

# Chronicle

November  
2020

## Remembrance Sunday services 8<sup>th</sup> November

**St Francis: 9.30 & 11am**

**St James: 9.30 in the  
churchyard- weather permitting  
11am in church**



**Online:**

[parishofcowley.co.uk](http://parishofcowley.co.uk)



You are invited to join this community in remembering those who have died or been wounded in war and praying for peace at any of the above services.

### WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM

People in this community will be remembering those who have died or been wounded in war and praying for peace. You're invited to join us by saying a prayer on this special Remembrance Day.

You might like to access some prayers on your phone

Scan this code for some prayers you might like to use:



Or visit this web page  
[www.churchofengland.org/prayers-for-remembrance](http://www.churchofengland.org/prayers-for-remembrance)

**Remembrance  
Sunday  
8<sup>th</sup> November**

**Services at -  
St Francis: 9.30 &  
11am**

**St James: 9.30 in  
the churchyard-  
weather permitting  
11am in church**

Contact us  
[cowleyteamministry.co.uk](http://cowleyteamministry.co.uk)



## *A word from the Rectory*

In case you have not seen the report of Parish Activities for 2019-2020, the following is the letter Geoff included:

THANK YOU!

What a year, well actually 18 months. It has been a year where so much that we had considered unchangeable has changed. Had I, a year ago, been told that we would be holding a 'Zoom' based annual Church Meeting, I would have laughed, but here we are. It would have been the same for so many other things. Church services, toddler groups, PCC meetings, the list goes on. And yet, God's people, Jesus' family are an amazing bunch. We have transitioned into this new 'normal' very quickly. But we recognise this comes at a cost. Many of our church family find it hard to come into public buildings and many find it hard to access the services online. Beyond that, our experience online and when we gather is so different to the way we used to do things. The people of Israel as they fled from Egypt found their new lives so different. The rhythm and structure were gone and a new rhythm and structure was wanted. They needed to find a new normal. Despite this, God was with them each step of the way. Our experience is similar, we need to discover a new rhythm and recognise God is with us each step.

Thank you - This year has seen the passing of significant members of our church family. Our brothers Revd Tony Beetham and Michael Deeley, our sisters Cynthia Retter, Clivia Philbin and Valerie Davies. Heavens gain is our loss. Our brother David has gone off with his family to take up a curacy. They will be such a blessing to Watlington Parish. We are on the cusp of losing Revd Richard Chand and Rebecca to St Pauls in Braintree Essex. Again, their rich gain is our loss. Through all this

change God travels with us and blesses us. If you look around, you will see some new faces in the ministry. Here for a season and very much a blessing to us. Thank you to those who pass from us and to those who join the journey.

Thank you - As the Covid pandemic struck, things changed and our finances were significantly challenged. Thank you to everybody who has found a way to continue financially supporting us. One-off gifts, weekly envelopes, fund raising events have all been so important. Can I particularly thank those who have moved over to the Parish Giving Scheme. The regular commitment to bank transfer payments gives us confidence for the future. With heavily reduced expenditure we are managing to hold our position. But please do keep praying and allowing God to lead you in this area.

Young people's work has been particularly hit. Our Sunday groups have currently stopped and our contact with this age group is a real challenge. We will need to review this provision in coming months. Do please put it on your prayer lists.

Thank you - As we enter October there is just the beginning of signs of us being able to reopen some of our face to face groups. Our wonderful volunteers are stepping forward slowly, looking at opportunities and taking any we are able. You are such a great team.

Thank you to the Ministry Team. You are such an amazing bunch, you have offered such flexibility and commitment. We have all been on a massive learning curve and you are such fast learners.

Thank you to everybody who has contributed ideas, effort, money, encouragement with the audio-visual and toilet projects. Our new

# From the Editors

*Sally Hemsworth and Nicki Stevens*

Chronicle time once again, and 2020 is slipping away fast despite all the restrictions.

Pat is still hoping more people will show an interest in the Parish Holiday – it would certainly be a nice thing to look forward to.

If you feel like joining a Parish Walk, these are taking place. If more than the required six people come we break down into groups of 3 or 6 – mind you, we break down automatically because people walk at different speeds!

Remembrance Sunday will soon be here – the service at St James is going to be held in the churchyard (weather permitting). But if you have a chance go into the church and see the new memorial to the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Regiment which has recently been erected on the north wall.

As we prepare this Chronicle we are once again facing changes – Oxfordshire is being put into tier 2 which restricts us a bit more than has been the case over the last few weeks. But it is important we take care and follow the rules.

