

You can give the greatest gift of all

Long time friends of the parish, Michael Spence and his son James, visited last weekend. Michael and his wife Beth were curates in Cowley seven years ago during the interregnum, and moved with their children to Australia. Sadly, last December Beth died. Michael spoke to members of the parish about how God is at work in his life, and in our lives. He said the time they spent with us was a formative time in their lives. They were newly ordained and they developed friendships with many in the parish, including people new to faith. Their main modus operandi? Making and developing friendships.

Michael's visit was a catalyst for many thought-provoking conversations in the parish office. We're thinking about how best to welcome people into our parish churches – St Francis Church, St James Church and Church at the Centre. How can we throw open the doors wide enough so that others can come in? How can we develop something relevant to the people of Cowley?

Or has God already done that? Is it possible that the next part of the task is at hand, where we bring others into our churches to find what we have found? We don't want to sit here keeping it all to ourselves; we have something to celebrate and we want to share everything that we have. Michael and Beth shared their faith by developing friendships. They followed a great example; Jesus was/is the greatest example of what real friends do and say.

According to Tearfund (Churchgoing in the UK, April 2007), in the UK 30% of people have no church background. Apart from baptisms, weddings and funerals, they have never attended church. The largest segment of this

group is made up of young people, and the number is growing.

A few people seem to be waiting for an iconic figure like Billy Graham to call them to faith. But I think what we really need is lots of people who are willing to be real friends.

My friend, when he became an active Christian, said, "The thing that terrifies me the most is trying to tell people about my faith." I can relate to that; can you?

Perhaps the biggest reason is that we feel everyone is against the Christian faith and people are just waiting to argue with us or put us down. But a 2010 survey reveals that 65% of the population consider themselves Christians. So even though average weekly attendance in the Church of England has fallen, a lot of people identify with Christianity and have within them an idea that faith means something. According to "Back to Church Sunday", at least 3 million people are just waiting to be asked to come to church.

That is a very important idea. Don't skip on past it. Read it again. Three million people in the UK are waiting to be invited to come to church. That makes it personal. And, it seems to me, what follows is as it has always been: Christianity spreads best through friendship.

That means that each of us needs to know why our faith is important to us personally, and look for opportunities to express it. When I came to England to study Theology, I came on a Rotary Scholarship, and my contact here was an incredible man named Jeff Greenhalgh. Jeff was a very successful businessman. He loved his family, he loved life and he

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loved God. He was a person who quietly shared his faith through his friendships. He gently let people know that God was the source of his strength, his joy and his love. And he invited them to church. That is what seems to work: one person developing a friendship and sharing with others.

Of course the other essential ingredient is prayer. It's more likely to happen when we seek God's blessing and resources with prayer. He will help open hearts, open doors, make us aware, and give

us the words to speak. We just have to ask, and be willing to act.

Will you do that? Over the summer, will you start to pray for one person (or two or three) who are in search of real friendship? Will you take a courageous step and develop your friendship to the point where you can invite your friend to church? It will be the greatest gift you could ever give them.

Howard

NEWS FROM STFRANCIS

There is not much that is different to report since last month. We continue to follow the same paths. Like our friends at the other end of the Parish we have followed the church calendar, trying to present old truths in new ways that will appeal to young and old alike, using such visual aids as we can lay hands on. Our watchwords are still – All Age Services, Coffee Mornings, Fun Days and Healing Services.

One important happening though, we have lost our organist. Young Edwin, who has been so enthusiastic and dedicated, has decided to move on. He is leaving this country to teach England in Poland, and we wish him well. We

have not yet been able to find a permanent replacement.

Patrick has helped us out on a couple of Sundays recently. We have no choir to lead us so we are a bit stuck without some sort of musician to accompany our hymn singing.

However, we are praying about it and we live in hope. Christian Aid is upon us once again and envelopes have gone out. We trust there will be a good response.

John Shreeve



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Editor's Letter

Dear Readers

When I took on the task of editing The Chronicle exactly five years ago I had the vision that this would be a magazine for the Parish presented by the folk of the Parish to each other. Well look at it now! So many of you are writing articles month by month and making a huge contribution to what, I hope, is a lively publication full of news, views and information. Thank you all and if you have not yet sent anything in please don't be shy, we would love to hear from you.

As you turn the pages of this month's issue you will find an order form for next year's Chronicles. And you will notice a slight difference. Let me explain. The cost of producing such a full magazine each month is escalating (along with everything else) and paper is the biggest expense we have. Sally has come up with a brilliant suggestion which is to offer you two alternative sizes. If you want to continue receiving the A4 copy (the same size as this one) I am afraid we are going to have to ask you for 50p per issue. If, however, you would rather receive the same magazine with everything in it in a smaller A5 size (the same size as The Link), that would stay at 40p per issue. The choice is yours. May will continue to put names on the copies as she does each month so you will still get your personalised Chronicle.

Having mentioned the wonderful knitting ladies of the Parish last month let me bring you up-to-date with what they are up to now. Joyce Titchell and her colleagues have learned about sick babies in various countries in Africa who are brought to hospitals and clinics in their mothers' arms often with no clothes other than maybe a nappy. Once the little ones are ready to go home the staff at these hospitals are anxious that their young patients have, at least a little sweater to wear. So our wonderful knitters have secured patterns for these garments and are producing them by the dozen. Aren't they wonderful? If you want to knit some see Joyce but if you are not a knitter and would like to help, a few balls of soft baby wool would be most gratefully received.

On the same subject May Morgan has knitting patterns for a Nativity set of the cutest little figures you ever saw. If you want to have a go she will happily provide you with the instructions. Start now in time for Christmas!

Christian Aid week is over and the final collection total will be published next month. As ever I have had a lovely time calling on my neighbours again this year. Some of the highlights included learning to do clever tricks with a neighbour's cat while he filled his envelope, joining in the celebration of a young friend's return from Australia at the precise moment I knocked on the door, chatting about the restoration of a pretty front garden with a near neighbour who has just arrived from Brazil and having a young man run after me in the street (has not happened for years!) with a red envelope in his hand. He explained that he had been in the shower when I knocked on his door but guessed it was me and wanted to make a donation. Incidentally I was also invited in for a cuppa with some of our generous Muslim friends who, as well as giving to the charity, discussed with me very sadly how upset they felt about the dreadful trial of the Pakistani men from East Oxford. They are finding it difficult and embarrassing to even walk in the street. Please pray for them.

June is our royal month again this year so we hope you enjoy the memories of Coronation Day in this issue. We are also marking our new cherry tree in the churchyard to commemorate our wonderful Queen's accession.

At the end of the month we are holding the Parish Coronation Celebration weekend. Do join in the fun. I am hoping for a huge parade of fancy hats for the competition, more details later in the magazine, and I hope you will come and join in the family barbecue on Saturday, 29th June, and the exciting concert in St James Church on Sunday, 30th June. Happy days to look forward to.

God Bless

Rosanne (sorry about all the exclamation marks)

BELLRINGING NEWS

On the evening of Saturday 4th May, we hosted an evening ringing practice. It was really well attended by ringers from various churches within the Oxford Branch and a few from further afield, such as Freeland and Eynsham. Ringers with a wide range of abilities came along, and this allowed us to practice our skills with some expert advice to help us. Until recently we have been concentrating on ringing called changes, which involves someone calling out the bells which need



to swap over to vary the tune. On this evening practice though, we were able to spend some time learning about method ringing. This is more complicated as the bells change to a pattern which you have to remember, and you change at every bell stroke. It will probably be a while yet before we can put this into practice on a Sunday! Over

the past few months we have been building some good relationships with other ringing towers, and some of us have been regularly attending Iffley and St Aldates practice nights, and also benefiting from the ringers from Iffley and Marston joining us

on our practice evenings.

We would really like to recruit some new ringers, and so have decided in July (details to follow soon), to hold a recruiting evening. This will allow anyone interested to come and chat to us, see what we

do, and give ringing a try. Alternatively, you would be very welcome to come along to a practice, and see if you think it might be for you. We practice from 7.30 - 9 every Thursday, and would be very pleased to see you.

Lindsay Powell

FLOWER FESTIVAL

St James Flower Arrangers – and friends – are planning a Flower Festival to raise funds for the Parish. This will take place on the weekend 13 – 14th July with the church open from 10.30 – 7 on Saturday and 2 -6 on Sunday. The theme is “Songs of Praise” and the event will close with a service of hymns and readings. We have each chosen a hymn to illustrate and know which ‘spot’ we shall be occupying, and ideas are beginning to flow! We shall be appealing for volunteers for greeting visitors and offering them refreshments; also for donations of cakes. There will be more information in the ‘Link’ and next month’s Chronicle.

