

Winter 2018/19

Inspire

*100
years*



*of
Remembrance*

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Coming soon

*The next regular issue will be out
in 2019.*

*If inspiration strikes you,
please send your articles,
photos and/or ideas to:*

inspire@stlukeschurchmaidenhead.org.uk

*and look out for the next deadline
in the pew sheet.*

Front cover photo by Revd Sally Lynch

Just a little reminder

3 I don't know about you, but I find
4 the little things that can happen by
5 chance always seem to come along
6 at the right time. During a solo
7 holiday in deepest Suffolk, about 12
8 years ago, I was struggling to find my
9 B&B. At the height of my confusion,
10 in completely the wrong village, I
11 bumped into an old friend (I eventu-
12 ally found my accommodation too).

13 Even just the other day, I met an
14 acquaintance on the way to collect
15 Alex from preschool for the first time;
16 it was a nice surprise after a morning
17 feeling unexpectedly lost.

18 Serendipity? Maybe – although I
19 prefer to think of it as a little remind-
20 er from God that he's there for me
21 when I need it most.

22 We've reached the busiest period
23 of the year, as we prepare for Christ-
24 mas as well as doing all the day to
25 day things expected of us. May you
26 see a little glimpse of God during this
27 festive season. I can't think of a better
28 place to look than our beautiful Christmas
Tree Festival.

Merry Christmas!

Louisa

Louisa Ellins, editor
December 2018

“And so THIS is Christmas...”

Revd Sally Lynch brushes off the glitter to share a seasonal message

“Welcome all wonders in one sight!

Eternity shut in a span.

Summer in winter, day in night,
heaven in earth and God in man.

Great little one

whose all-embracing birth

brings earth to heaven,

stoops heaven to earth.”

I love the Advent and Christmas seasons.

Being a good Essex girl, I like the glitter and the twinkling lights, the flickering candles and the heady aroma of mulled wine and spices. My home is decorated to an inch of its life and I enjoy wrapping gifts that I have taken some thought over. I stock up on seasonal food, and I love opening my home to the parish on Open Vicarage evening. And I absolutely love our Christmas Tree Festival as we turn the church into a glittering, shimmering Narnia, where C.S. Lewis’ White Witch has no place and community flourishes in each well decorated tree and sharing together in the joy of the season.

But my very favourite part of this season is at Midnight Mass, when we process into church with the tiny china Jesus on a cushion, and place him gently in the crib under the altar with the words above. Those words speak volumes to me about what Christmas is really about. They are so powerful and beautiful that they send a shiver down my spine and sometimes I find them overwhelmingly emotional to actually speak.

Winter 2018/19



In one night (or day, or just in one moment)

God changed the whole course of history. The Creator of the entire universe stepped down from heaven and became a human being just because he loves people so much that he wanted to be with them wholly and entirely. In Jesus’ birth the whole world, creation, universe is united in that love. How amazing. God himself in tiny, helpless, human form. Yet still God and still full of love. Every single aspect of all of life is caught up in the incarnation – in God becoming human.

The words we use are part of a longer poem written by Richard Crashaw around 400 years ago. It is a hymn sung by the shepherds to the infant Jesus. How fresh these words still are today.

In the midst of all the glitter and ‘stuff’ why not stop and sit with these words for a while and mull (excuse the pun) them over for yourself for a while. Let what they say sink in. So THIS truly is Christmas...

Wonder and awe

Revd Nicola Hulks looks at our ministry with children, and what they can teach adults

As many of you will know, a favourite part of my ministry is to spend time with children. I love their way of exploring the world and how they are so fully immersed in every moment. Spending time with them reminds me of the important things in life and challenges me to try to be open to new things. In the last year I have been able to devote part of my studies to the study of Children's Spirituality. Initially, it was this verse that really got me thinking:

'Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like children you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever becomes humble like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Whoever welcomes one such child in my name welcomes me.'

Matthew 18:2-5

What does Jesus mean by this command to 'become like children'? And what does it mean to 'welcome' children, knowing that in doing so we are welcoming God? My explorations in this topic took me far and wide, to the writings of great theologians like Thomas Merton to current research

into the spiritual lives of children that has shed light on the unique way that children interact with the world.

Being present

For me, in my reading, a few things stood out as unique about children's spirituality and

way of engaging with the world that informs so much of what I do here now at St Luke's. The first is the way in which children experience time. They are fully present to each moment, in a way that many of us would love to be. By being present they simply experience more of what *is*, rather than thoughts of what was or what could be. They experience more of that wonderful feeling of losing yourself in what you are doing so that time seems to pass by without us even noticing it. And of course, we believe that God is present in the world all around us. To see God we need to be immersed in what is. Children do this naturally.

