

ST MARGARET'S CHURCH, STREATLEY *PROCLAMATION*

MARCH 2021



*Serving the Communities of Streatley, Warden H
and Bramingham Park/Barton Hills*

www.stmargaret-streatley.org.uk

40

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

March 2021

Dear Friends

I can't believe it's already February. It seems like only five minutes ago we were carefully deconstructing our Christmas trees, and now already we seem to be thinking of Lent and fasting. However, with New Year resolutions (which I'm confident you've all stuck to) still in our minds, and the limitations of living with Covid, have any of us got anything left to give up?

In my favourite TV show 'Father Ted', the rather unorthodox priest, Ted Crilly, is challenged to what he later refers to as a 'giving things up competition'. And while that's a terrible thing for a priest to say, sadly this is what Lent has become for many people ... a 'giving things up competition'. I used to work in a large, predominantly secular office and every year the staff would pretty much all give up chocolate or smoking, and yet without any real clue as to why they might be doing it.

So, as February begins and those rashly made New Year resolutions have, in reality, been largely abandoned, there is now, truly the chance for a renewal of purpose with the onset of Lent. This year it begins on Wednesday 17th February and ends on the 3rd April. As there is no obligation to fast on Sundays, this is how we arrive at a total of 40 days, echoing the period Jesus spent fasting in the desert. Of course, in truth, this is never merely a 'giving things up competition' but instead, done correctly, it can be a wonderful aid to reflection and enlightenment. I'm sure, as people of faith, we all like to think that if Jesus could do it, we can at least try to do it, especially since the normal custom is just to curb our consumption of sweet things or alcohol, rather than deny ourselves all indulgence.

But we are also surrounded by so many temptations in our busy lives, that even a modest denial can prove difficult to sustain, as I'm sure we've all found out at one time or another. And to make matters worse, our period of Lent is traditionally preceded by one last fill-your-boots round of feasting, whether it's Fasching in Germany, Carnevale in Italy or our more modest Shrove Tuesday. I do love this day, and I am broken hearted that this year I can't do a Pancake Race, as it definitely wouldn't be the same on Zoom or FaceTime.

Lent should never be seen as an opportunity to lose a few inches from the waistline by eating more modestly, welcome though it is in my case. Observed properly, it is a window of time in which we can reflect and appreciate the sacrifice Jesus made for us and meditate on the true meaning of our lives. 'For now, we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.' (1 Corinthians.13:1).

So, this year I pray we may all embrace this period of abstinence, in the hope it will strengthen our resolve to keep those hastily made New Year resolutions, encourage us to see more clearly the purpose and future of God's Church, and maybe also whittle away some of the selfish or stubborn streaks we have. Perhaps Lent, this year, will make us all more helpful, humble and mindful of the needs of others. And I'll be joining you all in this - I truly will - just as soon as I've demolished the last chocolate Santa I've found hidden in the back of the kitchen cupboard.

Every blessing,
Revd Nigel and Rosie

SNOW

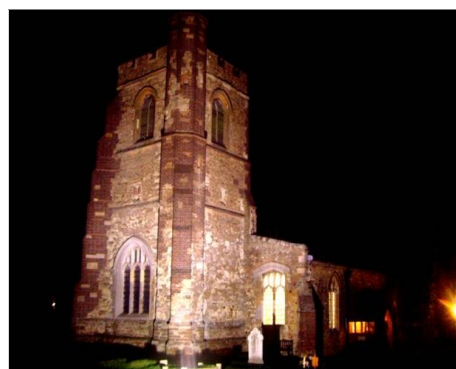
*White and silent, gently falling;
Peaceful blanket on the ground.
Rain is noisy, sometimes violent;
Snow is calm, falls without sound.
Snow is crisp with crunching foot-steps;
Snow in drifts is hard to pass.
Children play with sledges, snowballs;
Building snowmen on the grass
Then the weather becomes warmer;
Blink and snow turns into rain.
Snowmen shrink in melting figures;
Just the hats and scarves remain.
The lumpy clouds are banking closer;
The sky is dark, it looks like rain.
But no, the gentle snow is falling;
Pesky disruption once again!*