Margaret Martin



Film Club

If there were any doubt about the popularity of our club it was blown away in May when the audience for “War Horse” was the biggest yet. It was a moving, gritty film which left many people in tears and was such a contrast from the preceding film “Carousel”. We are trying to vary the genres of each month’s presentation to appeal to as many tastes as possible though some dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts have not missed a single club night yet!

The chosen film for June (on 14th) is “The King’s Speech”. As this month is a “Royal” month we thought it would be appropriate especially as there is a nice little scene where our present Queen is told a bed-time story by her father. Many people have seen the film already but several members have remarked that a film as good as this is worth a second viewing.

By complete contrast our July choice is “Breakfast at Tiffany’s” starting the delightful Audrey Hepburn.



OUR CHURCHES KEEP TIME

One of the great features over the years has been our church clocks. They have given the public a reliable time check in towns and villages all over the country. Many have chiming features that ring out the hours and the quarters with great regularity. Of course our most famous is Big Ben at Westminster, with its deep sonorous tones, which were used in wartime as a prefix to the news. That is a comparative youngster compared to many, having been installed as late as 1859. Our oldest remaining UK clock is at Salisbury and dates from 1361. The second oldest is at Wells Cathedral dating from 1392. Both of these are a lot older than we would have imagined and still in working order.

We have a famous clock in Oxford, nicknamed Old Tom, which is housed in Tom Tower at Christchurch. In the olden times it used to ring as a curfew to the students working outside the city gates to warn them to return before the gates were closed for the night.

I had occasion to look at the workings of several old church clocks recently, and they look so primitive with their great iron frameworks, cogwheels and ratchets. Yet they proved to be very sturdy and reliable. The earliest versions got their momentum from revolving weights, the later ones from pendulums. These seemed the best and visiting old churches the quiet tick-tock of the weight swinging to and fro is very distinctive.

Of course in the early days, time varied according to which part of the country you lived in. Then in 1884 Greenwich Mean Time was established to give us really accurate time keeping everywhere. This was really important for navigation in shipping.

So next time you think of looking at a church clock remember its history and be thankful.

John Shreeve

The Origins of Cowley

COWLEY ON THE WORLD STAGE (PART 3)

We have now reached the Cowley story well within living memory. So much of what I write in this episode is open to correction from those who witnessed at first hand the facts about which I write. I shall be pleased to receive any corrections or further information about those dark days of the Second World War in this area.

Before we move on to examine the importance of the Morris Works during the war we should remind ourselves of the close connection the Pressed Steel Works had to the production flow at the car factory. The Pressed Steel came to Cowley in 1926. Then they were producing steel chassis and car bodies. William Morris held shares in the company early on but once he had sold them it enabled Pressed Steel to produce parts for such companies as Rover and Rolls Royce. They also produced Prestcold refrigerators. They remained an independent company until 1966 when they re-joined their old partners at Morris to form The British Motor Corporation. The two plants were connected by an enclosed bridge and a conveyor which carried the pressed car bodies high over the Eastern By-Pass. But back to the war years.

Cowley became "the Outpatients Department" for damaged aircraft between 1939 and 1945. The car despatch department on the south side of Garsington Road became a giant hanger and workshop. The men of Cowley who had been fine car mechanics in pre-war days now became aircraft mechanics of the first order. There are many stories of damaged aircraft being brought into the workshop during the morning and being repaired, sometimes almost rebuilt, and ready for service by evening time.

Several sources report that de Havilland Tiger Moth aeroplanes were produced at Cowley during World War Two. However, my father was a foreman carpenter on those very aircraft at the de

Havilland factory in Witney and I am sure that he told me that the Cowley factory concentrated on restoring damaged planes to airworthiness. The long low-bedded trailer lorries would drive out into the Oxfordshire countryside day and night to collect crashed aircraft and bring them (no matter how destroyed they were) back to the Metal Produce and Recovery Depot to be used again. I was fortunate to interview one of those "Queen Mary" drivers (as they were known) for The Chronicle some years ago and he told me of the dangers they faced in the middle of the night, sometimes in the winter months, driving along unidentified country lanes, even over remote fields to retrieve precious parts. Even crashed Luftwaffe planes were used to get our airmen back into the skies. Of course it was not just Tiger Moths that were repaired.

Lord Nuffield bought a 130-acre site at Castle Bromwich and built a factory to build Spitfires. So it was with much pride that he supervised the Cowley effort to restore these and other fine craft to airworthiness. The Unit became known as the No 1 Civilian Repair Unit. Mines, trucks, reconnaissance vehicles and other aircraft



Cowley played its part in the war effort as this picture of Lord Nuffield and test pilot R. Egell testifies. The Hurricane fighter was just one of hundreds reconditioned at the Cowley factories during the Battle of Britain.

components were also produced by the work force at Cowley. That work force included a substantial number of women and girls “doing their bit” whilst their men were away on active service.

Paul Nash, the highly acclaimed artist, lived in Oxford during the war. He was employed as an official war artist by the British Government. He visited Cowley and was inspired to paint a canvas of the recovery depot. It used to hang in the

Imperial War Museum in London but can now be seen at Nuffield Place, the former home of Lord Nuffield himself.

As the war drew to a close “the works” as it is known locally and affectionately returned to the production of motor cars and so it does today. In 1959 Alec Issigonis designed the Mini (apocryphally on the back of an envelope) but that’s another story which makes Cowley a strong influence on the world stage.

SIGNIFICANT DATES IN JUNE

The LP record “Sgt Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band” was released by The Beatles on June 1st 1967.

It was on 2nd June 1953 that Queen Elizabeth II was crowned in Westminster Abbey. It was a very wet day. For the first time in history an English monarch was crowned in front of the world’s television cameras.

June 6th is commemorated as D-Day. At about 5 am on this day in 1944 the Allied armies landed on the beaches of German-occupied beaches of Normandy and began to push their way inland towards Paris. Within three months the city was liberated. That was the beginning of the end of World War II.

On 15th June 1919 the first ever non-stop flight across the Atlantic was made by John Alcock and Arthur Brown. Their flight took them 16 hours 12 minutes. They took off from Newfoundland and landed in a rather undignified way in an Irish bog.

Travelling in the opposite direction across the Atlantic the ship “The Great Eastern” started her maiden voyage on 17th June 1860. She was the largest ship ever built by Isambard Kingdom Brunel. The passengers had an awful crossing despite the many luxuries on board The ship rolled badly and everyone was seasick.

24th June is
Midsummer’s Day.
Druids still gather at
Stonehenge after a
sleepless night
waiting to see the
sunrise.

On 25th June in 1967
the first worldwide
TV programme was
seen by live satellite
link in 26 countries.
It is estimated that
the programme
“Our World” had
400 million viewers.

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FLOWER OF THE MONTH - THE ROSE

June is the month when traditionally our hedgerows are full of wild, or dog roses. Again the time of year when the Dog Star hangs low in the night sky. It is also the month when many of us enjoy the roses in our gardens. Roses in a bouquet represent love, magic and the mystery of life. It is no coincidence that the Blessed Virgin Mary is often described as Heaven's Rose.

The name rose comes from the Latin word for red, *rosa*, though of course through clever hybridisation there are now roses of a vast range of colours. The Persian word for the rose is *gul*, very close to their word *ghul*, which means spirit. It was from Persia, in the sixteenth century, that the yellow rose reached the West.

In ancient history the Greeks associated the deep red rose with Aphrodite, the goddess of love, and her devotion to Adonis. The Romans valued the oil of rose petals to perfume their bath water and also smothered guests at banquets with rose petals scattered from the ceilings or balconies by slaves. In the middle ages it was believed that to eat rose petals would cure a woman of barrenness.

Rosa gallica, native in Europe, has a striped version, *Rosa Mundi*, which is close to the name Rosamund. It is, therefore, connected to Fair Rosamund the mistress of Henry II. She was hidden by him in a labyrinth close to his hunting lodge at Woodstock but was tracked down by the jealous queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine and murdered. It is said that in her flight from Woodstock the exhausted Rosamund took shelter in an alehouse next to the Thames at Newbridge. There is still a public house on the site called "The Rose Revived".

Roses can be found all over the world. The Damask rose is thought to come from Damascus. It is especially prized as it flowers twice a year and is the one which produces rosewater. *Rosa Centifolia* is the name of the big cabbage rose said to have a hundred petals in each flower. This was developed in Holland and was used widely in the seventeenth century flower paintings of that era. At the end of the eighteenth century Chinese roses came to Europe. These caused

a sensation because, provided they were deadheaded regularly they would bloom constantly instead of having just two flowering seasons. Among these were the Tea Roses which have the strange association with tea because their tender seedlings were imported along with the boxes of tea itself on the speedy clipper ships such as the "Cutty Sark".

These tender plants were not suitable to be grown out of doors until they had been crossed with Hybrid Perpetuals. Then they became the basis of almost all our modern roses. The first hybrid tea rose was bred in France. It was a beautiful pink and was named "La France".

