

ST MARGARET'S CHURCH, STREATLEY *PROCLAMATION*

MAY 2021



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

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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

May 2021

Part of a vicar's role, I believe (especially in these miserable Covid times), is to try and raise the spirits, and perhaps even a smile or two from the congregation. And obviously this can be achieved from the greatest tools at a vicar's disposal - God's Word and an ability to encourage. But we often hear the expression 'laughter is the best medicine' too and herein, sadly, lies a huge problem for the church. While this old adage has its roots in the Bible (Proverbs 17:22), vicars are not doctors and none - and I do mean none - are ever great comedians.

The reason I'm telling you this is that, during Covid, I received from a parishioner a very interesting article from the Guardian, entitled: 'Let us pray that vicars stop telling jokes in sermons'. And while I know that this was a lighthearted bit of fun, aimed at my own style of worship during this pandemic, it was also a very good read. It tells of how a recent poll found that churchgoers hate the vicar's jokes, not because they find jokes in church inappropriate, but simply because vicars are not funny (it's the way we tell 'em....). This is actually a shame, as I truly believe there is a huge place for joy and laughter in the church. Maybe it should be on the curriculum at theological college? In fact, the Bible tells us of joy and laughter many times. For example, Genesis 21:6: 'And Sarah declared, 'God has brought me laughter. All who hear about this will laugh with me.'"

Job 8:21: 'He will once again fill your mouth with laughter and your lips with shouts of joy.'

Psalms 30:11: 'You have turned my mourning into joyful dancing. You have taken away my clothes of mourning and clothed me with joy.'

So, on this conclusive evidence I'll continue to try and bring the occasional joke to our worship. And while I know the congregation of St Margaret's will be polite and not point out my numerous failings, rest assured that Rosie will always rein me in on your behalf. There are many jokes and stories she vetoes for your listening pleasure, including my favourite story about Songs of

Praise. But as she won't have read this before publication, here goes...

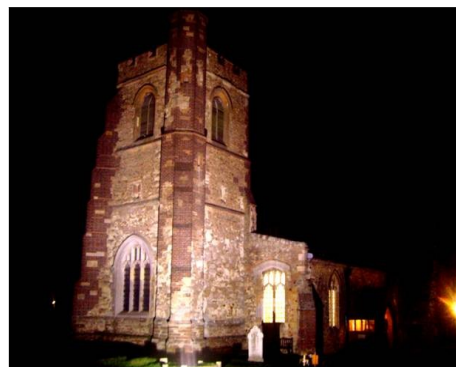
In the 1980's there was once a wealthy city broker who decided he wanted a change of lifestyle. And so he sold everything he had and pushed his newly acquired wheelbarrow of cash into the country. After a short while, he passed a dairy farm and thought, "this is exactly what I'm looking for", so he gave the farmer his entire fortune and moved straight in. But knowing nothing about farming, he left all the cows in the field overnight and when he awoke the next morning they were all frozen solid. "I'm ruined," cried the man. The TV was on and Songs of Praise had just started. The man thought, "I've never been a Christian" but he was desperate and so fell to his knees and prayed. The next moment there was a knock at the door and a lady with a Yorkshire accent said, "I've been sent by God to help you". She wandered around the field, breathing on the cows and bringing each one back to life. "Thank you," said the man, "you've saved my business, but before you go, can I ask your name?" To which she simply replied, "Thora Hird".

And that, my friends, is proof of why vicars shouldn't tell jokes.

Have a wonderful month,

Revd Nigel.

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



Recent Funerals and Interment of Ashes

John Green
Frederick Bourn
John Cook
Peter Kindred

Gary Dunthorne
Ian Franklin
Philip Payne
Doris Wake

Tower Light Sponsorship

May 24th Remembering our wonderful Dad, Corinne and Barbie
Stan Stacey, on his 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

| | | |
|----------------------|--|---|
| 2nd May | Paul & Maureen Ingram | In loving memory of our dear Son, Gavin John Ingram |
| 30th May Daniells | Margaret & Peter Bryan 5th May Richard & Brenda Daniells | Remembering with love the birthday of our dear Mum, Fred Mary |

