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Parish Announcement

Due to current Covid19 restrictions there are some changes in the times we are able to gather as a community.

- The buggy group is sadly suspended until further notice.
- The youth group will share dates and times of one-off events shortly.
- We continue to share online worship every day on either the church or the Vicar's FB page.
- We continue to share Sunday Worship at 9.00 on the FB pages and from 10.00 on YouTube.

Please call Nigel for any further information.

<https://www.facebook.com/vicar.stmargarets.streatley/>

PRIVATE PRAYER

The church is open on Monday and Wednesday between 11.00 and 1.00 for private prayer, and Sundays between 10.30 and 12.00 or privately by arrangement.

From the Vicarage

April 2021

As I sit here, staring out of the office window, I realise that something powerful is happening. Spring is pushing its way through the ground and it's giving me glimpses of real colour and hope, amidst all of the gloom. Flowers that I haven't even planted are courageously fighting for space amongst the frosty grass, dog toys, my daughters Art Show installations and Captain Chaos' diggers. And the flowers are thankfully winning.

It's strange to think that at the time of writing it's been nearly a year since we moved from Windsor to Luton. And it would be true to say that it probably wasn't what we had in mind at the beginning of 2020, when Covid 19 was the smallest of stories on the news, about 'a strange new type of flu affecting cruise ships in parts of Italy and Spain'. Who could possibly have predicted the cruel and devastating impact it would have on the whole world?

As always, in times like these, some people will ask, 'why has this happened?' and, 'why are innocent people suffering and dying?' There seems to be no justice in it. Yet, as a person of faith, I can't believe that God 'allowed' or willed this pandemic, any more than he allows any other disasters. They happen as part of a universe which includes death and destruction in its very fabric. But the Christian faith does have distinctive answers to such disasters. Our faith tells us that God never forsakes us, even when bad things happen. And as we approach Easter, it's a timely reminder that even Jesus felt forsaken on the cross. "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" he cried in anguish. But we also know that God had not forsaken him, and three days later He brought him to life again.

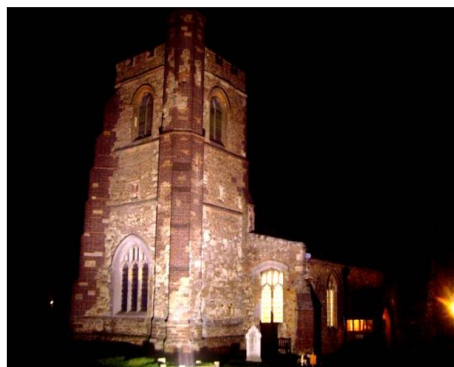
Whatever we face in life, we should know that God loves us from before we were born, throughout our lives here on earth, and then into eternity. He is our rock and an unchanging friend in the storms of life. God revealed his power over death and destruction when He brought Jesus to a new and glorious life, on the first Easter morning. His victory brings us the promise of new life in His presence and reassures us that nothing can separate us from the love of God, in Christ Jesus.

So finally - one year in - a massive thank you to all of you who have been so supportive in helping us to be the Church, albeit differently, in these strange days. And hopefully my second year musings from the vicarage will be a different message altogether.

With every good wish and blessing,
Revd Nigel and Rosie.

St ***Margaret's Church, Streatley***

Wedding



Funerals/Cremations

John William Green
Frederick William Bourne
John Alan Cook
Peter Stanley Kindred

Gary Henry George Dunthorne
Ian Franklin
Philip Payne

Tower Light Sponsorship

20th March In loving memory of our dear dad, Corinne and Barbie
Stan Stacey

17th April Celebrating our friend Janice Clare Powell
Waters' 90th birthday

*To celebrate or commemorate a special occasion, please contact
Clare Powell by 1st the previous month, on 01462 811165.
Sponsorship £5 per week.*

Altar Sponsorship

4 th	Joyce	In loving memory of my dear	March
April	Greener	husband, Stephen Greener's	31 st
		birthday	

*Would you like to sponsor flowers for the Altar pedestal to celebrate a special occasion such as a birthday, wedding, anniversary, christening, or any other celebration or may be in memory of a loved one?
There is a record of sponsorship in a book on the chest in the Cross Aisle in Church and as a token of thanks you will receive a commemorative*

card with a photograph. If you are interested, please contact Brenda on 01582 575 620 who will be happy to discuss your needs.