Giving roses names has been popular for many years. In Europe we tend to choose the names of famous people or special occasions. The Chinese are more fanciful choosing poetic concepts like "Clear Shining after Rain". During the time of the Empress Josephine in France they were often named after distinguished men, their wives, even their mistresses. Josephine herself was a great lover of roses. She always carried a beautiful specimen with her wherever she went. Cruelly though it was said that in later life she could hide her rotting teeth by holding it up to her mouth.

Of course, one of the most beautiful of all hybrid tea roses which grows in countless gardens is the Peace rose. This was bred in France in the nineteen thirties and smuggled into America just as the Second World War began. In 1945 it had grown into a real beauty and was given its name by the rose-growers of the world.

A well-known pop star paid a charity visit to a care home to cheer up the elderly residents. However he was dismayed to find that none of the residents appeared to recognise him. Finally he went up to one old lady and said, "Do you know who I am?" The old lady patted his hand and whispered, "Don't worry, dear, Matron will tell you".

DIARY DATES TO REMEMBER

Women's Institute

Monthly Meeting on 3rd Wednesday of month
from 2 – 4.30 pm
St James Church Centre

Summer Family Fun Day

Saturday 8th June, 10am—1pm
St Francis Church

There will be BBQ, Magic Show! Crafts to make, Francis Cafe, Story Corner, games, sand pits and water play, Raffle, ice creams and lots more!!

Mothers' Union

Monthly Meeting on 3rd Monday of month
from 2.30pm. Monday 17th June: Royal memorabilia and archive material.
Cowley Parish Church Centre

Film Club

Friday, 14th June 2013, commencing
at 6.30 pm with coffee and cake
"The King's Speech"
Cowley Parish Church Centre

St Francis Church Committee

Sunday, 16th June 2013, at 12 noon
St Francis Church

St James Church Committee

Tuesday, 18th June 2013, at 7.30 pm
Cowley Parish Church Centre

Women's Group

Wednesday, 19th June, commencing at 7.30 pm
Hand Massages – Body Shop
Cowley Parish Church Centre

Flower Festival, St James Church

10.30 – 7 pm on Saturday, 13 July 2013
2 – 6 pm on Sunday, 14th July 2013

Jubilee Weekend to Celebrate 60 years since the Queen's Coronation

Saturday 29th and
Sunday 30th June 2013 – see separate article
for details
Cowley Parish Church Centre

Cowley Local History Society

The current programme has ended, and the Club will meet again in October – Watch this space

Christmas Gift and Craft Sale

Saturday 16th November 2013
(Please note amended date)



Please note Additional Dates throughout the year:

To help raise funds for essential repairs to St. James' Church a home-made cakes and puds stall is planned. These will take place on the 3rd Tuesday of the month to carry over into Wednesday and will be held in the Church Centre. If you enjoy baking and would like to help by baking a cake 2 or 3 times a year on a rota basis Chris Woodman or Margaret Weller would be pleased to hear from you.

Rosanne interviews Catherine Sutherland

One of the most frequent prayers we pray in our intercessions each week is for a deeper understanding and closer harmony between people from all parts of the world.

Sometimes it seems that our dreams are a long way off but when you hear about some of the experiences of a young Catherine who came to Cowley in 1961 from her home in St Vincent in the Caribbean you will see how things have improved. However, let us begin at the beginning.

The youngest but one of a large family of six children, four boys and two girls, she described herself as a real tomboy, full of life and adventure. There was not a lot of money to go round in those days but she had a mum who taught her "how to turn a sausage into a prime steak"! (What a lovely expression).

Although this does not necessarily refer to just food as Catherine has a high regard for excellent presentation of all kinds. However she expressed admiration for the beautiful attention to detail which her sister-in-law, Norah Shallow, places on her presentation of good food.

Little Catherine had great affection for her quiet dad who bought some "mountain land" in St Vincent and farmed it mostly with cattle. He brought his children up to rise early from their beds to get the milk from the farm at 5 am, get back for breakfast and then be smartly dressed for school in good time with clean nails and pure white plimsolls. They were never allowed to be late.

Her mother, though, was in Catherine's words "the driving force of the family". She was a very caring person much valued in the neighbourhood as the expert midwife. All the babies of the village were delivered by her and she loved them. She taught Catherine that having a baby was the most natural thing in the world and when her own children arrived in the world no-nonsense Catherine told the nurses at the old Radcliffe Infirmary (the main hospital in Oxford until the John Radcliffe opened in 1972) a thing or two about the best way to give birth, then get up the next day and get on with life. No lying about in bed for our girl! But back to her childhood first.

A bright child she loved her schooldays. She was particularly good at figures and did so well in all subjects that she was encouraged to stay on into the sixth form of the Emmanuel High School and studied to become a trained teacher for 5 to 11 year-old children. She told me she was fond of the smart green school blazers worn by both the boy and girl pupils.

On the subject of clothes she pointed out that everyone had three sets, one for school, one for church and one for playing. She rode a bike around the village and went around quite a bit as she got older with her brothers and their friends. It was as a teenager that one young man spotted her and kept returning to the place where the youngsters gathered. He obviously had his eye on her and eventually became her young man. By then fully qualified to

teach in school, at the age of 19, Catherine was married. Her husband was a tailor.

The year was 1960 and that was the time when Britain was begging the young people of the West Indies to come here and help with our post-war economy. Catherine's husband had an aunt who had crossed the Atlantic on the liner "Windrush" and had found her way to Oxford. She had bought a house in Marlborough Road and had been joined by a raft of relatives. Thinking that England was the promised land Catherine's husband got himself a passport, booked his passage and promising to send for his bride on his arrival at auntie's house.

This he did. Catherine had a terrible time on her passage across. It was in the spring of 1962 with the weather rough all the way across. The poor girl was very seasick, barely leaving her cabin, and the journey took twenty-one days. When she stepped off the ship in Southampton she was bundled into warm clothes. She looked down at the ground and asked what was that strange white stuff everywhere. Snow!

At first she lived at the crowded little house in Marlborough Road and her first baby, Anthony, was born. It was not an ideal situation so they moved into one room in a friend's house in Charles Street, East Oxford. Catherine was sure as a teaching assistant it would be straightforward for her to get a job here in Oxford. Not so. When she went down to the

Education offices she virtually had the door slammed in her face. She realised that she might have to gain UK qualifications to teach here but she was brutally told "Don't even think about it, don't even try".

She then applied for a post as a telephonist and was called to take an exam. She sailed through and out of over twenty girls, three were left for interview. When she was called in to the office the supervisor took one look at her (she knows it was because of her colour) and snapped "The job has gone". As she was the first interviewed (and the other two were white) she questioned this. She was told she was not suitable and could get a job in the canteen kitchen. (Sheer racial discrimination, thankfully illegal today). She walked out in despair.

She eventually got a job as a part-time nursing auxiliary at the old Radcliffe Infirmary and needing new qualifications did six weeks training on the ward and in the classroom. She loved it and took to her new career "like a duck to water" as she explained. By now she was the proud mother of another son, Alec, and was juggling work, mostly late shifts, and family life. She transferred to Cowley Road Hospital, nearer to home where she nursed mainly stroke victims. Unbelievably there were 28 patients being cared for by one trained staff and two auxiliaries, in each ward.

Another move to larger accommodation was needed, two babies with another one on the way, plus mum and dad in

one room was an impossible situation. Always a person who knew how to save, Catherine found it possible to take out a mortgage on a small house in Stratford Street. She also transferred to nursing at the Churchill Hospital where she looked after the babies in the premature unit. She worked mainly on the night shift walking back and forth and fitting in the hours when she was needed to take her small boys to and from school. Then in 1970 she gave birth to her youngest child, a daughter, Ancloretta. It was at this time that she decided to learn to drive and after only five lessons became the second black woman in Oxford to pass her test.

Now with her own little car she was able to work further afield and she began nursing at Littlemore Hospital. She became a colleague of Vernon Needham. It was while she was working there that double tragedy entered her life. She lost her second son, Alec, in a road accident and her marriage, which had been rocky for some years, finally broke up. Another move helped her to cope, so too did George and Norah Shallow. She got involved in life and worship at St Francis but because she loves to sing she is now a regular at St James. She is a member of the excellent choir at the parish church though she still has affection for her friends at St Francis.

In 1996 her final nursing post was at the Manzil Way Day Unit where she was part of a team of carers in the community. She continued in the work until she was way past retirement age.

Ever the hard-working person that she is she still finds time to care for elderly people and I guess she will for as long as she can. Society would be a poorer place without such strong and compassionate people as Catherine.

How would you describe yourself as a child?

Tomboyish but I liked dressing up now and then. My favourite subject at school was maths. My poorest subject was history.

Have you any special childhood memories?