*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
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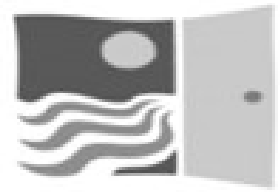
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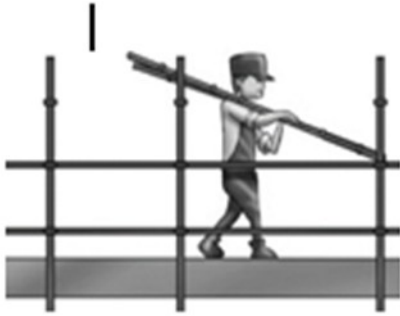
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Thanks to your incredible support Mary's Meals is now reaching 1,838,859 children with life-changing meals while they learn!

Last March when schools began to close due to the pandemic, we worked hard to adapt our feeding model so we could continue to bring nutritious daily meals to those hungry children already relying on us.

Despite these challenges we're delighted that we have kept our promise to the children we feed, whether in school or at home, and in addition have also welcomed 171,792 new children to our programme since the beginning of 2020.

This wonderful news has only been made possible by your generosity and the many little acts of love you have carried out, taking us closer to a day when all children have enough to eat and can go to school.

However, the need is still great, with millions more children waiting for a daily meal and the chance to learn. Your ongoing support means we can reach many more hungry children



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Helipad Appeal - Because of you we can save more lives

Did you know we are in the final stages of fundraising for a new helipad within the hospital complex? We need to raise a final £712,000 (the equivalent of just £7.50 for every person treated in our Emergency Department alone last year) to stay on track to be operational by 2021.

We want to improve accessibility to our emergency medicine facilities for our local community, to ensure everyone has access to our care when they really need it. We are so excited to be planning this life saving facility and would welcome your support in helping us to make it happen.

The benefits of a helipad at the L&D — When someone suffers a major trauma; the quicker they receive specialist emergency care, the more likely it is that the treatment will prevent death or serious disability. This is often referred to as the 'Golden Hour', when emergency services strive to get patients to the most appropriate place for lifesaving care within an hour of sustaining their injury. Helicopters offer a much more reliable way of transporting critically ill patients, as they significantly reduce travel time compared to a land ambulance.

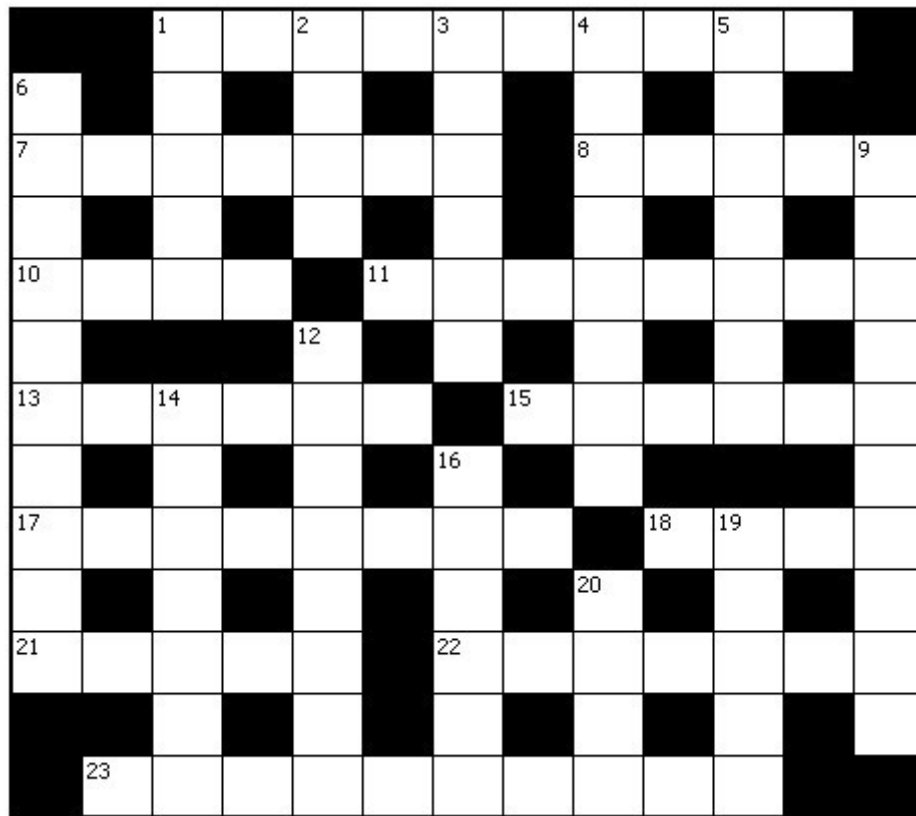
The Emergency Department at the L&D is renowned as one of the best in the country and treats over 90,000 people each year. Approximately 25% of these have life threatening injuries and require immediate and specialist medical care.

