

God in our midst

Advent is a time of waiting and preparing, getting ready for Christmas. The decorations, the music, the gifts all help build anticipation for the celebration of Christmas day itself.

I love looking forward to Christmas by counting the days of December on an Advent calendar. I search for one each year, not with pictures of Barbie or the Power Rangers, but a beautiful one with a Nativity scene in the centre. As the days of December pass, my family love to take turns opening the little windows, revealing characters in the Christmas story that remind us of the real meaning of Christmas. Each day, the excitement intensifies as we open the window and ask, "Is Jesus behind this one? Is the baby Jesus there?"

I wonder if we should ask that same question as we open the windows of each day in December— is Jesus in this one? Is Jesus here? It is so easy to forget to do this in Advent when the days are short and full of activity. But this is precisely what Christmas is about. That window that gets opened on the 25th tells us that God is here, in our midst. The Bible says, "The Word became Flesh and dwelt among us".

That is what we wait for and anticipate during Advent. We wait

to find the baby Jesus. We wait to discover fresh that God is not just a set of ideas, God is not a Father Christmas-like figure who rewards the good and punishes the evil, God is not a powerful and impersonal force that needs appeasing. No, the baby in the manger shows us that God is with us, that He wants to meet with us and to walk with us. God becoming flesh is one of the ways we know that he loves the world and wants to have relationship with each one of us.

As December passes, take some time to open the window of each day and ask where Jesus is in it. The window may open up onto exciting challenges, or it may expose just more duty and responsibility, joy or darkness. Some may not even want to open the window of the day for fear of the future or weariness with life. Whatever the window of the day reveals, pray that God will come to you there. Pray that you will meet Jesus this Advent and Christmas.

Is Jesus there? He is, He is God in our midst, holding our hands and walking with us. May you know this deeply through the days of Advent and Christmas.

Beth

Christmas Services

3 December (St Francis)	Service of Advent Light, 6pm
10 December (St James and St Francis)	Christingle at 4pm
10 December (St Francis)	Service of Lessons and Carols, 6pm
17 December (St Francis)	Service of Lessons and Carols, 6pm
17 December (St James)	Carol Service 6.30pm
24 December (St James)	No 8.00am service
(St James and St Francis)	Sung Eucharist 10am
(St James)	Crib Service 4pm
(St James and St Francis)	Midnight Mass 11pm
25 December (St James)	Eucharist 8am
(St James)	Family Communion 10am
(St Francis)	All-Age Sung Eucharist, 10.30am

Christmas



From the Registers

Funerals

13 November : Kenneth Frederick Brogan
20 November : Hilda Lord
28 November : Pauline Garton
29 November : Mr Cruikshank
30 November : Sue Coulter

Baptism

19 November : Callie Elsie Yodes Wakefield

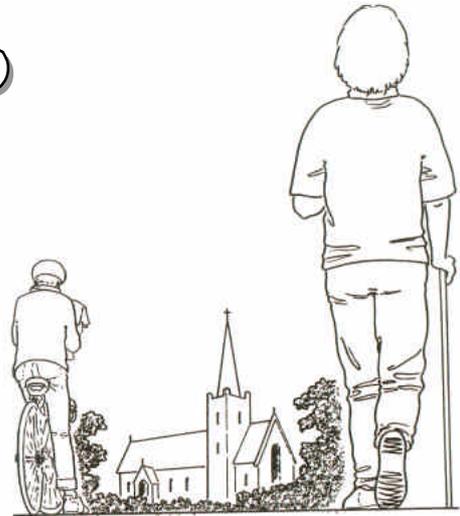
Confirmation

There will be a confirmation on the 18th February 2007. Please talk to Lorne or Beth if you are interested in being confirmed.

Ride or Stride

Many thanks to everyone who helped to make our Historic Churches Trust Ride and Stride day such a success this year – the sponsors, welcomers, and not least, the riders: Joan, Susie and the Spence family. We raised more than ever, a magnificent **£437.70**, half of which goes into the parish bank account.

