our own committee voted unanimously to send £50 to the Sudan visit fund. Any monies left over will be used at the time of the Bishops' visit, as we are entertaining the wives from 7-12 July. In our Deanery, they will be coming to play skittles at Westwood on the afternoon of 10th, and having a cream tea afterwards. We do need to provide some large warm cardigans and some warm socks for them for the visit. Our climate will be a lot colder than they are used to. If anyone has a large cardigan they can give, please let me know.

At our March meeting, Graham Dove gave us an abridged version of The Stations of The Cross, which was much appreciated by the members, and gave us a lot of food for thought during Holy Week. I was able to tell the group that our summer outing had been booked to go to Evesham on 24th July. We shall travel by coach to Evesham, have coffee on arrival, and then a tour of the



Original photo(s): David Milne

Almonry Heritage Centre. A break for shopping and lunch will be followed by a boat trip, and then afternoon tea, before coming home. Apart from coffee, lunch and tea will have to be paid for, but it seems a cheap day out for £17. We have about a dozen places to fill on the coach, so if any reader would like to join us, please ring me on 863543.

On March 14th, six of us went to Westwood and had a really fun evening with several other branches, enjoying a ploughman's supper and two rounds of skittles. Mary Ford had the highest score, and won a nice bottle of wine.

So it's been quite a busy month, as we also held our own Prayers for Peace, and attended the Women's World Day of Prayer service. On March 31st we shall be going to the Minster at Warminster to celebrate Lady Day with Heytesbury Deanery, who will be coming to our Deanery next year.

Women's World Day Of Prayer

Held in Christ Church on the first Friday of March, this service was devised by the Christian women of Guyana. Ladies from the United Church did a dance to music especially written for the service. Our Ladies Choir, plus Helen Page from Christ Church, sang all the music, and there was a lot of it. Muriel had turned up on about six evenings to help us to learn it all, and we were very grateful to her. The choir was congratulated for leading so well, as many who attended did not know the hymns and songs.

Ann Chapman, from Christ Church, spoke to the theme 'God's Wisdom Provides New Understanding', giving us a great deal to think about. Christ Church ladies provided us with some splendid refreshments, and sold the rest for the WWDP funds, making £25. A very good collection came in, and I was able to send £233 to the fund.

Chris Hodge

GROWING



Holy Trinity

Sunday School

LEARNING

Confirmation Experiences

On Saturday 12th January 2008 three of the Sunday School children were confirmed at Salisbury Cathedral, the following are the contributions from the confirmees, Alice, James and Thomas.

We had great fun, even if we were the youngest.

I met a man who had christened me there.

The Bishop had great fun with the water when he christened two people. He got us really wet.

We stood in a massive circle and then said our names.

We had lots of cake.

But most of all I committed the rest of my life to God.

I learnt a lot of great things about God in confirmation classes.

I loved going to Salisbury Cathedral. It was sooooo big.

Alice, 11 years

At the start everything went dark and everyone started to sing a chant, after the lights came back on all the people getting confirmed stood in a circle at the back.

Then we went up to the middle and two people got baptised. After that we all went up to the front of the Cathedral and we made another circle. We all took it in turns to go into the middle of the circle and the Bishop confirmed us all with holy oil. Then we all got our photos taken and then everyone left.

James, 11 years

It was an overwhelming and fantastic experience.

It felt great to be a member of the church family.

Thomas, 12 years

NATURE DIARY 2

More extracts from my diary.

February 2008

Sunday 3rd: Owls hooting as I went to bed, loud and persistent.

Bird song really increasing in the morning.

Wednesday 6th: Went to Lockeridge; buzzard whirling high. Saw first celandines out and rooks inspecting chimneys as prospective nest sites. Starlings chatty.

Thursday 7th: Lungwort in full flower in the garden and tulips out.

Pink and white blossom now out on many trees.

Wren in garden looked as if it was house-hunting

Tuesday 12th: Went to Slimbridge with Brian. On the way saw a blue hydrangea flower out!! Brian said it must be plastic!

We saw wild pochard, tufted ducks, shelducks, teal, lapwings and redshanks plus flocks of dunlin. Excitingly saw (a first for me) a snipe – wonderful! Watched a black-headed gull playing (no other word for it) with a stick – just like a kitten with a ball of wool. The willow trees were gorgeous – green, red and yellow – fantastic. Can't believe it, as it's so early, but saw a dandelion flower out.

Saturday 16th: Saw a very large buzzard being mobbed by two very large crows right above the town centre. The buzzard was 'not bothered'.

Sunday 17th: Heard the jackdaw hordes coming home to roost half an hour later than last week – now overhead at 5.45pm.

Friday 22nd: The frogs in the pond calling all night – so noisy I could hear them upstairs, through double-glazing and curtains. Expecting a happy event soon!

Celandine out in the garden.

Tuesday 26th: Extraordinary! A young buzzard landed on the wall by the French windows – four feet from the house. Wonderful! Wish I had been doing a bird-watch for the RSPB!

Frog spawn in the pond.

Wednesday 27th: Couldn't sleep so watching TV at 1am. The earth shook! Earthquake reported in the morning!!