There is currently no helipad providing direct access to the hospital and no 24/7 helipads specifically for Herts, Beds and Bucks. At present, while it is possible on some occasions to airlift patients to the hospital, the helicopters must land in a local playing field and the patient is then transferred over the final distance by road. Air ambulances travel from Northamptonshire and Cambridgeshire to get to patients, and if the road journey from the current landing location to the hospital is deemed too risky, these patients can be taken to the nearest emergency helipad; 25 miles away, rather than being brought to the L&D.

In addition to the care that a helipad would enable the L&D to provide, it would also make our hospital the only Level 3 NICU in the country (neonatal critical care unit capable of caring for very small or very sick babies) with 24-hour helipad access.

We need your support — Thanks to the support of our local community, and a remarkable donation of £3.5m from HELP Appeal, we have already raised an incredible £6.24 million of our £7m fundraising target. We are still actively seeking your support to raise the remaining money needed to make our vision a reality.

CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 Sense of right and wrong (*1 Corinthians 8:7*) (10)
- 7 Coming (*John 11:17*) (7)
- 8 'All I have is — , and all you have is mine' (*John 17:10*) (5)
- 10 Smarten (*Acts 9:34*) (4)
- 11 Hold back (*Job 9:13*) (8)
- 13 Member of the Society of Friends (6)
- 15 At ague (anag.) (6)
- 17 Citizen of the Greek capital (8)
- 18 So be it (*Galatians 6:18*) (4)
- 21 Twentieth-century poet and dramatist who wrote *Murder in the Cathedral*, T.S. — (5)
- 22 Empowers (*Philippians 3:21*) (7)
- 23 Imposing (*1 Samuel 9:2*) (10)

Down

- 1 Healed (*Luke 7:21*) (5)
- 2 Central space in a church (4)

- 3 Co-founder of Spring Harvest and General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance 1983–97, Clive — (6)
- 4 Moses killed one when he saw him beating a Hebrew labourer (*Exodus 2:12*) (8)
- 5 Bravery (*Acts 4:13*) (7)
- 6 It interrupted Paul and Silas singing hymns in a Philippian jail (*Acts 16:26*) (10)
- 9 Transgression (*Psalms 36:1*) (10)
- 12 Irish province in which Dublin is situated (8)
- 14 Same hit (anag.) (7)
- 16 'The Spirit of God was hovering over the — ' (*Genesis 1:2*) (6)
- 19 Author of the immortal stories of Winnie the Pooh, A.A. — (5)
- 20 Cab (4)

DEADLINE FOR JUNE 2021 PROCLAMATION

Sunday 2 May

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

Support for the Luton Foodbank



Once again our socially distanced doorstep collection service today to the homes of our congregation, family and friends wishing to give donations was a resounding success. The generosity of so many was so humbling and this enabled five car loads of non perishable food and other much needed items to be 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

Food banks play a vital role in feeding people. We recognise that there is enough food available, but often it goes unused. This means that as well as feeding those that cannot afford food, food banks also save a lot of food that would otherwise be wasted. Whilst some areas of the world are notorious for food wastage, other parts do not have access to enough. Although it is easy to think of hunger as a third world issue these problems often occur in our own country, our own town and possible on the same street in which we live.

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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!