Rosanne Butler



Churches Together in Cowley

Churches Together in Cowley held an evening of prayers and music in preparation for advent on Stir-up Sunday. It was well-attended and very heartening to see Christians of many denominations gathering to pray and worship together. This group plans events throughout the year which give a united Christian witness to people in Cowley. On 23 December, Churches Together will be singing Christmas carols in Templars Square Shopping Centre at 2.00pm. Do come along and meet some lovely neighbours who share the Christian faith!

Another group that brings together Christians is called Love Oxford. This group meets regularly to pray for the spread of the Gospel in Cowley and hopes to plan outreach events into the community. If you would like to know more about either of these groups, please ask Beth.

Healing Service: Thursday 7th December 7.00 pm at St Francis

Rosanne Interviews

Father and Mother Christmas (aka David and Audrey Cook)

People all over the world know that this is the busiest time of year for Father Christmas. He has endless letters to read, the gnomes in Lapland to keep busy with their packing, the reindeer must be in tip-top condition and most important of all he sits in his Templar Square grotto to hear the wishes of a steady stream of children. But what about Mother Christmas? Does anyone think about her? What does she do to support her miraculous husband?

Well, as I discovered when I went to meet them the other evening she has to keep a careful check on his diary (how dreadful if he forgot to turn up at a promised time!), make sure he doesn't over-tire himself and ply him with her delicious home-made apple cake of which he is extremely fond. She also ensures that he is well supplied with throat lozenges as he does tend to do a lot of talking and make sure he wears clean black boots and not green wellies – a dead give away! This year she is whisking him off to Texas, USA for a short break before the strenuous four weeks leading up to the final push on Christmas Eve. So, you



see, I was lucky to catch up with them on your behalf.

Now, as long as you promise to keep it a secret from every child you know, I am prepared to reveal the this couple disguise themselves for the rest of the year as Audrey and David Cook. They have lived all their lives in Cowley and this year celebrated their golden wedding. In fact Audrey couldn't be more of a local girl (even though her parents hail from Suffolk), growing up as she did in Horspath Road, spend-

ing her younger school days at St Christopher's primary and attending St Francis Church. She also enjoyed her years there with the Brownies and Girl Guides. From an early age she wanted to be a teacher and so, progressing through the Oxford Girls' Central School in New Inn Hall Street to sixth form studies at Milham Ford by way of a scholarship she took up a place at Padgate Teacher Training College. Padgate is near Warrington and little did she know at the time but her future husband

was stationed at the RAF camp a few miles away.

It was obvious that teaching was her vocation as, years before, leaving home for college, she taught the children at St Francis Sunday School under the kindly eye of Fr Whye. Whilst still in her teens she gained the Bishop's Certificate for religious knowledge so it is not surprising that among her main study subjects was religious education, along with English and history. Once qualified she taught for a time at St Denys' primary school in North Oxford and later cycled each day to the Edward Field School in Kidlington. After many years of teaching she still goes into Church Cowley St James School on a regular basis to help the children with their reading.

Meanwhile David was born into a family who had moved to Cowley from the Stroud Valley in Gloucestershire. Mr Cook senior was a skilled sign writer but in the early thirties there was little, or no, call for such work in the Stroud area. However the motor industry had need of sign writers to handpaint the finishing lines on the bodywork of their quality cars. David's father also found outlets for his sign-writing skills in his spare time. The family lived in Sunnyside, David and his sister attended St Christopher's primary school where he will tell you proudly that he had a regular

place in the school's trophy-winning football team. From there he moved, at eleven, to the City of Oxford Boys' School with its imposing buildings in George Street. His main strengths were creative writing and art. This is a good point at which to report that David is a talented watercolourist and some of his strikingly good paintings hang in his and Audrey's cosy sitting room.

