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This edition contains news from Tom and Verity Clare, the Mission Partners we are helping to support in Uganda, an article about hospices and about a bike ride.

There are no Worship Notes this month as we await further developments in the guidelines at the time of going to press. Meanwhile our online offering continues on Facebook and You Tube so please do join us there.

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Remember we love to receive articles and photographs for the magazine which can be sent to the e-mail address below. However, we reserve the right to edit anything that is sent to us and the editor's decision is final.

Please note that views expressed in Trinity Times are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect those of the Parochial Church Council.

The next magazine will be the **August 2020** edition

The copy date is 17 July

If any item is left until the very last minute, or received after the copy date, there is no guarantee that it will be able to be included in the magazine.

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#HolyTrinityonsocialmedia



Front cover :- "Calm amidst Covid" - photograph by Andrew Dow.
With no boats the river is unusually quiet. The church speaks for itself.

Holy Trinity Team



Revd. Patrick Taylor
Vicar



Revd. Steve Jarvis
Associate Vicar



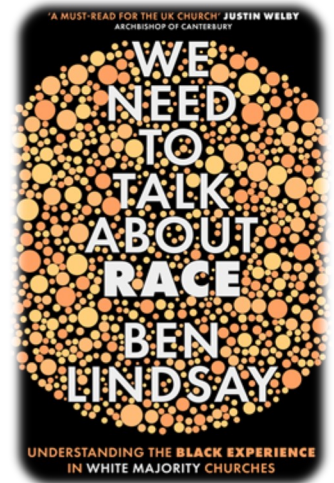
Revd. Kay Dyer
Associate Priest



Phil Harper
Children & Families Minister

WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT RACE

I imagine that many of us have been thinking about what “white privilege” means, as the anti-racism movement gathered remarkable momentum around the world, including peaceful protests here in Stratford-upon-Avon. In his book “We need to talk about race”, Ben Lindsay looks at the experience of black people in churches in the UK that are majority white. He makes the point that whilst many white people are not actively racist, they do “often struggle to acknowledge the privileges that come with their whiteness or perhaps have simply never considered them. Privileges such as not worrying about what to wear because you’re not going to be racially profiled by the police or be a victim of mistaken identity ... privileges like seeing people who look like you in the highest employment and leadership positions.” White privilege is an absence of the consequences of racism, an absence of a lifetime of subtle marginalisation.



For those of us who are white, being aware of the privileges we have received does not need to be an exercise in feeling guilty. It’s about having our eyes wide open to the fact that opportunities and doors that have been open to us are sometimes not available to people of colour. It means acknowledging the ways in which we have benefited from the lack of such prejudice.

When the Church of England is accused of being racist it’s natural to want to stand up for ourselves and say, “no we’re not!” We recall Galatians 3. 26-28: “for in Christ Jesus you are all children of God through faith. As many of you as were baptised into Christ have clothed yourselves with Christ.

²⁸There is no longer Jew or Greek, there is no longer slave or free, there is no longer male and female; for all of you are one in Christ Jesus.” But we do have to acknowledge the experiences of people of colour in the church. When I was on a gap year in Slough before going to university (it’s a long story) I found that there were many more black people attending the local Methodist church compared to the parish church. When I asked if there was a reason for this I was told ‘When our families, who were practising Anglicans, came here in the 1950’s, we naturally went to the local parish church. However, they seemed suspicious of us and were not very accommodating, whereas the Methodists were much more welcoming, so that’s where we stayed.’”

Several months ago we began a process of moving towards Holy Trinity being recognised as an ‘Inclusive Church’ which means we celebrate and affirm every person, not discriminating against people on grounds of disability, economic power, ethnicity, gender, gender identity, learning disability, mental health, neurodiversity, or sexuality. I hope and pray that the momentum generated by the current protests will spur us on with this and remind us of our common identity with others, including those who differ from us, through baptism. It may also help those of us who do not experience regular discrimination to realise how privileged we are.

Patrick

The Black Lives Matter protest in Stratford on 12 June.
Photo: Mark Williamson/Stratford Herald



Revd Steve Jarvis' sermon from Trinity Sunday.

Readings: 2 Corinthians 13: 11-13 & Matthew 28: 16-20

We have, as you have heard, two very short readings for today. And it unnerves me when the gospel reading for the day is only four verses. It looks deliberately like proof texting— as though the lectionary is setting a trap inviting a sermon on the Doctrine of the Trinity rather than the text of the Gospel.

Well, I'm going to side-step the trap, and I do so deliberately, because this is such an important text in the context of Matthew's gospel. And the danger is always that its use on Trinity Sunday leads to too much focus on its tenuous links with the Trinity. Because we forget that Matthew's gospel was written long before a Doctrine of the Trinity was initially formulated in 3rd century by Tertullian.

The gospel reading is the concluding words of Matthew's Gospel, the last summing up. It is also part of the account following the resurrection of Jesus; that is these words are the consequence of the death and resurrection of Jesus. The words are also given to us immediately after the writer's account of the attempted cover up of the resurrection event by the Jewish authorities which is so often overlooked. The story of the guards is not a story to be ignored!

Matthew 28: 11-15

While they were going, some of the guard went into the city and told the chief priests everything that had happened. After the priests had assembled with the elders, they devised a plan to give a large sum of money to the soldiers, telling them, "You must say, 'His disciples came by night and stole him away while we were asleep.' If this comes to the governor's ears, we will satisfy him and keep you out of trouble." So they took the money and did as they were directed.

Here we have a brief description of two communities after the resurrection. Each has its authority, its commissioning, its set of values, its encouragements.

But the story of the guards is the dark mirror image of the resurrection story of Jesus and the eleven. Guards report to priests and elders who hold the governor to be the highest authority in the land, instruct the guards to spread a lie, and give the guards money to encourage their obedience in the deceit.

These two clusters of people at the end of the gospel represent possibilities set before the reader: Of which of these two communities do you wish to be a member? Which of these two appeals to you or describes you? Do you take your stand with the guards gathered with the priests and elders in Jerusalem, or with the eleven gathered with Jesus in Galilee?

And though reflecting the truth of what actually happened, the community who gather on the mountain top, the place of God and the place of the giving of the life that is God's law, is no perfect community.

Jesus chose twelve disciples as a symbol of a renewed Israel; a new twelve tribes. And already that community through Judas' suicide, is broken and imperfect. Only eleven disciples gather.

The Gospel does not show us a perfect church above the rest of the world. Instead, the Gospel reminds us of that ongoing invitation to disciple ourselves under the Lordship of Jesus instead of under the lordship of the principalities and powers which claim all authority on heaven and earth in our small part of the world. And the Gospel passage issues the important perpetual question: Who is *your* Lord?

As we have seen this past few weeks, be it Bishops receiving death threats for their condemnation of Dominic Cummings' breaking of lockdown guidance, or Donald Trump's contrived photo opportunity with Bible in hand, in front of St John's Episcopal Church, Lafayette Square, after being violently cleared of largely peaceful protesters, the relationship between faith and politics again invites scrutiny. And the perpetual question of "who is your Lord?", remains a timely one.

cont.....