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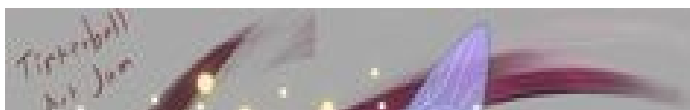
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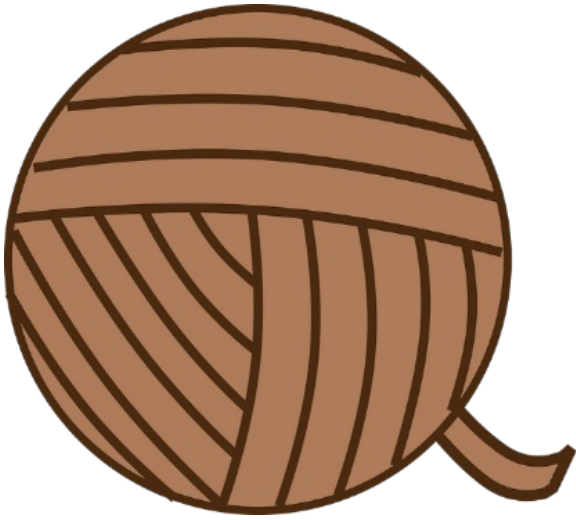
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Website and email address update

During the second half of 2020 the Church website underwent an upgrade which included changing the website address. The new address has been displayed on the back of the Proclamation but people are still having difficulty accessing the new website.

Would you please now use

<https://stmargarets.arobeia.co.uk/>

If you use a search engine (such as google), this will direct you to the old website!

We have also had to change the email address for the Magazine, Care Committee and Secretary. These are now:

magazine.stmargarets.streatley@gmail.com

care.stmargarets.streatley@gmail.com

secretary.stmargarets.streatley@gmail.com

If you wish to contact Revd Nigel, his email address is:

streatleyvicar@outlook.com

Again, all these contact details are available on the back of the Proclamation.

Janet Jeans

PCC Secretary

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. Now on the run from the cops Danny hides in a tent and finds himself pretending to be a competition winner and agreeing to play a clown called Fat Head in an open air Music Hall show. But things go wrong again and Danny trips against a rifle, which goes off with a loud bang!

CHAPTER FOUR

The loud bang scared everyone. Some of the crowd started screaming, shouting and running around in panic. The band stopped playing and fled into the tent. It was chaos. Augusta jumped and fell off the bench. Miss Marjorie did the same. Augusta's candyfloss flew into the air and landed on Constable Dim's hat. Horace Giggle's ferret jumped out of his pocket and scampered away. He ran after it, bumping into anyone in his way. Mrs Giggle was just passing with a freshly baked tray of cakes and buns. She too jumped, the tray flew in the air and the cakes and buns fell to the ground and were soon trodden on. McGuffin flew up onto the top of the tent, whilst Max rushed back inside to try and clean his costume. Tilly struggled to her feet, still dazed. She had a graze on the side of her head, where she'd fallen against a tent post.

"What did you do that for?" she gasped.

"It was an accident," retorted Danny, angrily. He sat up. "And you shouldn't have left it there, if it was loaded. Don't blame me!"

"I was going to use it again in another song," she retorted. "And fire it into the air. It's not real ammunition. I didn't expect some idiot to knock it over!" She dabbed the graze on her head with a white handkerchief and found it was bleeding. Danny didn't try to help her. He just pulled off the clown trousers, the wig, the shoes and the hat and stood up.

"I've had enough. I'm off." He didn't care he had left his trainers behind. He needed to catch Phoebe and get his phone back.

Stanley Cronk suddenly loomed in front of him.

"Where do you think you're going lad?" One lens of his glasses was cracked. "I want a word with you." He pointed to a boy standing beside him. "This is Charlie Nobbs, our competition winner. He turned up a few minutes late and we'd already started. So who the blazes are you?" Danny couldn't be bothered to explain.

"Out of the way, Fatso!" he snapped, pushing him away.

"Such rudeness!" gasped Mr Cronk, as he nearly fell over. He turned to Tilly. "Are you all right, Miss Tilly? Shall I fetch a doctor?"

The dentist touched his arm.

"Leave it with me, Cronk. I'll see to her. It's just a graze. Nothing serious."

Danny ran off in the direction Phoebe had taken. Horace Giggle's ferret suddenly darted across his path. Horace was in hot pursuit but he collided with Danny. Both fell over.

"Look where you're going!" snarled Danny, jumping to his feet. He was really cross now. All these people were so annoying.