Whilst at Oxford Boys' School he was offered the opportunity, along with three other lads, to miss the regular twice-weekly cricket matches and 'dig for victory' instead. They cycled to their allotment along Marston Ferry Road and grew potatoes. Still an enthusiastic allotment holder, he has widened his range considerably and told me this year he has had a running battle with tiny slugs! Throughout his boyhood and right up to the present day he has worshipped at Cowley Congregational Church (now known as the United Reform Church) on the corner of Temple Road. He recalls that when he was young their Sunday School numbered around 300. His scouting days began there too. Of course it was wartime and having taken his school certificate he left school and started as an office boy in the parts – later technical – departments of Morris. National Service came along and as an interruption when, as a member

of the RAF direction finding ground staff he trained at Padgate. He was then transferred to RAF Benson for the rest of his service.

Within easy reach of home he and his mates would spend many a Saturday evening square dancing at the Pressed Steel social club and and it was there in 1952 that he met Audrey. More dancing and theatre dates followed (they are both keen Gilbert and Sullivan fans) and after a courtship of four years Fr Whye married them in St James Church. The house in Liddell Road where they still live was the home to which David brought his bride and where their four children grew up. Mary was born in 1959, followed by Brenda (1962), Peter (1964) and Michael (1966). With six grandchildren, it's easy to see where Father Christmas gets practice in chatting with young children.

Of course Father Christmas in Cowley Centre could only take up his post after David had retired. Originally he was asked to hand out publicity 'flyers' but the Centre Manager, Wendy White, soon realised that nothing less than a grotto would do. So there he has been sitting, ably assisted by a couple of aliases, for the last ten Christmases. It is the highlight of his year, especially as he meets children from Christian, muslim and many other faiths and even those

whose families have no faith at all. AS he, endorsed by Mother Christmas, will tell you, Christmas is all about the gift of love and every child should have that, wherever or whoever they are.

How would you describe yourself as a young child?

A: Quiet – brought up to be ‘seen and not heard’ – taught good manners.

D: I didn’t get up to naughty pranks, I was a swot, I couldn’t get to be as good as I wanted without swotting

Have you a never-to-be-forgotten childhood memory?

A: When my brothers and sister and I were young, our mother and father used to take us back to relatives in Suffolk for our summer holidays. We loved playing on the beach with our cousins. When I was seven I had scarlet fever while we were down there. I had to stay in hospital and my mother stayed with me while my father and the other children came back on the train to Oxford. I felt so guilty for the upset I caused.

D: I had an uncle who owned a Morris 8 saloon car and I

remember he took my mother, my sister and me to Gloucester and we left my Dad behind doing the decorating.

Has God been part of your life since you were a child?

A: Yes, as long as I can remember.

D: Oh yes – I was dedicated into the congregational church as a baby – mum and dad always took us to church.

Is there anything in modern society which disappoints you?

A&D: Cowley has changed an awful lot. The streets are not so clean, front gardens often not cared for, for want of a little pride. It could be miles better. We need more friendly local policemen around.

Is there anything about life today which you find encouraging?

A: I like our shopping centre and we have good local transport

D: And good local schools. There is still a real community spirit in Cowley.

Do you have a hero or heroine, past or present?

A: My aunt Ivy (a fantastic lady) who lived in Canada.

D: My old deputy head at Oxford Boys’ School – Pongo Body.

What are your treasured possessions?

A: My three wooden spoons!

D: Pencils, paper and my eyes.

How do you like to spend your leisure time?

A: Reading – I especially like biographies – knitting and sewing and caravanning

D: Drawing, painting, photography, old-tyme dancing (don’t we dear?) and caravanning of course.

Do you have plans/ambitions for the future?

A: Go back to Madeira, Guernsey, where we honeymooned and explore new places in England in the caravan.

D: My father died at 64¾ years so he never retired. My meagre pension has kept me going for 13 years so far so I intend to enjoy my share (and dad’s) of retirement

An apology from Rosanne:

In last month’s interview I inadvertently named Arthur Giles’s lovely wife as Kathleen whereas her name was Grace. It is with sincere apologies to their daughter Janet and all who knew and loved Mrs Giles that I express my regret for such a stupid error.





CHRISTMAS IS APPROACHING



LOOKING FOR THOSE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS...