Liz Netley

Crossword solutions

15 Obadiah 16 Artiste 17 Esdras 18 Namer 19 Enoch 20 Osier
1 Shittim 2 Oriop 3 Muezzin 4 Easter 5 Eagle 6 Norwich 7 Lying 13 Timothy
Down
Joshua 18 Numbers 20 Aloft 22 Motto 23 Raisins 24 Rhythms 25 Horse
1 Storm 4 Eternal 8 Illness 9 Garni 10 Topaz 11 Evening 12 Matins 14
Across

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH GARDENS

We are delighted that so many of you take an interest in the church gardens with no prompting — just a genuine love and interest in seeing it all looking nice. It is worth mentioning some of you by name and passing on our thanks for all you do.

In no particular order (as they say) there is the long border which runs along the path towards the old vicarage and which some of us affectionately call the Archbishop's Garden. The brass sign at the bottom of the tree that was planted during the visit of the Archbishop reads: To commemorate the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, Sunday 13th April 1997. Sincere thanks to Joy and Leonard Stenning for taking the initiative in looking after this garden; they have even employed the services of a professional gardener (Darren Wiltshire).

The daffodils look very nice this year and next year we can look forward to snowdrops under the trees. Thanks to Angela and helpers for taking the lead in organising this nice display.

If you ever see a lady walking through the churchyard with a pair of secateurs don't worry because it's sure to be Mary Gresson who loves to prune some of the shrubs when they start to get out of hand. Thank you Mary. Jonquil and the flower arrangers also provide help and support when needed.



Photo Tony Haffenden

Next is the square garden adjacent to the South porch. Our appreciation goes to Gordon Finch who does all he can to make sure that when we enter the church by that door we have something pleasing to see and it also looks good in wedding photos.

The Garden of Remembrance always looks neat and tidy and well manicured thanks to the efforts of our Verger, Peter Wills, who does such a sterling job (helped by Anthony Swift from time to time) by keeping it regularly mown.

Finally, thanks to Vernon and helpers who enjoy a good tidy up from time to time and help with the disposal of the huge mound of waste that accumulates.

Please let us know if you have a favourite part of the church garden that you would like to sponsor or take care of.

Tony Haffenden on behalf of Churchwardens and PCC

23rd April – St George's Day (died *ca* 300 AD)

The Saint of an English Army before he was Patron Saint of England, St George may have been a soldier, but he was no Englishman. He was an officer in the Roman army under Diocletian, who refused to abandon his faith during the Terror, and was martyred at Lydda in Palestine about the year 300 AD – supposedly 23rd April. Over the years St George became the example of a Christian fighting-man, a powerful helper against evil powers affecting individual lives. He was the soldier-hero of the Middle Ages, of whom remarkable deeds were reported.

In the Golden Legend of the 13th century, Jacobus de Voragine gave St George a handsome write-up. The story runs thus:

One day, St George rode up to the heathen city of Sylene in Lybia, where he found the citizens in great distress. A neighbouring dragon had forced them to surrender two sheep each day for its dinner, and when the sheep gave out, two of their children; and now they were about to sacrifice the King's daughter, dressed as if for her wedding. St George encountered the little party by a stagnant lake, where the dragon lived, and persuaded the sobbing Princess to tell him why she was so miserable. At that moment the dragon appeared, looking inexpressibly revolting. The Saint charged, and drove his spear into the gaping mouth. To everyone's amazement, he tumbled the monster over and over.

Then St George borrowed the Princess's girdle, tied it round the dragon's neck, and persuaded her to lead it back to Sylene herself. The sight of her approaching with the befuddled dragon on its makeshift lead emptied the town. When the inhabitants timidly crept back, St George promised to behead the dragon if they would all believe in Jesus Christ and be baptised. It was a most effective form of evangelism, for everybody said "yes" at once. So 15,000 people were baptised, and four carts were commissioned to remove the dragon's body.

St George thus became a symbol of the war against evil, and is usually portrayed trampling the dragon of sin under his horse's hoofs. The Crusaders had a vision of him helping them against the Saracens at Antioch, during the first Crusade, and so brought the story of St George back with them from Palestine. Presently England put herself under the protection of the Saint. His day was declared a holiday in 1222. A red cross on a white field is the flag of St George.

Source: Parish Pump

JOURNAL 1964: Saved by a Sardonyx

I woke with a sense of foreboding. The sun was rising and the air cool – the best time of day in West Africa, before it became hot and unbearably humid. The fruit pigeon cooed softly beneath our window which had no glass – just mosquito netting. I listened for the bird we affectionately called “The squeaky barrow bird” and another we’d dubbed “the bottle bird” as it sounded like a bottle being emptied.

Before my shower I slipped into the utility room feeling apprehensive, to check whether our German Shepherd dog, “Ianto” was still alive. He was, but his expression was dull and he appeared not to notice me. Today was the day we had decided to go on our monthly shop, across the harbour, to Freetown, calling at the veterinary surgery with our poorly dog. This was not the only deciding factor. There were no shops here – nothing except the airport and the bush and we had completely run out of bread. I was saving the last crust for Brian’s breakfast but it had disappeared. I suspected Sadiigi (literally: my friend,) our houseboy who had the reputation of being the most honest boy on our compound; which was true to a point. When washing Brian’s shirts, he sometimes found paper money in the pockets and, to demonstrate his honesty, pegged the notes out on the washing line with the other laundry. This spoke volumes to the other Europeans in this small community who regularly held their bottles of spirits upside-down and marked the level in ink to stop the ‘staff’ from helping themselves. By comparison Sadiigi was a saint but as he had three wives and many children to support, food from our ‘fridge was ‘fair game’.