Through domestication of the Gospel by an over-emphasis on individual sin and behaviour, we have taken our eyes off the reality that political allegiance is at the heart of the Christian faith. Christianity is not a feel-good religion, but a faith-based political movement. Every time we say Jesus is Lord, and chose not to recognise the "Caesars"; every time we pray the Lord's Prayer, and pray for God's kingdom to come on earth, as it is in heaven, we are vocally advocating for political regime change against the principalities and powers that presently control politics, governance, the wheels of justice, and economics among the nations.

Though at the best of times, we impart a limited lordship to the nation and its laws, as Christians, Jesus should always claim a greater Lordship; as "all authority in heaven and on earth" has been given to him.

In these current times of pandemic and social unrest, it is very evident that many leaders, governments and political parties across the world, have departed far from the spirit of the law of the land, and from the aspiration of a fair go for all people, to further empower the interests and maintain the privilege of a certain portion of the population. The weak, the poor, the powerless, and especially in the West, those Black and minority ethnic, in their experience of social justice are all being exploited in this process.

Across developed nations, we witness major political parties seeking not to represent the people — despite all their claims — but seeking to gain enough favour to maintain hold of the power. They are like the priests who held a privileged position under the Roman overlords. And like the priests, lying, intrigue, bribes, cover-ups and self interest, are too often the currency of their politicking.

Yet who is the Lord who has been given "all authority in heaven and on earth?"

It is bad taste to be overtly *party* political in church. But to not speak of politics is to abdicate our trust and faith in the Lordship of Jesus, and instead to declare our trust and faith in the final authority of something or someone else. So, as with the original first century readers of Matthew's gospel, which of these two communities appeals to you or describes you? This is the great timeless challenge in this morning's Gospel passage.

It *describes* us and the *dilemma* we have. Because in each moment of their lives all people, including us, witness through thought, word and action, as to who is Lord of their lives.

We forget at our peril that the last great parable in Matthew's Gospel, that of the separation of the sheep and goats (25:31-46) shows no doctrine on which to have signed off and given assent to, but only asks if we disciple ourselves upon Jesus by loving the hungry and thirsty, welcoming in love the stranger, and restoring dignity to the naked and the prisoner.

And at the end of this morning's gospel, Jesus does not tell us to convert people. We are not told to get people to sign off on a dotted line on a doctrine or a set of beliefs. Rather we are told to *make disciples*; that is, to teach and enable people to become like Jesus, loving like Jesus, giving like Jesus, and forgiving like Jesus. We can only teach and enable others to make Jesus their Lord, if this is authentically how we ourselves live.

Who, then, is your Lord?

It's an important question to sit with and reflect upon. For our answer will directly determine the kind of disciples we make, in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit, or as Paul puts it in our Epistle, through our direct experience of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit; that which has been with us, and will remain with us all, through till the end of the age. Amen.

Steve Jarvis



PCC report: Tuesday 19 May 2020



The effect of lockdown on Holy Trinity Parish finances was the key focus of discussion during May's PCC.

The latest meeting was held for the first time via Zoom - video and audio conferencing technology - which enables groups to virtually gather, to talk and see each other.

Treasurer Mike Warrillow told PCC how a thorough analysis of the financial situation had been carried out, with the stark conclusion that income would be dramatically down if the lockdown measures continued.

"The short-term outlook is one of eating into our reserves at the rate of twelve to thirteen thousand pounds per month. Looking ahead to an easing of restrictions, there would be implications for worship and visitors, with restricted opening times for our church and shop. Either way our income generation will be severely dented this year, leaving us with no choice but to make some tough decisions."

Mike addressed this cash flow forecast: "If we continue as at present, we will be around ninety thousand pounds down by the end of 2020.

"In addition to the responsibilities to our own inside, we also have obligations outside through the annual Parish Share* - to support our Christian brothers and sisters in other Deaneries. We, therefore need to think carefully about how we balance both and honour each fairly, in a time where our income is significantly depleted."

Against this background, PCC voted in favour of supporting a Standing Committee proposal to seek to reduce the Parish Share to £113,424 this year, £24K less than the original schedule.

PCC also voted against servicing the organ at this time, at a cost of £56,195.

* Every Parish in the Diocese of Coventry contributes towards the cost of Parish Ministers

PCC also heard how the two other churches in the parish were in a similar financial position. Luddington All Saints' income was down and would need to use its reserves, while St Helen's is already in a deficit position.

Envisioning worship post-lockdown

Reverend Patrick Taylor explained how Standing Committee were planning for a future return to worship in the church buildings in three phases:

1. Short-term: planning for now
2. Medium-term: for the coming months
3. Long-term: what will worship look like in the future?

Patrick acknowledged there would be fewer available clergy, (retired clergy are all over seventy and not allowed to lead worship at present) and outlined that the focus at present is on one act of worship in the parish, 'live-streamed' to reflect different styles across the month, with three principles:

- simple
- encompassing whole range of styles
- involving as many people as possible

Associate Vicar Steve Jarvis confirmed that those not able to access services on-line had been offered booklets, people to pray with them over the telephone, and given the national service free 'phone link to a daily service.

cont.....

News in brief

Parish Operations Manager Andy Winter reported that Ian Meeson had left his position as Church Team Leader at the end of April. All other employees had been furloughed, with the exception of Children and Families Minister Phil Harper, and himself.

Standing Committee is meeting weekly to review COVID-19 updates from Government, Church of England and the Diocese and to take decisions based on the advice.

The parish weekend away has been cancelled but the speaker Sandra Millar remains booked to come to Stratford on 9-11 October, with a proposed 'Weekend at Home' instead.

PCC approved a role description for a volunteer Parish Archivist.

The next PCC meeting will be held on Tuesday 7 July 2020.



Smiling is Infectious by Spike Milligan

Smiling is infectious, you catch it like the flu,
When someone smiled at me today, I started
smiling too.

I passed around the corner and someone saw my
grin,

When he smiled I realized I'd passed it on to him.
I thought about that smile, then I realized its worth
A single smile, just like mine could travel round
the earth.

So, if you feel a smile begin, don't leave it
undetected.

Let's start an epidemic quick, and get the world
infected!



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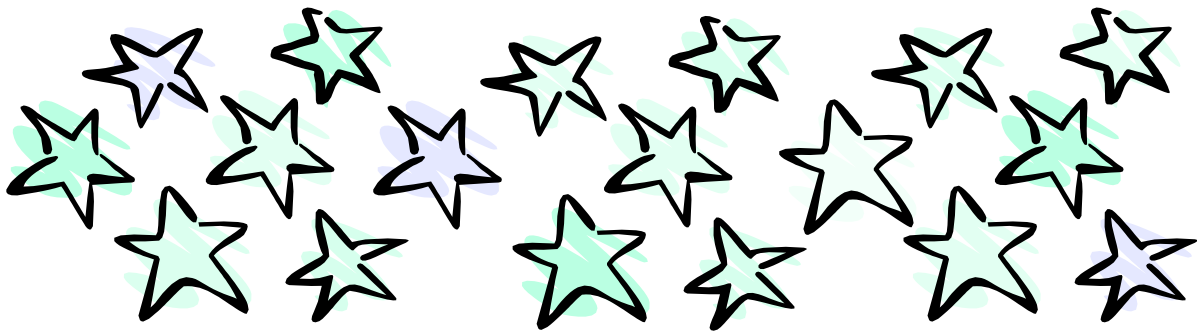
FROM THE REGISTERS MAY/JUNE

Christenings

Weddings

Funerals

26 May	Patricia Butler
8 June	Helen English
11 June	Steven Martin Shuttle
18 June	Ann Thelma Williamson
27 June	Brian Miller - Ash Burial - funeral on 17 April



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The Christian's Approach to Death

In his second article, the Rev Canon Andrew Dow suggests how a Christian's faith can help in the face of the shocking number of deaths caused by the Covid-19 pandemic.