WHY NOT TREAT FAMILY & FRIENDS TO AN ALOE VERA BASKET FULL OF QUALITY PRODUCTS.

WE HAVE GIFTS FOR GARDENERS, SPORTSMEN, NAILCARE, RELAXING BATH, SHAVING SETS AND LOTS MORE.

**FOR MORE DETAILS CONTACT:
LINDA & PETE HUNTER ON 01865 463353**

FOREVER LIVING PRODUCTS - INDEPENDENT DISTRIBUTORS

St Christopher's commended in diocesan report

St Christopher's primary school received a glowing report when inspected by the diocese in October.

The report states that "children of all faiths and none are welcomed and nurtured in an atmosphere of care and racial harmony".

The head, Alison Holden, in post for just one year has a "clear vision... for a Christian School serving a multi-faith community" and that one of the schools particular strengths is the "importance placed on faith in the life of the school."

The school values many cultures "in a Christian setting" with *faith* being part of the everyday language of the school".

The staff are described as good role models demonstrating "a positive and open attitude to worship" and that the children sense being part of a worshipping community.

The head receives strong support from the foundation governors who also help to reinforce the school's self-evaluation as a *church school*.

Satellite Navigation

Not a computer but a star,
Led these wise travellers from afar.
Not emails but angel voices,
Led the shepherds to make their choices
And find in the gloom of that stable room,
The wondrous babe of Bethlehem.
Not a single toy – but joy,
As hearts and minds were filled with gladness
For God had banished all their sadness.
Not in division but in unison,
As men and cherubs gazed with awe,
At the manger through the stable door.
Now we too can still rejoice
As with right will and hearty voice,
We sing the hymns that mark the day
When God's great plan culled sins of ages.
Confounding all the seers and sages.

John Shreeve

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES



Christmas Day 1943

Norman Alderson.

On board battleship *HMS Valiant* at Scapa Flow.

The wind was Gale Force 8+ the captain said anybody who wanted to go ashore to the NAAFI canteen where a Christmas show was being staged he would try to get us ashore.

Ordering a lighter which is a boat that would hold about 200 sailors we set off, the distance being about 5 miles. By the time we arrived at the jetty the wind had strengthened and the boat was unable to pull alongside and let us land.

Turning back the sea by this time was very rough, and trying to pull along side the *Valiant* it completely destroyed the landing steps.

The boat then went to the other side of the *Valiant* and ordered scrambling nets to be hung over the side; with the fall and rise of the ship over 20 feet this was no easy task, the whole episode taking over four hours normally it would have taken one hour so you can see it was one Christmas I remembered.

An Aussie Christmas 1979

Lesley Williams

My first ever Christmas away from home and my family in north London—always full of quirky traditions even when we were grown up—was in 1979, at the end of a teaching exchange year in Australia. After the year spent in Adelaide, I was with close family and friends who had emigrated to Tasmania.

Tassie, at the southern tip of the continent, is usually cooler and breezier than the mainland, so, although much of the day was out of doors and we did at my behest go paddling, it wasn't the hoped-for beach Barbie Christmas lunch! In fact it was a very traditional feast—except we had it in the evening; the phone call home was fun but quite emotional. We shared the day with neighbours—everyone seemed to have 'open house'—including a couple with a surname 'Henderson Smith' my mother's maiden name. And we still cannot ascertain whether we are related!

A wartime Christmas

Marlene Shreeve

When my brother and I were children in the Second World War, as with most other families, money and food were in short supply. However, we were fortunate in our family as my dad was in the Royal Navy and always managed to send us a small food parcel just before Christmas. My brother Bryan and I would watch in great excitement as my mother undid the parcel. This took some time as it was neatly sewn together in a calico type material. I remember some of the items in it! Butter in a tin from Canada, thin bars of milk chocolate, a cake in a tin, sweets, candy and chewing gum, and tins of fruit. On one occasion there were silk

stockings for my mum-which she greatly treasured.

