

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

Bradford on Avon



PARISH NEWS
JULY 2008

web edition

DIRECTORY

Vicar

Canon Bill Matthews The Vicarage, 18A Woolley Street 864444
e-mail: vicar@brad-avon-ht.org.uk

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 Palairet 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 6.30 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.

FROM THE VICAR

I want to say a sincere thank-you to so many people for my 40th Anniversary of Priesting Celebration.

To Tony and Joan and the PCC for the beautiful icon cross they gave me, and for the lovely flowers they gave Jean. To Canon Peter for many years of friendship, and for the splendid sermon he preached. To Chris for another superb cake, complete with a colour photograph of the Vicar (and I don't know who had the 'parson's nose!') To Jonquil and the flower arrangers, for all the loving thought they put into the decorations on the day. To Gareth and the Choir for the special work they put into the music and for that wonderful voluntary at the end. To Angela, and to Mary and her serving team for all that they gave to an inspiring act of worship. To Gordon and others who put so much work into putting the churchyard into such good shape. To Peter our Verger for all he did, as always, to prepare the church building for worship, and the worship for the church family. To Ann, our Press Officer, for liaison with the Wiltshire Times. And to all who sent cards and greetings to us to mark a very happy occasion and to all who made a special effort to be there on the day.

I also felt especially grateful to my family. To Jean, for all the love and support she has given me in so many ways over the years. And to Anthony, who drove down from Harrogate on the Sunday morning to be with us, and had to drive back to Lincolnshire the same day (and what a wonderful surprise it was to see him!)

As I say, it's been a time for gratitude for so much, and to so many people. It's certainly been a time to reflect on the many changes that have taken place over that time. And one thing that I've been particularly thankful for, over more recent years, has been the tremendously increased richness and variety of worshipping material that the church now provides for us. Those who will be ordained the weekend this magazine is issued will have many more resources than we did forty years ago.

It's a very different world. Like the computer on which I'm typing this, it's all 'menu-driven'. It means that much more work has to be put into the planning of worship in selecting from what is available. To my generation of clergy trained in the Catholic tradition, it seemed strange at first no longer being able to look up what to do and do it. But, at an age when it's tempting to see things going from bad to worse, it's good to see one vitally important area in which the church has gone from 'not bad' to 'very much better'!

Bill Marlowe

DIARY FOR JULY



4 Friday	8 am	Thomas the Apostle	
5 Saturday	10 am	Street Market	Westbury House Gardens
6 SUNDAY		TRINITY 7	
	9.30 am	Sung Eucharist	
	6 pm	Compline	
8 Tuesday	7.45 am	Friends' 'Church Crawl'	Station Car Park
9 Wednesday	7 pm	Holy Communion	St Mary Tory
	7.35 pm	Parochial Church Council	St Mary Tory
13 SUNDAY		TRINITY 8	
	9.30 am	Family Communion	
	6 pm	Evensong	Christ Church
17 Thursday		Mothers' Union Outing	
19 Saturday	11 am	Orthodox Liturgy	Saxon Church
20 SUNDAY		TRINITY 9	
	9.30 am	Sung Eucharist	
	6 pm	Service of Prayer for Hope and Health	
21 Monday	7 pm	Friends' Annual Lecture	Church Hall
23 Wednesday	10 am	Mary Magdalene	
25 Friday	8 am	James the Apostle	
27 SUNDAY		TRINITY 10	
	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 August is 13th July*

FROM THE REGISTERS

Marriage

24.5 Charles Daniel Innes
& Kate Grace Wetten

Funeral

11.6 Stanley Sutton Morris

THE MARY SUMNER ROADSHOW

As we aren't having a branch meeting until after the magazine is printed, I thought I'd report on the Mary Sumner House Roadshow in Cardiff instead. We first heard about these last autumn, one in Exeter, one in Cardiff, and one somewhere further north. Being me, I elected to go to Cardiff, and four other branch members decided to come, with Tony volunteering to come as well, and drive us there! Marlene, Tony, Mary Dawson, Beryl Cox, & Janet Brown set off from Southway Park at 9am but didn't get to Downs View until 9.20, Bradford traffic! However, we made good time on the M4 until just before the M32 turn-off, and I thought the day was fated! Anyway, we drove straight to Llandaff, and left the car at my friends' house, as parking in Cardiff is prohibitive.

We tried to use our bus passes, those of us that had them, but found Wales wouldn't accept English passes! Anyway, we were soon in town and stopping off in Starbucks for much needed refreshment. A brisk walk through to the main shopping street, then through Cardiff market, a lovely smelly place!, and on towards the

magnificent Civic Centre, where they were all impressed with the white buildings. They've been white as long as I can remember, and that's going back a bit!

It was then gone midday, and we found a bar called HaHa, and thoroughly enjoyed our lunch, with even a glass of wine for 3 of us – Tony, Marlene & Mary were very



photo Chris Hodge

strong-willed.

Off to St. David's Hall, where we met up with just over 1300 members of the Mothers' Union, and the place was only half full. They'd come from all over Wales, Warwickshire, and all parts of Wiltshire, our own president, Bridget, having caught a train from Salisbury. Starting promptly at 1.30, Rosemary Kempsall, the

World Wide President described to us that we were going to see film of what the MU is doing all over the world in nearly 80 countries, with 3.6 million members. She was followed by Reg Bailey, the Chief Executive, whom Janet & I were lucky enough to meet at St John's, Studley, last month. Reg then interviewed (Michael Parkinson style) the Marketing Unit Coordinator, Janet Price, and through each of these talks we saw various films of people working with the poor in so many countries, helping them to have better lives by learning to manage things better. Mary Salmon, the Welsh Provincial President then spoke of her work in helping at a contact centre started by the WRVS for children to meet with their 'other' parent, many of whom are estranged from the caring parent who won't let the children see them. Such a worthwhile thing to do, but the WRVS had to pull out of

doing it, and so the MU stepped in. We saw so many sad stories, but so many uplifting ones as well. We did have a ½hr break for refreshment – much needed!, and a chance to talk to members from so many different places. And then went back for the 2nd half, finishing with a time of Worship. Such a tremendously professional presentation, we were all so glad we had gone.