The promise of life after death based on the bodily resurrection of Jesus from the dead is a wonderfully reassuring truth, but it does raise a host of difficult questions. For instance, where is this "heaven" Christians talk about? How is everyone going to "fit in"? And how will my great aunt who only knew me as a five year old stripling recognise the balding, wrinkled crab apple that is now me?



The Bible, God's Word, does not give us definitive answers to all these questions, but it does give some strong hints based on divine promises. Shakespeare put these words into the mouth of Hamlet:

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn, no traveller returns, puzzles the will." (Act 3, scene 1) Hamlet, you are not quite right! One particular traveller **has** returned: our risen Lord Jesus Christ, so it is worth looking at what he taught about heaven, or life after death.

Perhaps his most well-known teaching comes in St John's Gospel, chapter 14, frequently read at funeral services:

"In my Father's house are many mansions (or rooms, or abiding places)."

Theological scholars have puzzled over what Jesus really meant by "many rooms". Was he talking of different grades of bliss or levels of attainment in the Father's house? Or did he mean that there are stages on the way, with the possibility of progressing to higher spiritual development?

Personally, I would set aside both these interpretations, for the simple reason that there is scarcely any hint elsewhere in the New Testament of some kind of celestial finishing school – in fact, the opposite: God's heaven is - well, heaven! No more or less. Read Revelation, chapter 7, verses 14-17.

So what did Jesus mean then? The simplest explanation is surely the best: heaven is as big, or "roomy", as the heart of God himself, wide open to all sorts and conditions, welcoming to all who have put their trust in his Son, regardless of any worldly status or achievement. And as for the concept of "house", that speaks reassuringly of security, and family, a place of profound belonging. No wonder Christians often speak of a believer's death as "going home".

So when a Christian dies, do they go straight to this house, and if so, are they then consciously in the presence of their welcoming Lord and Saviour? The Scriptures are wisely ambivalent, refusing to give us humans, so schedule-dominated, the kind of exact timetable we crave. Instead, death is sometimes referred to as "falling asleep". This is how St Luke describes Stephen's death (Acts 7: 60) and how St Paul refers to some recently deceased followers of Jesus. (1 Corinthians 15: 6) It's a powerful metaphor, and goes some way to resolving the tension between "heaven" as an immediate gift, or later. Think of it this way: it's possible to travel right across Europe by night sleeper train. You go to bed in France, fall asleep, and wake up in Switzerland or Italy. You have passed into a totally different country, and the process has taken several hours; but for you, it's happened in an instant, with no hint of a long wait, or boredom! A picture of the Christian's death, perhaps? At one level, a long sleep over the course of time (safe in the Father's mansion) until Jesus winds up history, reveals himself in glory, and gathers his people together for the mother of all house parties! At another level, however, no hint of some conscious wait in a spiritual limbo.

There are so many things we don't know about life after death; but there is one simple thing a Christian can know: heaven is being with Jesus. "I will take you to be **with me**," he says (John 14: 3). As Covid-19 continues to prowl, let's draw strength from our Saviour's promise!



LEST WE FORGET – OUR NATION’S HOSPICES IN THIS COVID-19 CRISIS

You matter because you are you, and you matter to the end of your life. We will do all we can not only to help you die peacefully, but also to live until you die. – Dame Cicely Saunders

On 28 April BBC 1 News at Ten reporter Ed Thomas gave a rare insight into the plight of our hospices, which continue to receive scant attention from government and the media during this Covid-19 crisis and are in urgent need of financial support to remain open:

https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/video_and_audio/headlines/52447451/coronavirus-the-hospice-staff-working-through-a-pandemic

In response to the crisis, Roy Lodge and I started Just Giving Crowdfunding Hospice appeals simultaneously a few days before the Shakespeare Birthday weekend, but without realising what the other was doing. The 2020 Birthday Celebrations – virtual only this year – are now behind us, but the very real crisis in hospice funding is largely unacknowledged and will remain at crisis point throughout the Covid-19 emergency, so both appeals remain open for much-needed donations.

Roy is raising funds for our own Shakespeare Hospice:

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/roy-lodge-cycles>

I’m supporting the national Hospice UK Covid-19 Crisis Appeal:

<https://www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/shakespeare-birthday-celebrations-covid-19-hospice-appeal>

It turns out that we are each motivated by youthful encounters with St. Christopher’s Hospice while training, Roy as a doctor and I as a State Registered Nurse.



Anyone who has ever heard of Dame Cicely Saunders will have some idea of the very courageous pioneering work she did in the field of palliative care. She was already a Christian nurse and medical social worker when she qualified as a doctor, with the daunting ambition of changing the world’s view of dying and addressing the need for compassionate end-of-life care, with support of the bereaved relatives left behind. In 1967, she established St. Christopher’s Hospice, in Sydenham, SE London, where she challenged the attitudes of the medical profession to pain relief and palliative care. It’s entirely due to Dame Cicely that a world-wide hospice movement has developed, including the Shakespeare Hospice in Shottery.

I first became aware of her while I was working, with my friend Chris Likeman, as a student nurse in London, on an acute surgical ward at St. George’s Hospital, Hyde Park Corner. Patients died on our ward, often in very distressing circumstances and a great deal of pain, at a time (in the late 1960s) when relatives were sometimes informed, but the dying remained in ignorance of their imminent death, and no-one, including ward staff, was offered any support. Consultants kept their distance, reluctant to acknowledge failure when they lost a patient; the rest of us, in close contact with the dying, did our best, but we floundered - student nurses and medics alike received no training in palliative end-of-life care, and our best was clearly not good enough.

Escaping for a few hours from the confusion and helplessness we felt on our ward at Hyde Park Corner, Chris and I visited St. Christopher’s on one of our rare shared days off; we made the journey south of the river more in desperate hope rather than expectation that we would discover a compassionate way of caring for the dying. We were totally unprepared for the overwhelming sense of tranquillity, love and peace that pervaded St. Christopher’s, and the calm acceptance of the patients there, whose average stay before dying was only two weeks.



Lest We Forget cont.....

Their pain was controversially, but very effectively, relieved by oral diamorphine (heroin) with dosages expertly gauged to leave them lucid and able to communicate with us about the truly tender loving care that all nurses aspire to give, and that here, in their last days and hours, these men and women really did receive. There was none of the fear or agitation that we witnessed in our own patients dying in pain at St. George's. At St. Christopher's they faced death cherished and at peace.