(Once asked if he could arrange to remove a fallen tree from our garden, he replied, “don’t worry Madam, I’ll arrange transport. I will bring my wife!”)

Our dog, who normally treated Sadiigi as a friend, growled suspiciously at him one morning looking accusingly at his shorts pocket. When he was asked to turn his pockets out, a large quantity of dog food rolled onto the floor.

We breakfasted on what little was left in the ‘fridge and prepared for the day trip across the harbour by ferry to Freetown, where we could stock up with food for another month. The poor old dog was loaded carefully into the back of our car and we set off for the ferry feeling grim and fearing the worst. At a place called Kissi we had to leave our car as there was no room for any more vehicles on board the ferry.

This was a ramshackle affair but the captain and his crew (one sailor who did everything but steer) were cheerful and friendly. Car after car went up the metal ramp and parked closely alongside an old airline coach. We walked aboard with our dog and stood in the only free space by the gantry where the counterweights that controlled the ramp moved down as the ramp came up. Brian, worried about the hot sun on the sick dog’s head, had brought a sack and we held it over him for shade.

The ferry’s horn sounded its warning and the crewman started to turn the crank to winch the ramp up. The ferry shuddered and I put out my left hand to steady myself on the gantry. Down came the huge iron weight and before I could remove my hand smashed

against the rings on my finger. I gasped and, dropping my end of the sack, waved frantically at the crewman who was straining against the handle with a bemused expression on his face. Brian, the colour drained from his face, waved at Captain Kamara up on his bridge. Smiling his recognition he waved back in friendly fashion as always before he realized that my hand was jammed and fast disappearing down the metal gantry. He shouted “take it back” at his crewman, then assessing the situation told him to reverse, very, very gently. This done, out came my hand with the beautiful Sardonyx engagement ring fast disappearing beneath the swollen flesh. It had jammed in the machinery and saved my hand. There was much shouting and excitement and I noticed the captain calling to someone in the old coach. To my amazement, an African woman emerged pulling herself through one of the open windows, the door being useless as it was jammed up against a truck. She climbed her way over the cars and reached me, introducing herself as a doctor from Ghana. After carefully arranging a sling for me with her scarf and giving me Aspirin, she wrote me a note for the hospital when we reached the other side. I thanked her and watched as she made her precarious way back to the coach.

We eventually reached Tigrin harbour, Freetown and disembarked – I knew where the hospital was and insisted that no time should be lost and that Brian shouldn't worry about me. The dog was on his last legs. With an anxious look on his face, he agreed and we arranged to meet up later at the hospital. We parted, he and Ianto in a taxi and me in a local bus.

Out Patients was full. It seemed I was the only European. A sea of black faces

turned in curiosity for a few seconds then went back to their rocking and moaning as they sat on rough wooden benches or the floor. After giving my name to a nurse, the only person in uniform, I sat and wished that I'd brought a book to read – although it would have been difficult to concentrate with the background noise of loud moaning. There was serious bleeding, broken bones and contusions but no doctors appeared and nobody left the motley crowd of patients to disappear into the inner sanctum of a doctor's surgery.

I worried about the dog and would



Brian get him to the vet in time.

We suspected worms but living virtually in the bush we had nowhere to buy worm powders. I tried not to worry about my hand which was throbbing and hot. The wedding ring and remains of the Sardonyx engagement ring had both disappeared amongst puffy flesh.

Three hours passed without the sight of anyone in a white coat.

I was overjoyed to see Brian and a very much happier looking dog pass by the open window. “We'll have to go now”, he called, “the last ferry is leaving in ten minutes”. Despite the fact that I hadn't seen a doctor, I got

up relieved that the dog had received better treatment than I and joined Brian outside. We just made the ferry which was almost as packed on its return journey, with people going to the airport.

Brian suggested we go to the local doctor when we reached the compound. So when we had carefully deposited the dog in our utility room with his comfortable bed and plenty of water, we set out to find the doctor.

With relief we found him still in his clinic, near the airport as it was way past sunset and we expected him to have left. A gentle Sierra Leonian, he had trained in the UK and, while checking that I wasn't allergic to local anaesthetic to ease the pain, he talked about his happy times in the north of England and his enthusiasm for Rugby League. It was the most relaxing part of the day. An anti-inflammatory eased the swelling. "Now," he said, once the two rings came into view, "can you get to a workshop and find tools with which to remove the rings." Brian assured him that he had a key to the airport workshop so we thanked him and strode off into a jungly area not far from the single airport hangar. Surrounded by large trees, it was difficult to find in the dark but once

inside there was mains electric light from the airport. We were in luck. So now for the tricky bit. The night outside was black and full of the sounds of the African bush but we found what we were looking for — a vice on a bench by the window. Having selected a hacksaw, Brian put my finger in the vice, which wasn't exactly comfortable, then started to saw at the rings unsuccessfully. Looking around for something more efficient, he found some wire cutters. Just at the critical moment, before the rings broke, there was a movement outside the window. A face, black as the night, appeared although all we could see were the whites of his eyes which were rolling and a flash of white teeth. The African mind must have been incredulous as all he could see from his position, slightly lower than the window, was a white man, sawing off his woman's finger!!