A quick bus ride back to Llandaff, tea and Welsh cakes in a lovely garden with Glyn, Jill arriving as we left. A really fast run home till we got to Sally-in-the-Woods, where there were traffic lights, and a long hold-up. Tony's driving was impeccable, and we were dropped off at our various destinations, tired but happy after a wonderful day spent together. Thank you, Tony, for driving us, we know you won't join the MU but you are a great supporter!

Chris Hodge



registered charity number 900024

THE FRIENDS OF HOLY TRINITY

Twentieth Annual lecture

The art and craft of stained glass

by Mac McHugh of 'Great Panes'

Holy Trinity Church, Bradford on Avon
Monday 21st July, at 7pm

Admission free, but donations gratefully received.

There will be a brief Annual General Meeting before the Lecture

GROWING



Holy Trinity

Sunday School

LEARNING

Sunday School News

We are all very sad to lose Karen from the Sunday School after 6 years. Annabel too, as she had been a very loyal member of the Sunday School until she left us after she was confirmed last year. We are all very grateful for all the teaching and secretarial work Karen has done: latterly she has been making new song books for the children with the help of Muriel.

We wish Karen, Jan and Annabel all the very best in their new home and Annabel as she starts Westonbirt School in September. You will all be greatly missed at Holy Trinity.

With our love and thanks,
June, Alison, Sue and Muriel.

The sky at night...

The scientific theory I like best is that the rings of Saturn are composed entirely of lost airline luggage.

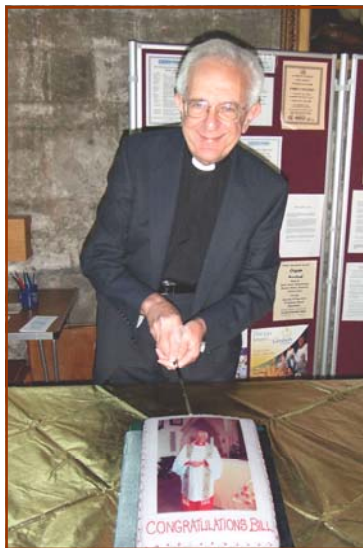


anon.

THE VICAR'S FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF PRIESTHOOD

Sunday, 8th June, was a joyous day for our parish, firstly because we welcomed back our vicar, Bill, to preside at the altar after his operation and, secondly, because we were also celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. It was a special privilege for me to have been asked to preach on this occasion, as Frances and I have known Bill and Jean for nearly all of his forty years of ministry, since he was a member of the clergy team at Marlborough and I was a Chaplain at the College there in the early 70s. In 1973, he came to be vicar of Winsley and eight years later moved to Holy Trinity where he has now completed twenty-seven years. During this time, we were both appointed canons of Salisbury Cathedral and served together as elected members on its governing council, the Close Chapter.

After the service on Sunday, Bill and Jean invited us all to a glass of wine and a piece of the wonderful cake made by Chris Hodge which bore a coloured photograph of Bill in his Queen's Chaplain robes on the icing. It was an additional special pleasure for them, and for us, to have their son Anthony present after he had driven down that morning from Lincolnshire. The Churchwardens thanked them both for their faithful ministry and proposed a toast, before presenting Jean with a lovely basket of roses and Bill with an icon in the form of a crucifix for his desk — a copy of the one in Assisi which `spoke' to St Francis with the words, "Go and rebuild my church", inspiring him to found the Franciscan Order.



photos Chris Hodge and Gordon Finch

A copy of the sermon preached on this occasion can be found on the Parish web-site.

Canon Peter Hardman

Thanks...

A very sincere thank-you to the gardening team who did so much to make the Churchyard neat and tidy for Bill's special service.

Joan Finch

The Wedding of Kate and Daniel

In 1988 a fresh young girl called Kate from our Sunday School took the part of Mary in the Christmas Tableau. She played her part beautifully and everyone was enchanted by her smile.

On the 24th May 2008 at Holy Trinity Church, Kate again played an important role — this time as a beautiful bride at her wedding to Daniel Innes.

Although time has moved on since her school days — her parents, Linda and Brian Wetton, have moved to France to live and her sister Jane is now living in Westbury — it was lovely to see the family again on such a happy occasion. All were very faithful members of Holy Trinity.

Many friends took part in the service which was taken by Canon Bill Matthews, with Gareth Bennett at the organ. A harpist sat near the crossing and gently played a harp before the service began. There were several poems and readings and Georgina Thomlinson, the youngest daughter of Peter Wills, sang a lovely Welsh melody, in Welsh, during the signing of the register. Kate's sister Jane led the four bridesmaids and the young master page boy. The sun shone too!

We wish Kate and Daniel every happiness in their life together.

Muriel Freeborn

Bibles - made in China!

A new, expanded printing facility seems set to make China's ancient capital, Nanjing, the Bible Centre of the world. The Amity Printing Company — a joint venture with the Bible Societies — can now produce 23 Bibles every minute to keep up with growing demand for the Bible in China. In 2007 it printed six million Bibles. With the new press, the potential will be 12 million — most of which will be distributed throughout mainland China.

About 55,000 churches distribute the Bibles. According to experts, there is a real increase of interest in Christianity in China, where now an estimated 7% of the one billion population are believers.

A pocket edition of the Bible costs about 68p and Chinese Christians can receive the full-size Bible at a subsidised cost of £1.16.

Source Parish Pump

West Country Cathedrals Quiz Answers

1) Salisbury. 2) Wells Cathedral. 3) Bristol. 4) Hereford Cathedral. 5) Gloucester. 6) Exeter. 7) Wells. 8) Bath. 9) Gloucester. 10) Wells and Salisbury.