All this is now thankfully the norm in our hospices, but back then it was a revelation.

In addition to the chaotic approach to death on our wards, we struggled with erratic DNR-Do Not Resuscitate – instructions, which were neither clearly nor consistently communicated by doctors to the nurses who were supposed to follow them. We were castigated for resuscitating patients who 'should' have been left to die, or conversely for not resuscitating those whose lives were deemed worthy of preservation. As lowly student nurses we had no say in these decisions, nor did the patients themselves, or their relatives. Having been so moved by our visit to St. Christopher's, Chris and I wanted to tackle this situation; with the encouragement and blessing of our St. George's Chief Nursing Officer, Dame Muriel Powell, we wrote articles for the *Nursing Times* exposing the DNR dilemma, which was not confined to our own London teaching hospital but was, viewed retrospectively, a national disgrace. Mercifully, as with palliative care, times have changed; DNR is now often discussed openly with patients and their relatives; their decisions are usually respected and ward staff have clearer guidance.

A decade later, I had returned to teaching English, my degree subject, at Sydenham School, a 1700-strong girls' comprehensive close to St. Christopher's. Each Christmas, the staff went carol-singing around the neighbourhood to raise funds for the hospice, where we finished our tour, singing for the patients and staff we were keen to acknowledge and support. Later still, living in Irvine, California, I trained as a hospice-at-home volunteer at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic hospital, where the extraordinary nuns who taught us used the Myers-Briggs personality classifications to open our eyes to the differences we would encounter among patients in their approach to life and to death; they also radically viewed the behaviour of the psychopaths and criminals among us as an expression of those dangerous and destructive urges that are in all of us, but that we 'respectable' citizens suppress and refuse to own. They challenged our notions of 'self' and 'other' and taught us *how to be silent, how to listen and how just to be there* – a vital lesson advocated by Dame Cicely herself.

In 1997, this last lesson in just being there enabled me to watch by my 94-year-old mother's bedside as she died, not in a hospice, but on a geriatric ward at Thameside Hospital; in her last days there, she received the same tender loving care from the nurses as at St. Christopher's, but some of the younger doctors still had an unrealistic 'operate at all costs and ignore the wishes of the patient' mindset and struggled with pain control. My sisters and I resisted the pressure to persuade our mother to consent to an operation that she categorically didn't want, and we waited sadly for the end. I was at her side for most of her last few days, and in the morning of the day she died, she said to me, 'They thought I was going to go last night, but I wasn't ready'. The hospital chaplain and I prayed with her later that morning and she seemed to find comfort from our prayers, though she was ostensibly still 'not ready'. I was devastated, therefore, when a short while later, I returned from a ten-minute trip to the hospital car park to feed the parking meter, to discover that she had died, alone and un-noticed by any of the staff, while I was away.

For years afterwards, I felt a huge burden of guilt, not only that I had failed her, but that I had let the rest of the family down, because they had relied on me to be with her at the end. I have to thank Dame Cicely once again for relieving me of that guilt. I heard her on the radio some time before she died herself in 2005, talking about the death of her own 94-year-old husband at St. Christopher's in 1995; like me, she had not been present at the moment of his passing, but unlike me, she understood that this is not uncommon, that the dying frequently make the choice to die without family members being present and will wait until they have gone away from the bedside; others, like my mother, will choose to die altogether alone, without either family and hospital or hospice staff at their side.

cont.....

Lest We Forget cont.....

This is now well-recognised by those working in palliative hospice care, but it needs to be better communicated and understood both by relatives and those caring for the dying in other settings, particularly during this current Covid-19 crisis. Sadly though, hospices remain the Cinderella service of our national social care provision; their voices are being ignored when we are so much in need of the wise counsel and support they can offer, both to bereaved relatives and to distressed and exhausted hospital staff during this vicious pandemic. It's estimated that hospice care nationwide costs £2.7 million per day, and they have received minimal government support in the past; despite a £200 million cash injection at the beginning of April they remain heavily reliant on the efforts of volunteer fundraisers like Roy and me to stay afloat financially – a source that is normally augmented by numerous fundraising activities in the summer months, but which has now all but dried up and is unlikely to recover, even if measures to ease the current lockdown continue to be introduced over the coming months.

If we can make just a small contribution to keeping our hospices open and able to do the wonderful work that they have so selflessly continued to do throughout this Covid-19 emergency, Dame Cicely's memory will have been honoured. She died peacefully herself at St. Christopher's in 2005.

Sandra MacDonald

Some of the participants of the Zoom coffee morning on Sunday 14 June.





Pedalling for the Shakespeare Hospice

Faced with the prospect at the beginning of the lockdown of how to enter into a daily rhythm and routine to keep sane and healthy I made the decision to cycle every day for ninety minutes plus to raise funds for the Shakespeare Hospice. This was not a difficult decision since I was already planning in my mind what major long distance ride I was going to undertake this year for the hospice. Since being Mayor in 2006/07 I have undertaken a major annual ride for the hospice and so riding during lockdown meant that I was simply bringing this forward with a similar challenge of endurance.

I set myself a target of covering approximately 900 miles (the equivalent of cycling from John 'O' Groats to Land's end) and on course to raise in the region of £3,000. This involved cycling every day (with the occasional rest day) to different parts of the Stratford district embracing Halford, Shipston, Alderminster, Pebworth, Welford on Avon, Bidford on Avon, Wootton Wawen, Snitterfield, Loxley, Wellesbourne and Alcester.

At the beginning of the lockdown for a number of weeks it was like cycling on Christmas Day with no traffic to speak of on the roads and a cyclist's paradise. I was meeting fellow cyclists from all directions plus numerous joggers and walkers. Cyclists and pedestrians had regained supremacy on the road network.

This was not, however, to last for long as restrictions began to lift and motorists returned to the roads with a vengeance, and in many cases using the roads as if they were on a Formula 1 circuit. From experience this is when you have to have your wits about you. The road brigade says, that on major roads you can expect some "near misses". This was my experience especially negotiating with traffic on roundabouts. The cycle lanes on the arterial roads offer some safety and security but one can still feel intimidated by the proximity and speed of traffic which is frightening. In some areas the cycle lanes are not always continuous and often covered with surface grit. I did, however, survive the ninety two days without a puncture. For the whole journey I found my mind focused on the traffic, avoiding pot holes, uneven drains and grit, with a constant awareness of how vulnerable you are. Occasionally you could take in the countryside views and on the whole the weather was generally benign. At times every muscle in my body was straining, sweat stinging in my eyes, breathing more than I ever have, almost needing a ventilator! Drawing on hidden reserves of energy and shovels of grit, you are the engine of your machine that requires finding a rhythm that suits you. There is, however, something about the rolling rhythm of cycling which is irresistible. At eighty two years old you have to ask yourself. Why do it? For fun, for a challenge, out of interest, escaping the boredom of lockdown or for a charity? Well having competed in athletics at international level and in the pre Olympic squad for the 1968 Games I am grateful, despite having undergone brain surgery in 1974, that I still have that competitive strength, determination and grit to put to a cause that is so dear to my heart – the Shakespeare Hospice. Why do it?