This was too much for Brian, whose nerves were as taut as violin strings, and he dropped the tool on the ground, rushed to the door and bellowed at the unfortunate fellow, who rushed off into the night probably to regale his family and friends with the strange customs of white people.

Ann Holland

Snowdrops

Dear Friends,

Thank you so much to all of you who gave clumps of snowdrops for the churchyard. The response was most encouraging and with the help of Anne Carter I was able to put them in last month. So look forward to Spring 2009 to see the results!! We are hoping, later in the year, to put in crocuses and primroses and possibly bluebells, so watch this space. Again, many thanks to you all.

Angela.

A PILGRIMAGE WALK FROM OLD SARUM TO THE CATHEDRAL, 12TH JULY 2008

This year Salisbury will be celebrating the 750th Anniversary of the consecration of the completed Cathedral in 1258 and the 35th Anniversary of the special link between the Diocese of Salisbury and the Episcopal Church of Sudan.

As part of the celebrations there will be a pilgrimage from the site of the original Cathedral at Old Sarum to the Cathedral Close *via* the water meadows on a mostly off-road route. We are delighted that Bishops from the Sudan will be joining us to take part in this significant event.

We hope as many parish and youth groups as possible from across Wiltshire and Dorset will be able to participate and that you will be able to send a group to make this historic pilgrimage with us.

Starting at 10.30am with a welcome from the Bishops, Norman warriors will drive the Bishops from Old Sarum to head the pilgrimage to the Cathedral. On arrival, there will be dance, artwork, drama and music with marching bands. At 2pm, the pilgrimage will end with a service of celebration for the 750th Anniversary of the Cathedral's consecration and a blessing of the statue of Canon Ezra, a Sudanese martyr.

To add to this celebration, participating groups are being asked to create a 'river of colour' by making their own banners and wearing a shell as a sign of pilgrimage. For more information visit our website:

www.salisbury.anglican.org.uk/sarumpilgrimage

Come with us and celebrate!! With all good wishes

David Stancliffe

Tim Thornton

Stephen Conway

Bishop of Salisbury

Bishop of Sherborne

Bishop of Ramsbury

Please let us know if you would like to bring a group of pilgrims to join us emailing

danela.adams@salisbury.anglican.org

Reply by 1st April to : Danela Adams, Ramsbury Office, Southbroom House, Devizes, Wilts. SN10 1LT

Size and shape

I went to the surgery for my yearly physical examination. The nurse started with the basics. "How much do you weigh?" she asked.

"Nine stone," I said. The nurse weighed me, and it said 12 stone.

"How tall are you?" she asked. "Five foot, seven inches," I said. The nurse measured me, and it said five feet.

"How's your blood pressure?" she asked. "Fine," I said. She took it, and it was very high.

"No wonder!" I screamed. "Five minutes ago I was tall and thin. Now I'm short and fat!"

PALM SUNDAY AT MUCH YORNING IN THE PUSE

It is quite simple. We rehearsed it at choir practice so we know it works. The idea is that the congregation and choir meet in the hall for the blessing and distribution of the palm crosses. Then we process out of the hall and along the road to the church, singing 'All Glory, Laud and Honour'. When we reach the corner of the church, Emma, our youngest choir member, and I will dash round the back, through the vestry door and onto the organ stool.

In the meantime the procession, led by the Crucifer at a more leisurely pace will make their way as far as the porch. There they will wait for Emma to meet them from inside and tip them the wink that it's All Systems Go. I shall play a chord and everyone will abandon the bit of the hymn they were up to and

the key in which they were singing it and we all start with verse four as we process into church.

That's the theory. Emma and I, mindful of instructions, leg it round to the vestry door to find that someone has thoughtfully locked it. We have to hasten back to the main door with spectacular lack of dignity, climb over the choir, the Vicar and the Crucifer in order to get into church before any else. Once safely on the organ stool, I instruct Emma to 'Go go go!' Emma looks puzzled. 'Where?' she asks.

By now the Crucifer is getting bored and decides to lead everyone in, still singing. I decide that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em and start to play along. After a few minutes of this joyful noise unto the Lord, I begin to think it might be time for a change of activity. 'What verse are we on?' I hiss at Emma. Emma looks even more puzzled. 'I don't know,' she says, unhelpfully. Fortunately, nobody else does either, so we wind it up and everyone sighs with relief.

The church is full today because the Brownies, Guides and Scouts are here all being instructed by harassed looking Brown Owls and the like not to use their palm crosses as swords until they get outside.

When it comes to the communion, as I make my way to the altar rail, an anxious looking Brownie taps me on the arm. 'Excuse me,' she hisses, 'I've dropped my little teddy and he's gone under the organ. Can you find it for me, please?' Ever willing to oblige, I get down on my hands and knees and peer under the organ to no avail. Fortunately, one of the



Illustration by the Rev C Gilbert

Guides spots Teddy and holds it up triumphantly, so the service can continue.