FÊTE-AL ATTRACTION

Each year, in time-honoured tradition, the Parishes of Much Yorning and Lesser Yorning hold their annual fête. Everybody concerned with the fête hates it, but nobody has come up with an alternative way of raising £1000 on a Saturday afternoon so it continues relentlessly.

The fête date is fixed and advertised widely. Parishioners are cajoled into selling raffle tickets, providing bottles for the bottle stall, and baking cakes which they will then be encouraged to buy back again.

During the week preceding the Big Day the treasurer, who has recently taken possession of a new computer, looks at the long-term weather forecast on the internet which advises that the weather on that particular Saturday promises to be terrible. The school hall, which is usually available for such emergencies, is being decorated and is out of use, so the Vicar and the treasurer have a private emergency meeting and decide to postpone proceedings until the following Saturday.

Needless to say, this decision causes great consternation. The following Saturday, of course, most of the stall-holders, cake-makers *etc.* have booked themselves on recuperative flights to Majorca and are not available. The Yorning Chronicle efficiently prints the new advert proclaiming the change of date – but they also publish the old advert giving the original date because nobody told them not to. The date of the cancelled fête dawns bright and clear. The sun is shining and the sky is blue. The Vicar and the Treasurer wisely stay out of sight...

Stalwarts of the Puse valley are not easily daunted, however. They turn up in their droves on the newly appointed date, wearing wellies and plastic rain bonnets, clutching umbrellas and entering into the fun. I am in charge of-the Washing-Line Hoop-la. This is a cunning little number devised and assembled by Doris in the choir. Unfortunately, Doris is not able to be with us on the new date but she has helpfully erected a washing line containing items of clothing from her own wardrobe, fixed up with `dolly' pegs.

The idea, she has carefully explained to me, is that a cardboard hoop is thrown from a distance and if it should land over a peg the lucky punter wins, not the pair of Doris's old tights being held by that very peg, but a packet of sweets from the bag on the table. After ten minutes of this I



become bored. Hi-jacking a crowd of smallish looking children, I lift them up, one by one, and instruct them to place the hoop over a peg. In this manner we clear up the prizes in record time and I am free to squelch my way round the rest of the attractions.

As I amble along, a very small, very wet child approaches me. She peers earnestly at me and says, "Why do horses do poos?" I explain, briefly, that horses, like little girls, are mammals. She does poos, doesn't she? She agrees that she does. Well, all mammals do poos, including horses. She ponders this for a few minutes as I regard the bits of bric-à-brac that have not been considered valuable enough to be covered by a waterproof sheet. Then she returns. "But why do horses do BIG poos?" she asks. My biological knowledge is not equal to this rapier-like probing. I mutter that little girls do little poos and horses are big so... and shuffle off to the tea tent.

The raffle is called. The first prize is a gardening voucher. Most of the other prizes are indeterminate knitted objects in fluorescent colours. To my intense relief, my ticket is not

pulled out. My small friend, however, is lucky enough to win an orange doll. She beams from ear to ear as I admire it. "What are you going to call her?" I enquire, expansively.

"Simon", announces the proud new mother. Since the orange doll is sporting a smart, fluorescent green dress and bonnet, I am slightly surprised at this news. "Is she a boy, then?" I ask. She regards me with scorn. "Of course not. Can't you see she's a girl?" She swings baby Simon thoughtfully by one leg, gazes up at me and takes a breath. Somehow, I know exactly what is coming. Enough is enough. I make my way out of the gate and along the road to my car at the speed employed by the choir members processing into the vestry to collect their chocolates after Evensong. In the distance, I can hear her voice ringing out loud and clear; "You know you said horses do poos because they are mammals...?"

©Sheelagh Wurr

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Much Yorning in the Puse,
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Illustration by the Rev C Gilbert



**STREET MARKET, WESTBURY GARDENS
SATURDAY 5TH JULY, 2008**

A final reminder for your diaries that our most important annual fundraiser will take place on Saturday 5th July from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Fun for all ages, bring your friends. Please come and give us your support on the day, whatever the weather. Any questions call

Stephanie 863366.

Stephanie Moorfoot

Street Market

**WESTBURY GARDENS
BRADFORD ON AVON**

Saturday 5th July,

10 a.m.— 4 p.m.

**Crafts
Collectables
Books
Plants
Toys
Home Baking
Bric a Brac**

Punch & Judy
& Magic Show
morning only



All Day
Face Painting



Apple Barrel Jazz Band
Afternoon only

***Morning Coffee
Light Lunches
Raffles
Local Interest
Entertainment
Much More.....***

Organized by Holy Trinity Church

TRINITY COLLECTORS

My very earliest recollection of having even the smallest collection of Dinky Toys was at a pre-school age. The post war days were quite austere, and 'non essential' metal items were very hard to come by because the war effort had commandeered many factories, including the Liverpool Dinky Toy factory. As a result, Meccano (the owners) had been making light armaments for the duration – in fact toy production had stopped altogether between 1939 and 1946.

But being quite creative, my mother used to buy Dinky Toys for me from our Church (St. Michael & All Angels, Mill Hill) Jumble Sales although they were rather play-worn and were sometimes missing odd bits like tyres or the little bell from a fire engine. These deficiencies didn't distract from the joy I used to get from pushing them around the lounge floor. I remember that it was covered with a very large rug, bordered by linoleum which my mother used to polish on her hands and knees. The rug had a sort of floral pattern in the centre and a wide square border round the outside – excellent for use as a 'road' where Dinkys could be pushed, parked, manoeuvred and quite often crashed together, which is what pre-school boys did with their toys then (and probably still do!) I must have had about 20 pre-war Dinky Toys at this time, and as the years went by my mother continued her Jumble sale

purchases and by the late '50s was buying some play-worn versions of the models that had been produced after the war, and so my collection slowly grew. My penchant at that time was for buses, as I was an avid 'bus spotter' at the time, often riding across London just to take down the fleet numbers and the odd photo of certain London Transport buses which were not seen on my side of London. I

accrued over a dozen Dinky buses, both pre and post war, together with a similar number of toy bus stops, some of which I still have.