My special memories are when we went to matinee (the cinema). Mum said "You got to be in by 9 o'clock", so she put a bit of string on the door just in case. I am always late in and when I get the bit of string off the door and I'm late I get the belt! That goes on for quite a few years.

Has there been anyone who has had a strong influence in your life?

My mother. She was a coolimulatta (light skinned) and she always had this to say about presentation, "It's not what you wear, it's the way that you wear it". She expected me to be a lady. She said swearin', smokin' and drinkin' should all be in private. She always taught us to groom ourselves and never be late.

Has your faith been with you since childhood?

My faith I got in a Christian household. When you are sad you turn to God but when things

were good you forgot God. When I came here I coped by meeting with friends and reading the Bible. In 1996 Christianity became a big part of my life.

Do you have a treasured possession?

I moved home four times but always treasure the picture of my mother.

What is your opinion of present-day society?

I say to black youngsters of today, "What you have is what

you have put into society because if you don't put anything in you can't take anything out. Things are big improvements for me, I have a new culture now.

Which part of your adult life has been the best?

When my daughter got married. To see her married with the whole, big family around her was lovely. She was the last bride at St Luke's Church.

How do you like to spend your leisure time?

It's mostly spent on the computer. I've got to keep up with my teenage grandchildren. I Google for lots of information. I make posters for Skye for the Family Fun Day. I am designing posters for the Caribbean evening.

What plans do you have for the future?

Just try and stay healthy and thank God for everyday that comes and for my patience to help and understand others

RECIPES

This month we have a couple of interesting cakes for you to try.

Carrot and Pineapple Cake (from Yorkshire)

8ozs flour

7ozs caster sugar

½ tsp bicarbonate of soda

4ozs of un-drained crushed pineapple

7ozs grated carrot

4 fl ozs sunflower or veg oil

2 beaten eggs

½ tsp vanilla essence

2ozs roughly chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 190, gas mark 5

Grease and line a 2lb loaf tin

Mix together flour, sugar and bicarb

Add pineapple, carrot, oil, eggs, vanilla essence and walnuts, and mix thoroughly

Turn into tin and bake for 1 – 1 ½ hours

When skewer (or sharp knife) comes clean from centre of cake, remove from oven and leave to cool slightly

Turn on to wire rack to cool completely

Petworth Pudding (from Sussex)

4ozs butter

4ozs sugar

1oz sifted cocoa powder

1 egg

8ozs digestive biscuits (crushed)

2ozs raisins or sultanas

2ozs dark chocolate

2ozs chopped walnuts or 2ozs shredded coconut

2ozs chopped glacé cherries

Grease a 7 x 11 inch Swiss roll tin

Melt the butter with the sugar in a medium sized pan

Beat the egg and cocoa powder together

Stir in the crushed biscuits and raisins and turn into the prepared tin

Press down well and smooth with a palette knife

Melt the chocolate and pour over the top

Mix together the nuts or coconut and cherries and sprinkle over the warm chocolate

Place tin in 'fridge and leave to set

When cold cut into finger slices

A word from the pott ing shed, othe rwis e known as No. 93 *

Now that the Chelsea Flower Show is over, we can really get into the swing of summer! The trouble is that summer sometimes has delaying tactics, like 1975 when snow stopped a cricket match and frost caused havoc in many a garden. It eventually became one of our well-remembered hot summers but it still rained on my wedding day in July!

During April and May, and often before, the garden centres and mail order nurseries are trying to get us to buy their bedding plants and many succumb to buying and having them suffer because of the cold. However, we expect it to be OK in June to have our pots and beds planted out. Bare gaps can be filled with bought-in bedding or plants we have nurtured inside or we can broadcast seed of hardy annuals like poppies, nasturtiums, cornflowers and the like.

On the allotment, we shall be planting out the tender veg such as courgettes, squashes and sweet corn. The latter is planted out in a block so that the wind can spread the pollen. Nothing is sadder than finding your corn on the cob has gaps where plump juicy kernels should be! Each and every one has to be separately fertilised. Most of the veg will have been put in by mid-June and now you can sit back and watch it all grow. The only problem is that the weeds grow too and you need to be on the ball regarding regular hoeing.

We have a double orange blossom just outside our living room window and always look forward to it flowering. The scent from it is gorgeous. The time of flowering usually corresponds to Wimbledon fortnight and the weight of the flowers and the inevitable rain makes the branches bend low. Orange blossom always flowers from new growths and I must remember this year to cut them back after flowering to create a better shape to the shrub. In fact, secateurs at the ready, is a good maxim to have. Lots of plants in the garden respond to deadheading to make sure they keep flowering and some recommend the "Chelsea Chop". I am

going to try it this year, cutting some stems of phlox by half. Those "chopped" stems will flower later than those not cut so I should have a longer flowering.

Enjoy the summer!

Joan Coleman

SUMMER IN THE GARDEN

Blackbird on the lawn,
Apricot, rose-petal sky at dawn,
Sated honey bees laze,
Among the cruel coronas of the maze
Of passion flowers.
The poplar tree towers,
Giving sharp shadows across the brink
Of the bird bath where new-fledged sparrows
drink
Not neatly and precisely like parent birds
But splashing in to sit and play.
Loose-hung leaves
Flash silver in the almost breeze
Sighing like summer seas
On far-remembered beaches of younger days,
The sandcastle and ice-cream phase
Of early parenthood
When it felt so good
To watch sunkissed legs and hands
Scamper across wide, wet sands
And say
"Run and play".
Fish flop and plop in a pool of light
Nameless butterflies take easy flight
Towards the hot blue sky
Stars sprinkle the pergola and toss their perfume
high
Could you give them a name?
Surely from the velvety night sky they came.
Later the cotton clouds will maybe turn to rain.
Parched leaves and flowers will turn to the drops
and say
"Come, come, splash away".

Rosanne Butler



CORONATION MEMORIES



Frank Butler

My memories of the Coronation are, to say the least, pretty vague.

I was a soldier and at the time stationed at Farnborough, not a particularly exciting place. We were in training to be Royal Engineers. This involved learning how to build bridges, how to use high explosives (and stay alive), how to build roads and airfields and do all the many things that Royal Engineers do to support all the other branches of the military.

So it came as a bit of a wrench to stop all this and start polishing boots and ironing the best uniform and shining the cap badge. We went to the parade ground for hours on end, practising our moves all ready for the "big day". Eventually we were informed that our job was to line the route of the procession (or part of it) that the Queen would take on her way to Westminster Abbey and we would still be there when she came back.

Right up until the last minute we did not really know who was doing what. Then, a few days before we were to go to one of the London parks to set up camp in huge marquees, we were told to fall in on parade on the barrack square. There we were given the news. We were formed up in three ranks with the tallest on the right and the shortest on the left. Now, those who know me know that I am vertically challenged, therefore I was well over to the left of the line and I and a few other short men were told to fall out and wait at the side of the square. We were informed that we were too short to line the route and would have to stay in barracks. So that was that – all that drilling for nothing.

On the day those of us left behind were left to our own devices. We went to the NAAFI to watch it all on the television. I was very glad really as those poor chaps had to stand out in the soaking rain, while we sat in the NAAFI, warm and dry. However, some of the chaps did get the Coronation Medal for their pains.

Rosanne Butler

I just had my 17th birthday on Coronation Day 1953. As a young teenager I had started a country-dancing club for the little girls in the village where I lived. On cold or wet days we learnt our dances in the village hall but on fine sunny evenings we were allowed to dance on the lawn of "The Red Lion" in the middle of the village. We only had a wind-up gramophone and 78 rpm records but what else was there in a village with no electricity? It was suggested that my little girls might like to dance in the school playground to an audience on the afternoon of Coronation Day. My mum suggested that they should have red, white and blue sashes to wear and, bless her heart, she scoured the haberdashery departments of Oxfordshire to find the right ribbon. I think it was Webbers in Oxford who came up with the goods.



Rosanne with her team of little country dancers in Northmoor on Coronation Day 1953

I was invited to watch the whole Coronation procession and ceremony on our next-door neighbours' television as the village had just had electricity installed. I loved it, especially the gorgeous diamond tiaras of the ladies and the wonderful choir singing in the Abbey. The Queen was magnificent.

The rain that had poured in the morning eased off after lunch long enough for my little dancers, who basked in the praises of their performances, to execute their dances. It was a lovely day to remember and I was so proud when the newspapers announced the conquest of Mount Everest. Gordon Richards won his first Derby, Stanley Matthews won his first Cup Final medal and everyone believed that a new Elizabethan era had begun. Seeing our wonderful Queen sixty years on I think she has done her part to make it so.

Sally Hemsworth

I was told it was very important that I went to bed really early as I would have an early start the next day, and I remember lying in bed trying to get to sleep when it was so light outside.