Please note – information on the back of The Chronicle has not been changed during the lockdown, leaving the “old” timetable there. This may be confusing but you will be informed by The Link if things change – the “restricted numbers” for Tuesday lunches is working well, and giving people the opportunity to be with others and “catch-up”.

There has been no response to our request for businesses who may be keen to advertise in the Chronicle – do you have a favourite electrician, plumber, etc who you could ask to advertise?

Once again we look forward to receiving your articles for the December/January Chronicle. Please send these in promptly as work starts on the next edition as soon as the current issue is published!

Sally and Nicki

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projector at St Francis has been installed and is well used, and a permanent projection system and a toilet are on the way for St James.

Thank you to all who have been serving on committees and roles that support the life of the church family. Lastly, thank you to everybody who has picked up a telephone and called a friend, neighbour or another member of the church family. You are the hands, eyes, ears and mouth of the Kingdom

of God.

Micah chapter 6 verse 8 - And what does the Lord require of you? To act justly and to love mercy ..... and to walk humbly with your God.

May Christ walk with us as we respond to God's call!



Benson Cottage

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

Once upon a time there was a man who 'day-dreamed'. Perhaps you haven't heard about 'day-dreaming' but it's the time when you sit down and think about nothing in particular and your mind starts to think about all sorts of ideas or thoughts about ..... 'what would it be like to fly like a bird' or 'if only I could do.....something really special'. Or how do flowers grow each year or why.....? and then, I usually fall asleep.

This man was sitting under an apple tree and the fruit was ripe. Then an apple fell on his head. We don't know whether it hurt him, but I expect he had a bad headache for a while. Then, while he was sitting there he wondered.....why did the apple FALL and not fly away or do something different. Why fall DOWN? What made it ALWAYS fall DOWN? This man was later to become one of our great scientists, Sir Isaac Newton. From his questioning, day-dreaming and later studies, all kinds of 'rules' were recorded and formed the basis of many scientific discoveries. All because of asking questions, thinking and studying. If you haven't heard about him yet at school, you will before long.

I sometimes 'daydream'. When I was very young I always wanted to go to North America because when I was at junior school we had some marvellous teachers who told us about Canada and the vast spaces and fields of corn so large that you couldn't see the other side of the field! I had no idea that one day, many years later, I would be able to go there and see these marvellous fields and

lots more besides, because travel would become cheaper and you would be able to fly there in less than one day. In those days, the most likely way to travel to America, Canada or other countries at great distance from the UK was by boat, large liners that took almost a week, and then board a train for a couple of days!

An uncle of mine, who was a soldier in the First World War died in Northern France and was buried in the Military Cemetery in Rouen, France. We were always told to remember him especially, even though we never met. I always 'dreamed' that one day I might be able to visit France and pay my respects to 'the Uncle I never had'. It was with great pride that during one of our travels with our caravan we were able to visit his grave, still tended with great respect so many years later by British gardeners. We were the first members of the family to be able to visit that grave.

What are you going to do when you grow up? Some people say I've never grown up, perhaps I never will, but I can always 'daydream' and hope. You never know how you will be guided, even though you may not live the life of your dreams at first. Stay safe and give thanks for all those day dreamers who have gone before.

Uncle Ben



## GAS MASKS:

I was interested in Rosanne's article about gas masks, as I remember graduating from a 'Mickey Mouse' to an adult one.

I think I can add a little to the story as I have siblings. My young brother was born in 1944 when the older one was 12 and I was 7. My memory is that one evening, when the baby was about a fortnight old, there was a knock at the door and my father escorted a gentleman into the room who was carrying a box under his arm. This box looked like a small coffin. The box was finished in leather and had a transparent top with a zip in the centre from end-to-end.

The gentleman laid the box on the dining room table and announced that it was a gas mask for the new baby who was at that moment asleep in my mother's arms. He explained that should there be a gas alert, (a worry that had haunted us from the beginning of the war), whoever was in charge of the baby, after donning their own gas masks, he or she, should put the baby into this terrible box, do up the zip and pump like crazy to give the infant some air.

After the gentleman left, my mother burst into floods of tears, sobbing and holding the baby close, saying that she would never put her baby in that terrible box and would never put her own mask on first!

When my brothers and I were discussing this after my parents had died, we remembered seeing our father climb a stepladder and open the loft. I said if he had put the box in the loft, then it would be there now, just over the edge. We found the mask where we had guessed. But what to do with it? It was very dirty and dusty. I suggested the Ox & Bucks Museum which was on The Slade at that time. I rang the Museum and they were delighted that folk had known about the mask as very few had seen one.