The last hymn is 'Lift high the cross'. Its twelve verses cause me serious trouble as I can only count up to five with comfort and then only when I know the words. Emma has been given the job of telling me when we reach the last verse; otherwise nobody will get their joints in the oven before Easter.

Given Emma's record of achievement so far, I panic and send her with a note to Jenny-the-Parish-Treasurer who comes and obliges. This turns out to have been a wise move as Emma's sole contribution to all twelve verses is to wave her cross in the air while we sing the chorus. The Brownie waves her teddy.

©Sheelagh Wurr

Reprinted from *The Chronicles of Much Yorning in the Puse,*



Re-roofing the almshouses, *ca.* 1989.

Photo: Muriel Freeborn

THE BRADFORD ON AVON ROWING CLUB

Our Rowing Club was founded in 1873. We have 120 members rowing and canoeing from the boathouse at Barton Farm in the Countryside Park. Our small club has provided a surprisingly large number of athletes to the Great Britain Rowing and Canoeing teams. We row on 7/8 mile of river before we have to turn because of the weir at Avoncliff but the canoeists can paddle further, climbing over the weirs.

In the early days of the Rowing Club it held its regatta on the stretch of water above the weir and used 600 metres of wide river. Access was via Alex Moulton's Hall to the river and through the fields by the cemetery before the railway was in use.

It was only gentlemen who rowed then and were invited to take part. Later, manual workers were able to row but at separate events. The Reading Town Regatta was for the non-manual men and the Reading Working Men's Regatta for physical workers. In fact, my father won at Evesham Regatta and was disqualified because he worked with his hands and it was deemed unfair competition.

The club later held local regattas at Barton Farm inviting clubs from Ross, Evesham, Bristol and Bath. We progressed to holding our regatta at Swindon at Coate Water Park, being able to offer a 1000 metre straight course with four lanes. This turned out to be one of the largest events in the region. But sadly with the high costs and safety regulations ever rising, it had to be abandoned in 2007.

We had a large social club which occupied the old town library building, then we moved into the Riverside Bar opposite Holy Trinity Church. We

became affiliated to many different local activities to raise money to fund the process of building a gymnasium but unfortunately it was losing money and we sold the premises. We now concentrated on the rowing and canoeing alone and have built a new boathouse and have far better equipment than ever before at Barton Farm.

I have rowed at Bradford since the age of 12. The members rebuilt the old boathouse when it caught fire and then they built another new boathouse, on the site of the old Bradford Bowling Club. We now have an active junior section and conduct an indoor rowing course at St. Lawrence School.

Expanding the ladies section of the club, a ladies VIII competed on the Thames in the Head of the River race. For the first time ever, active senior and novice group veteran squad have been successful at World Vets Regatta, Hambury and Strathclyde, winning coxed and coxless fours at Henley Veterans Regatta with National medals at the National Veterans Regatta, Nottingham.

All my family have rowed – my wife and five children, my father and his brothers, all starting from our club.

The club is here to serve the community and gives the people of Bradford and the surrounding area the opportunity to learn how to row and canoe using the best equipment. New members are welcome.

Information is on the Bradford Rowing Club Website: <http://www.boarc.org/>

Jim Brown

Supplied by Janet Brown

Visiting High School Choir from New York to Perform at Holy Trinity

The Concert Choir from Tappan Zee High School in Orangeburg, New York, a suburb of New York City in the United States, will perform here at Holy Trinity Church in April. Their Choir Director is Russell Wagoner.

I have known Russell Wagoner, for more than six years, from when I was a member of the Franklin Lakes United Methodist Church in New Jersey, USA. Russell has been Director of Music and Organist at that church since October 2000. He has a wide range of expertise in public and private teaching, accompanying, arranging, conducting and singing. Russell is also Director of Choral Activities at Tappan Zee High School.

Russell contacted me earlier this year to say that he was bringing his Concert Choir to England, during their 'spring break', and was there any chance they could come to Bradford on Avon and perform at 'my new church'. With Cannon Bill Matthews's agreement the choir will be singing at Holy Trinity on Tuesday 22nd April, 2008 at 7.30pm This is a FREE concert.

The Concert Choir is one of seven choral ensembles at Tappan Zee High School. The Concert Choir will be conducting a week long performance tour of London from April 19th-25th, performing a wide repertoire of sacred, secular, and popular music by British poets, composers, and related to English themes.

Two pieces in the concert will be receiving their world premiere when they are debuted on the choir's London tour: *Under the Greenwood Tree* written by Michigan composer, Gerald Custer and *It is the Hour* composed by the ensemble's conductor, Russell Wagoner. Some selections include: *If Ye Love Me* (Tallis), *Blow the Candles Out* (arr. Smith), *Flower of Beauty* (Clements), *Beati Quorum Via* (Stanford), A choral medley from *Sweeney Todd* (arr. Beck),

amidst an assortment of English madrigals. The 27 member touring ensemble will present both accompanied and a *cappella* selections that will delight and inspire audience members.

I do hope that many of you will want to come and hear the choir and welcome them to our lovely town of Bradford on Avon.

Stephanie Moorfoot



Tappan Zee High School Choir in Carnegie Hall

WILTSHIRE BUTTERFLIES – 2008/2

The start of the 2008 butterfly season.