However, my next memory is walking, with my Dad, from home just below the Swan to the railway station beyond the Pressed Steel Works, to catch a train to London. We travelled to Marylebone Station and walked and walked, stepping over people sleeping on the pavements. I can remember that there were people everywhere and sodden newspapers in all the gutters!

I am not really certain where we waited to watch the procession, but I was aware of lots of people with periscopes and of being encouraged forward so that I could have a good view - but I know I felt very doubtful about doing this as I was afraid I would lose my Dad in the mass of people. In fact I do not think I did as I have very little recollection of the procession! My next recollection is walking along in the middle of the road around Westminster Abbey (eating cold beef sandwiches!), and then the crowds up the Mall as we tried to get to Buckingham Palace. Before we came home we went to a Lyons Corner House Brasserie when there was music being played – I felt very grown up. But I did not like to say where I had eaten as I got the word mixed up with a piece of women’s underwear that you did not talk about!!!

Recently I was tidying up our book shelves and found three books:

Crowning the Queen – An Oxford Tribute (A book, with my name inside, which I had been given at school)

The Crowning of The Queen (A book my husband had received from Hayes and Harlington Council)

Great Events of the Royal Year 1953

Joan Lee

On the eve of the Coronation Day, I left work at Paddington Station to go to my home in Ealing, West London. I ate my evening meal, collected my younger sister, met up with my friend and retraced my steps to a spot on the corner of Marble Arch and Edgeware Road by about 8.30 pm. Here we decided to take up our position for the Procession the next day. The Lyons Corner House was just behind us so we would have toilet facilities and could buy a coffee when needed.

During the night we were amused by jugglers and uni-cyclists and also buskers. Also a very colourful character in an Indian Chief outfit who I think called himself Prince Honolulu – a well-known tipster who told us which horses to back – in case we were interested. In the early hours of the morning a news vendor informed us that Dr Edmund Hillary with his Sherpa Tensing had reached the summit of Everest.

Around 8.00 am it started to rain quite heavily and we were alternately soaked and dried by the brilliant sun. By this time many more people had joined us getting quite tightly packed and we could no longer use umbrellas. However we soon heard the sound of Military Bands denoting the approach of the Queen’s procession, so the weather was soon forgotten.

Eventually the golden coach came into sight and our smiling, waving Queen came by with a very handsome Prince Philip. Other carriages followed carrying other members of the Royal Family, which included a very young Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The Queen of Tonga was such a delightful personality and so overjoyed to be there that she won our hearts – as a nation.

We had stood throughout and now had to join the struggle on the Underground and so home to enjoy a very long sleep. It was a wonderful experience. The colour, the pageantry and our lovely, glowing Queen. Never to be forgotten.

Marlene Shreeve

When Rosanne first asked me to write a small piece about my memories of Coronation Day 1953 my reaction was "I can't remember a thing". But then I racked my brains a bit and little by little I started to recall things. I was 15 at the time of the Coronation and still at school of course. We had discussed the big Event in our History class at school but several children in my class did not have a television at home, including myself, so how to see the Coronation was a problem.

However, Mr O'Sullivan who took our History Class surprised us by inviting pupils from my class to see the Event on the television at his home. I put my hand up along with about nine others. We were asked to get our parents' permission, of course, and after enquiries from the school I was allowed to go along with my best friend. As far as I recall there were about ten of us going. We all felt quite grown up, and were smartly turned out.

Mrs O'Sullivan met us at the house and we all squeezed into their front room with the tiny TV in the corner. It was a bit of a squash as I recall, but a very happy gathering with refreshments made by Mrs O'Sullivan being passed round along with cups of tea.

It was a shame the weather on the day was so wet and we felt sorry for those people in London who had camped out overnight.

Princess Elizabeth looked radiant sitting in the golden coach and the hopes that we had then for her and her reign as Queen have certainly come true.

She has been a wonderful Monarch and Ambassador for this country.



Betty Mitchell

My friend moved to Littlemore in September 1952. By the following June we had begun to know quite a few fellow residents. Coronation Day turned out to be an overcast morning with odd showers. The congregation of the local church walked in procession from the church to the Rose Hill end of Oxford Road Recreation Ground for an outdoor celebration. Residents of Herschel Crescent and Bodley Road clubbed together to provide a fun day and tea for the children. Fortunately it was decided to hold the event on the following Saturday which proved to be a very sunny and warm day. A week or two later my friend and I went to see the official film (in colour) at a local cinema.

Margaret Randall

I was married on Saturday, February 9th 1952 a few days after the King died and Elizabeth became Queen.

On Coronation Day, my husband and I watched the ceremony on my neighbour's black and white television. In the evening, we went with my in-laws to his aunt's house and watched it again in colour. It was lovely.

Advert deleted

CORONATION CELEBRATION WEEKEND



Everyone – yes, everyone, is invited to come to the Church Centre on Saturday, 29th June to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen's Coronation.

But before that, on Sunday, 23rd June, after morning service, you are invited to make a Jubilee hat to wear on the following Saturday. There will be people on hand to help and materials to use and you can take your creation home to add your own finishing touches. Or you can make a hat at home.

Then on the 29th the programme is planned like this:

- 3.30 to 4.30 pm Children can make their own crowns and cloaks to wear at their tea-party.
- 4.30 – 5.15 pm Children's tea party while grown-ups can enjoy tea and home-made cakes and watch a film of the Queen's coronation.
- 5.15 – 5.30 pm Jubilee hat parade and competition (for adults and children) with prize giving.
- 5.30 - 6.15 pm Headington Morris dancers will perform.
- 6.30 - 9.00 pm (ish) Family barbecue. Tickets: £5 for adults, £3 for children.

On Sunday, 30th June there will be a splendid concert in St James Church with music from the countries of the British Isles. The performers will be:

- England: The City of Oxford Silver Band
- Wales: The Oxford Male Voice Choir
- Scotland: The Pipes and Drums of the Oxford Caledonian Society
- Ireland: Rich McMahon, a folk singer

As you can see this is a concert not to be missed. However, there are only 80 tickets available. The cost will be £10.50 to include a programme and light refreshment in the interval. Requests for tickets are already coming in so don't miss out on yours. The concert starts at 7 pm with the bell ringers of St James getting us off to a flying start at 6.30 pm.

PLANT SALE

A **BIG BIG Thank You** for all the help given by so many people making the Plant Sale a great success with a special *Thank You* to Joan for all her invaluable advice and encouragement. Everyone worked so hard and was still smiling at the end of the day. Many people raised young plants at home ready for the sale, on the day delicious cakes just kept arriving and Howard took up the challenge and baked the most scrumptious chocolate/Guinness cake of which we all want the recipe please. There were jams, marmalades and local home grown rhubarb, cards, toiletries and jewellery, real bargains were to be had on the Bric-a-Brac stall and of course a raffle which raised over £140. We are still selling the last of the plants so the final grand total will be comfortably over £1,100.

Thank you all so very much

Christine and Margaret

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LIVE BELOW THE LINE - on £1 a day for 5 days

www.livebelowtheline.com

This challenge was undertaken for the week April 29-May 3 by several people in both churches, including Howard and Skye. Its prime purpose is to raise awareness of the continuing impact of hunger on our world: 1.2 billion people living 'below the line' on a daily basis – not just for 5 spring days with good meals before and after.

Lesley Williams:

Sponsorship: I sponsored myself on line for £100, to acknowledge the learning gained by the experience, as well as the housekeeping money saved. No one else had donated that way but the page is still open, **www.livebelowtheline.com/me/lesleyjwilliams**

But we had **sponsor forms** in both churches and will have raised over £150 with those, in spite of misplacing the first one, so the parish team will have hit the **£250** target for **Christian Aid**. Some Parish folk accepted the challenge just for the awareness raising experience, without sponsorship.

Achievement: did I achieve it? Well, yes in one way....but then no - not completely within the rules

So I did 2 extra days on May 6 & 7 to make up for some failings, including a college business lunch which I thought I had sorted by asking in advance for basic pasta but the communication failed and it would have been too embarrassing to refuse to eat a wonderful plate of salmon, mash and broccoli, set before me, followed by fresh fruit salad.....

After 2 days of using the £5 worth of basic food I'd bought, I regret I changed tack and resorted to:

- **breakfast** : porridge from stock but accounted for, made with water but with some salt & a spoonful of value yogurt on top.
- **lunch**: a banana sandwich – just one slice of basic brown bread folded around a 5 for £1 banana.
- **supper** : dipping into some left over (but accounted for) hummus with 2 carrots, 2 sticks celery and another slice of bread, half apple

and drank only **water**

Missed most: fruit, particularly grapes & citrus, on which I usually graze *all day* -

nuts & raisins - also for grazing – fresh olives – coffee - wine!

Advert deleted

Greatest learning : the realisation of the cost of all the treats and 'essential' extras we enjoy and of stock cupboard items it's so easy to overlook - the amazing range of food we can enjoy through each day, without having to cost every item.