Anon

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

Wedding

2nd January Julie and Ian Franklin



Funerals/Cremations

January 18th Margaret Honey
(86)

January 25th Cyril Sword (90)

January 27th Brian Walker (78)

February 2ⁿ. Beryl Sheen (85)

February 10th Micheal Bush (86)

February 12th Albany Wiseman
(90)

February 17th John Green (88)

February 22nd John Cook (90)

March 1st Fredrick Bourn (88)

Tower Light Sponsorship

16 March Remembering our much loved
Mum, Dulcie, on her birthday

Denise, Keith and
Families

26 March Wedding Anniversary memories for
Stan and Dulcie Butler

Denise, Keith and
Families

*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

*Would you like to sponsor flowers for the Altar pedestal to celebrate a
special occasion such as a special 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.

Thought for the Day



The delicate snowdrop, symbol of purity and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, can often be found in our gardens when Winter is at its most severe. In fact, the French name for it means "snow piercer". German people called it *Schneeglöckchen* or little snowbell and have this delightful story about its origin.

When God created heaven and earth, everything was given a beautiful colour — gold for the sun, silver for the stars, blue for the sky, green for the trees, and so on. As the snow waited patiently for his colour, he found that nothing was left for him and he was sad because he thought nobody would notice him. So the Creator asked the rainbow-coloured flowers if they could spare some colour, but they all refused — all except the little white snowdrop.

"You can have my colour gladly," she said. So the snow accepted it happily, and in gratitude, it is said, he promised that whenever Winter came, he would cover the snowdrop with a warm blanket to protect it from the frost.

*"The Friendship Book of Francis Gay
1990*

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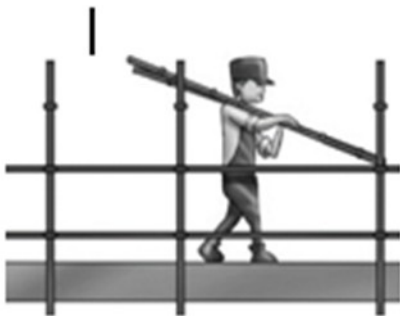
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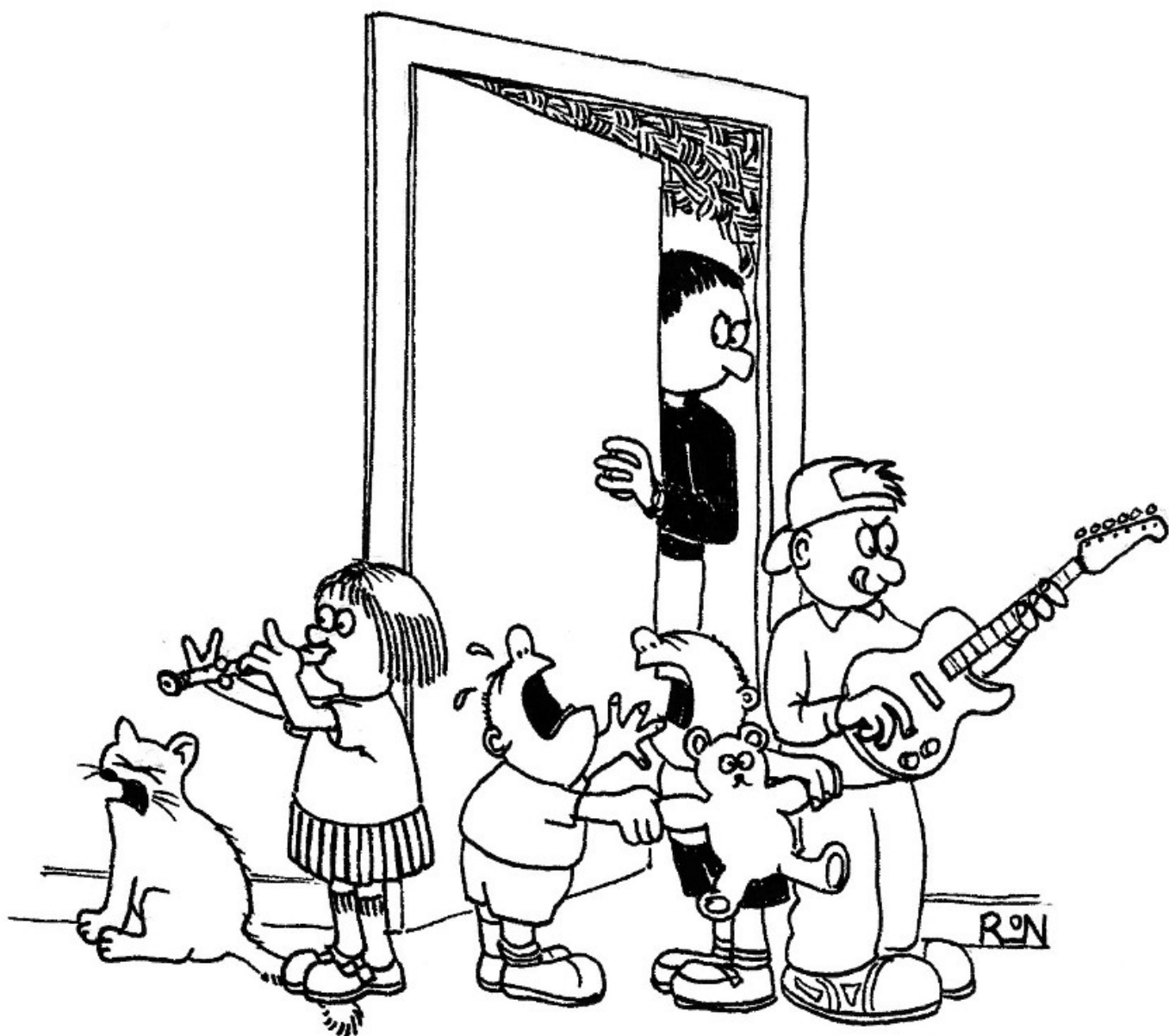
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study to pray for peace