Buggy Group

Meets every Tuesday in term time
10.15am-11.30am at
St Margaret's Parish Centre
Lucas Gardens

children ages 0-3 years welcome
come along and make new friends

Enjoy a cup of tea or coffee,
juice for the children and a
biscuit with a sing song to
end the session. Different
puppet visits every week.

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Thursday morning

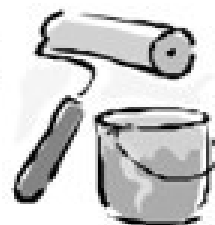
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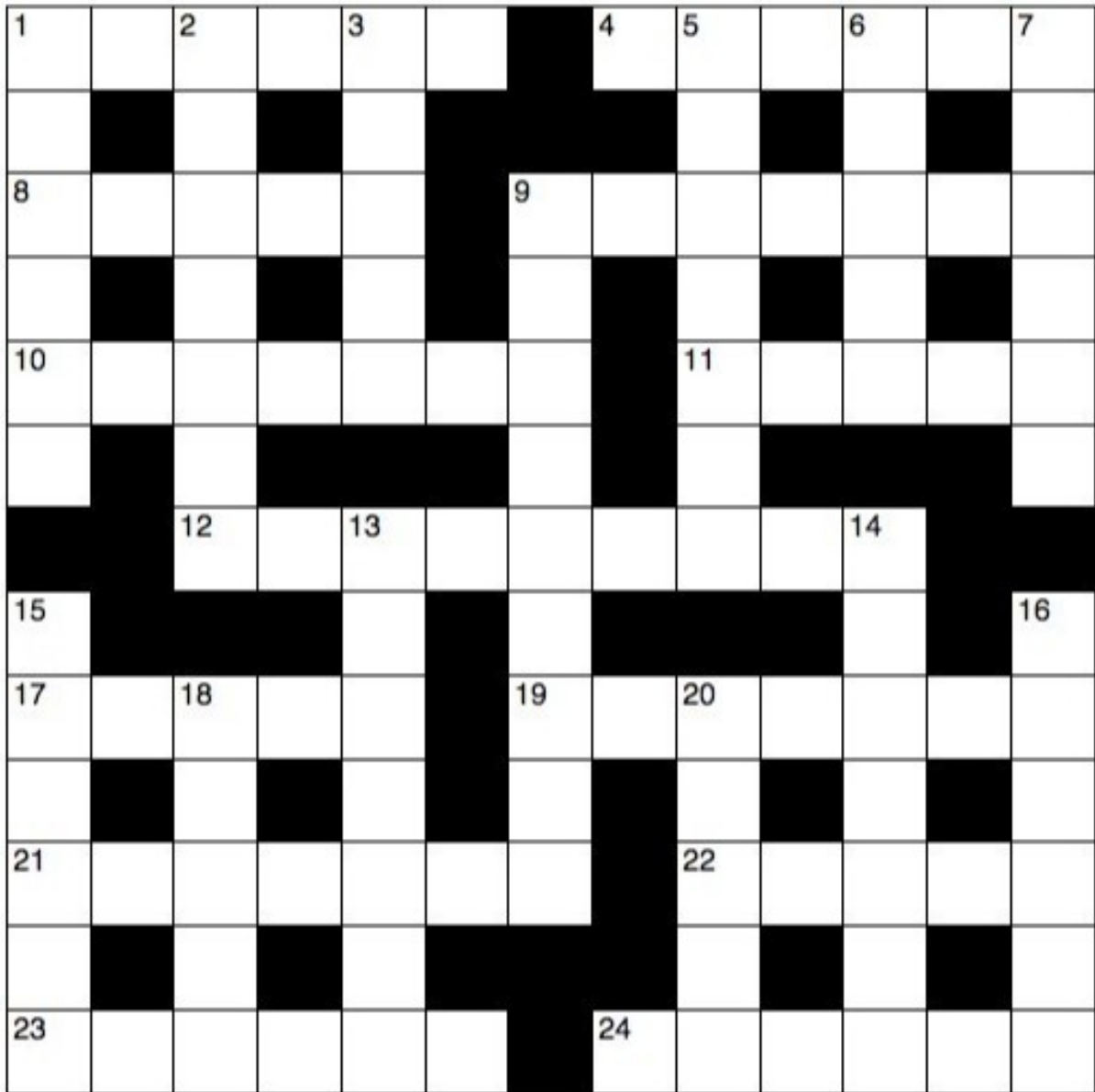
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CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 Relating to the whole universe (6)
- 4 The disciple who made the remark in 8 Across (John 20:24) (6)
- 8 'Unless I see the nail marks — — hands, I will not believe it' (John 20:25) (2,3)
- 9 He urged King Jehoiakim not to burn the scroll containing Jeremiah's message (Jeremiah 36:25) (7)
- 10 Baptist minister and controversial founder of America's Moral Majority, Jerry — (7)
- 11 'Look, here is — . Why shouldn't I be baptized?' (Acts 8:36) (5)
- 12 Repossessed (Gen 14:16) (9)
- 17 Port from which Paul sailed on his last journey to Rome