I mean to try again next year, or even in the interim

Nick Dewey

Shopping list: I had lentils and rice in stock and a new set of scales so I could weigh out the quantities that I was using.

2 kg rice (80p total)

500g green lentils (98p)

Porridge oats (89p)

The lentils were cooked and sprouted

+ 500g of popping corn £1.35 (each portion weighs about 60g, being 16.2 pence each)

+ 3x tin potatoes at 0.16 each

TOTAL: £4.50

Last night I had a failure and ended up buying a flapjack to give me enough energy to do the Toastmasters speaking club night. I have been having a lot of raw porridge to help me feel full, but that means I am now running out of porridge. The challenge would have been a lot easier if I could have planned for more than just 5 days, say 10 days for £10, but that goes against this one particular challenge. I have been eyeing up a tin of tuna in a manner that can be described as sinful. I am soon going to have to have either steamed rice for breakfast, or air popped popcorn in water.

I have started to feel a little listless and I have been getting more lazy with some chores such as the washing up. *Although in my student days, I was able to successfully live on about £3 a week (Tesco value spaghetti with nothing on it unless I stole some vegetable oil from a flatmate) thanks to "supplementing" my diet with alcohol in vast quantities and inhibiting my digestion through smoking too much. I now don't drink or smoke tobacco and get the feeling that the body needs better quality nutrition as one gets older.*

I did my rice and onion last night using thermal cooking (one litre vacuum flask used like a hay box cooker) to simulate not only saving money, but also saving mains energy. But today I am slow cooking my rice and lentils to give me a feeling of variety to my diet and in the knowledge that the rice will fluff up even more than normal (making me feel full) and that I will be able to cook two or maybe three meals all in one go.

As I have already failed the challenge, all I can do is see how well I can go for the rest of the duration. Typically I have been able to live on about £1 a day if I can plan for a longer period of time (ten days, two weeks) such as through buying a lump of pork or a chicken and slow cooking it and then storing that in the fridge and having it with rice every day for a period of (say) one week.

I don't quite know if I can keep my hands off that tin of tuna but I am planning a very nice and nourishing Saturday lunch.

Advert deleted

Rosanne and Frank Butler

Well we did it, Frank and I! I would not like to pretend it was easy but it is more than possible with a bit of forward planning. As quite a few people have asked what on earth we ate I thought you would like to know our menus for the five days:

Monday:

Breakfast: Tea, crumpet with smear of spread, ½ an apple.
Lunch: Meat balls, spaghetti, ½ a banana
Mid-afternoon: Tea and crumpet
Dinner: Jacket potato and baked beans.

Tuesday:

Breakfast: As Monday
Lunch: Soup, slice of bread, ½ a banana
Mid-afternoon: Tea and one biscuit
Dinner: Irish stew, sliced potato, an apple.

Wednesday:

Breakfast: Tea, boiled egg, toast
Lunch: A three-egg omelette with mushrooms and grilled tomato
Mid-afternoon: Tea and a biscuit
Dinner: Jacket potato with a tiny piece of grated cheese

Thursday:

Breakfast: Tea, 2 slices of toast with a smear of spread
Lunch: Soup, slice of bread, jelly and custard
Mid-afternoon: Tea and a whole banana
Dinner: Meat balls, mashed potato, tinned peaches

Friday:

Breakfast: Tea, boiled egg, slice of toast
Lunch: Baked beans on toast, peaches and custard
Mid-afternoon: Tea and a biscuit
Dinner: ½ chicken breast, jacket potato, jelly.

That lot for the two of us came to £10.05, just 5p over. What did we miss? Frank missed his glass of wine at dinner time (me too!) and I longed for a mid-morning cup of coffee (Frank too!) but we did not cheat – we chose the things we liked and felt a sense of achievement on the last day. We even opted out of a party at our friends' house as it would have meant wine and nibbles.

One thing I did learn was that food on such a budget is very precious, nothing can go wrong as you cannot shove something in the bin and start again. I also realised that to live like that day-by-day would be very draining and that's what Christian Aid is all about.

When you put your donation in your envelope I wonder if you would be good enough to add a few extra coins and think to yourself – "well done" to those who managed to live on £1 a day.

SAINSBURY'S ARE RETURNING TO COWLEY

Now here is a date for your diaries! On Saturday, 6th July Sainsbury's are coming to our Church Centre to tell all their prospective customers what "delights" they have in store for us at their new supermarket at the Templar Retail Park (the old John Allen Centre). I understand that they have booked the kitchen and are going to prepare food goodies, so that sounds very interesting. The Centre will be open to visit from 10 am 'til 4.30 pm. So that takes care of lunch! See you there?

CHRONICLE

Editorial Team- Rosanne Butler, Sally Hemsworth, May Morgan, Nicki Stevens

Deadline for the June edition:

Wednesday 26 June 2013

If possible, please send entries by email to Sally at chronicle@cowleyteamministry.co.uk

The Editorial Committee in no way accepts responsibility for goods or services supplied by our advertisers.

Howard's shopping list

1 kilo basmati rice	£0.79	(from B and M)
1 kilo spaghetti	£0.48	(2 packages Tesco value - 500 grams each cost £0.24)
1 kilo lentils	£0.29	(from B and M – this was the best value for money of anything)
5 sachets cup of soup	£0.29	(from B and M Tomato flavoured - past its best before date)
5 sachets cup of soup	£0.49	(from B and M vegetable flavoured – not past its best before date)
15 tea bags	£0.45	(80 bags of tea £1.99 - just under 0.03 per bag)
1 ltr milk	£0.89	(needed for my tea – and Oh how I missed my coffee)
1 jar green pesto	£0.79	(past its best before date)
2 tins of sardines	£0.36	(I like sardines, plus they have omega 3 oils – these were not great)
1 kilo fresh veg	£0.28	(past best before - reduced – some I ate fresh and froze the rest – lovely carrots, turnip, and leaks)
Total	£4.91	(ok if you add in the box of tea I was about £1.45 over budget)

Here is what a typical day looked like at Howard's Bistro for Beggars :

Breakfast:

1 cup of basmati rice mixed with 2 tablespoons of pesto
2 cups of tea with milk

Lunch:

200 grams of spaghetti flavoured with Tomato and 100 grams veg all mixed together.
To drink - a couple of glasses of water

Supper

300 grams of lentils (this was the cooked weight and probably represented 200 grams dry weight)
1 sachet of vegetable soup for flavouring (mmm good?!)
1 cup of tea with a drip of milk.

What I learned

I like to cook creatively. I like food. I like eating. And that was my approach to this adventure. It was hard to discover ways to make the food interesting. Flavouring became really important to me. I craved fruit. I missed fruit. I wished this was taking place in mid to late August so that I could have wandered along the tow path and found some blackberries or some other edible free food. I learned how dreary meal time could be.

Carol and David didn't participate in this adventure (they thought about it, but I said it might be more realistic if they didn't) so I watched them eat some lovely dishes they prepared, and I in Oliver Twist fashion sang "All I ever get is gruel." But that is in the reality of poverty. The poor living and watching along side of the well off and the advantaged. The poor struggle to survive while those who have find ways to keep from noticing the poor too deeply.

I thought of how lonely and demoralising poverty is. But I also found that in my life in poverty there was a great sense of how important people are. As the week went on I found I was looking forward more to the fellowship of the meal than the food itself. I focused on the flavour of talking with people more than the flavour of the food. I remember when my son Christopher travelled to Malawi (one of the world's poorest countries) to help build a community centre. When he returned he said that the people of Malawi seemed happier in their poverty than we do in our extravagance.

It is easy to live on a pound a day if it is a challenge that lasts 5 days because you know the end is in sight (5 more days, 4 more days ... 1 more day). But how do you do it when it is your lot in life? How do you find hope when poverty is your life day after day; when it's not a game or an adventure? God has blessed us with so much. As the week went on I realised But He doesn't bless us because he likes us more than someone in a very poor country. He doesn't bless us because we live in a good way and they don't please Him. He blesses us so that we can bless others. "Living below the line" has made me ask myself fundamental questions: am I using the abundant resources I have wisely, fairly, justly; and how can I live my life in ways that help to put an end to poverty?

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Driving My Father by Susan Wicks

Cloth: Faber and Faber 1995

Paperback 1997 ISBN 057117925-8

The Times describes this book as 'Half memoir, half novel, this is a lovely but unsentimental book'.

When her mother died in 1992 Susan Wicks found herself not only having to take care of her increasingly dependent father, but compelled to look more closely at her entire relationship with him as well. *Driving My Father* is the result, a chronicle made up of glimpses and brief episodes, which amounts, through the sheer clarity and concentration of its writing, to one of the most candid and penetrating books on the subject yet attempted. The author uses her poetic qualities to build up this picture of a damaged life, sifting through recollections, turning in a moment through a range of emotions. Her literary

qualities alone make *Driving My Father* a minor masterpiece.