I remember one year during the war the American servicemen who were stationed near our home in East Kent threw a Christmas party for large numbers of us local children. They took over a large convent, and we really had a wonderful time. When we left to go home we were all given sweets and chocolate. I recall meeting father Christmas at the party and being quite frightened of him.

Christmas in Kenya

Frank Butler

I well recall my first Christmas away from my home and family. It was 1953 and I was 18 years old. My regiment, the Royal Engineers, had been sent out to Kenya in East Africa. We were to provide technical and engineering backup for the infantry regiments who were also coming to Kenya to put a stop to the Mau Mau uprising.

It was a dull cold and wet November day when we flew out of London. We landed in Nairobi in lovely warm sunshine and were then taken by coach to our camp hundred or so miles away. Here we were put into tents. This was to be our accommodation for the next three and a bit years. It was strange to begin with but we soon got used to waking up in the early morning to the sounds of the animals and birds and always sunshine. At least, this was the case for the first six weeks or so. We had to make the most of the daylight hours as it became dark so quickly. There was no evening as we know it. At about seven o'clock the sun started to sink and by 7.30 it was dark

The normal buildup to Christmas never happened that first Christmas in Kenya. We were so busy working all day from first thing in the morning till sundown that we had no

time to think about it. Suddenly Christmas was upon us. We received our letters, parcels and cards but it all seemed unreal and not like Christmas at all. There were no shops with their bright windows, no Christmas shopping, no carol singers, no present wrapping; in fact nothing for us to do at all.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened at all, that is until Christmas morning. There is an age old tradition in the regiment that on Christmas morning while the men are still in bed the senior NCOs warrant Officer and commissioned officers go around to all the men dishing out mugs of tea which contained a tot of rum. This strange tradition was called 'Gunfire'. Why 'Gunfire' I will never know and why it was necessary to spoil a good cup of tea by putting rum in it still escapes me.

How silently the wondrous gift is given

Gwen Ranklin

One of my special memories comes from the many years that I coordinated the decoration of our church of St James in readiness to celebrate the birth of our Lord here in the community of Cowley. I had been invited to collect Holly from the garden of Rectory farm (opposite the church).

Unable to do this in daylight I and a helper, I think Alan Smith, went across with a torch to cut the beautiful Holly covered in red berries.

It was snowing again, everywhere was already glimmering with pure white snow, it was frosty and the sky was full of twinkling stars. Saint James' bells were ringing, the only sound at that time - no traffic sounds. It was a magical scene, normally one only reads about or sees pictures of.

We stopped what we were doing, overwhelmed with our thoughts of that first

Christmas and remembered the words of some of our Christmas hymns

*how silently how silently the wondrous gift
is given.*

and

*in the bleak midwinter, snow had fallen
snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter long ago.*

Back to reality we go over the road with our Holly to the group of people in our church waiting to make our church look beautiful. What happy times over many years to the present time we experience working together to make Saint James church welcoming to all who come within its walls.

A Christmas Long Ago

John Shreeve

Strangely enough the Christmas I remember as a particularly happy and enjoyable one was during the war years, and food was rationed and luxury goods for presents in very short supply. And although the war news was grim, our parents shielded us from the full realities of it, so that we were not downhearted.

In this particular year I must have been about eight or nine years old, when my aunt and two cousins were evacuated from Kent where the bombing was very serious, and joined us for our celebrations. This pleased my brother and I because we youngsters all got on very well together, and enjoyed a good laugh and a bit of tomfoolery at times.

Somehow by hoarding some food coupons and scrimping and saving here and there, my mother managed to put a really good spread on our Christmas table. My father had one or two farmer friends, so we usually managed to have a large chicken and a rabbit from them, to supplement our rations. Mother was a really good cook, and usually

roasted the meat in the coal fired oven in the kitchen which made it taste much better and, of course, everything was organic in those days. When finally served up, our food was spread out on top of the Morrison shelter in our dining room. Made of toughened steel, it was large enough for 10 or 12 people to be seated round it, but you had to watch out for awkward angles and nuts and bolts which could give you a nasty bruise, if you knocked your legs on it.