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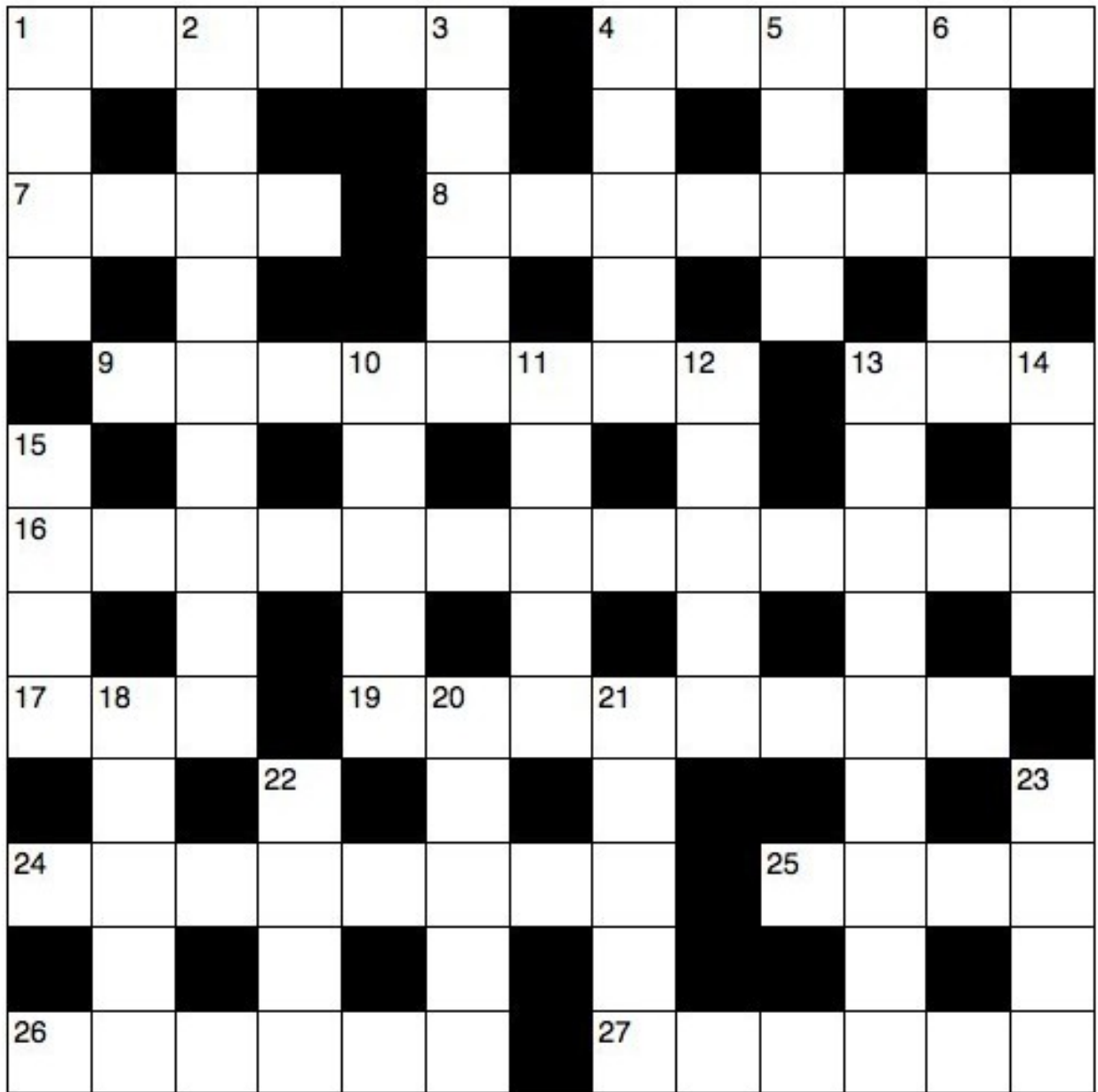
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CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 The earth is one (6)
 4 'On a hill far away stood an old — cross' (6)
 7 'I am the — vine and my Father is the gardener' (John 15:1) (4)
 8 The Caesar who was Roman Emperor at the time of Jesus' birth(Luke 2:1) (8)
 9 'Your — should be the same as that of Christ Jesus'(Philippians 2:5) (8)