There has not been a lot of butterfly activity since my last report so I thought a summary of the season so far might be appropriate.

Once again we have experienced another relatively mild, virtually frost- and snow-free winter here in Wiltshire with the activities of the Red Admiral being the main butterfly event.

January – the first three weeks were mild, wet and overcast with only two days marginally suitable for butterfly activity. A Brimstone was reported on 8th from near Salisbury (David Lambert).

From 22nd onwards the weather improved considerably, providing seven suitable butterfly days (SBD) and the first Peacock was reported on 28th in Swindon. A total of 16 Red Admirals were noted from widespread localities – all singletons (25 in 2007). There were no small tortoiseshell or comma butterflies reported.

A most unusual event on 31st was the emergence of a male Small White from a kitchen cupboard in Bradford-on-Avon. This species would not normally be seen until early April but, having hibernated indoors as a chrysalis, this one obviously thought spring had arrived. Brassicas, the caterpillar food plant, had not been stored in the cupboard so presumably the caterpillar crawled in last autumn, (although no brassicas or vegetables had been grown in the garden), and pupated in the cupboard.

February was the sunniest since records began in 1914 and the first half was warm (15°C on 9th) and dry with nine SBD. The second half was cooler and duller with only four SBD.

The 8th and 9th were the 'trigger' dates when all four hibernators were on the wing plus more Red Admirals. I received 14 Brimstone sightings, 7 Small



Brown Hairstreak near Wootton Bassett
Photo Steve Covey, 2006.

Tortoiseshell (1 of a pair), 4 Peacock, 3 Comma and 15 red admiral (46 in 2007). In Hampshire, Large White, Small White, Holly Blue and Painted Lady were also reported at this time – all singletons.

Throughout this period, searches by members of Butterfly Conservation, Wiltshire Branch for the eggs of the Brown Hairstreak butterfly, were being carried out in the north of the county. The adult butterfly is very elusive and often impossible to find but the white eggs, which over-

winter on the dark twigs of blackthorn in hedgerows, are not difficult to find once the leaves have fallen. This is the best way to determine the presence and range of the population and about 550 eggs were found in the area between Malmesbury and west Swindon and Ashton Keynes, south to Brinkworth. The eggs are normally laid singly on a twig although occasionally a pair are found and last winter, Michael Sammes, who co-ordinates the search parties found a group of six – probably a record. There is a second population in the south of the county in the Tidworth/Bulford area, straddling the Hampshire county boundary.



Egg of a Brown Hairstreak
Photo Wayne Clinch

March has been a rather disappointing month so far (14th) with only six SBD and only 3 Red Admiral reported, although no doubt several more butterflies were active. An amazing coincidence on 8th was the presence of another Small White in the kitchen of the house next door to the one seen on 31st January in Bradford.

Hopefully, next month there will be news of fresh species being seen as the season begins to get really underway.

©Mike Fuller

Wiltshire Butterfly Recorder

OBERAMMERGAU.

I have now had the brochures for the 2010 Passion Play. We have a block booking for a week from 29th May. We would be staying at Oberammergau on the Saturday and Sunday nights, and seeing the Play on the Sunday afternoon and evening, with dinner included in the interval. This is a different format from before, so will be completely new for all of us.

Monday morning is free to finish seeing the village, then the drive to Strobl on Lake Wolfgang, where we stay in a 4* hotel until the Saturday. A couple of excursions are included, with the chance of several more, to the lakes and mountains, and into Salzburg, as well as a Mozart dinner concert, which I can thoroughly recommend. The price is £1,095, but Oberammergau is always expensive, and it is a fantastic holiday.

The Venerable Ian Stanes has agreed to be our Chaplain on this trip. If you would like to hear more about it, I have plenty of brochures!

Please ring Chris Hodge on 863543

Election of new Archbishop for Sudan

The Rt Revd Daniel Deng Bul, Bishop of Renk, was elected Archbishop and Bishop of Juba on 14th February on a single round of voting at the Emergency Provincial Synod. Addressing the Synod following his election, Daniel Bul pledged to work together with the whole people of God to build up the country and unite people.

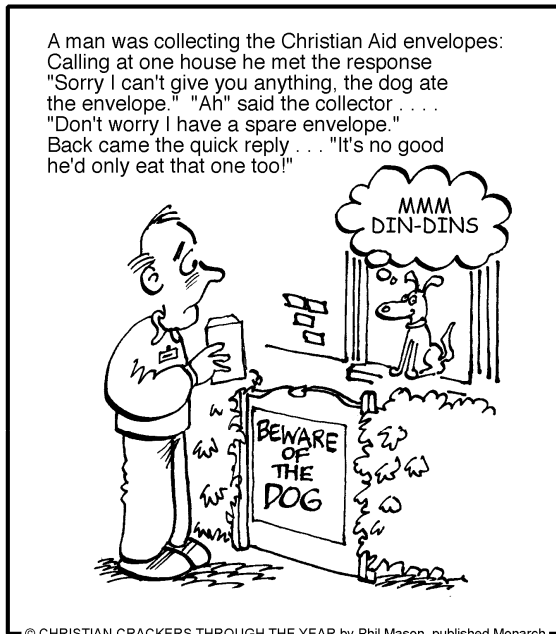
"We have a challenge ahead of us," declared the Archbishop-elect. "We need to teach our people for unity and love. We will do that together."