"But I've lost my ferret!" wailed the boy. "I can't see it anywhere!" Danny hesitated. Should he help look for it?

"There's the boy who stole from my barrow," shouted Johnny J, catching sight of him. "Stop thief!"

"And the young blighter who ruined my cakes," boomed Mrs Giggle. "After him!"

McGuffin, the Macaw, swooped into the sky. Danny had to make a run for it. The two policemen, Johnny J, Stanley Cronk and Mrs Giggle set off in pursuit. McGuffin followed him in the sky, rather like a police helicopter.

"I gotta get out of sight," thought Danny.

He dodged round a corner and saw a large carousel in front of him. It had lots of horses and carriages on it. No one seemed to be about. He dived into one carriage, decorated with fairies and flowers and lay flat beneath one of the seats. McGuffin swooped by but didn't see him. He heard Mrs Giggle and the others approaching.

"Where's the blighter gone?" she bellowed. "Can anyone see him? You wait till I get my hands on him. I'll give him what for."

"I've never met such a rude boy!" said Stanley Cronk. "Do you know he called me Fatso?"

Mrs Giggle cackled with laughter.

"Doesn't surprise me!"

"Let's take a look around," said Sergeant Bright, trying to calm everyone down, even though his top hat was now dented on one side.

“Yes, take a look around,” repeated Constable Dim, still with a layer of candyfloss on the brim of his hat.

Sergeant Bright told everyone where to look. Danny stayed very still. He heard them all muttering. Constable Dim checked the carousel but he didn’t think to look in any of the carriages. Eventually they gave up.

“He must have doubled back into the fete,” suggested Johnny J.
“Let’s check,” agreed Sergeant Bright.

Danny heard them walking away and breathed a sigh of relief. Now all he had to do was find Phoebe. But he decided to check out the pictures first. He found one of Max and McGuffin, so he was another character. He put all the ones he had seen into his back pocket. Who was left? There was a smartly dressed elderly gentleman, riding a strange tricycle. It had two huge wheels at the back and a small one in the front. The man, looking rather like Miss Marjorie, sat pedalling in the centre and steered the machine with what looked like a tiller. His name was Edward Goggly-Nosebag. Next was a gruff looking, skinny man in a cap, holding a broom. He had string tied round the bottom of his trousers and wore a scruffy shirt with a red and white spotted neckerchief. His name was Mr Giggle. The last picture showed a small boy holding a large red ball. His name was Little Wilfred. Danny peered out of the carriage. It looked as if the coast was clear. But he still wore the clown make-up. He pulled up his T-shirt and tried to wipe his face clean but all he did was smear the grease paint all over his face, making it bright pink.

He climbed out of the carriage and back onto the grass. He could almost see the back entrance to the meadow. A well- dressed, elderly Gentleman walked towards him. He had a long frock coat, light brown trousers, with spats covering his highly polished shoes, a fancy waistcoat, blue cravat and a smart top hat. He carried a silver topped cane.

Edward Goggly-Nosebag, thought Danny. Up on top of the carousel, McGuffin watched Danny walk away. He gave an amused cackle, took off and flew back towards the fete to find the policemen.

The man caught sight of Danny, pink faced and scruffy with no shoes. He mistook him for a beggar. He slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket and took out a small silver coin.

“Here you are, son,” he said. “It’s such a lovely day and I’m feeling generous. Have a shilling to spend at the fete.” He tossed the coin at Danny and walked off, humming a tune. Danny looked at it. He read the words ‘one shilling’. What was a shilling? They must have had different money in 1886, that’s why Johnny J wouldn’t accept his two pence piece. He slipped it into his pocket.

Suddenly, the old gentleman stumbled on the uneven path and fell over. He seemed to have trouble getting up.

Should I give him a hand thought Danny and then he saw Phoebe appear from behind a tree near the back gate to the meadow. She ran

out and off down the street outside. Getting his phone back was more important.

“Oi, Phoebe, wait!” he shouted. He hoped she still had his phone. He ran after her and saw she was a long way down the hill that led to the town centre. Well, he assumed it was the town centre back in 1886. Standing beside a gas lamp on the pavement was the strange tricycle.

I’ll just borrow it, thought Danny. The old bloke won’t mind. I’ll soon catch her up on this. He climbed onto the seat and took hold of the tiller.