Of course, my mother didn't know the difference between the pre war and post war models, and I have only learned the difference myself in recent years. If you still have any of these treasures in your attic, the pre war ones had very thin wire axles, while the post war axles were much thicker – seeing the two side by side would show the difference clearly. The other main difference is the shape of the wheels. Pre war models all had smooth hubs (presumably easier to cast), while the post war models had ridged hubs, which were intended to simulate a hub cap. There are several other differences as well, but these are the main ones. As my manual dexterity grew in the late '40s and I started getting interested in comics (mostly

American I'm afraid) I decided that some of my Dinky saloon cars - which after all were rather chipped and shabby - should be re-painted as US police cars, being all black with white drivers' doors. I'm not sure where the black and white paint came from but I must have painted at least a dozen models in this way. Today I shudder at the thought, but as a young lad I'm sure I felt quite proud of my handiwork. Other favourites of mine were the Dinky 'open tourers' – Armstrong Siddeley, Lagonda, Alvis, and Sunbeam etc. which were post war productions from pre-war castings and therefore had much charm. I remember cycling quite a number of miles to look in the window of a second hand shop in Temple Fortune. A school friend had told me that he had seen some Dinky Toys in the window and on arrival I was thrilled to find a four seater open sports car in good condition which I did not have in my collection. It cost me nine pence – a huge amount - and on arriving home with it I asked my father what kind of car he thought it was, at which my mother piped up "it's a Lancia, a cousin of mine in Worcester drives one like that". So a Lancia it always was, again until fairly recently when I discovered that it was a British Salmson four seater!

As the post-war years went by and the Liverpool Dinky Toy factory had picked up production, I began to receive Dinky Toys as birthday and Christmas presents from those relatives who could afford to buy them. At that time they fell into the price range of about two shillings to three shillings and the shops received them from their suppliers in cardboard 'trade' boxes containing up to six models, each separated from

the next one by a little cardboard fence. When the desired model had been chosen it was put into a brown paper bag for the customer to take away. It wasn't until about 1954 that the familiar little yellow Dinky Toy box came along. All this time, and indeed since 1934, Dinky Toys had no competition at all and it wasn't until 1956 with the introduction of Corgi Toys that Meccano were forced to lift their game and start being rather more inventive. Incidentally, Meccano also had a factory in Bobigny near Paris which, quite independently of the British production (both pre and post war), was producing a charming series of French Dinky Toys for children on the continent. I remember having a French pen friend who, for two or three years, used to send me a French Dinky for my birthday, whilst I sent him an English one. I still have these French birthday gifts. However, like most children, I discarded all the yellow boxes that these new toys came in and concentrated only on the model inside (another shudder), although by this time I had become fastidious enough to keep the models in the best possible condition. My Dinky crashing days were past!

The competition from Corgi, and by now several other manufacturers like Crescent, Tri-ang, Budgie, Timpo and the ubiquitous Matchbox, was good for Meccano and they started producing models with 'suspension', 'windows', lifting bonnets, and a host of other moving parts. At the age of 12 I had a Saturday morning job in a Mill Hill toy and sports shop which sold Dinky Toys, so I became quite well versed in what was available and about all the latest model developments. For example, Meccano were now producing 'Dinky Supertoys'

which were every young boy's dream, being larger and in many ways superior to the ordinary 1/43 scale Dinky Toy. One of the biggest sellers was a series of Guy vans (see picture) which, in miniature, advertised a



range of products, including Weetabix, Ever Ready and Spratts dog food. Price-wise they were typically about 9/6d. each which, from my prospective, represented four weeks' Saturday morning pay, and since none of my relatives were rich enough to spend this much on a birthday present for their cheeky nephew I'm sad to say that, as a lad, I never owned a Dinky Supertoy. However, I had some friends in Rickmansworth whose parents could afford these luxuries, and remember well the joy of playing with Tony Bell's Dinky Supertoys whenever I was taken there.

Perhaps I grew out of Dinky Toys in my early teenage years, and at the age of 14 I was a boarder being

educated aboard HMS 'Worcester' lying off Greenhithe in Kent. I guess it wasn't cool to be seen by the other Cadets being in possession of Dinky Toys, so my collection of pre and post war Jumble Sale toys, and the later-obtained colourful shiny English and French Dinky Toys from the early '50s, were carefully boxed and put into the attic – I suspect like the collections of so many other young men at that time. After three years aboard 'Worcester' I had completed my general (GCE) education and, in the latter years learned navigation, seamanship, ship stability, meteorology, signals and other nautical subjects, and off I went to sea as a navigating apprentice. This was 1959 and the Dinky Toy factories were in full production with what have since been described as their most memorable models. However, there was now no place for Dinky Toys in my new world, and I had turned my back on 'little boys toys', and quite frankly I didn't give a second thought to my precious cardboard box in the attic of my parent's home in Mill Hill. However, many years later I was to retrieve that box and have some of my jumble sale treasures professionally restored to their former glory (see second picture – 'Lancia' far right) . More of my Dinky story next month.