- 13 Jesus said that no one would put a lighted lamp under this(Luke 8:16) (3)
- 16 Involvement (1 Corinthians 10:16) (13)
- 17 Armed conflict (2 Chronicles 15:19) (3)
- 19 Where the Gaderene pigs were feeding (Mark 5:11) (8)
- 24 What jeering youths called Elisha on the road to Bethel (2 Kings 2:23) (8)
- 25 The Venerable — , eighth-century Jarrow ecclesiastical scholar (4)
- 26 8 Across issued a decree that this should take place (Luke 2:1) (6)
- 27 Come into prominence (Deuteronomy 13:13) (6)

Down

- 1 Where some of the seed scattered by the sower fell (Matthew 13:4) (4)
- 2 Sexually immoral person whom God will judge (Hebrews 13:4) (9)
- 3 Gospel leaflet (5)
- 4 Physical state of the boy brought to Jesus for healing (Mark 9:18)
- 5 Tugs (anag.) (4)
- 6 To put forth (5)
- 10 Nationality associated with St Patrick (5)
- 11 Leader of the descendants of Kohath (1 Chronicles 15:5) (5)
- 12 'After this, his brother came out, with his hand grasping — heel'(Genesis 25:26) (5)
- 13 At Dothan the Lord struck the Arameans with — at Elisha's request (2 Kings 6:18) (9)
- 14 'Peter, before the cock crows today, you will — three times that you know me' (Luke 22:34) (4)
- 15 Spit out (Psalm 59:7) (4)
- 18 'When I — , I am still with you' (Psalm 139:18) (5)
- 20 Concepts (Acts 17:20) (5)
- 21 Thyatira's dealer in purple cloth (Acts 16:14) (5)
- 22 Does (anag.) (4)
- 23 The second set of seven cows in Pharaoh's dream were this(Genesis 41:19) (4)

Note from Editor:

Please check back of magazine for new email addresses for Church contacts – including me.

SIX LITTLE STORIES WITH LOTS OF MEANINGS

(1). Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer, all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella. That is faith.

(2). When you throw babies in the air, they laugh because they know you will catch them. That is trust.

(3). Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning, but still we set the alarms to wake up. That is hope.

(4). We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future. That is confidence.