I suppose I just pedal, he thought.

“There he is!” boomed a voice and, led by McGuffin, Mrs Giggle, the two policemen, and Johnny J appeared heading his way, with Stanley Cronk puffing behind them. Johnny J stopped to help the old gentleman to his feet. Mrs Giggle raised her fist. “And he’s pinching the Gent’s trike, the rotten blighter!” Edward Goggly-Nosebag, now on his feet, turned round.

“I say, hey there, stop thief,” he shouted, in a very polite voice. Danny started pedalling. It was quite a heavy machine and it took him a few moments to get it going. McGuffin flew after him. Just as he began to pick up speed, the Macaw caught him up and flew down onto his head.

“Stop thief! Stop thief!” he cackled.

“Get off,” roared Danny and waved his arm. But the bird just cackled and started pecking his head, squawking ‘stop thief, stop thief’. It was then Danny realised he had no idea where the brakes were! I gotta get off, he thought.

Before the tricycle started freewheeling down the hill, Danny jumped. McGuffin squawked and flew into the air. Danny rolled across the pavement and into a very thick hedge. The tiller on the tricycle moved and the machine swerved across the road, still picking up speed. It hit a lamp post, turned over and crashed into the front of a grocer’s shop. Mrs Giggle and the others were in the street now.

“My tricycle!” wailed Edward. “And I gave the boy a shilling to spend at the fete.”

“Very foolish, sir, if I may say so,” said Mrs Giggle. “The boy is a thorough scoundrel! He’s caused all kinds of trouble.”

Sergeant Bright and Constable Dim had hurried over to help move the tricycle. Stanley Cronk, out of puff, sat on a wall. Mrs Giggle rolled up her sleeves.

“Right, Johnny let’s find the blighter. He can’t have gone far!” McGuffin didn’t see where Danny had rolled but he had a good idea. He began to peck at the hedge.

“The Macaw thinks he might be over there,” suggested Johnny J. They searched and prodded but the hedge was too thick to reveal much and Danny lay very still, right in the middle. He could just hear the Macaw’s feet click on the pavement, as it walked up and down peering in to the hedge. At last they all gave up.

“He’s given us the slip again!” said Mrs Giggle.

“Back to the fete?” suggested Johnny.

“Back to the fete,” grumbled Mrs Giggle. “And I want to find my Horace. I still want to give him what for!”



“Cross of Nails”

After Coventry Cathedral had been destroyed by an air raid in November 1940, a local rector noticed the floor covered with hundred of nails — the long kind popular in medieval times. He picked up a few, took them away, and welded them into a quadratic cross which has four limbs of equal length, as in the Coventry Diocesan coat of arms.

A few days later, he took it to his Bishop, the Right reverend Mervyn C. Haigh.

The Bishop immediately said, “I have a meeting here this afternoon, and I’ll put the cross on the table — but don’t say a word to anyone.”