- (Acts 27:3-4) (5)
- 19 'Moses was not aware that his face was — because he had spoken with the Lord' (Ex 34:29) (7)
- 21 Roonwit, C.S. Lewis's half-man, half-horse (7)
- 22 Grill (Luke 24:42) (5)
- 23 'The lot fell to Matthias; so he was added to the — apostles' (Acts 1:26) (6)
- 24 'I was sick and you looked after me, I was in — and you came to visit me' (Matthew 25:36) (6)

Down

- 1 Coastal rockfaces (Psalm 141:6) (6)
- 2 Academic (1 Corinthians 1:20) (7)
- 3 Publish (Daniel 6:26) (5)
- 5 For example, the Crusades (4,3)
- 6 11 Across is certainly this (5)
- 7 He reps (anag.) (6)
- 9 Liberator (Psalm 18:2) (9)
- 13 Man who asked the question in 11 Across was in charge of all her treasury (Acts 8:27) (7)
- 14 They must be 'worthy of respect, sincere, not indulging in much wine' (1 Timothy 3:8) (7)
- 15 The human mind or soul (6)
- 16 'O Lord, while precious children starve, the tools of war increase; their bread is — ' (Graham Kendrick) (6)
- 18 'We played the flute for you, and you did not — ' (Matthew 11:17) (5)
- 20 Bared (anag.) (5)

DEADLINE FOR MAY 2021 PROCLAMATION

Sunday 4 April

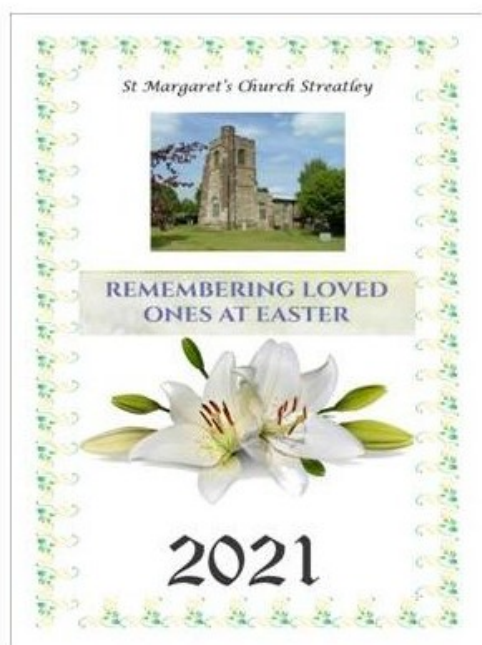
but earlier if possible, please.