David Rawstron

Crossword solutions

Across
 1 Egypt 7 Matadors 8 Exile 10 Mishannah 12 Truthful 14 Hair 16 Tyre 17 Included 20 Innocently 23 Yeast 24 Squeezed 25 Error
Down
 1 Exempt 2 Palm 3 Bath 4 Satan 5 Downwards 6 Esther 9 Eight 11 Quirinius 13 Urn 15 Slyly/Silly 16 Thirst 18 Duster 19 Screw 21 Need 22 Year

PARISH HOLIDAY TO VENICE, PART 2

Saturday 27th April. We were visiting Padua and had to leave the guesthouse before 7am. No bread with breakfast, as it hadn't arrived yet, but plenty of fruit, *etc.* It was a 35 minute ride on the vaporetto to the station, where we had half an hour to wait for the train. And what a train, very luxurious compared to ours, and running on time! Transferring to a tram, we had a long ride across the city to the

Basilica, where we were due to celebrate the Eucharist in a beautiful chapel. Bill was provided with alb and vestments – he evidently would not need the alb he'd be carrying around all day! By the

time we finished, we'd lost our presentation slot, and had to wait ¼ hr for another, so took advantage of the time to buy some postcards, *etc.*, in the shop. The presentation was very well done, but a bit over the top on miracles! Katerina, our Padua guide met us afterwards, and we had a whistle-stop tour of the Basilica: we would have preferred a longer look. The queue waiting to touch the tomb of St Anthony was over 100 yards long.

After looking at the fresco on the front of the basilica, we got on a bus to go to the market area, where we saw the old and new Palaces of

Justice, the old having Giotto's frescoes on the ceilings and walls of the upstairs rooms, and beneath them food stalls being well patronised. We walked through the fruit market to Pedrocchi's Coffee House which was shaped like a grand piano, the steps at the front being the keyboard. We walked on to the old Jewish quarter. There used to be three synagogues here, but they now need only one. We

eventually reached our lunch stop, and were all very thankful, especially as we didn't have to pay for this one!

Another tram ride afterwards to the Scrovegni Chapel, where we spent time in yet another shop before our 2.30 appointment. I got outside to find Gerald had fallen down, grazed his

hand, and hurt his leg, making it difficult for him to walk. Only half the group could go in at one time, the second half ¼ hr later. You sit in a room and watch a video presentation, and are decontaminated at the same time! You get only ¼ hr in the chapel – not nearly long enough to take in the magnificent Giotto frescoes. Cards had to be bought in the shop afterwards, at 90 cents each (about 72p!). We then had to walk back to the station, which was difficult for Gerald.

Not such a fast train going back, so we had to go straight from the



The old Law Courts, Padua

photo Bryan Harris

vaporetto to the restaurant. Joan Godwin and her family and Marie Hucker hadn't come to Padua, as they felt it would be too much for them, but they'd had a lovely day in Venice. We were all glad to have an early night, it had been a long and tiring day.

Sunday, and our Holy Communion was in the chapel at the guesthouse. An excellent sermon from Bill about the things we had seen and heard, and what they should teach us. He ended by saying he had been given a lot of prayer cards in the basilica in Padua, which would please Mrs. Hodge, and he urged us all to take one. I discovered the prayer to be about family life, very Mothers' Union! Straight from the chapel into the garden for our only full group photo of the trip – how I had missed Reading Services!

Four of us set out to find the Fenice, not easy using a map which isn't accurate, and we ended up at the church of Santa Maria del Giglio, which was a real bonus. Hundreds of white roses decorated the altars, and the Treasury had some really lovely paintings, one at least by Tintoretto again: there must have been paintings



The ballroom of the Fenice Opera House
photo Bryan Harris

of his in every church in Venice! Setting off again, I had to ask three times before we got to the Fenice, but it was well worth it. As OAPs we got in for only 5 euros, and that included the audio guide. This guide was brilliant and gave us the chequered history of the theatre which has been destroyed several times by fire. We thought the hall was lovely, but the auditorium took your breath away it was so beautiful. Not easy to get into the Royal Box, as there were crowds of schoolchildren on a tour, and they were filling it up, but I did manage to spend some time there, waving at Beryl and Kathleen from my exalted position. A much more splendid box than the one in St Petersburg theatre, where we'd had to sit on hard wooden chairs. But then, we'd only paid £10 for a seat there: in the Fenice, the prices start at about £60! Further along, we got into an empty box, and could see the splendours of the Royal Box from there. Mirrors at either side of it make it seem a lot larger than it actually is. From there up to the Salons, where people go during the intervals to drink and socialise. The ballroom salon was beautifully decorated, with a lovely inlaid floor, sprung for dancing and with three chandeliers. I was so engrossed in the decoration that I fell over a rucksack carelessly left in the middle of the floor by one of the teenagers. I'm afraid he got the Hodge glare! (*Not to be confused with the Paddington bear hard stare, Ed*)

Leaving there, we stopped for lunch at Paolin, *the* best gelatarie in Venice, according to the guidebooks. Having eaten our lunch, I asked for a small cherry ice-cream, and got a dish with 3 scoops! However, I was only charged 4 euros, whereas all their

listed ices cost €8.50. It was well worth having. I left Gerald to go and rest. He'd done well, despite his leg, and I went off to the Accademia and spent 1½hrs touring the Titian exhibition, and then the other galleries. I didn't even have to pay to go in, except for €5 for the audio-guide, which was well worthwhile.

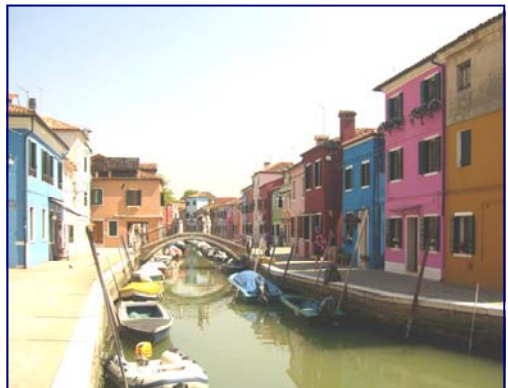
Returning to the guesthouse, there were some rogue traders selling big handbags; I asked the price of a smart one, and it started at €85, coming down to €30 before I got rid of the salesman: I should think I could have got it for nothing had I persevered!