I went to the Museum and there was the 'coffin'. There was a card propped up against the box saying 'This box was an example of a baby's gas mask and had been given by a Cowley 'Smith' family.

The Museum later moved and is now at Woodstock but whether the mask is still on display I do not know.

UNA  
(née Smith)



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# From the Archives

OCTOBER 1940

ST. FRANCIS

At the time of writing, another evacuated school is using the Hall for day-school. We welcome them into our parochial life.

Your sincere friend and Priest  
Bernard T. Croft.

SEPTEMBER 1952

YOU MUST NOT FEAR

A former generation was able to dream of this month of September as heralding the "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness". But we, with memories scarred by a declaration of war in 1939 and the subsequent Battle of Britain, have moved in mental atmosphere a long way from the romantic Keats. The cynics and the faint-hearted would assess our move as entire loss. How wrong when there has been so much accomplished.

The last war brought forward another Ode to Autumn. Not in verse this time, nor yet with any modest claim on the part of its author. It was called simply "A Letter from an Airman to his mother"; it was printed in the correspondence columns of "*The Times*" in 1940. The document was to be seen only in the event of the writer's death. It had no trappings, no pretensions.

"You must not grieve for me," wrote the anonymous young airman, "for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation..... I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent into this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us what can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace."

A dozen years later we do not have to live in fear of a sudden and violent death as that airman did. Yet so many of his words can with equal force be translated to our own circumstances. Not a few of us have hanging over our heads unformed fears of the future. Our souls and our bodies, our characters and our work, all suffer from groundless apprehensions.

Look at those words again and adapt them to our present day: You must not fear, "for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails, that would be hypocrisy".

It is when we see it in that light that once more we know September as the season of mellowness and fruitfulness, the mellowness that comes from God and the fruitfulness offered by

our present circumstances, whatever they are.

APRIL 1975

## COWLEY IN WARTIME

This month is the thirtieth anniversary of VE Day, when the war in Europe ended.

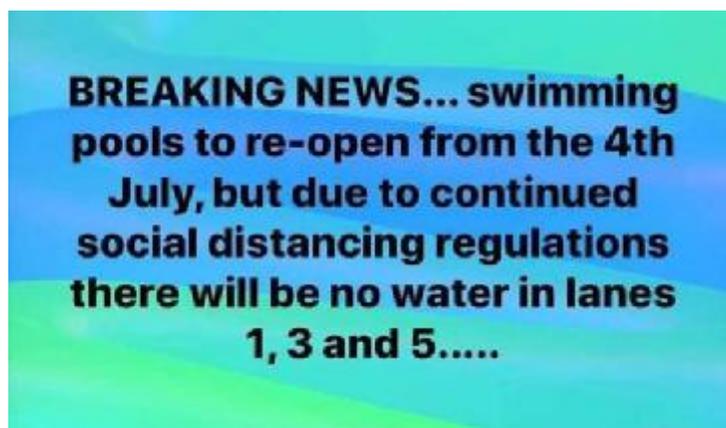
Cowley's under 35's, whose memories do not reach back that far, can find a vivid picture of the part played by Cowley to the war effort between 1939 and 1945 in a book called "Calling All Arms", by Ernest Fairfax.

Right at the beginning of the war Lord Nuffield was instructed by the government to set up a Civilian Repair Organisation to make sure that every crashed or damaged aircraft was repaired and put back into action as quickly as possible. Not surprisingly, the first "Civilian Repair Unit" was at Cowley, beside whose two factories was soon added a small airfield for testing the aircraft after repair (the name survives informally in the area at the end of Barns Road/ Bartholomew Road known as the Cowley Airfield estate).

The most dramatic period of the Unit's work was, of course, during the Battle of Britain in 1940, when Britain's very existence depended upon repulsing Hitler's efforts to soften-up the country before invasion. At that time 1200 men were working a seven-day week, 14 hours a day, on the vital task of putting back into service every single damaged fighter aircraft in as quick a time as possible. Frequently a pilot would bring his limping Spitfire straight into Cowley airfield without previous warning, and would fly straight from here to rejoin the Battle of Britain.

Cowley had the magnificent record of repairing and returning to the air some 150 seriously damaged machines during the three months of the Battle and continued its valuable work for the duration of the war.