Please send usual/potential contributions to
magazine.stmargarets.streatley@gmail.com.

NEW
EMAIL
ADDRESS

I would be grateful to receive contributions, where possible, in Word.

Thanks, Cathy Aizlewood



Remembrance Book 2021

Due to the continued Covid-19 restrictions it will not be possible to florally decorate the Church this Easter with the usual abundance of Easter lilies which means that the Lily Sponsorship will not happen. However we would still like to record and display the names of those to be remembered in the Remembrance Book displayed throughout the year in the cabinet in the Lady Chapel.

It you would like your loved one/s to be remembered and included in the 2021 Remembrance Book please email the name/s to Brenda (bdhuckleberry@aol.com or contact on 01582 575620). Thank you.

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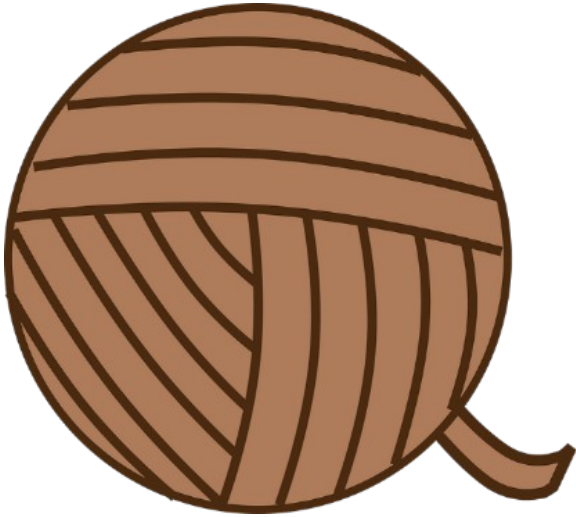
MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Our loyal and regular subscribers will be expecting a reminder that subscriptions are overdue for another year's worth of Proclamation.

Obviously in these strange times, the magazine is not being printed by the usual group of helpful ladies but the contributors and the Editor trust that many of you are getting to read it on line.

A decision on subscription renewal will be made when we see what happens next!

Wool please



*If anyone has spare wool which might be used
by the blanket knitters, can you please pass it
to Jean Flower.*

Thanks

To a Chaffinch.

I've waited here it seems like hours,
For you to fly down on the grass.
I've put out peanuts, sunflower hearts,
And now I see you land at last.

Your startling pink and wing bars white
Stand out alone from all the rest;
Exquisite in a man-made world,
Pure nature's beauty at its best.

Sweet chaffinch, stay awhile and sing
And let this restless life drift by.
Forget the world and all its cares,
And let it just be you and I.

Anon



"It's not quite as bad as it looks –
they're only withholding payment
until we publish our expenses."

"Give me joy in my heart, keep me singing!"

As our vicar Nigel tells us each Sunday, although we can't physically sing in Church, we must keep singing in our hearts. The words of so many hymns permeate our lives and give "Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow" (Great is Thy faithfulness)

"We love the place O God wherein Thine honour dwells" reminds us why we come each week to "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness".

There are so many moving stories behind the writing of our well loved hymns, written out of sorrow, despair, pain, thankfulness and praise.

"What a friend we have in Jesus" was written by a son living abroad, to his mother on her deathbed. He had suffered enormous personal tragedies, but wanted to remind her of her "never failing friend, Jesus Christ." in her last days.

When teenager Isaac Watts complained to his father about the monotonous way Christians sang the Psalms, his father, a leading deacon snapped back "Alright young man, you give us something better!" He endeavoured to! "O God our help in ages past" was a consequence! And how enriching are the lines "Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all." from "When I survey the wondrous Cross."

The story behind "Amazing Grace", and the testimony of John Newton's conversion and life as a Christian is well known.