Above all, this book is a record of love and its capacity to surprise. Her father's name was Walter Eric Wicks.

I found this book deeply moving. In many respects it reminded me of my own father when my own mother died in 1989. He was utterly bowed down in his grief so we thought it best for him to come to Oxford from Kent as he would be near us and we could take him out and look after him. So we used to drive my father about in much the same way as Susan Wicks did with her father Eric. I don't think my father ever really got over my mother's death.

Because of the similarities in the book between Eric Wicks and my father I would often find myself weeping at the remembrance of it all.

Marlene Shreeve



HOW IS YOUR LOCAL KNOWLEDGE?

Each month we are going to challenge our readers to identify a Cowley landmark. Our roving photographer, Les Hemsworth, will choose a local view to get you thinking.

Answer next month.

Last month's answer:
Church Army Press Building

MOTHERS' UNION NEWS

The meeting on 20th May was particularly well attended without doubt due to our very popular speaker, Mark Oxbrow. He based his talk about his wide-ranging missionary work around the world on the diverse animals he has encountered. It was inspirational in that he linked his experiences to the Christian message he is spreading and also that he linked them to amusing tales. One thing we did learn was not to bathe in a crocodile infested river without a bar of soap (they don't like soap apparently)!

The Committee has been busy planning next year's programme. Amongst the events to look out for are a poetry, wine and cheese evening in September, a puddings and quiz in January (if we are not snowed in) and our regular St George's Day lunch in April. Members will be pleased to know that amongst our forthcoming speakers we have been lucky enough to book Mark for another entertaining talk in June 2014.

Next month's meeting on June 17th will have a distinctly royal flavour featuring royal memorabilia and archive material. There will also be a selection of Parish archives to sift through. Nostalgia promises to be the order of the day.

SAINT OF THE MONTH – Edward the Martyr

The tenth century in England was a difficult time to be King of England. It was a violent and troublesome era especially if you were striving to live a Christian life in the midst of jealousy and intrigue. Edward's father, Edgar, had seen his own father martyred because of his faith and had inherited the kingdom of East Anglia at the age of sixteen. Edgar married early, to a Saxon girl, named Aethelflaed, and she bore him a son, Edward (this month's saint) whom she brought up in the Christian faith. Sadly she died and Edgar married for a second time. This second wife became the villain of the piece because she also gave birth to a son and declared that he should be heir to his father's throne rather than her stepson, Edward. She, of course, would also gain power and wealth as the mother of the king after her husband's death. The solution for her, of course, would be to get rid of Edward.

William of Malmesbury in his history of England described what happened. Edward was out hunting at Corfe and arrived at the castle gate. While his attendants were seeing to the dogs "she (stepmother Aelfthryth) allured him to her with female blandishment and made him lean forward, and after saluting him while he was eagerly drinking from the cup which had been presented, the dagger of an attendant pierced him through". He urged his horse to gallop away but one foot slipped and he was dragged by the other through the wood, his blood leaving a trail until he was dead. The wicked stepmother later repented of her sins and became a nun.

Though described in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle as the ideal of a Christian

prince "elegant in diction" he was buried without royal honours at Wareham in Dorset. Ethelred, his half brother, did indeed inherit their father's throne.

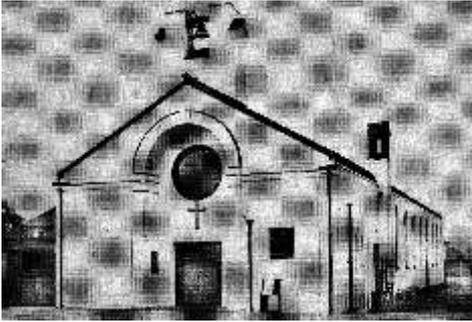
But what makes Edward, the Martyr, a saint? In those early days pilgrims would flock to the tomb of a king often seeking miraculous cures and that is exactly what happened at Wareham. Ethelred (who may well have been an innocent in the story) had Edward's body moved to a special tomb in Shaftesbury where many miracles were said to have taken place. The King then issued a charter in 1001 AD declaring Edward a saint and martyr. The bishop of Salisbury, Robert Hallum, in the early fifteenth century, preached a sermon extolling his virtues and encouraging people to visit his shrine. So it would seem that even from the grave this elegant prince was doing great works for God. His saint's day is kept on 20th June.



Advert deleted

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Extract from the Cowley Chronicle August 1961



NOW IT IS SIMPLY ST FRANCIS' CHURCH

Thirty years ago the dual purpose hall of St Francis was

built. This was a temporary measure until the ambitious scheme of providing Church, house and hall, with connecting cloisters and well laid-out gardens could be realised.

In the meantime, faithful worshippers were always very insistent that both themselves and the people of the district as a whole should keep the primary duty of **worship** foremost in their minds. The building was always called St Francis Church Hall – not just the Hall, or even the Church hall – and those who called it otherwise were firmly corrected.

On Sundays people very definitely thought of themselves as going to **Church**, and business letters and circulars were always headed “St Francis Church.”

This insistence on regarding the building as primarily a place of worship for the gathered Church has become a tradition, and though the war and other eventualities have delayed the realisation of the original vision, so that a certain amount of apathy and sometimes even despair have crept into our attitude towards proper development, the proud assertion that it is in fact St Francis Church Hall has persisted and strengthened.

One might almost say that it was a kind of grimly defiant rallying-cry against the growing forces of materialism. It was because of this long and tenacious tradition that when it was suggested at the last widely advertised annual meeting that the building be converted into a Church, there was almost unanimous approval. It was recognised that it is now almost impossible to raise enough money for a new Church. It was also recognised that extended provision of hall accommodation for social and other purposes must be undertaken.

Following this heartening lead from the people of

the district, the management committee decided that as soon as the school ceased to use the present building, it should be adapted into a Church and no longer used for secular purposes. Architects were consulted and consideration of their plans is already under way.

The school leaves the building at the end of this term. It has, therefore, been decided that as from July 21 St Francis Church Hall be used only for the purposes of worship and shall be known as “St Francis Church.”

A certain amount of adaptation and alteration will take place in the not too distant future on the advice of the architects. In the meantime organisations will use the small hall at the back, which from now on it would be right to call “St Francis Hall.”

Because the small hall is at present inadequate, this will mean a certain amount of inconvenience but work on improving its facilities is already under way.

There is no doubt that the spiritual life of the district has suffered through the long delay in providing a Church, for a building set aside solely for worship is an absolute essential in any community. Now the life of the Spirit has every opportunity to grow and deepen.

The original ambitious scheme was not, as it turned out, capable of fulfilment, but something like it now is. We have a Church, we have a house, we have a hall. We have, therefore, every reason to be very thankful, and can go forward with renewed inspiration and fresh energy. To end on a personal note, it is a great pleasure for me to leave the district knowing that all this is in process of triumphant achievement after such a long and depressing delay.

The provision of a Church was the one certain goal I put before me when I arrived five years ago, and though I have often despaired of reaching it, I have maintained it. So have many others. I am very happy indeed, and so I am sure are all the people of St Francis District.

John E W Topley

PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL

The first meeting of the new PCC took place on Thursday, 16th May 2013. Lesley Williams was elected as Vice-Chairman and Joan Coleman's appointment as Treasurer and my appointment as Secretary to the PCC were also agreed.

There is still at least one vacancy on the PCC, and if possible this vacancy should be filled from those who attend St Francis' Church – please let Howard Thornton, Skye Denno, Norah Shallow or any PCC member know if you wish to be considered.

The policy documents approved by previous PCCs were noted. These are:

- Burial of Ashes in St James Churchyard
- Cowley Parish Policy for dealing with events and fund-raising activities
- Diocese of Oxford Parish Child Protection Policy Statements
- Legacy Policy
- Procedure for Quinquennial maintenance work at Cowley Churches

A paper was tabled which set out job descriptions for various duties undertaken by volunteers. These were based on information found in Church Management books. Volunteers will be asked to compare their duties with the suggested job descriptions, so that job descriptions can be drawn up for this Parish. The PCC feel this would be helpful for those who give help or take over new responsibilities.

The PCC discussed the registration of Cowley Parish for Charity Status. Members of the PCC have always been a charity trustee although, to-date, this has been under the umbrella of the Diocesan Council. However, as it has a turnover of over £100,000 per year, the Parish needs to be separately registered. Members were asked to complete the necessary forms to allow the arrangements for the registration to proceed.

In addition, the attention of the PCC was drawn to the new Vestry Collection Records. It has been necessary to introduce the new system because of changes in the arrangements for Gift Aid. All people involved with collections will be given instructions on the new system.