Cowley was also the headquarters of the 50<sup>th</sup> Maintenance Unit, R.A.F., a salvage organisation that sent out gangs in all weathers and at all times of the year, to pick up crashed aeroplanes and distribute them to the various factories and depots throughout the country capable of undertaking their dismantling or repair.



## A WARTIME CHILDHOOD

It was only a few days after my fourth birthday at the end of May in 1940 that the Battle of Britain began. It was Prime Minister Winston Churchill who gave it that name, and how absolutely right he was. Of course, to a little girl of four, the meaning of it all and the idea of such a desperate situation had no impact at all. However, I do vividly recall waves of big enemy bombers in the summer Surrey skies and it was a beautiful summer.

I and my little next-door neighbour playmate would look up from our back gardens to watch the daily dogfights as Spitfires and Hurricanes spun across the skies. There were lots of white vapour trails but also streams of black smoke from the back of bombers and fighters which had been hit, as they plummeted down over the countryside. Naturally, our mothers were very anxious because there was no guarantee that an aeroplane which had been hit might very well come down over our own gardens or streets. Freddie, my little friend, would stand on top of the air-raid shelter with his toy gun aiming it at the sky and shouting to the enemy, "When I grow up I'm going to join the RAF, like my daddy", (which he actually did long after the war was over)

Needless to say, many stressful nights and days had their effect on my mother until it became clear to my father that she was near to a breakdown. He took her to the doctor who advised them that she and the little girl, (me) should evacuate.

This occurred after the Battle of Britain was over and the London Blitz had begun. Wave after wave of enemy bombers flew over our home and I remember my dad standing outside our air-raid shelter and telling mum that the sky over London was bright red and it must be the Docks that were "getting it".

At first, mum resisted the idea of leaving her

lovely little home in Surrey, but by the beginning of October 1940, she finally agreed that she and I should go. As an Oxfordshire girl, we had relations in Witney. Her youngest brother had recently married a Witney girl and the young couple were sharing a house along the road to Woodstock with her sister and brother-in-law. So it was agreed that mum and I should temporarily lodge with them until we could find something more suitable. They could offer us one double bedroom – and that was all.

I have very clear memories of our evacuation day. Daddy took the day off work to escort us to Victoria Coach Station to board the Black & White coach for Oxford. I had been allowed to take a few "treasures" in my luggage – my much-loved red tap-dancing shoes, my big favourite story book, my favourite doll Molly, and of course my Teddy. We took the train from West Ewell Station to Waterloo and from there by bus to Victoria. As we travelled along the Embankment, daddy pointed out to me how the bombing that night had caused Big Ben to stop. He also showed me, as we passed the Houses of Parliament, that one bomb blast had bent the tip of Richard the Lionheart's sword on his bronze statue.

Saying goodbye to daddy as we boarded the coach was very sad. I loved my mum very much, but I simply adored my dad. There were tears all round, but finally we were off.

It seemed to me to take ages to get to Oxford and having reached Gloucester Green we then needed to find the bus to Witney. It was dark by the time we got off the bus in the market square and because of the blackout, everywhere was dark and gloomy. I think my uncle met us off the bus and, carrying our luggage, we trudged through the streets of Witney. Evacuees indeed.

Rosanne Butler

## RECIPES

The following recipe is from *Cakes, Bakes, Puddings and Prayers* by Susan Over:



Make a Date Loaf  
(This is a good cake to have on standby as it improves in the tin after a few days and becomes sticky and more-ish. It will also freeze well)

### Ingredients:

- 175g (6oz) ready-pitted dates
- 150ml (quarter pint) water
- 110g (4oz) granulated sugar
- 175g (6oz) plain flour
- 25g (1oz) margarine
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- 1 large egg beaten

### Method:

1. Preheat oven to gas mark 2/150 ° C/300 ° F. Grease and line a medium-sized loaf tin.
2. Roughly chop dates and place in pan with water and sugar. Bring to the boil and simmer for a few minutes.
3. Sift the flour into a bowl. Rub in the margarine, baking powder and bicarbonate of soda.
4. Add beaten egg and date mixture, and stir until all ingredients are well combined.
5. Turn into tin and bake for 1-1.25 hours until the top springs back.
6. Allow to cool in the tin for a few minutes, then finish cooling on a wire rack.
7. Serve sliced and buttered.