Less well known is the story behind "O love that wilt not let me go" and its blind author George Matheson. He suffered deep trials of illness and rejection and out of a desperate situation his faith led him to write this beautiful hymn and place his hope and trust in the love of God.

The third verse speaks clearly of his anguish :-

"O joy that seekest me through pain
I cannot close my heart to Thee
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be."

John Greenleaf Whittier, a Quaker wrote an 18 verse poem called "The Brewing of Soma."
"Soma" was a ritual drink possibly with hallucinogenic properties and the poem declares that the intoxication of it does not bring men nearer to heaven.
The last 5 verses, which we know as "Dear Lord and Father of mankind" declare the merits of a sober life dedicated to God's will, seeking silence in order to hear the "still small voice" rather than "the earthquake, wind and fire."
Set to music by Hubert Parry, this is a firm favourite.

Personally I have many such favourites, and find the stories behind them interesting.
I'm happy to play requests whilst we cannot sing!

Remember to "Go in the Strength of the Lord!"

Barbara



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When thinking of those who experience food poverty, you may be surprised by whom it affects. We meet a wide variety of people such as students, families or even zero-hour contract workers who have suffered since Covid-19. For them, using the food bank gives them a break from thinking about not being able to afford food and spares them some time to plan their next steps into recovering from financial hardship. Whether they just lost their job, had an unexpected expense or have had their salary substantially reduced, the food bank offers them an opportunity of relief.

We often don't see the same people more than a couple of times as our job of helping them into a better position has been fulfilled. However, in some instances, the service we provide often comes around in a full circle. For instance, some of these who have had their lives positively impacted by the Luton Foodbank, proudly volunteer alongside as their way of giving back.

Until Luton becomes a food-secure town, your local foodbank is here for you. If you want to find out more about the Luton Foodbank services and how we may be able to help you, contact

info@lutonfoodbank.org.uk



St Margaret's Church, Streatley
25th February 2021
Support for the Luton Foodbank



Our socially distanced doorstep collection service on Thursday to the homes of our congregation and friends wishing to give donations was a resounding success once again with four car loads of non perishable food and other much needed items delivered to the very appreciative staff at the Luton Foodbank.

Thank you to everyone who helped in any way with donations, or organising collections and delivery to the Foodbank.

We shall continue to collect for the Luton Foodbank on a monthly basis on the last Thursday in the month.

Thank you all for your generosity and support

TIME LOCK

A cautionary tale of bad manners and their consequences.

An audio version of this story is available on audible, narrated by Julia Eve

Danny, whilst tidying his Great Gran's box room, finds some delicately painted postcards and an old framed photograph of a girl in Victorian dress. As he examines the cards, the girl appears in the room. She tells him her name is Kitty and asks if he would like to play a game with her. He rudely declines, calling the cards soppy and so she whisks him away to another time, where all the characters have come alive. He must find the one to help him get back to his own time. A girl called Phoebe steals his phone and Danny chases after her, upsetting a barrow boy, Johnny J and two policemen.

CHAPTER THREE

Danny jumped over the fence into the meadow.

"Oi," shouted the man collecting the entrance money. "You have to pay a penny."

But Danny didn't bother to stop. He didn't have a penny and he wanted to get away from the two policemen. If they caught him and put him in a cell, how would he find the person to help him unlock time? And he couldn't see Phoebe anywhere. What if she broke his phone or just threw it away? He had to find her. He mingled with the crowd. He saw Horace Giggle with his ferret in his pocket. He was happily sauntering along looking at the different sideshows. There were lots of striped tents, selling all kinds of things, sizzling onions and sausages, candyfloss and sweets. There was a tea tent, a coconut shy and other games to play, like skittles. He just didn't know where to start. He glanced over his shoulder and

saw the tall top hat of Sergeant Bright above the crowds heading his way.

Better hide he thought.

He darted inside the back of a white tent. He'd sit and check the pictures to see who else was in the pile.