(5). We see the world suffering, but still, we get married and have children. That is love.

(6). On an old man's shirt was written a sentence 'I am not 80 years old; I am sweet 16 with 64 years of experience.' That is attitude.

Have a happy day and live your life like these six stories.
Remember - Good friends are the rare jewels of life,
difficult to find and impossible to replace!!

RECEIVED 14 JAN 2021



Mr Richard Daniells
St Margarets Church Streatley

Great Bramingham Lane
Streatley, Luton, LU3 3NT

Tel: 01582 707940

Fax: 01582 564906

letmehelp@keech.org.uk

www.keech.org.uk

13 January 2021

Dear Richard and Congregation

Today the world is a little brighter because you cared.

Thank you so much for £194.30 that you have kindly donated to Keech Hospice Care.

I would like to share with you Darcey's story, which shows how your support can make such a difference to our patients and their families.

Darcey, 5 was diagnosed with acute lymphoblastic leukaemia in December 2018 and was referred to Keech Hospice Care by the hospital. The idea of the hospice was daunting but her dad, Paul, knew Darcey needed the support.

"From the first day we visited Keech, Darcey flourished. She wasn't walking - more shuffling or crawling - but she just felt at home. It was lovely and I felt I could relax for the first time.

Darcey loves music therapy, Tots 'n' Toys and the amazing family events that Keech holds. She's even played golf with a jedi - where else would you do that?!

When she started school, Keech helped both Darcey and myself with that transition. At Keech, you feel safe talking about things. It's a bit like an MOT - you just need that looking after and then you can go back to being dad/husband again.

Our journey would've been very different without the care, help and support we've received from Keech. Their care for every child is exceptional, nothing is too much, and nothing is out of the question. They're a true tower of strength. It's not just about the patient's care, either - it's beyond that, to family and friends, too."



Your support is helping us do everything we can to ensure our patients and their families are able to make the most of every day. Thank you.

Vanessa

Vanessa Nelson
Supporter Relations
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letmehelp@keech.org.uk



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UNITED IN HOPE

By Dave Tarmarro

The time has come, the vaccine is here:
We have waited so long in grief and fear.
My colleagues and I, through tiredness and tear,
Have worn masks and shields to treat families and peers.
You clapped for us to help us win
But every day our green line grew thin.

The front line was tough: crews saw heartache and pain
But we grew stronger together while the virus remained.
The public was generous with food, sweets and gifts
But what every crew wanted was safety from shifts.
My colleagues are struggling: the suffering is clear
But no hug for support, as it would be too near.

At a distance I try to sympathetically asks
But the truth from a tear falls over a mask.
The hospital's full, with Ambos in queue
For all you conspirators, please take a view
The doctors and nurses, all in A & E
Treating the sick, in full PPE.

A 12 hours shift is finally ended
The crew is safe and the patients all tended.
The fear is still real as the threat is unseen.
I shower and change to ensure I am clean:
My hands are all cracked, my face is all sore
As I scrub this disease out of every pore.

We miss loved ones and family, who with Government pleas
Wear masks and isolate, so at last we may be free.
I pray to a God and ask "Why let this happen?"
The suffering and pain is like Armageddon.

The scientists worked hard day and night for a cure:
At last a vaccine – they had to be sure.

Was safe and tested, with brave volunteers
Who stepped up, had the vaccine to end fears and tears.
With the end in sight and hope finally here,
We can hopefully clap, hug each other and cheer.
But remember this battle in years that will come
Covid-19 attacked, BUT THE NHS WON!!!

David Tamaro is
an Emergency
Care Practitioner
and Leading
Operations
Manager with the
East of England
Ambulance
Service NHS



DEADLINE FOR APRIL 2021 PROCLAMATION

Sunday 7 March

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

Make a Joyful Noise!

St Margaret's Church Choir meet on Friday evenings at 7.00 pm. We would like to widen our membership to include those who think they can't sing and those who do not read music, so that more of us can enjoy the fellowship of singing in a group.

We extend an open invitation. This is not committing singers to "robe" or sit with the Sunday choir. It is an opportunity to share the joy of music making and explore our beautiful sacred music with others. I hope you will try us out.

A warm welcome awaits you each Friday.