Makes 10-12 slices

Daniel .... Went home to his upstairs room where the windows opened towards Jerusalem. Three times a day he got down on

his knees and prayed, giving thanks to his God, just as he had done before. *Daniel 6.10 (NIV)*

Faithful God, forgive me for the times I neglect you, when I allow worldly things to sweep me away. Thank you that you are always there waiting for me to keep my date with you. Amen

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## Prayer Space

Heavenly Father,  
Open our eyes to your presence,  
our hearts to your love  
and our minds to your will.  
Direct our thoughts,  
enlarge our understanding,  
and shape our lives,  
so that we may live and work for you,  
to the glory of your name.  
Amen

Prayers for Remembrance Sunday:

God give peace.  
Help us to lift our eyes above  
the torment of this broken world,  
and grant us the grace to pray  
for those who wish us harm.  
As we honour the past,  
may we put our faith in your future;  
for you are the source of life and hope,  
now and for ever.  
Amen

Almighty and eternal God,  
from whose love in Christ we cannot be parted  
either by death or life:  
hear our prayers and thanksgivings  
for all whom we remember this day;  
fulfil in them the purpose of your love;  
and bring us all, with them, to your eternal joy  
through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.

## REAL ADVENT CALENDAR - ORDER NOW

This year more than any other we need to share the joy of the Nativity story with our children – and even more with grown-ups! The real advent calendar contains high quality Fairtrade chocolate with lines of the Christmas narrative behind each door and includes a 24-page booklet with the story, games, puzzles and a challenge. There has been no price rise over the ten years that the Real Advent Calendar has been produced: just £3.99

It will be available in some larger Tesco stores, in Fairtrade shops, online from several charities and.....here in the Parish of Cowley.

Lesley Williams has ordered a box of 18 and also of beautifully wrapped 'Christmas blessings' bars of milk chocolate (£2.50). They will be available at Church but can also be delivered to you : contact Lesley

01865 779 562    07982 439 828    [lesleyjwilliams@btinternet.com](mailto:lesleyjwilliams@btinternet.com)

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## GOOD NEWS! PARISH HOLIDAY Weymouth 2021

Monday 4th – Friday 8th April 2021 at a cost of £389 pp - four days half board.

Our wonderful friendly coach operator Gordon has secured the following for us: The Crown Hotel, situated on the river 5 to 10 mins from the sea. It is slightly more expensive than the one we had booked for this October but is a better class of hotel.

12 single rooms are included in the price.

We have 20 people registered but need more for this to go ahead, if, of course it is safe to do so.

Pat would like to hear from you NOW if you are even just thinking about it

[pat.silverpolo@gmail.com](mailto:pat.silverpolo@gmail.com)    01235 799 717    07929 879 104



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## BIBLE SOCIETY 'MORE THAN A BOOK' REGISTRATION



Are you looking for something meaningful to give as Christmas gifts?? If you order anything on line or by phone from the Bible

Society, please use the unique Parish reference number 12044 *or* select the 'Parish of Cowley' from the drop down menu when placing the order and we will benefit from the 'More than a book' cash back scheme. It's that easy! We earn a little from our 'Open the Book' resources orders but some personal Christmas shopping would be useful.

Do look at the on-line shop for Bibles, prayer books, cards, stickers, courses, fiction, dvds etc.

<https://www.biblesociety.org.uk/products/>

# NOTABLE PEOPLE & CHARACTERS OF COWLEY

JANUARY 1963

WHEN THE REVEREND REIGNED SUPREME



The Reverend 'Georgie' Moore

The outstanding personality in the life of the village of Cowley during the last 25 years of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and the first of this was, without doubt, the Rev. George Moore, Vicar of Cowley for over 50 years.

The Cowley at the time to which "the Reverend" as he was generally called by the villagers, came, was a vastly different place to the Cowley we know today. There were two or three farms which employed some of the men, whilst others worked on college grounds or in the building trade. Later came the Steam Plough - now John Allen & Sons - and the Church Army Press.

There was a lot of poverty and life was hard.

The Reverend was an Oxford Boxing Blue and a strong powerfully - built man. He was a farmer and horse dealer as well as Vicar and was generally reckoned to put the farm first. He was also a powerful preacher who spared no-one. The late Lloyd-George was one of his pet "hates" and he would thunder abuse against his agricultural policy.

From the pulpit he would also lash any local people who fell out with him - and there were many. One well-known farmer and magistrate with whom he had a disagreement was called a "villain - a villain of the deepest dye," whilst another, the head of a prominent Cowley family, vowed that he would never set foot in church again while George Moore was there. On the first Sunday morning following the Reverend's death, he went to the parish church, accompanied by his daughter.