We had an early dinner that night, as 25 of us were going to the opera. Marta had decided to come too, which was just as well, as it was not easy to find, and not on any map. The opera was in the Scuola Grande di San Giovanni Evangelista, which is worth looking at as a building although it was too late for us to do the visit. The scenery was very basic, and the scene-shifting was done by the singers! But when the small orchestra started playing and the singing started we knew that we were in for a treat. 'La Bohème' is not everyone's favourite opera, but that night it was heaven! The voices could have appeared at the Fenice without letting themselves down, and we really enjoyed it. Finishing at 10.40pm, we were glad that Marta was there to find the right way back to the vaporetto. Unfortunately, we couldn't bring either the bass or the tenor back in our suitcases, much though we'd have liked to! (*some of us maybe!...Ed*)

Had to be at the vaporetto stop at 8.45am on Monday, so another fairly early start. From the stop near St Marks, we then had a private boat to take us to Torcello, an island in the

lagoon. We had a 10 minutes walk to the cathedral, where we saw and heard about the magnificent mosaics on the east wall and apse, and also the west wall. Some people stopped for coffee at the stand up snack bar next door, but we tried to find the restaurant, got on the wrong route and missed it, so no coffee. Gordon bailed Jean out with a cup from his flask, he'd been making his own flask up each day, having learnt, on the Rome trip that guides don't always include stops for coffee! On from Torcello to Burano, which was delightful. All the houses painted in bright colours, decided by the wives in the old days, so that their husbands could find the right house when they got home at night! The main street was lined with stalls, shops and restaurants, so there was no trouble getting lunch. We spent a lovely couple of hours there, and were loath to leave. The sun had been shining all day, and the temperature was well over 70°F.

We had to go to a different restaurant that night, though with the same owner, and we had the best dinner of the week. I ended up with a



The island of Burano

photo Bryan Harris

dish of strawberries. Back to the chapel for our last Compline, before which I gave Marta a huge tip from the tipping fund. She really had worked over and above the call of duty on our behalf. I was then presented with 2 envelopes, which couldn't be opened until after Compline. One was a very pretty pendant and earring set, and a bookmark of Burano lace for my hymnbook, the other contained a card, made by Joan, and signed by everyone, with some lovely messages, bringing me, as always, close to tears.

They ought to know by now, I love doing the job, and seeing people enjoying themselves is enough thanks.

Our last day on Tuesday, and Venice was crying to see us go — our only wet day. I wanted to find the leather shops and try and get a handbag, so Gerald and I set off for the St Marks area where we knew we'd find one. We came to a small church where there was an exhibition of old musical instruments. Dr. Patrick had told me about this before we went, but we hadn't found it before. They were beautifully laid out, and I took photos of them all for Muriel to see, but didn't realise at the time quite how delighted she would be with them! The rain didn't let up all morning, but we pressed on, and

found 2 shops, and a bag I liked. We also found a very nice restaurant for a tourist lunch, where we had 3 courses, all delicious for €16 each, and some very nice wine to go with it.

Our last meal in Venice was a special one. We got soaked going back to the guesthouse: it even came through my umbrella! Most of the group had congregated in the hall there, and Joan, Marie & Andy wanted a fourth for whist. I hadn't played for nearly 60 years, but I joined in, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Later on, most of us went out for a cup of tea at Paolin before leaving the



The Rialto bridge

photo Chris Hodge

guest-house for our trip to the airport by water taxi. Although it had been lovely getting into Venice in the dark on our arrival, it was more interesting going out and seeing the area around the lagoon. We were in good time for checking in but unfortunately there was no-one to check in with until two girls arrived about 10 minutes late for the 2 hour deadline. The four people in front of our group were still trying to get their luggage checked in by one of the girls ½hr later! The other girl was checking us through meanwhile, but very slowly and we were tired. Eventually, the four had made it, only after Marta had interceded for them. The same check-in girl then decided that Val Payne hadn't paid for her luggage, and I lost it! I told her in no uncertain



Still smiling, our Leader tries to check in.

terms to get on with it, all our passengers had one suitcase only, and they were needing her to move it. How much she understood, I don't know, but she certainly did finally

move it. It was plain sailing, or even flying, after that until we got to Bristol, where there was a huge hold-up at passport control which took us over ½ hr to get through. At 11pm, it was not funny. However, the Andrews coach was waiting outside, and we soon got the luggage on in the right order for getting off again, and were back in Bradford about 12.45. A very tiring day, not made easier by human error, and although some people needed a couple of days to recover, I'm sure it didn't detract from a lovely holiday in a super group, in one of the most attractive cities you could ever visit. The only moan I got was "We can't wait 2 years for Oberammergau, can't we go somewhere next year?" I'm still thinking about it!

Chris Hodge



*...I don't care what your Sat-Nav's telling you - I'm telling you you are definitely **not** on the M6, nine miles south of Derby!!*

July Song

Between Madonna lilies and tall roses
Grey paving holds the shade of hornbeam tree
Through cherry branches sunlight interposes
Warmth to temper shadow chilling me
Between Madonna lilies and tall roses.

Robin's autumn song rings clear and free
And sorrow for the passing year discloses,
Its lilt more plaintive than calm thought supposes
Above the shadow of the hornbeam tree.

Through cherry branches sunshine interposes
Light to quicken bird and tree and me
Between Madonna lilies and tall roses.

Joan Fletcher

West Country Cathedrals quiz.

1. At 404ft, this cathedral has the highest spire in England. Where is it?
2. Where can you see "Jack Blandiver" strike his bell?
3. In which cathedral can you find the Berkeley Chapel?
4. Where will you find the Mappa Mundi (map of the world)?
5. In which cathedral is the regicide, King Edward II, buried?
6. This cathedral has the longest uninterrupted vaulted ceiling in England. Which is it?
7. This cathedral, much admired by Prince Charles, is noted for its wonderfully ornate West Front. Which is it?
8. This church was actually founded as a cathedral. Where?
9. Harry Potter was filmed in the cloisters here. Where?
10. Both these West Country cathedrals possess ancient timepieces.
Which are they?