Firstly, like most charities the hospice is suffering a shortfall in its revenue to support the vital services it provides, such as advice on pain and symptom control, complimentary therapies, counselling, spiritual care and diversional therapies. Secondly, it only receives 11% of its funding from the state and is in urgent need of funding for PPE while Covid-19 government help will not cover 100% of its costs. The third reason is a personal one from having a lifelong interest in palliative care since training as a medical student in London and on a placement at the St. Christopher's Hospice where I met the late Dame Cecily Saunders regarded as the mother of the modern hospice movement – she chartered new approaches in techniques for treatment of the terminally ill, based on her Christian belief that no human life, no matter how wretched, should be denied dignity and love.

cont.....

Pedalling for the Shakespeare Hospice cont.....

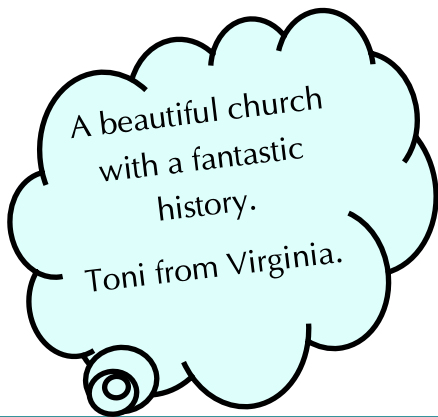
Cecily Saunders knew that when we come to die, we may experience two kinds of pain: physical pain, which in most cases can be effectively controlled by the expert use of modern drugs; and a less easily controlled spiritual pain (what she called "soul pain") where one's very identity seems to be disintegrating and where one needs to be heard and reassured that life has made sense and been of value:

"You matter because you are you, and you matter to the last moment of your life" was Cecily Saunders' constant theme.

My support for the Shakespeare Hospice is therefore based on a lack of strategy, a lack of impetus, and a lack of sustainable funding for high quality end-of-life care in England. There is a need for the adoption and implementation of a strategy that makes high quality end-of-life care a national priority. It is simply not acceptable to be surprised that people die.

We are all on the same journey: let us make it together, to the very end.

Rev. Dr. Roy Lodge



From our visitors' book.



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WINDOW ON THE WORLD



Seventy-five years since the end of World War II. We did our best, in the last edition, to celebrate VE day – just as many did on the day itself, despite the restrictions they faced. And all the more passionately because of the parallels between a war and a pandemic.

The two are by no means identical, though NHS frontliners must often have felt the similarities. But one thing unites them, and that is the psychological damage that follows, and can last a long time. As (just) a “war child” myself, I am aware of how difficult it must have been for parents in the later 1940s to bring up children normally. Some had suffered post-traumatic stress disorder. Many had faced separation anxiety from loved ones on active service. To create stable, loving families out of such a background must have taken all that they had got, and often a good deal more.

The poet Philip Larkin famously wrote “They mess you up, your mum and dad....But they were messed up in their turn” (though he used a rather ruder word than “mess”). I wonder how many of us still bear the scars from that.

For some of us, perhaps, lockdown has given an opportunity to reconsider the influences that have made us what we are. To be personal for a moment, I remember how much my own emotional development depended on my grandmother rather than my parents. When she died, just as I entered my teens, I was bereft. What saved me was that I was emotionally “fostered” by another, younger family in the church. I clung to them like a leech. It was only when I left home to go to university – an experience which may not be at all the same for many in the rising generation, with online-only lectures and so on – that I was really able to start growing up.

I have often expressed in this column my concerns about the generation gap. It may well be a good deal wider now that it was then. But if, for me, the church was the place where that gap could be bridged, then so it can surely be again. A place where young people may, if they need them, safely find supplementary or substitute “families”.

One place where young and old work particularly closely together is the choir. Getting our choir “on song” again is vital, not only for our worship and our outreach, but for the huge opportunities for personal growth which it offers to our young people (and to the adults who sing alongside them). There are other opportunities also. To take two examples, bellringing (a long-forgotten skill) played a part in my own story, and Trinity Players does so for a number of young people today.

St Paul wrote powerfully about how the Body of Christ can “break down the wall of division”. In his situation, that wall was between Jews and Gentiles. Today, there are many other divisions, but that between young and old is one that seems particularly relevant.

I hope that we adults can (wherever safe opportunities arise) be as patient with our young people as that family was, who demonstrated the love of Christ when I clung to them like a leech. Growing up has never been easy, not in recent times anyway. Now, as we hopefully move into a new post-pandemic world, it will be harder than ever. It is surely part of the mission of the Body of Christ to heal the “messes” and the scars.



NEWS FROM UGANDA

Our new Mission Partners had barely landed in Arua - Uganda when their lockdown began. Tom, Verity, Ezra, Eli, Simeon and Joel have sent their latest report of life in Uganda

Hi Everyone,

We've somehow been in Arua now for just over two months, the majority of which have been spent in some form of lockdown. As I'm sure will be familiar for many of you, the days here have been passing by in a bit of a blur and even though we can't really go anywhere, it's a bit hard to account for where the last couple of months have gone!

Uganda has been in lockdown since 30 March with the following restrictions: no handshakes or hugs (a big thing in this part of the world), no public transport carrying passengers (ie cargo only), no private cars allowed on the roads (unless an approval sticker for key workers etc), nationwide curfew 7pm to 6:30am, no gatherings of more than five people, the closure of all non-food shops and non-food markets, no religious gatherings, no exercise outside your home.

The first of these restrictions came in before there was a case confirmed here and taking strict measures so quickly seems to have worked, with a recent community survey confirming that there is no significant community transmission of COVID at all. There have been over 200 confirmed cases of around 20,000 tested, 95% of whom are truck drivers screened at the border. There have been no deaths at all as yet.

Whilst this is great news to be celebrated on the one hand, we are also acutely aware of the impact of lockdown on communities here. Access to hospital and health centres (normally relatively easy on a motorbike taxi (aka boda)) has become very difficult. Boda drivers are afraid of being beaten for carrying passengers and one boda driver was recently shot dead, in the South of the country, by an apparently rogue security officer when carrying a pregnant lady. Not only does the transport issue affect people who are acutely unwell, but it also places a barrier to those needing to go to the health centre for HIV services, antenatal clinics and other more routine health issues. Add to this the loss of income for hand-to-mouth workers, the increased food prices and the high levels of deprivation locally and you can easily see why the lockdown itself will be causing significant problems for so many people in the poorer communities. We pray for wisdom for those in power as they try to strike a balance between the strict measures working so well to avoid COVID in the community and the damage caused by the prolonged lockdown.

Although arriving in Uganda at this time has made the transition more complex, we are so thankful to God for getting us here at this time. It's been frustrating for Tom that he can't get stuck into work, but having him around at home to help the boys as they struggle to adjust to life in a new culture has been an unexpected benefit for all of us. Ezra has found the move particularly difficult and his mood volatility has been hard to manage at times. The boys have all really enjoyed getting to spend extra time with their Daddy - or 'agun' as Joel wanders around the house calling after him.