"Ah, hello Charlie," piped a voice. Danny jumped. "Charlie?" he said.

He looked up to see a soldier in a bright red jacket and black trousers standing in front of him. He wore a peaked cap, small black boots and had a little black handlebar moustache drawn on his top lip. He looked quite pretty for a bloke. Danny looked closely and saw it wasn't a bloke at all, but a woman. He glanced at the next picture and saw her. The name was Tilly Topper.

"Yes," said Tilly, "you won the prize and are a clown for the afternoon."

"Am I?" replied Danny.

"Yes," said Tilly.

A big man suddenly strode into the tent from an entrance the other side. He had a large, flat face with grey whiskers either side, wore a pair of small round glasses and a fancy purple uniform with gold buttons, which only just did up across his bulging stomach. A matching cap perched on his bald head. He was the next picture. His name was Stanley Cronk and it looked like he stood in front of a brass band. He held a strange looking trumpet-like instrument in his hand.

"Ah, is this Charlie Nobbs, Tilly?" he boomed.

"Yes, Mr Cronk."

"Good, just in time. Buck up Charlie and get ready. There's quite a crowd outside, Tilly. They can't wait to hear you sing." He looked at Danny. "You're going to perform alongside the famous Music Hall star, Miss Tilly Topper."

What's a Music Hall star, thought Danny.

Mr Cronk pulled a large gold watch, on a chain, from inside his jacket.

"Five minutes, Miss Tilly."

“Yes, Mr Cronk.”

The man strode back outside.

Danny was about to protest, then decided he'd managed to upset nearly everyone else so far. Tilly might be the one to help him. He needed to keep her onside. He put the pictures in his pocket.

“Where's the clown stuff?” he said. It seemed like Charlie Nobbs, whoever he was, had changed his mind about being a clown.

Tilly took a pair of yellow and black check clown trousers, with bright red braces, big red shoes and a clown wig from a wooden chest. She gave them to Danny to put on and then gave him a small hat with a drooping red flower hanging over the brim. He looked at her as he changed.

So, she was some sort of singer, but why the men's clothes?

“Why are you dressed like a soldier?” he asked.

“I'm a male impersonator,” replied Tilly, opening a box of grease paints.

“A what?” said Danny. Tilly didn't bother to explain.

“Now hold still, whilst I paint your face.” He did what she asked. He'd never had his face painted before, not even as a little kid. It was weird. She worked really quickly and smelt nice, with a delicate perfume. He looked into a mirror when she'd finished. He had big red lips, a red spot on the end of his nose and big black eyebrows. He looked a right fool but didn't like to say so. “That will have to do,” she said.

“So what do I do now?” asked Danny, hoping it wasn't much.

“Exactly what I tell you,” said a sneering, nasal voice. Danny spun round and saw a man, dressed as a white clown, standing behind him. His white costume was spotless, with a few sparkling buttons and his face was painted white, with black lines around his eyes. He wore a small conical white hat. And on his hand he held a large red and blue Macaw.

“Say hello, McGuffin,” he said.

"Hello," squawked McGuffin. Danny didn't bother to reply. "Rude boy!" squawked the bird.

"He's all yours, Max," said Tilly. "I have to get ready." Was Max another picture? Danny couldn't look, as the clown trousers covered his jeans. He hoped not. Max and the Macaw seemed really mean. Suddenly there was the sound of a drum roll outside.