Answers on page 7

Gerry Brooke

Originally published in West Country Life,
Provided by Kathleen Thompson

NATURE DIARY 5

More extracts from my diary:

May 2008

"Nothing is more beautiful than Spring, when weeds in wheels shoot long and lovely and lush", Gerard Manley-Hopkins – certainly true about the weeds!

Friday 2nd: Lovely colours of apple blossom and lilac purple showing up against the slate grey sky. Huge cloud formations and rainbows.

The swifts are here! – the same day as last year – they nest in a neighbour's roof. I so look forward to this.

Saturday 3rd: Our wisteria is in flower.

Brian heard a cuckoo at about 10am. I didn't!

Went to the woods at Lockeridge to see the bluebells, they're not quite in full flower so rather disappointing. Saw jack-by-the-hedge, greater stitchwort and germander speedwell (the blue of speedwells is quite distinctive from either bluebells or forget-me-nots).

Saw two collared doves and realized that there appear to be far fewer around than in previous years.

The flowers of the horse chestnut trees are standing upright but not obvious as still green.

Alkanet in flower at Westwood Manor.

Tuesday 6th: Went to Broad Hinton – buzzards and kestrels in evidence.

Heard skylarks –wonderful. An 'exultation' of skylarks is one of the fantastic collective nouns for these heart-lifting songsters.

Friday 9th: Three little dunnocks scurrying around on our wall like tiny mice and singing very loudly at 6.30am.

All the white horse chestnut trees have their candelabra flowers standing proudly in evidence now. Wisteria hangs in wonderful profusion on many houses – ours is a later flowering variety so coming out more slowly. Went to Lacock Abbey, the garden awash with head-high cow parsley and star-white ransome, quite magical and ethereal.

Sunday 11th: Had to break up a fight! Two robins were so locked in mortal combat that they were actually rolling down the hill in a united feathered ball! I had to clap my hands over them and say severely "Not on my patch" before they broke off and flew into a tree still shouting at each other. These birds have a reputation for being aggressively territorial; why then have they nested within 12 yards of each other? I have noted that a third pair have sneaked in and have started their nest on the same wall. Trouble in store!

Tuesday 13th: Last night the tawny owls kept enquiring

"How?"

"Are you?"

very loudly and for a very long time.

I can't believe it! I had to break up a fight between two male blackbirds. I have never seen this before, it was horrendous – not just a casual scrap, but a full-on fight. Again I broke it up. About two weeks ago, Brian said he'd seen

a blackbird hunting through the clematis stems (where we were aware there was a nest) in a very aggressive manner “as if it was trying to attack something.” There is so much good nesting area in the garden that it is ridiculous to me that the birds are acting as if space is at a premium. Far too human-like!

Wednesday 14th: I have been reading ‘The Morville Hours’ by Katherine Swift. It tells of the creation of a garden and the book takes the form of a Medieval Book of Hours, each chapter being named after one of the Hours of the Divine Service. In one of the chapters it gives a great mnemonic for remembering the call of a wood pigeon: -

‘Take two cows Taffy’; and for a collar dove ‘Where are you?’ Very amusing but so accurate.

Thursday 15th: The clematis ‘Montana Elizabeth’ is over, but the ordinary ‘montana’ is in full flower as is our beautiful white ‘tree paeony’. Our late flowering wisteria is in full wondrous blossom, just in time to be ruined by the rain undoing the work of several days of sunshine.

Saturday 17th: The red horse-chestnut flowers are out.

Went to Heale House gardens – honeysuckle, alliums, great variety of primulas, bearded irises, gunera and hostas (unblemished by slugs), and even roses, everywhere.

Tuesday 20th: Went to Slimbridge. On the way realized that the hawthorn is now sumptuous, opulent, and amazingly beautiful.



Saw a large black, buzzard-sized bird with rounded fringed wings – hovering, and not only hovering but doing so in a curved arc (see drawing). I’ve thought a lot about this and because I saw a large black bird in the same area coming home I am positive that what I saw was a raven. A quote from the Collins Pocket Guide – “in the Spring, ravens perform remarkable acrobatics, tumbling, flying upside down and nose-diving”.

Saturday 24th: There are nests everywhere in the garden. The minute you stop moving, a bird protests from within a bush and nestlings squeak hysterically – you feel like apologizing for your disturbance and moving on, but to where?

Sunday 25th: Two fledgling blackbirds in the garden were waiting for mum, one perched on the head of an old statue. It’s sibling was at the foot, not such a grand position but much more able to get the slug when mum turned up. It was like watching a toddler trying to jump, when the posing fledgling bent forward, took aim, gave a few practice flaps and managed a flight of about nine inches!

Liz Netley

SAXON CLUB NEWS

On Tuesday, 13th May our meeting was not in the Church Hall but we visited Woolley Park Farm, courtesy of Mrs Pat Candy, one of our members. The farm was bought in 1921 by Pat's in-laws and has been in the family ever since. On arrival Pat gave us a brief talk on the running of the farm and the changes over the years. She then gave us details of what we would see and we divided into two parties and set off.

What an interesting time we had – ducks on the pond and Guinea Fowl, who seemed to be playing 'Follow my Leader'. There appeared to be about a hundred of them and, *en masse*, they all rushed in one direction, then turned and rushed back again. There were chicken (free range of course), horses, beef cattle, two calves one week old and other calves a little older with yellow tags in their ears, each with a number on it. Pat had explained that, since the last outbreak of Foot and

Mouth disease, this was a new regulation and each number had to be recorded on the animal's passport.