We've settled into a bit of a daily rhythm of homeschooling in the morning with the older two while Tom is usually engaged in playing some kind of make-believe game involving Paw Patrol or PJ Masks with the younger two. The boys don't always come to school with great eagerness to learn but the routine has definitely been helpful for us all. Both boys loved their school and classes back in the UK and we were so grateful for the work of their teachers. It took us a while to come round to the idea of homeschooling here but we're so thankful that we have a resource package we can follow each week. It's been a real joy to see the boys getting really excited and engaged in certain lessons- favourites are currently English and Geography, as well as science lessons with Granny via WhatsApp. Ezra has a fantastic imagination and when we can get him to sit still and focus for long enough, to write the words down, in the middle of his constant fidgeting and beatboxing, he's produced some great work. Eli's been joining in for a good number of the lessons and currently has a bit of an obsession with homophones!



cont.....

Life here is much more communal than in the UK. We have our doors and windows open all the time and life is lived much more in the public eye. Noble, our watchman, lives on site as he's not local to Arua and we have a lovely local lady, Milly, coming for a few hours Monday to Friday to help us round the house, arriving sometime before 8am. Whenever we leave the compound, we are watched as we walk along and often have people peering in through the perimeter hedge just to see what we're up to. People seem to find it especially entertaining when one of the boys (usually Simeon) decides to have a screaming fit, as children here don't really cry. We know that they aren't being offensive or rude, it's just part of the culture here but it's something we've had to pray for grace and love for as it's not easy to deal with.

The position of our compound is an interesting one and we're praying into how God wants to use us in this specific place that he's provided to be our home. On one side we have welders and mechanics, at least a few of whom chew Khat - a leaf stimulant drug, local to East Africa - through the day causing them to get louder and more uninhibited as the day goes on. On the other side we have a carpenter's workshop and a few little shops, one of which has a bench at the back, bordering our hedge, where people hide away to drink alcohol. The owner has a large speaker which blasts out music to attract customers anytime from 6am and often, bizarrely, starts especially early on a Sunday morning, broadcasting hymns and a church service from one of the local radio stations. The front of the house is bordered by one of the main roads into town, with a motorbike station and forest opposite, where a group of men gather to smoke some kind of drugs through the day.

None of this seems out of the ordinary though - these things just seem to be an accepted part of life here and we feel very safe where we are. The position of our compound means we don't have to go far to meet people and begin to make connections. There are a good number of little shops up the road, leading to a local market where we're getting to know some of the sellers. We know a lovely lady, Mauri, who owns a shop outside our house and her mother, Zilipa, who is often in charge and speaks no English, which has been great for practising our Lugbara. We go out most days for walks along the dirt roads, in the neighbourhood behind our house and are getting to know some regular faces as we become familiar with the area. Having a baby on my back or small person in tow is a great ice breaker as they love babies and small children here.



Our new swing has provided hours of entertainment (and a fair few arguments too) during lockdown.

Prayer points

- Wisdom for how to engage positively with our neighbours and share God's love with them.
- Continued peace for us all as we settle into life here.
- Wisdom for Tom in how to spend his time in lockdown, dividing his time between language learning, being with the boys and preparing for the medical role.
- Daily-filling-up with God's love and grace as we interact with the people around us.
- Thanks for David and Heather looking out for us and for the few missionary families we've met locally who've welcomed us and have children similar ages to ours whom they can play with.

cont.....

News from Uganda cont.....

I was challenged this week when I was talking (complaining) to Milly about the monotony of life here at the moment, that every day is the same and we can't really 'do' much. I realised she had no idea what I was talking about – from her point of view we have so much to be thankful for and the relative stability is a good thing - no-one is ill, we have money to buy food, she has a job to go to, we are blessed with children and a lovely home. This idea of our identity being so wound up in our daily accomplishments and what we 'do' is something we are learning to let go of, instead trying to grow in our identity as children of God and bringing our boys up to know his love.

Thank you so much for all your support and prayers– we are so grateful to God for all of you and we really do love to hear from you and pray for you in return.

Blessings,

Tom, Verity, Ezra, Eli, Simeon and Joel



Talking to Children about Death and Dying

In three short months the Covid-19 pandemic has changed our world in ways that few people could have predicted. More families will be affected by the death of someone dear to them. Many of us have become aware of large numbers of people doing vital jobs, many with young families, dying at a younger age than we once expected. Even the biblical 'three score years and ten' seemed like a relatively short life until 2020 and Covid-19.

It's a cliché to say that in the 21st century it's easier to talk about sex than death, but that has to change. For adults involved with children, whether family members or teachers, it's partly driven by the desire to protect children from the harsh reality of death or from being hurt by it. It sometimes feels safer to say nothing than to risk making things worse by saying the wrong thing. Saying nothing, or deflecting questions, or constantly trying to take a child's mind off it, means that they may be left confused. If they ask questions about the practical physical aspects of death ("what happens to someone's teeth when they die?") they need answers pitched at a level they can cope with, according to age and stage, and emotional maturity. *Not* giving answers leaves their imagination filling in the gaps, and sometimes this is worse, or more scary, than the reality.

Perhaps a few guiding principles can help to give adults confidence to talk to children about death and dying, to comfort and support them.

1. Be as honest and straightforward as you can when children ask for information.
2. Try not to fall back on explanations that equate 'death' with 'sleep'. It can make children fearful about sleeping and going to bed.
3. Help children to understand the permanence of death. However great the loss, it is irreversible and children need to be able to accept this.
4. Reassure children that it was not their fault, that nothing they did could have made it happen. Neither they, nor anyone else could have done anything to prevent it happening.
5. Recognise that children will not just feel 'sad', but will experience a wide range of emotions. Anger, confusion, denial, exhaustion, defiance, guilt, anxiety, are just a few of them.

Dr. L Willetts

Why Does the Devil Have All the Best Music?

Well, he doesn't, just listen to the wide range of wonderful music played in churches all around the world. How many of us can't wait for the time when we can again sit in church hearing the choir and organ in full flow? But what about rock, pop and other genres of music not written specifically for the church. Is there room for faith amongst the Sex and Drugs and Rock & Roll? Well, as Phil pointed out in last month's magazine, the lyrics of The Byrds' 'Turn, Turn, Turn' are taken directly from Isaiah.



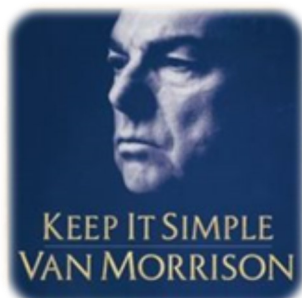
During the lockdown, I've taken the opportunity to listen to a lot of music, using a popular streaming service. Not only catching up on some old favourites from the past but dipping into the back catalogues of some of my favourite acts, listening to albums I've never heard before (hands up anyone who can honestly claim to have listened to Bob Dylan's entire extensive back catalogue). Listening to Dylan's album 'Shot of Love', I came upon 'Property of Jesus'. Dylan's rasping voice spitting out the powerful lyrics over the driving rhythms of his backing band:

*'Go ahead and talk about him because he makes you doubt,
Because he has denied himself the things that you can't live without.*

*Laugh at him behind his back just like the others do,
Remind him of what he used to be when he comes walkin' through.
He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone'*

This got me thinking about other faith inspired pop and rock songs. Most people will have heard Cat Stevens' moving version of 'Morning Has Broken', accompanied by Rick Wakeman's wonderful piano playing. But have a listen to 'The Meeting', with the wistful singing of Jon Anderson (of Yes) accompanied by Rick's sublime piano.