Barbara Donaldson

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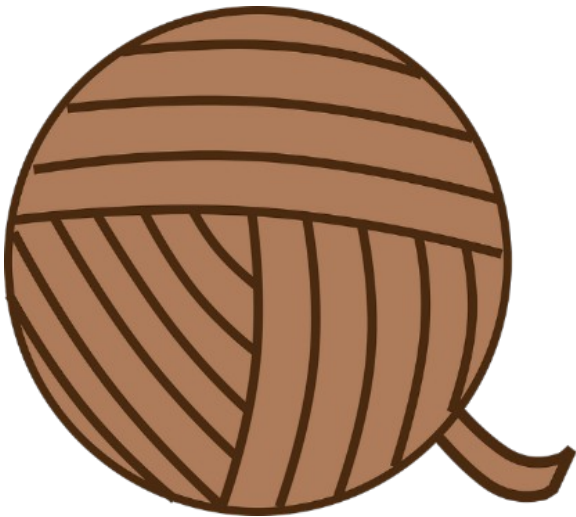
MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

St. Margaret's Ladies Guild - February 2021

Belated New Year greetings – we hope you are all keeping safe and well and most of you have now received your first vaccination.

It is with much sadness, I have to tell you of the passing of two of our long serving members – Beryl Sheen on 17th January and Hilda Gage on 21st. Both have given much to the Guild and will be sadly missed.

If any of you know of any member who is currently unwell, please let Judy know – 01582 883308.

God Bless you all and hopefully we will all meet again soon.

Judy



A New Year. A New Beginning.

As we enter the new year, we hope you welcome it with great joy, knowing that the lives of so many have been transformed. Because of supporters like you, we were able to accomplish amazing things in 2020, despite it being a challenging year for everyone.

Last year, with your help, our volunteers were able to perform **869 surgeries**, serve **5,597 dental patients**, mentor and train over **766 doctors and nurses** before the *Africa Mercy* left Senegal.

So many lives were changed during this time, and we are looking forward to the many more lives that will be touched as we return to Senegal later this year.



Ship to Shore Report

Along with the nurses and doctors who have worked tirelessly during the past year, we celebrate the teachers who have fought to provide quality education and learning resources against the odds.

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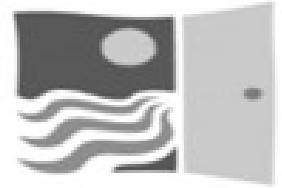
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Following Government and Diocesan guidelines we were not able to use the Parish Centre as a collection point for food donations this month but this didn't deter us thinking outside the box resulting in organising a socially distanced doorstep collection service last Thursday to the homes of our congregation and friends wishing to give donations.

Thank you to everyone who helped in any way with donations, or organising collections and delivery to the Foodbank. The Luton Foodbank staff were very appreciative of the amount of food taken.

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 support

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 in the pictures have come alive. He finds what looks like Great Gran's house is occupied by a dentist called Goggly-Nose Bag, who has a daughter called Augusta.

CHAPTER TWO

"What's going on?" demanded Danny.

"Welcome to 1886," said Kitty.

"What do you mean 1886?"

Kitty smiled.

"We've travelled back in time. It's the year 1886, my time. How do you like it?"

"I don't," snapped Danny. "I want to go back to my time."

"Then you'll have to find someone to help you."

"Like who?"

"Look at the pictures on my so called 'soppy' postcards," said Kitty. "They all live round here. One of them will be the key to unlock time."

Danny frowned.

"What do you mean unlock time? You brought me here! Why can't you do it?"

Kitty's image seemed to be fading.

"I have to go."

"Wait. How will I know who it is?"

"You'll know when you find them. But remember, you seem to be a very rude boy, so try and be polite, or you may find no one will help you!"

And the girl just disappeared.

Is that it? She calls *me* rude, he thought. What about her? And where's she gone? He opened the front gate and walked out onto the pavement but he couldn't see her anywhere. He looked across the road. A sign on the wall said MORTON ROAD. Great Gran did live in Morton Road but where were the new supermarket and the block of retirement flats? There was just a row of little terraced houses. No, he was mistaken. This couldn't be the road where Great Gran lived, unless he *had* gone back in time and it was really 1886.