There were huge machines of every description – the larger tractor tyres costing £750 each. Even when the tyres are discarded they are used to hold down tarpaulins which cover the silage. We visited the area where poultry are prepared ready to be delivered to shops covering a large area. This is run by one of Pat's grand-daughters.

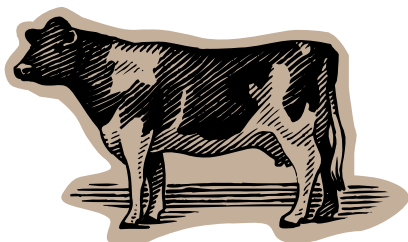
We returned to the house for a welcome cup of tea.

Pat had set us a competition to guess how many goslings there were still kept under cover. This was won by Joan Godwin who guessed 620 – the exact number was 642! Her prize was a box of free-range eggs.

Apart from all that we were blessed with perfect weather and the views were spectacular – the White Horse at Westbury clearly visible.

What a lovely afternoon – thank you Pat. I for one would like to come again.

Nan Webb



FOR PRAYER IN JULY

We pray:

- for our Street Market
- for all those who lead our church
- for the Lambeth Conference
- for those undertaking the Sarum pilgrimage
- for our Sunday School
- for our neighbouring parish of Monkton Farleigh, South Wraxall and Winsley

Interfaith Group Meeting

There will be a talk on Islam
by Sheikh Ilyas Ismail
At the Conference Room, Bridge House, Stallard Street
Trowbridge, Wilts, BA14 9AE
Tuesday 15th July 2008 From 7pm to 9pm

WANTED...

...a pianist to exercise a Schimmel grand piano, which has a lovely mellow tone.
For further information
contact Daphne Squire on 862936.

Bradford Area Churches Together

The next BACT meeting is on 7th July at 7.30pm at the Friends' Meeting House, so there is no report for Parish News this month.

Quick Crossword

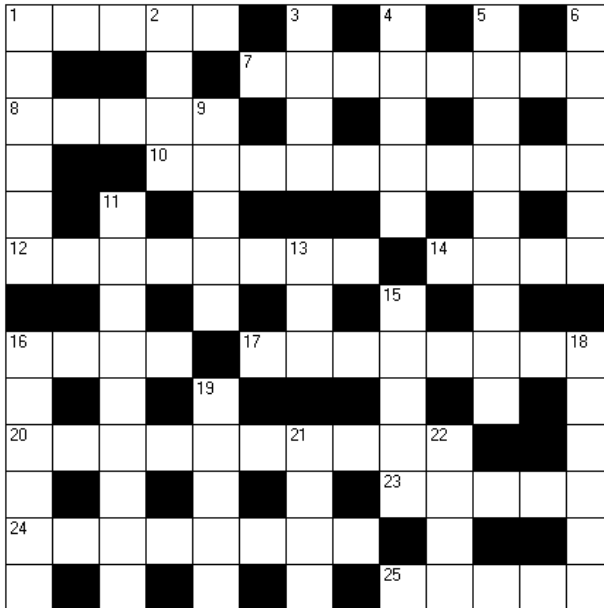
The Bible version is the NIV

Clues across

- 1 Abram's home during the famine in Genesis ch. 12 (5)
- 7 Bull fighters (8)
- 8 Into which Chemosh, in Jeremiah ch. 48, was to go (5)
- 10 Fourth in command of the Gadites in 1 Chronicles ch. 12 (10)
- 12 Proverbs ch. 12 says that such lips endure for ever (8)
- 14 Moses, in Leviticus ch. 10, told Aaron not to let his become unkempt (4)
- 16 Fortified city in Joshua ch. 19 (4)
- 17 _____ were Kattath, Hahalal, Shimron (Jos 19.15) (8)
- 20 Guiltlessly (10)
- 23 Unleavened bread would not contain this (5)
- 24 What Gideon did to the fleece in Judges ch. 6 (8)
- 25 Mistake (5)

Clues down

- 1 Then the sons are _____ (Mat 17.26) (6)
- 2 Psalm 92 predicts that the righteous shall flourish like this tree (4)
- 3 Measure equal to an ephah in Ezekiel ch. 45 (4)
- 4 The Devil (5)
- 5 Towards the ground (9)
- 6 OT book named after a woman (6)
- 9 Number of chapters in Song of Songs (5)
- 11 Governor of Syria in Luke ch. 2 (9)
- 13 Funerary receptacle (3)
- 15 In a surreptitious manner (5)
- 16 Of which the fish in Isaiah ch. 50 die (6)
- 18 Cleaning cloth (6)
- 19 Threaded fastener (5)
- 21 Require (4)
- 22 Time taken for the Earth to orbit the Sun (4)



Solutions on page 13.

Source: Parish Pump

PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL - OFFICERS

Canon Bill Matthews (Chairman)	Tony Haffenden (Churchwarden)
Joan Finch (Churchwarden & VC)	Graham Dove (Hon. Secretary)
Jeremy Lavis (Hon. Treasurer)	Revd Angela Onions (ex officio)

Pat Astill	Peggy Leach
Janet Brown	Dr Nick Nutt
Mary Burge	David Rawstron
Anne Carter	Edward Shaw
Bryan Harris	Malcolm Walsh
June Harrison	Anne Willis
Cecilia Hynes-Higman	John Woods
One Deanery Synod vacancy	

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	Chairman: Bob Cherry
Secretary: <i>vacancy</i>	Treasurer: John Woods
Committee:	Anne Carter; Bryan Harris; Jeremy Lavis; Revd Angela Onions; Mike Smith
Ex officio:	Canon Bill Matthews; Joan Finch; Tony Haffenden

PARISH NEWS

Editors:	Ann Holland (862731) & Bryan Harris (863011) e-mail: HT.ParishNews@googlemail.com
Distribution:	John and Beryl Cox (864270)
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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	Jeremy Lavis	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:	June Harrison, Canon Bill Matthews, 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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