Many are the stories told of the Reverend. At one time he had a tremendous row with Manny Simmonds, a job-master, who lived in Hollow Way, over the sale of a horse. Manny swore he would never speak to the Vicar again. Came Easter Monday, 1899, and Manny's daughter was due to be married at the church. When the Reverend came to ask "Who giveth this woman?" Manny would not answer, and no prompting could persuade him. The day was saved by the Bridegroom's stage-whisper of "I do".

The Reverend's harvest festivals were famous for miles around and were held on two Sundays. Even then many could not get into the church and overflowed into the vestry and onto the churchyard path. One was able to reserve a seat in the front pew for a few shillings. The Vicar never failed his "customers" and had them rolling with laughter or as quickly brought to tears.

His great passion was the schools he ran single - handed. The teachers looked to him as their employer and he decided all policy. By continued appeals for funds - the harvest festival money went to support the schools - he kept the schools independent of local authority. "If you let them take my schools when I am gone," he boomed from the pulpit, "I will come back and haunt you". It was, of course, inevitable and proper that when he died the schools, although still church schools, came under the local Education Committee.

Another of his favourite sayings was "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you".

Probably his closest friends were the family of Charles Johnson, who lived in Hollow Way and later in Crescent Road, where Mr. Johnson's eldest daughter still lives. She has many memories of the Reverend. Her brother, Stephen, was in the choir for 40 years. The Reverend was present at the golden wedding celebrations of Miss. Johnson's parents. It was an event probably unique in the history of the Church, for a vicar to be present at the golden wedding celebrations of a couple he had married while still vicar of the same parish.

On one occasion, the Vicar and a local horse dealer were haggling over the price of a mare which was being paraded in Church Street when a funeral came slowly into view. "I will give you so-and-so, and not a penny more," said the Reverend, "but wait a few minutes and I will be back." He raced up the path into the vestry, donned a surplice, grabbed a prayer book and went through the church, out of the other door and walked solemnly down to meet the bearers. After the service he went back to complete the deal.

He used to drive round in a high trap with three or four dogs running behind. When collecting his rents, he would not get out of the trap but would lean over, run his whip along the fence and bawl out "Rent!" The woman would hand it up and woe betide the poor woman who had not got it. He would let all the road know.

The Reverend dominated all parish council meetings and on a winter's night would trudge from Church Cowley to Temple Cowley for a meeting, a heavy stick in one hand and a storm lantern in the other. One could hear him humming many yards away.

The Reverend George Moore was one of the greatest characters in the history of Oxfordshire - a martinet who brooked no opposition, a man who had he not gone into the Church would have been a brilliant lawyer. He was engaged in many law - suits, and always conducted his own case. He more than held his own with the best legal brains.

Following one successful defence of a law - suit in London, he was dragged in his trap by men from Cowley pulling with ropes all the way from Oxford Station.

Reg H. Smith

# COWLEY FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS TREES 2020

Joy to the World!

Friday 11 – Sunday 20 December

Whilst we obviously *still* don't know what life will be like by December, and are working on adapting the format, we continue confidently to plan for an extra joyful community event, once again to share the blessings of life in Cowley at Christmas. The theme covers both living with COVID-19 and creation/climate change/sustainability – and any other interpretation! The central diorama will be around the figure of an angel and we hope there will be hosts of angels inside and outside the church.



Much will happen outdoors in the churchyard, with a crib scene and decorated trees, the Christingle and carol services and maybe the concert.



We would love to engage with some new groups and businesses and lots of families. If you have never been involved before and would like to be, either as an individual, a family or part of a group – please contact us and ask for the registration details right now!

If you work for a local business or know someone with influence in one, please suggest they should get involved or put us in touch with them!

[ctf@cowleyteamministry.co.uk](mailto:ctf@cowleyteamministry.co.uk)

Our next planning meeting is on Thursday 19 November, 9.30 again on Zoom. Anyone is invited to join us with ideas and offers – ask Lesley Williams for the Zoom link.



Do you shop on-line with Amazon? If you do you may be able to help us raise a bit of money towards the toilet in St James Church.

Smile.amazon.co.uk is a website operated by Amazon with the same products, prices, and shopping features as Amazon.com. The difference is that when you shop on Smile.amazon.co.uk, the Smile.amazon.co.uk Foundation will donate 0.5% of the purchase price of eligible products to the charitable organization of your choice.

We are listed as the charity: The Parochial Church Council of the Ecclesiastical Parish of Cowley, Oxford or you can search by our charity number: 1153602