Looks like I'm stuck here he thought, where ever I am. Better get started checking out these pictures and see if I can find these people. Then he had an idea.

This might make a great video game. Find the key to unlock time. He had an app on his phone that would help him, as he had tried to develop games before. He liked art and was good at drawing. He could see Kitty's pictures were good, too.

I could copy them, he thought and devise different plots. That would be fun.

He looked at the top three, they showed Flinders, the dentist and Augusta. He put them in his back pocket. He didn't fancy going back in the house, just in case the dentist put him in the chair. He'd try and find the others first. Maybe, once he'd seen them all, he could work out the one who'd be the key to unlock time.

"What you doing?" said a voice, suddenly and a girl, about his age, sat down beside him. She had brown curly hair, a freckled face and wore a red dress. Wow, she was the next picture in the pile and her name was Phoebe Darts.

"Er nothing much," he said, vaguely. Then she might be able to help. "Actually, I'm looking for someone. Where is everybody?" The street seemed deserted.

"At the fete in Piper's Meadow, I expect," replied the girl. Danny knew Piper's Meadow. "Who are you looking for?" she asked.

Before Danny could answer, there was the sound of squeaky boots and two policemen walked up the street. He couldn't believe it. They were on the *next two* pictures. One was a sergeant, very tall and thin, with a large drooping moustache, which Danny thought made him look like a walrus. The other was short and

round with a pudgy, pink face. Both wore top hats and dark uniforms, with heavy wooden truncheons hanging from their leather belts. They both stopped beside them.

"What you up to, Phoebe?" said the walrus.

"Yes," added the other one.

"Nothing, Sergeant Bright," she replied, innocently, "just sitting on the wall."

"And you lad?" asked the short one, nodding to Danny.

"He's just sitting here with me, Constable Dim," replied Phoebe, "on the wall." Sergeant Bright scowled.

"That's enough of your cheek, young Darts. Move on the pair of you. We don't want any trouble today, what with the fete going on!"

And the two policemen walked off up the street.

"What's their problem?" asked Danny.

"They don't like me," said Phoebe.

"Why, have you ever been in trouble with the police?" asked Danny. Phoebe was evasive.

"No, not really."

Before Danny could ask what she meant, a sound made him look up the street. A woman, in a long beige coat and heavy blue skirt, was wobbling towards them on a bicycle. She had a snub nose and bushy hair, tucked under a wide brimmed straw hat, on which was attached several brightly coloured flowers. A small bag dangled on the handlebars of the bicycle, which looked like it had solid tyres on the wheels. A scent of lavender water trailed in her wake.

"Who's this Phoebe?" asked Danny, eyeing the uncomfortable looking machine and comparing it to his multi geared new mountain bike. Phoebe chuckled.

"That's Miss Marjorie Goggly-Nosebag. The Nosebags are all really ugly."

"They sure are," said Danny, recalling the dentist and Augusta. Phoebe waved to the woman.

"You off to the fete, Miss Marjorie?"

"Yes, dear," replied the woman.

She was *another* picture in the pile.

Hey, thought Danny. Finding these people is going to be a doddle. And things became even better, when a loud voice like a ship's fog horn, suddenly bellowed "Horace!"

A large, red faced woman dressed as a cook, in a big white hat and matching apron, strode up the opposite pavement, waving a rolling pin.

"You seen my Horace, Miss Marjorie?" she bellowed.

"No Mrs Giggle," replied Marjorie. Mrs Giggle snorted angrily.

"You wait 'til I get hold of him, the little monkey! He's supposed to take the cakes and buns to the tea tent at the fete but he's disappeared again. I bet he's gone off with his wretched ferret. I'll have to do it myself and, if the cakes in the oven burn whilst I'm out, I'll give him what for."

She strode off down the street. Danny chuckled. He saw Mrs Giggle was the next picture in the pile and Horace was the next one. He was a boy about Danny's age, with a shock of black hair and a cheeky face. He had a ferret looking out of his jacket pocket. But Danny couldn't see him anywhere. The two policemen had stopped on a street corner and just stood, doing nothing in particular. Danny put the pictures he had seen in his back pocket.