"It's time," said Tilly, picking up a rifle that had been leaning against the side of the costume box and putting on a pair of white gloves. She went to stand by the opening at the front of the tent. Danny shuffled after her. The clown shoes were a couple of sizes too big. He looked over her shoulder. A large crowd had gathered and stood in a huge semi-circle, leaving a large space of grass between them and the tent. A small brass band sat on the left hand side and Johnny J had his barrow on the right. He was doing well, selling his fruit. A small chair stood to the right by the opening. Some people sat on benches at the front of the crowd. Danny saw Augusta, Miss Marjorie, Flinders and the dentist right in the centre. Augusta held a giant ball of pink candyfloss and Miss Marjorie daintily sucked at one of her peaches. Horace Giggle stood in the crowd with some other lads his age. He also spied the cops standing near the back. Most people seemed to be gobbling food. Stanley Cronk strode out in front of the crowd and held the strange trumpet like thing to his mouth.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he bellowed. "Welcome to our Grand Fete of 1886. I hope you enjoy this afternoon's special entertainment and to begin, please welcome, straight from her successful run at the Hippodrome, your own, your very own, the wonderful, Miss Tilly Topper!"

The band began to play a military tune rather badly. Tilly marched out in front of the crowd. Everyone cheered. She began singing in her soprano voice, ignoring the mess the band made of her music. It was a song about a soldier on guard duty. She marched around with a comical walk, pretending almost to fall over at one point and then she did some clumsy

looking drill with her rifle, whilst still singing in her high pitched voice. She finished by standing smartly to attention and saluting the crowd. They loved her. Even Danny had to admit she was good. She marched off and Danny made way for her to return inside the tent.

“Good crowd,” she said and stood her rifle against the chair at the front.

Max stepped up beside Danny.

“Tilly will tell you when to come on,” he said.

Stanley Cronk walked in front of the crowd again with his speaking trumpet.

“And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome, also straight from his successful run at the Hippodrome, Max the White Clown, McGuffin his macaw and, um, Fathead, our competition winner, with some amazing flying and trickery.”

So I’m Fathead thought Danny. But he refused to get mad. Someone here might hold the key to unlock time.

Max swaggered out in front of the crowd, as the band started playing another tune, still rather badly. Tilly sat down in the chair with her rifle. McGuffin did some flying tricks, swooping low over the crowd and turning summersaults in the air. Max threw a ring high in the air and the bird caught it. The crowd clapped. He landed back on Max’s hand. Tilly signalled to Danny.

“You’re on now. Walk over and face Max. Watch out as there’s a small rabbit hole just there.” She pointed to a small hole in the grass, a short distance in front of her.

Danny stumbled outside. Straightaway everyone howled with laughter. It was difficult walking in the big shoes. He dodged the rabbit hole.

“Stay there, Fathead” said Max pointing, to a spot about two metres away, “and now for some more trickery.”

McGuffin soared into the air, flew round Danny and then swooped down and lifted his hat. He took off with it, flying round high in the sky, disappearing behind another tent, only to return from a completely different direction and putting the

hat back onto Danny's head. The crowd all clapped. Next the Macaw picked up a bucket. He circled above the crowd and then tipped it up. Some people screamed, expecting water but out fell pretty pieces of paper. The bird flew back and picked up another bucket. He flew and hovered above Danny.

"Shall he tip it?" shouted Max. "Shall he?"

"Yes," roared the crowd.

McGuffin tipped the bucket and this time drenched Danny with ice cold water. The crowd clapped and cheered.

Don't get mad thought Danny. But it was difficult. He'd never been this humiliated before. Usually it was him making fun of people. Max picked up some clubs and started juggling. He was good, doing all kinds of tricks. McGuffin watched from a perch just behind him. Finally Max threw one club high in the air. The Macaw flew up and caught it, dropping it back into Max's hand. The crowd cheered again. Suddenly Tilly was by Danny's side. She handed him three wooden balls, gave a smart salute and went to march off.

"What do I do with these?" asked Danny.

"Try and juggle. It doesn't matter if you can't. It's all part of the act." said Tilly and returned to her seat.

If the plan was to make Danny look even more stupid, it wouldn't work. He knew a bit about juggling. There had been a circus workshop at his school. He wished he'd paid more attention now. But he remembered the sequence, two balls in one hand and one in the other. He tossed them in order but dropped them all.

"Butter fingers," chortled Augusta from behind her giant candyfloss. "I can do better than that. Want me to come up there and show you?"