He also warned that the task ahead required commitment and perseverance. "We should not be divided along tribal lines. We are Christians. We should lead our people in peace. We must give a strong message to the people of Sudan that the Church of God is united."

Bishop Deng gave special thanks to the partners of ECS who had stood alongside ECS through difficult times, in particular Bishop Stancliffe.

The Archbishop-elect declared his readiness to work with the Church's partners for the building up of the nation. He also thanked his wife, Mama Deborah Deng, for her strong support since the beginning of his ministry

The new Archbishop is due to be enthroned on 20th April 2008 in Juba.



A poem for the month

April

April sun and April showers
Weave a spell with golden flowers
Coltsfoot, crocus, celandine,
Dandelion and kingcup shine.
Did King Midas come this way?
No, this gold has a living ray
And gives back light throughout the
day.

Then there is a softer glow
Where primroses and cowslips go.
Daffodils have brighter gleam,
Rejoicing in this golden theme.
O April is a lively fellow.
Fields and verges he paints yellow.

Another side of April now
Comes to mind. Pathetic how
Flowers shiver, petals closed.
Daffodils, as if bulldozed,
Lie flat and cannot lift their head.
Trees and shrubs are buffeted
By wind that seems intent to shred
Every leaf it whips away,
But cannot, in the wildest play,
Break rookeries, they're built to stay.
O April is a wilful boy.
He'd tear apart his lovely toy.

Joan Fletcher



Daffodils in Springfield, Bradford on Avon.

Photo Bryan Harris

Direct lines to God

An American decided to write a book about famous churches around the world, so he took a trip to Rome. On his first day he was inside St Peter's taking photographs when he noticed a golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read '\$10,000 per minute'.

The American, being intrigued, asked a priest who was strolling by what the telephone was used for. The priest replied that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 per minute you could talk to God. The American thanked the priest and went on his way.

His next stop was Moscow. There, at a very large cathedral, he saw a similar golden telephone with the same sign under it. He wondered if this was the same kind of telephone he had seen in Rome and asked a nearby nun what its purpose was. She told him that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 per minute he could talk to God.

He then travelled to France, Israel, Germany and Brazil and in every church he saw golden telephones with '\$10,000 per minute' signs under them. He finally decided to travel to the UK to see if the British had similar phones. He arrived in Cardiff and again, at Llandaff Cathedral, there was a golden telephone, but this time the sign under it read '20p per call'.

The American was surprised so he asked a passing priest about the sign. "Reverend, I've travelled all over world and I've seen these golden telephones in many famous churches and cathedrals. I'm told that they are direct lines to heaven, but everywhere else I've been the price is \$10,000 per minute. Why is it so cheap here?"

The priest smiled benignly and answered, "You're in Wales now boy — it's a local call."

Supplied by Anne Willis

A WEETABIX LOAF

Ingredients: 3 Weetabix
8oz brown sugar
6oz dried fruit
½ pint milk
7oz self-raising flour
1 egg
½ tsp salt

Method: Soak the Weetabix in milk for one hour, add the rest of the ingredients and mix well. Bake in a 2lb loaf tin at gas mark 4, for 1 to 1½ hours.

Mary Ford

for prayer in april

We pray:

- for our Annual Parochial Church Meeting
- for all those elected onto the PCC
- for our Deanery Synod members
- for the work of SPLITZ
- for our local school governors
- for all the countries of Africa

Interfaith Group

No meeting in April, but there will be an

Interfaith Concert

on Sunday 26th April, 6pm to 7.30pm
St Andrew's Parish Church, Chippenham

Saxon Club Programme April 2008

*We meet in the Church Hall at 2 pm on Tuesdays.
You are very welcome to join us.*

- | | |
|------------|-------------------------------------|
| April 1st: | London Fashion House - Janet Butler |
| 8th: | Rare Breeds - Alison Abbott |
| 15th: | Craft of Bellringers - Anne Willis |
| 22nd: | Quilling* - Bunty Johns |
| 29th: | Hospital Plans - John Cottle |

*Quilling or paper filigree is an art form that involves the use of strips of paper that are rolled, shaped, and glued together to create decorative designs.
Ed.

Quick Crossword

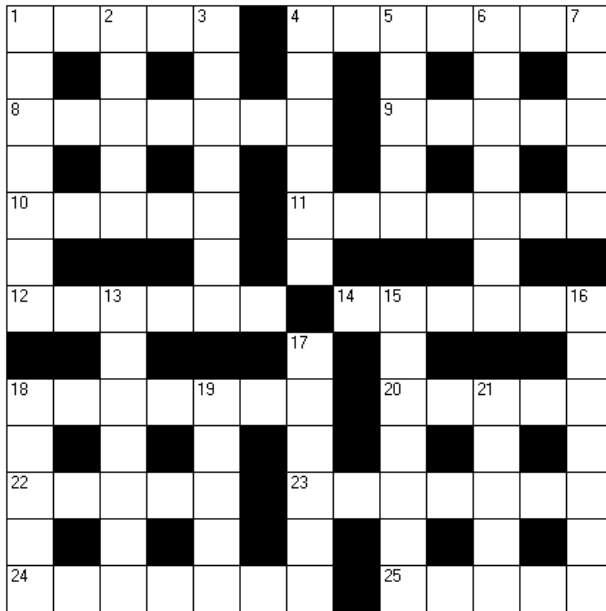
The Bible version is the NIV.