"What's this?" said Phoebe, suddenly. "Does it do anything?" Danny turned and saw she held his brand new phone.

"Hey, give that back!" he snapped, making a lunge for it. "That's mine!" Phoebe laughed, dodged and jumped off the wall.

"It was sticking out of your pocket. Come and get it!" And she ran off down the street.

"Oi, give that back!" shouted Danny and ran after her. But she could run really fast.

Danny knew the entrance to Piper's Meadow was at the bottom of Morton Street and Phoebe was heading that way. About halfway down the road, a young man stood with a barrow, laden with apples, oranges, bananas, plums, peaches and tomatoes. He had dark skin and black curly hair. He was the next picture and his name was Johnny J. Miss Marjorie had stopped to buy some fruit.

"I'll take four peaches, please, Johnny," she said. Phoebe ran past the barrow. Danny had almost caught up with her, when he stumbled on the uneven pavement, which allowed her to get away. Without thinking he grabbed a large red apple from the barrow and threw it at her. It hit Phoebe on the back. She stumbled and fell

over but quickly jumped to her feet, turned, waved her fist at him and ran on. The two policemen had seen the pair running down the street and were now squeaking their way towards them to find out what was going on.

"That'll be tuppence, please," said Johnny J. Danny stopped.

"You talking to me?"

"Yes. That'll be tuppence for the apple," replied Johnny J.

"That's two pennies, dear," said Marjorie.

"Oh, yes... 2p, right," said Danny. He'd better pay up, especially with the cops just up the road. He dug into his pocket and found a two pence piece. He gave it to Johnny J. Johnny J looked at it.

"What's this? This isn't proper money." Danny scowled.

"Yes it is, two pence. That's what you asked for." Phoebe had almost reached the entrance to the meadow. He couldn't let her out of his sight. He needed to get his phone back. "And that's the right money, mate, take it or leave it!" And he ran off.

"Oi, come back," shouted Johnny J.

"Is there a problem, Johnny?" asked Sergeant Bright.

"Yes, is there?" added Constable Dim. Johnny J pointed to Danny.

"That boy, the one in the striped shirt, just took one of my apples and tried to pay me with this!" He showed the policeman the 2 pence piece.

"That's not proper money," said the walrus, stroking his moustache, importantly.

"Definitely not," added Constable Dim. Sergeant Bright removed the truncheon from his belt.

"Don't worry, we'll get him!"

"We will," said Constable Dim.

"I'll catch him on my bike," offered Miss Marjorie, "before he goes into the meadow and disappears into the crowds." And she wobbled off with her bag of peaches, which she had not yet paid for either!

Phoebe had turned into the meadow. There was a queue to get into the fete but she had hopped over the fence and disappeared. Danny had almost reached the entrance and was wondering how to jump the queue, when Miss Marjorie wobbled up beside him.

“Now dear, don’t be silly,” she trilled. “Come back and pay for that apple.”

She tried to grab Danny but he pushed her outstretched hand away. She wobbled on her bike and swerved to keep her balance on the hard tyres. Mrs Giggles was just passing with a wooden tray piled high with cakes and sticky buns, ready for the tea tent at the fete.

“Watch out,” she bellowed but Miss Marjorie ran into her and they both ended up in a hedge, with Mrs Giggles’s freshly baked cakes and buns littered across the road and covered in dirt. The cook waved her fist at Danny, as she scrambled to her feet.

“Look what you’ve done, you stupid boy! My cakes are ruined. You’ll have to pay for them now!”

“In your dreams,” said Danny. He didn’t stop to help them. He just legged it.

Crossword Answers

ACROSS: 1, Planet. 4, Rugged. 7, True. 8, Augustus. 9, Attitude. 13, Bed. 16, Participation. 17, War. 19, Hillside. 24, Baldhead. 25, Bede. 26, Census. 27, Arisen.

DOWN: 1, Path. 2, Adulterer. 3, Tract. 4, Rigid. 5, Gust. 6, Exude. 10, Irish. 11, Uriel. 12, Esau’s. 13, Blindness. 14, Deny. 15, Spew. 18, Awake. 20, Ideas. 21, Lydia. 22, Odes. 23, Lean.

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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