Other things raised included:

- An update on the repair work at St James Church
- An update on the work at the Old School
- Inventories for all three Church buildings
- The future of the Sunday School at St James Church, which will be discussed by the St James Church Committee
- The need for a convenor for the Women's World Day of Prayer – Rosanne Butler wishes to give up and is willing to work with her successor for the first year.
- Children Taking Communion – an open meeting is being arranged for this to be discussed in the Parish
- Asian Anglican Christian Congregation: the PCC reinforced its original proposal to build a relationship between the Parish and the Asian Anglican Church
- The possibility of updating the Parish Logo
- Update of the Parish website

Sally Hemsworth
Secretary to Cowley PCC



Confirming Our Faith

Vicky and I decided quite early into our joining the congregation of the of St James Church that we would eventually want to take the Confirmation as we have felt that since we had started coming to church regularly, although we understood about God and some parts of Christianity, there was still something that we would like to fully understand and be a part of.

We already felt a strong sense of Family and Friendship with all the persons at St James and also those who attend St Francis, who we often meet at special events throughout the year.

We then realised 'Yes' it's been over a year since we first attended the Church for the Christening of Poppy. So we then heard that there was a Confirmation Class due and we both jumped at the chance to be a part of the classes which would lead to the eventual Confirmation.

Vicky and I joined the first of the confirmation classes which was led by Joel Denno and was also attended by Skye who added spiritual guidance and prayer when required. The real great thing about these classes was that they were held in the Corner House pub; yes that's right confirmation classes in the pub. What more did we need than to hear about the Rise of Christianity with the company of good friends over a pint. This must be how thousands of Christians throughout history gathered together sitting and listening to each other's experiences about Faith, Love and God with the added bonus of a cup of beer, mead or wine.

The classes themselves were very interesting and Joel did a fantastic job of taking each class and guiding us all through the course. His knowledge and research was second to none on each individual element of the course, which helped all of us in our understanding of each class, even those of us who did not know much about faith, but were eager to learn. I felt as well as Vicky that we had learned more about the Christian Faith and about God and Jesus and to the passing from the Old Testament to the New Testament and what Jesus gave up so that we could all live free without prejudice and having the weight of sin over our heads and, what's more, what it is to be a Member of the Church of England.

Then came to the big day, which was Sunday 14th April 2013. But before this there had been a minor battle of our own in the Hall family household. This was 'The Cake'. Yes it was a big deal in the house as my wife was determined that the cake be as perfect as she could make it. It even went as far as Vicky buying a specific "Book" styled cake tin. So we both decided on a plan of action (from a military man) and a design for the cake.

My wife made the cake and iced it perfectly, and all I was tasked to do was to decorate it. Easy! I chose a suitable passage for Confirmation which was:

"For God so Loved the World that he gave his One and Only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not Perish but have Eternal Life" John 3:16

We then added those who were taking the Confirmation with us and then we were done. The cake was already to go....but then at the last minute we were informed of another person who would be Confirmed on the day, and had to be added to the cake. By a complete stroke of luck or by some divined insight I had left a small section at the bottom of the cake which was just enough space. (PHEW!)

On the day of the Confirmation we assembled in the St James Church ready before the main event for the quick run through. There were many nervous faces in the group, my wife among them, but I for one did not feel any pressure, maybe it's just that I don't find speaking or acting in front of a crowd as nerve-racking as most, but there are some things that do scare me.

The quick run though was finished and we headed back to the Church Centre for a quick "Comfort Break" as another chance for those to ponder what was about to happen as this was indeed a very big moment in our lives, and then quick as that 'Boom Show Time'.

The Confirmation Ceremony was led by the Bishop who was on good form right from the start and eased the group as well as those who came to watch, and this surprised me as I did not expect so many people to attend, especially as it was a late Sunday afternoon (and football was on the telly)

The actual Ceremony seemed very quick and we all did what we had to do, and for all those nerves everybody was on form, with no minor hiccups. The hymns were sung and I had great pleasure in that of my favourite Hymns was chosen. Still to this day I keep forgetting the name, but when I describe it as “The one that gets faster and faster every verse” people then seem to recognise it. Please note I am aware that after reading this I will probably get everyone coming up to me and telling me the name.....I will still without fail forget the name.

As the Confirmation came to a close there was time for a quick photograph with the group and the Bishop, and then off to the Church Centre for tea and sandwiches and not to forget the cake.

The gathering afterwards was special as everyone came up to Vicky and me and congratulated us, and we truly felt in the presence of friends and the ties with St Francis have also been firmly attached as we both have made friends at both St James and St Francis.

An absent-minded academic had just moved house further along the same street. All too aware of his tendency to forget things his wife gave him a piece of paper with his new address on it and the keys to his new front door to take to work in his pocket.

Inevitably during the day he lost his slip of paper. At the end of the day he had forgotten about the move, returned to his former house and the keys did not fit the door.

In distress he wandered along the street and seeing a young man approaching he said, “Excuse me, my name is Professor Richardson. You would not happen to know where I live, would you?”

With a sigh, the young man said, “Come woth me, Dad”.



PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms

3 March 2013: Jubilee Osapkolor Akhere
Jonathan Godstime Ak-
here

10 March 2013: Lyra Coull-Fee

14 April 2013: Nicholas Dewey

5 May 2013: Mason Jack Curtis
Beatrice Kalambayi Lara
Rickesh Simon Surina

26 May 2013:

Weddings

3 March 2013: Edvard Vasnevicus
& Viktorija Ziznevskaja
5 April 2013: Jonathan Maskens
& Zoe West

Funeral Services

7 November 2012: Sheila Margaret Patterson
27 November 2012: Beryl Phipps
4 December 2012: Nancy Eileen Smart
21 December 2012: William (Bill) John Morgan
2 January 2013: Harry Eric Beale
5 February 2013: Peter Laurentus Gilbert
7 February 2013: Eric James Organ
12 April 2013: Eva Margaret Clark
25 April 2013: Lilian Pavitt
1 May 2013: Alick Cyril Elithorn
13 May 2013: Mary Olive Lear
30 May 2013: Wendy Angel

SUNDAY SERVICES

ST JAMES CHURCH, BEAUCHAMP LANE

8.00am	Holy Communion
10.00am	Sung Eucharist
Every 2nd & 4th Sunday	Church at the Centre
Every third Sunday	Sunday Lunch

ST FRANCIS CHURCH, HOLLOW WAY

10.30am	Parish Eucharist
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MID-WEEK SERVICES & MEETINGS

Monday	8.30am	Morning Prayer—St James
	10.00-11.30am	Little Stars Playgroup— St Francis
	2.30pm	Parish Mothers' Union— St James (3rd Monday)
Tuesday	8.30am	Morning Prayer—St Francis
	10.00am	Seashells Toddler Group— St James
	12.00pm	Eucharist—St James
	12.30pm	Tuesday Lunch Club— St James
Wednesday	8.30am	Morning Prayer—St James
	7.30pm (alt wks)	Women's Group—St James
Thursday	8.30am	Morning Prayer—St Francis
	7.00pm	Cowley Parish Healing Service St Francis (1st Thursday)
Friday	2.00pm	Bingo—St James
Saturday	10.00am-12pm	Coffee Morning, St Francis (2nd Saturday)

HOME GROUPS

Leader	Time/Venue
Skye Denno	1st Monday of month, 7.30pm at Skye's home
Connie Uren	Alternate Tuesday afternoons at 2.30pm St James Church Centre, Ranklin Room
Friends of St Francis (John Shreeve/ Skye Denno)	2nd & 4th Tuesday afternoons at 2.30pm St Francis Church
Tony Beetham	Alternate Tuesday evenings at 7.30pm St James Church Centre, Ranklin Room
Mark Oxbrow	Alternate Wednesday evenings at 7.30pm Mark's home
Rosanne Butler	Alternate Thursday mornings at 10.00am St James Church Centre, Ranklin Room
Helen Beetham	Alternate Friday mornings at 10am

The Parish Office in St James Church
Centre is open:

Tuesday, 2—5pm
Wednesday, 10—1pm
Friday, 9—2pm

The Parish Office is currently staffed by
volunteers and members of the ministry
team, and is open most office hours.

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Out of hours tel: 07501 908378
Website: www.cowleyteamministry.co.uk

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Howard has Friday as his day off

Team Vicar:

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Email: skye@cowleyteamministry.co.uk
Skye has Friday as her day off.

Associate Priest

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Email: richard@cowleyteamministry.co.uk

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Revd Amanda Bloor
Tel: 01865 208221

Revd Gordon Hickson
Tel: 07713 688079

Revd Tony Beetham
Tel: 01865 770923
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Norah Shallow Tel: 765199

Deputy Wardens
Margaret Martin Tel: 718532
John Shreeve Tel: 717987

St James Church Centre Manager:

Chris Woodman Tel: 778078

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Church Centre: Pat Sansom Tel: 778516
St Francis Church/St James Church:
through Parish Office

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