We usually saved our main exchange of presents until after dinner, something today's youngsters would never stand for. Of course we boys had received our stockings at the ends of our beds in the early morning.

At about 3 p.m. everything stopped so we could listen to the King's Christmas broadcast and feeling so sorry for him as he struggled to get the words out with his awful stuttering. Late afternoon and early evening were times when we enjoyed family games lively enough to keep us all amused. Games like pass the parcel, postman's knock, Auntie went to market and so on.

As evening drew on we were all getting quite tired, but not too tired to sit down and enjoy a hearty supper. Where we put it all I don't know, but we were young and full of energy and had good appetites. We were allowed to stay up later as it was Christmas, but eventually even our youthful energies waned and we were glad to go to bed, leaving our parents time to chat amongst themselves and relax a little. And so ended a perfect day—good times indeed!

A Christmas tale

by Pat Chung

Len and I had the good fortune to meet and fall in love and were married in 1966.

We moved to live in Wantage in a lovely Victorian cottage next to the parish church, after renovation work it became a very comfortable home.

It was Christmas 1969 and the birth of our first child was expected any day. Preparations for Christmas were almost complete. The chicken was ordered, the cake made and iced. That evening we decorated the house, I polished the old wooden floor until it shone and Len set about making a wooden stand for the baby's first bed, working in the sitting room covering the carpet with wood shavings.

Too tired to tidy up we retired to bed, at

three o'clock my contractions started and after a swift car journey to Wantage Hospital about one hour afterwards our son Nicholas was born with Len holding my hand all through the excitement.

After several days of rest in hospital I was allowed home. My parents had come to stay together with the old family dog. The baby was welcomed and duly licked on the head by the doggie. We were really home!

We awoke to the sound of church bells, it was Christmas morning our bedroom was warm and smelt sweetly of the new baby. Len and I knew that safe together side-by-side in bed as I fed Nicholas our happiness was now complete.



Shoe boxes at St Francis

Once again Helen Doling, a busy mum with three young children of her own, and heavy commitments to toddler groups, has made time out of her hectic life to mastermind and coordinate the annual Christmas shoebox appeal, known officially as 'Operation Christmas Child' in our parish.

This basically simple idea of filling decorated shoe boxes with little presents to be sent at Christmas time to children in very poor countries, who are virtually destitute, has really caught on nationwide, and churches of all denominations are taking part. And we are really glad to see St Francis' and Saint James' congregation getting involved.

This idea appeals to people of all ages who get very enthusiastic about it. A lady from our area, Pat Young, volunteered this year to cover all the boxes with Christmas paper, and made a very good job of it. And she has already started collecting boxes for next year! It was decided to divide the boxes into three different age groups and participants could choose to send to boys or girls—or both. Such has been the keenness shown that we have exceeded last year's record of 50 boxes, by a substantial amount, finally reaching 65. This is a tremendous effort and multiplied all over the country means that many thousands of gift boxes find their way to needy children in eastern Europe and other countries, bringing smiles of delight to serious little faces. It is really good that we who have so much, should devote time, money and effort to reach out to those in need at this season of goodwill. We extend our thanks to all those involved and hope to do even better next year.

John Shreeve

Memories of a dear friend Sue Coulter

It was immensely sad to receive a phone call from Vernon to tell us that Sue had passed away in her sleep last Thursday.

Gordon was staying with us for the weekend, and after the initial shock, we talked over our memories of Sue for the next couple of hours.

We first met Sue on an Alpha course in the autumn of 1998. Sue was one of the first people to answer a leaflet for the forthcoming course, and soon became an active member of the group, sharing her inhibitions, and testifying at the Christmas party that followed. Sue was by now a regular member of the congregation at Saint James joining in many activities, and soon becoming confirmed.