Some songs are overtly religious, such as prog rock's Barclay James Harvest's 'Hymn' (1977) or Van Morrison and Cliff Richard – 'Whenever God Shines his Light'. But others are not so obvious and are somewhat ambiguous. My favourite love song of all time is probably Van Morrison's 'Have I Told You Lately'. But then, on learning that Van the Man is a committed Christian, I thought 'what if the song is really a love song to God?'. Listening from that perspective brings a whole new meaning and power to the lyrics. From the disco era, listen to Donna Summer's hypnotic version of 'State of Independence'. If you are lucky enough to find the remarkable 1985 live version, recorded in Los Angeles, as the song builds to its climax, Donna shouts out John 3:16, 'For God so loved the world'. It makes the hairs stand up on the back of my neck.



cont.....

Why does the devil have all the best music? cont....

I have to admit that I am not really a lyrics man and am generally more interested in the instrumental parts of a song. I can't count the number of times I listened to U2's 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' before, hearing the live version recorded in a church and accompanied by a gospel choir, on their Rattle and Hum album, I looked up the lyrics:



'You broke the bonds

And loosened the chains

Carried the cross of my shame, of my shame

You know I believe it'



Bono, a committed Christian, did admit that he wasn't exactly sure what it was he was looking for, 'but it did kinda fit the music'.

I'm absolutely positive that there are many, many more great faith inspired songs out there. If this article inspires you to go out and investigate for yourselves, please let me know what you find. Then we can finally put to bed the myth that the Devil has all the best music.

Paul Lageu



SLEEPING BELLS

by Jo Langford



Walking by the church,
I looked up at the whitewashed tower.
White doves flapped and fluttered,
Jackdaws croaked and crackled.
And I could almost hear those bells,
Rustling, whispering in their metal cage,
Impatient to get moving.
Stretching cramped limbs, yawning,
Humming complex methods under their breath,
Yearning to shift, to sway,
To swing, to turn circle
In joyous abandon, and signal
To the world that they were free.
Wait awhile, be patient.
That time will come.
Until then, spiders stretch their silk
Over clappers and headstocks,
And slumbering sleep returns.

Jo, who is a member of our bell-ringing team, tells us "I've been ringing bells since I was a Girl Guide in Cheshire. When I moved to Stratford-upon-Avon in 2003, I heard the bells and was reminded that I could always find friendly faces in a ringing chamber."

IN THE CARIBBEAN – 3



Nevis

Exploring the Caribbean aboard the little schooner, *The Amazing Grace*, carrying provisions to six tall sailing ships, we now reached Nevis. It was early morning when we sighted its mountain tops hugged by white clouds like snow which allegedly inspired Columbus to name the island Nieve ('snow' in Spanish). We walked the gangplank to the ship's launch and then had to wade ashore carrying our shoes!

A minibus whizzed us round hairpin bends up to the Montpelier Hotel, once a favourite holiday spot for Princess Diana and her sons and originally built as the owner's house for a large sugar plantation. Nevis was for some time the first point of arrival for the African slaves before their dispersal to suffer the brutal treatment of enforced labour throughout the Caribbean. In 1788 when the sugar crop failed some four-hundred slaves died of starvation on the Montpelier estate.

Nearby stands the Fig Tree church where Horatio Nelson married Fanny Nisbet, widow of a Nevis physician. The young Nelson was then a sea captain defending British interests against increasing American competition and was known for his opposition to abolition. For him the emancipation of slaves threatened the collapse of an enormously wealthy industry and he didn't take kindly to clergy who defended them. We wandered freely in the Montpelier gardens, among abundant poinsettias which make their own silent memorial to the sad injustices of the past. Ruins of the windmill and the sugar boiling house remain.

Many of the churches on Nevis immortalise the slaves. St James' Church was the first in the world to exhibit the crucified figure of Christ as a black slave, causing a scandal. That figure is now replicated in other churches on the island as *Christus Victor*, arms raised aloft and wearing the crown of glory as the divine liberator. The comparative ease with which the African slaves embraced the gospel is remarkable. Maybe what appealed was the promise of heaven and that they identified with the Old Testament story of the liberation of the Israelites. The theme of crossing the Jordan into heaven was soon taken up in their spiritual songs.

Already in the 17th century the Anglicans had established five wooden-built churches on Nevis, later rebuilt in massive chunky stones. The ruins of Cottle



Christus Victor



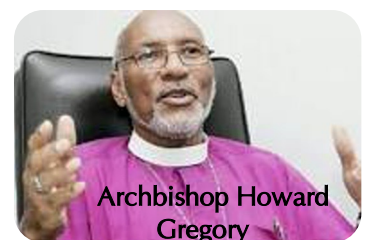
Cottle Church

church remain, with neither roof nor doors. This was the first church where slaves and their masters worshipped together, effectively the very first act of desegregation in the Caribbean. It was built by English planter Thomas Cottle for his family and his beloved slaves to worship together. A plaque on the rear wall lists the names and ages of all the slaves in the congregation, ranging from 4-years-old to 79. The ruins are still a popular venue for weddings of mixed race.

The Anglican Church in the Province of the Caribbean is spread through eight dioceses with newly appointed Archbishop Howard Gregory presiding from Jamaica and maintaining an active concern for social justice where the fragile economy depends so much on tourism and the banana trade.

Back on *The Amazing Grace* after a very full day we found that one of the tall sailing ships, the *Polynesia*, had moored alongside for the transfer of supplies.

Once again it was a case of walking the narrow gangplank to go on board to admire the mahogany décor and the polished brass fittings and to look up through the towering rigging to the blue sky and to enjoy the sharing of 'rum swizzles' with the adventurous young people on board before we ourselves set sail once more into the setting sun.



Archbishop Howard Gregory



It is better to light a single candle than curse the darkness

The current pandemic is affecting all our lives in many ways and it is not surprising that the news and leader articles in newspapers and magazines are focused on the pandemic and its impacts.

But the issues that affected us before the pandemic have not gone away. And that particularly applies to the climate emergency. It is true that the level of CO2 emissions has fallen as less travelling is being done. The International Energy Agency forecasts that the world will use 6% less

energy this year but the resulting fall in CO2 emissions will still only bring us back to levels experienced in 2010.

After the financial crash emissions fell by 800m tonnes but then in 2010 as the economy recovered there was a sharp increase of 10% which took us back to where we would have been without the reduction. So, the key area of focus this time needs to be how we can manage the recovery from Covid -19 in a green way.

Trying to solve the whole problem is exceedingly difficult but if every individual, organisation and government focuses on what they can do we can all have an impact. As you may have a little more time to stop and think now, perhaps a plan for how you will come out of the pandemic in a green way is worth doing.

Think about what has had to change over the last three months that has led to you reducing your impact on the planet.

Perhaps you now go for a daily walk when previously you always used a bus or car. When life gets back to normal could you maybe walk to church on a Sunday or walk to a friend and car share if the journey to church is too long?