Clues across

- 1 Violent tempest in Jonah ch. 1 (5)
- 4 Description of the queen in Isaiah ch. 47 (7)
- 8 Ailment suffered by Hezekiah in 2 Kings ch. 20 (7)
- 9 Bouquet _____, small bundle of herbs (5)
- 10 Jewel of Cush in Job ch. 28 (5)
- 11 Time of day for evensong (7)
- 12 Morning service (6)
- 14 He succeeded Moses as leader of the Israelites (6)
- 18 4th book of the OT (7)
- 20 Far above the ground (5)
- 22 Maxim (5)
- 23 Fruit comprising certain cakes in 2 Samuel ch 16 (7)
- 24 Patterns of sound (7)
- 25 Red animal ridden in Zechariah ch. 1 (5)

Clues down

- 1 The spies in Joshua ch. 2 were from here (7)
- 2 Lowest deck of a ship (5)
- 3 Muslim official who calls the faithful to prayer (7)
- 4 Major Christian festival (6)
- 5 Bird that stirs up its nest in Deuteronomy ch. 32 (5)
- 6 East Anglian diocese (7)
- 7 Untruthful, like the tongues in Psalm 109 (5)
- 13 Paul wrote two epistles to him (7)
- 15 OT book and prophet (7)
- 16 Performer (7)
- 17 Two books of the Apocrypha (6)
- 18 Person giving a name (5)
- 19 Father of Methuselah (5)
- 21 Willow used in basketry (5)



Solutions on page 6.

Source: Parish Pump

PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL - OFFICERS

Canon Bill Matthews (Chairman)	Tony Haffenden (Churchwarden & V/C)
Joan Finch (Churchwarden)	Graham Dove (Hon. Secretary)
Dr Malcolm Walsh (Hon. Treasurer)	Revd Angela Onions (ex officio)

Pat Astill	Cecilia Hynes-Higman
Karen Bowen-Nielsen	Peggy Leach
Janet Brown	Dr Nick Nutt
Mary Burge	David Rawstron
Bob Cherry	Edward Shaw
Trevor Ford	Anne Willis
Bryan Harris	John Woods
June Harrison	

STANDING/FINANCE COMMITTEE

Vicar; Churchwardens; Secretary; Treasurer.

CHURCHWARDENS EMERITI

Norman Hanney, Jeremy Lavis, Mike Fuller, Anne Carter

FRIENDS OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

Patron: Dr Alex Moulton

Secretary: *vacancy*

Committee:

Ex officio:

Chairman: Bob Cherry

Treasurer: John Woods

Anne Carter; Bryan Harris; Jeremy Lavis;

Revd Angela Onions; Mike Smith

Canon Bill Matthews; Joan Finch; Tony Haffenden

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BRADFORD GROUP MINISTRY

This comprises the three benefices of Holy Trinity, Christ Church with Westwood and Wingfield, and Monkton Farleigh, South Wraxall and Winsley. The clergy meet regularly for prayer and shared planning, and there is an informal Group Council consisting of the licensed clergy and churchwardens, with Readers. The Group was established in 1975.

OTHER OFFICERS & ORGANISERS

PCC Secretary	Graham Dove	868654
PCC Treasurer	Dr Malcolm Walsh	862702
Bellringers	Phil Gaisford	863538
Bookstall	Revd Angela Onions	309001
Brass Cleaning	Chris Hodge	863543
Brownies	Jennifer Hazell	863860
Choir	Gareth Bennett	01380 728772
Church Stewards	David Milne	864341
Church Hall Bookings	Anne Carter	862146
		or 07981 742361
Coffee on Sunday	George and Ivy Hurst	868795
Display Co-ordinator	Revd Angela Onions	309001
Electoral Roll Officer	Pat Irving	862903
Flowers	Jonquil Burgess	868905
Guides	Judith Holland	866215
Mothers' Union	Chris Hodge	863543
MU Prayer Circle	Chris Hodge	863543
Publicity Officer	Ann Holland	862731
Servers	Mary Ford	863984
Sidesman's Rota	Joan Finch	863878
Stewardship Secretary	Graham Dove	868654
Sunday School	Karen Bowen-Nielsen	07732 786440
Verger	Peter Wills	867593
Midsummer Market	John Cox (Community Stalls)	864270
	Colin Johnston (Church Stalls)	868132
	Stephanie Moorfoot (Communications)	863366

Parish Representatives on other organisations:

Bradford Group Council:	The Churchwardens
Children's Society:	Anne Carter
Christian Aid:	Jonquil Burgess
Deanery Synod:	Bob Cherry; June Harrison, Revd. Angela Onions; Dr Malcolm Walsh; John Woods; Anne Willis (Deanery Information Officer)
Churches Together:	David Rawstron

The cover picture is from a drawing by Frances Taylor.

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Parish News also appears (in colour) on the Holy Trinity website. Visit it at

<http://www.brad-avon-ht.org.uk/new-front/frameset.htm>

Previous issues of the magazine can also be found in the magazine archive at this address.