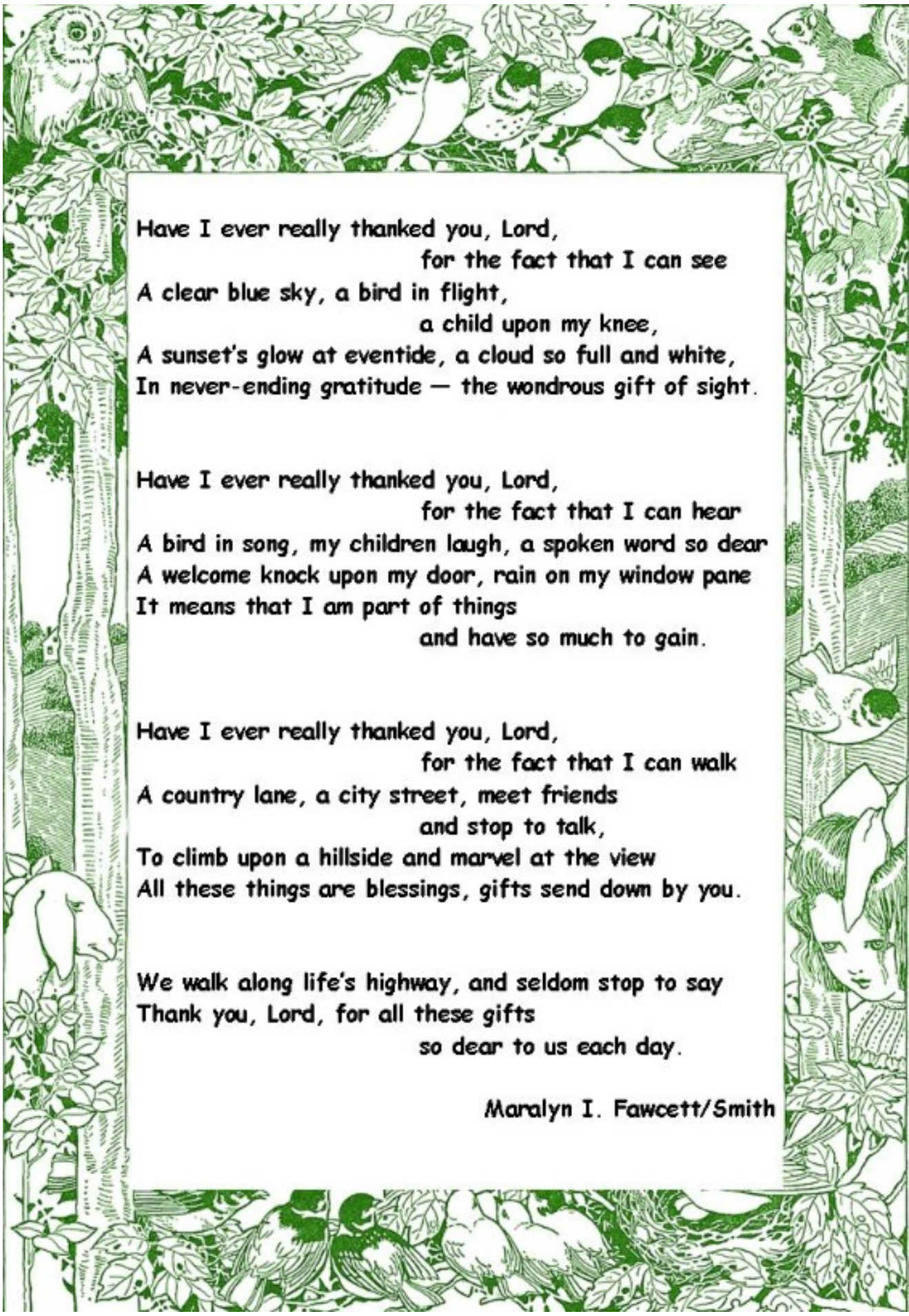
This was the origin of the famous “Cross of Nails” - the symbol both of faith triumphant through suffering, and also of the new Cathedral’s ministry of international reconciliation. A reminder of the positive truth of Christ's teaching is provided by the words carved on the walls of the present sanctuary: “Father, forgive”.

Extract from The Friendship Book of Francis Gay (1990)

Crossword Solutions

Across. 1 Conscience; 7 arrival; 8 yours; 10 tidy; 11 restrain; 13 Quaker; 15 gateau; 17 Athenian; 18 amen; 21 Eliot; 22 enables; 23 impressive

Down: 1 cured; 2 nave; 3 Calver; 4 Egyptian; 5 courage; 6 earthquake; 9 sinfulness; 12 Leinster; 14 atheism; 16 waters; 19 Milne; 20 taxi



Have I ever really thanked you, Lord,
for the fact that I can see
A clear blue sky, a bird in flight,
a child upon my knee,
A sunset's glow at eventide, a cloud so full and white,
In never-ending gratitude — the wondrous gift of sight.

Have I ever really thanked you, Lord,
for the fact that I can hear
A bird in song, my children laugh, a spoken word so dear
A welcome knock upon my door, rain on my window pane
It means that I am part of things
and have so much to gain.

Have I ever really thanked you, Lord,
for the fact that I can walk
A country lane, a city street, meet friends
and stop to talk,
To climb upon a hillside and marvel at the view
All these things are blessings, gifts send down by you.

We walk along life's highway, and seldom stop to say
Thank you, Lord, for all these gifts
so dear to us each day.

Maralyn I. Fawcett/Smith

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