"No!" snapped Danny and tried to juggle again. This time he caught just one. "Butter fingers," repeated Horace Giggle and some of the crowd started to chant it.

Danny picked up the balls. He tried once and this time he threw and caught all three and then dropped his fourth throw. The crowd still chanted.

“Butter fingers,” cackled McGuffin and began flying around Danny’s head. As Danny picked up the dropped ball, he glimpsed a girl in a red dress moving through the crowd. It was Phoebe.

“Oi Phoebe!” he shouted. “Wait!” Phoebe ignored him. Without thinking Danny threw the juggling ball at her. “I said wait!” The ball missed and hit Sergeant Bright’s hat, which toppled to the ground, where Constable Dim accidentally trod on it. Phoebe ran off. Other people in the crowd thought this was all part of the show. They began throwing things, mainly at Danny. He was pelted with apple cores, orange peel and banana skins. Someone threw a rotten tomato at Max. It hit him on the chest and burst. Tomato juice and pips trickled down his beautiful white costume. Someone else threw an apple at Stanley Cronk and knocked his glasses off his nose. Max was furious.

“I’m a white clown!” he hissed. “I never get dirty.” He glared at Danny. “I have a show tonight and my costume is ruined. This is your fault! McGuffin, sort him out!”

“Your fault,” cackled the bird and flew directly at Danny. Danny backed away, struggling in the big shoes. He tripped over the rabbit hole and fell onto Tilly’s chair. She had dodged inside the tent to avoid being hit by the flying fruit. The chair fell sideways, as did her rifle. Tilly dived forward to catch it but it went off with a loud bang. The blast blew her cap off. She collapsed on the grass. Danny fell flat on his face beside her. He was wet and covered in bits of fruit. How much worse could it get? A lot was the answer.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1, Cosmic. 4, Thomas. 8, In his. 9, Delilah. 10, Falwell. 11, Water. 12, Recovered. 17, Sidon. 19, Radiant. 21, Centaur. 22, Broil. 23, Eleven. 24, Prison.

DOWN: 1, Cliffs. 2, Scholar. 3, Issue. 5, Holy war. 6, Moist.
7, Sphere. 9, Deliverer. 13, Candace. 14, Deacons. 15, Psyche.
16, Stolen. 18, Dance. 20, Debar.

Have you herd?

Keech Hospice Care is bringing something BIG to Luton.



Can you spot the elephant?

From 3 July to 18 September 2021, Luton will come alive with a perfect parade of vibrant and beautiful, uniquely decorated elephant sculptures as The Big Trunk Trail arrives in town!

Over 30 giant elephants will form the biggest and most unique outdoor public art event Luton's ever seen. These stunning sculptures will trumpet along the free, fun and family-friendly art trail around Luton's key landmarks, streets and open spaces, bringing together the community for one unforgettable jumbo event. Smaller sculptures – adopted and decorated by schools, colleges and community groups – will also be displayed as part of the big adventure.

The Big Trunk Trail will bring together communities and visitors. Trail explorers young and old will have fun rediscovering Luton, learning about the artwork and spending time together.

Join the herd, get outdoors, walk more and #SpotTheElephant. Share your stories on social media via **@bigtrunktrail** and download **The Big Trunk Trail app (launching 2021)** for even more fun!

After entertaining and bringing people together, the legacy of The Big Trunk Trail continues as many of the sculptures will be auctioned to raise vital funds for Keech Hospice Care.

Why an Elephant?

An elephant is the perfect match – after all, everyone knows an elephant never forgets. We know The Big Trunk Trail is going to be a fantastic opportunity for you to make amazing and unforgettable memories as you enjoy exploring this vibrant and family-friendly free art trail.

The money raised from the auctioning of the elephants will help raise vital funds for Keech Hospice Care. As the children's hospice for Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire and Milton Keynes, and the adult hospice for Luton and south Bedfordshire, so much of the charity's work continues to be around helping patients and families create wonderful memories and make the best of their time together.



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