In January a new Alpha course started, along came the Alpha ladies, a willing band of helpers at the church hall, preparing cooking, and waiting on tables until the courses started to take place in home environments. Sue would arrive from her work as a medical secretary at the Nuffield Orthopaedic Hospital. She enjoyed a great couple of years from then, making many friends within the Fellowship of Saint James, and became a welcome guest into our family, spending many happy hours sharing meals, and of course playing cards, as well as sharing her many CDs including many gospel ones with Brian

Sue also joined the parish weekends at Offa house and at Walsingham which she really enjoyed.... who remembers the pass the hat game? At that time the Alpha ladies were enjoying regular meal visits to the four pillars hotel at Sandford, always on the lookout for 2 for 1!

Sadly Sue's illness returned, and for the last 5 - 6 years she had been in and out of hospital; now Sue is with our Lord, in his care after so much suffering. God bless you sue.

We will always remember your friendship and the good times we had in your company.

Loved and remembered by Barbara and Brian.

Advent tells us Christ is near; Christmas tells us Christ is here.

Two lines of an old hymn which we sang with children. Advent was a time of preparation, looking forward, the children saying, as they still do before a longed-for event, "I can't wait."

But they did wait-we made Advent wreaths, wrapped up presents, maybe had a tree ready in its pot, but not decorated until Christmas eve. If they had a crib set, they arranged Mary, Joseph and the shepherds, but the figure of the baby Jesus was placed on Christmas eve.

Now it is hard for the children to look forward and fully appreciate the birthday of Jesus.

In our church we make Christmas cakes for Jesus during Advent and take them home on

Christmas eve.

Whilst everywhere else-in the shops, the streets and on TV Christmas is here from the beginning of November, and will by December 27th. people are asking, "Did you have a good Christmas?", as if it was all over, when for Christians, the twelve days of celebration have only just begun.

We have our Christmas carols service before the 25th. in order to give the message to as many people as possible.

Let us in the church not celebrate before Christmas.

Sunday Services

ST JAMES' CHURCH, BEAUCHAMP LANE

8.00 am	Holy Communion
10.00 am	Sung Eucharist (<i>exc 2nd Sunday</i>) All Age Eucharist (<i>2nd Sunday</i>)

ST FRANCIS' CHURCH, HOLLOW WAY

10.30 am	Parish Eucharist <i>[Family Eucharist – 2nd Sunday of the month]</i>
----------	---

Mid-Week Services & Meetings

Monday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	10.00 am	Toddler Group – <i>St Francis</i>
	2.30 pm	Parish Mothers' Union – <i>St James (3rd Mon)</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Tuesday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	10.00 am	Seashells
	10.00 am	Toddler Service – <i>St Francis</i>
	12.00 pm	Eucharist – <i>St James</i>
	12.30 pm	Tuesday Lunch Club – <i>St James</i>
	2.30 pm	Friends of <i>St Francis</i> – <i>St Francis (2nd & 4th)</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Wednesday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	2.30 pm	Tea Break – <i>St Francis (1st Wed)</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Thursday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	11.00 am	St Francis Prayer Group
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	7.00 pm	Eucharist – <i>St Francis</i>
Friday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Saturday	9.15 am	Morning Prayer & Breakfast – <i>St Francis</i>

Day Off

Lorne and Michael can be contacted in the evenings and at weekends. Beth can be contacted during the day as well.

PARISH DIRECTORY

TEAM RECTOR:

Vacant

TEAM CURATES:

The Revd Lorne Denny

35 Stapleton Road

Headington

Tel: 768009

email: lrdenny

@btinternet.com

The Revd Beth Spence,

45 Mill Lane, Marston

Tel: 249665

email: beth.spence

@ntlworld.com

The Revd Dr Michael

Spence,

45 Mill Lane, Marston

Tel: 249665

michael.spence

@law.ox.ac.uk

LICENSED LAY

MINISTER:

Eric Uren

Tel: 770696

CHURCHWARDENS:

Alan Howell

Tel: 773244

Norah Shallow

Tel: 765199

DEPUTY WARDENS:

Margaret Martin

Tel: 718532

Pat Chung

Tel: 773792