If you are fortunate to have a garden maybe you have been spending more time caring for it. Could you look to cultivate plants that support nature and wildlife, particularly bee friendly plants.

Have you changed your diet or started to buy more local fresh products as the weekly big shop may have been affected by access to stores and empty shelves? Could you support local farm shops, continue to bake your own bread and cakes once life gets back to normal?

The pandemic has impacted some people in horrible ways with income loss and frightening concerns about how bills will be paid in the future. However, others have not seen their income reduced but may have had expenditures on things like holidays or new cars cancelled. Those fortunate to be in that second category could think if some of these savings could be invested in ways to reduce your carbon footprint such as LED bulbs, insulation, eco friendly boilers or a switch to a green energy supplier. Or even donated to a green charity or a carbon offsetting organisation.

If we all pick something positive, however small, that is achievable for us in the circumstances we find ourselves in then we can help to ensure that, unlike in 2010, the recovery does not take us straight back onto the previous path of annually increasing emissions and rises in global temperatures.

Peter Evans, Stratford Methodist Church



SIGN LANGUAGE



My thanks to Crucifer Chris Cornford for this sign spotted in Liskeard in Cornwall. *Well, I'll be blown!*

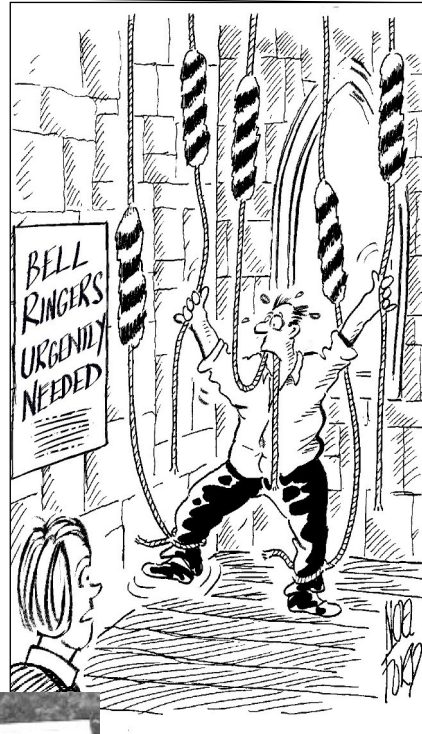
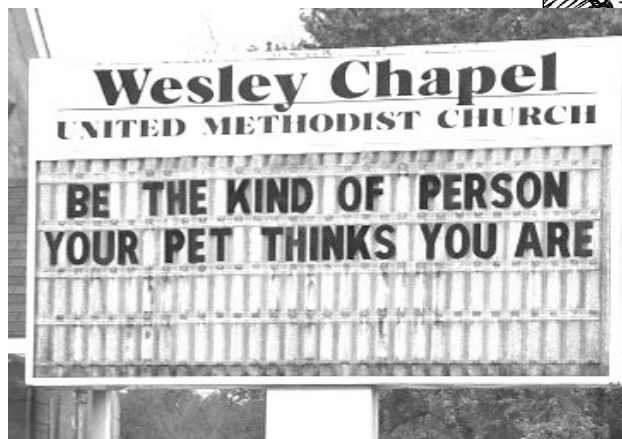
Staff notice observed in a supermarket in Weymouth: "All girls with long hair must be tied up."

Shop sign: Hey, I'll be back in five minutes. If I'm not, please read this message again.

A LETTER writer to The Guardian recalling his favourite newspaper correction: "Due to a mishearing on the telephone, we reported that, after the wedding, Mr and Mrs (name withheld) would be living with the bride's father. They will, in fact, be living at the Old Manse."

Vacancy for refuse collector: No special training required. You pick it up as you go along. *Daily Mail*

An item from the *Arbroath Herald* about the city's upcoming festival: The 2020 celebrations kick off with a musical concert at Arbroath Abbey on Saturday 4th of April. A secret concert will also take place, but full details are yet to be released. *Radio 4 News Quiz*



Compiled by Pat Pilton

"We're ready when you are, George"

Apologies:

This item appeared minus its punchline in last month's page. Notice from the Devon Village Facebook Group in Scotland: **Has anyone found a hearing aid on the green. If you should come across one, please give me a shout.**

Offer from a free recycling website in Leeds: **Offer. Padlock with no key. Could be useful for aspiring escapologist.**

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Prayer or Reading for today

God, thank you for the privilege of being part of your great work here on earth. Show me what it means to be a living stone, called out of darkness into your marvellous light.

Amen

Prayer from the gate of St Helen's Church, Clifford Chambers.

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The Revd Graham Wilcox	01789 551 759	The Revd Diane Patterson	01789 266 453
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Church Team Leaders:	David White, Sherron Guise and Sarah Cushing		

Parish Administrators:	Rebecca Rumsey	01789 266 316	rebecca.rumsey@stratford-upon-avon.org
	Sarah Cushing	01789 266 316	

Bookkeeper:	Wendy Steinheimer	01789 266 316	wendys@stratford-upon-avon.org
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Director of Music:	Douglas Keilitz	douglas.keilitz@stratford-upon-avon.org	
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Gift Shop:	Heather White	01789 264 598	heather.white@stratford-upon-avon.org
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Church Wardens

Hilda Craig	01789 551 234	Paul Lageu	01789 298 302
Hilary Newman	01789 296 771	Rhod Mitchell	07983 985 474

Village Contacts

All Saints', Luddington	Jane Beeley	01789 269 618
St. Helen's, Clifford Chambers	Pat Woolvin	01789 264 256

Other Contacts

Head Server	Chris Cornford	01789 295 066
Bell Ringers	Charles Wilson	01789 295 467
Bereavement Support Team	Gina Lodge	01789 204 850
Safeguarding Officer	Jane Armitage	01789 297 652
Trinity Ladies	Gina Lodge	01789 204 850
Electoral Roll Officer	Tim Raistrick	01789 509 885
Friends of Shakespeare's Church	Alan Haigh	01789 290 128
Holy Trinity in the Community	Steve Jarvis	01789 266 316
Lay Chaplains	Keith Payne	01789 266 316
PCC Secretary	Miriam Dow	01789 417 852
PCC Treasurer	Mike Warrillow	01789 298 928
Friends of the Music	Josephine Walker	01789 266 316
Home Communion	Steve Jarvis	01789 266 316
Stewardship Officer	Chris Kennedy	01789 299 785
Trinity Players	Ursula Russell	01789 204 923
Trinity Tots	Phil Harper	07791 005 696
Pastoral Contact Co-ordinator	Gillian Nunn	01789 415 830
Welcome Team	Helen Warrillow	01789 298 928
Sunday Coffee organisers	Tina Hillyard	01789 551 739
	Diane Edwards	01789 296 396

"I have told you these things, so that in me you may have peace.

In this world you will have trouble. But take heart!

I have overcome the world."

John 16:33



Enjoying the peace of lockdown

Lord, I come before you ready to pour out my worries, anxieties and fears at Your feet.
I am claiming and declaring Your promises for blessings of peace and strength over my life.
Bring peace into my soul that passes all worldly understanding and make me a light for others to
see Your strength.