Openness, wonder and awe

Anyone who spends time with children will know that they are always learning. Small children in particular have an openness to new things and a wonder and awe about what is ordinary to us as adults. A handful of crunchy autumn leaves or even something as mundane as the bottom of a shoe can become an object of fascination. Children seem to apply this to all facets of life, including their spirituality. There are no limits to who God is or where God could be. There is no question too big or too obscure.



There are connections to be made everywhere.

Being Ourselves

Spending time with a child is to spend time with someone as they really are. As adults we learn to censor ourselves, to present versions of ourselves that we feel are acceptable to others. The problem comes, however, when we seek to deeply connect with others, and with God. This requires us to bring our real selves, to be vulnerable and to show who we really are. Children cannot easily censor their emotions and, in an environment of acceptance and love, have not learned to present a version of themselves other than what they are.

Because of this unique way of interacting with the world, children have a unique spirituality that, I believe, we have so much to learn from. The worrying thing, however, is how undervalued the spiritual life of children often is. Too often the 'adult way' of interacting with the world is imposed onto children in churches and schools. Too often children's questions are greeted with disinterest or awkwardness. Too often there is simply too little space given for children to flourish spiritually. Good ministry to children needs to take into account children's ways of learning and interacting with the world. It needs to realise that children have much to offer us on our spiritual journeys and to see children's ministry as a journey of exploration between adult and child together rather than seeing children as empty vessels waiting to be filled.

Godly Play

So what have we done as a result of all this? Recently Ruth Humphreys and I launched a Godly Play club at St Luke's Primary School. For an hour a week we lead a group of 12 children through storytelling, wondering and free response time. Each week we share a story with them

using tactile, natural materials like sand, wood and felt. This term we have journeyed across the desert with Abraham and Moses, received the ten commandments and built the temple in Jerusalem!

Each story touches on the big themes of life, and every session gives space to the children to spend time wondering and exploring these themes for themselves. After the story the children's time is theirs. There are a range of craft materials available. Sometimes they might create a watercolour painting, through which you often see elements or themes of the story reflected back. Other times they might sit with the storyteller and play with the story materials. Around the sand bag I have had, among many others, conversations with children about freedom, death, divorce and the beauty of the natural world!

What next?

There is much more that can be done with our precious little ones. In Messy Church and Stars and Sparks we try to work with these same principles in mind, creating a space for children to explore, question and share their insights with us. I have truly found in this work that to welcome children really is to welcome God and have seen so many new things through their eyes. If you would be interested in sharing in this ministry too then it would be my great pleasure to discuss it more with you. But meanwhile do take the chance when you see it to talk to, learn from and experience the world with the children around you. You'll only be the wiser for seeing the world through a child's eyes.

A prayer for every day

*Thanks to **Joan Harnby** for sharing this powerful reminder
of the importance of prayer*

I got up early one morning
And rushed right into the day.
I had so much to accomplish
That I didn't have time to pray.

Problems just tumbled about me,
And heavier came the task;
Why doesn't God help me? I wondered
He answered: "You did not ask".

I wanted to see joy and beauty
but the day toiled on grey and bleak.
I wondered why God didn't show me
He said: "But you didn't seek".

I tried to come into God's presence
I used all the keys in the lock;
God gently and lovingly chided
"My child, you did not knock".

I woke up early this morning
And paused before entering the day:
I had so much to accomplish
That I had to take time to pray.



Photo by Louisa Ellins

Author unknown

A reflection on the 2017 Christmas Tree Festival

*John Salter
recounts last
year's event*

Day 1: It all started with delivery of the equipment on pallets, 2 for the trees and 3 for the predrilled support log blocks. Willing hands soon had everything inside and trees hammered into the blocks ready to be placed on scaffold boards in allocated positions. With power gradually supplied to the trees and early sponsors starting to decorate, the festival was beginning to light up.

Day 2: More sponsors arrive to decorate trees, together with all the helpers. The church starts to buzz and brighten as more trees are illuminated. The anxious could start to relax as the opening time approached and it was obvious that another stunning spectacle would be ready on time.

Day 3 for helpers (1 for the festival):

Last bits of tinsel carefully adjusted; tree lights realigned for better effect. Assigned to the bring and buy stall, I was ideally placed: when the children from the local schools visited their only interest was the trees and I could sit and observe the delight on the young faces. The morning was for the children; the afternoon and evening for everyone. From my stall in the back corner it was moving to see the procession of people, many further enjoying the spectacle while relaxing in the fellowship area with a refreshment.

Day 4 (day 2): Early start, still on bring and buy, I noticed a few books for sale. While the steady stream of people toured the church I managed to maintain station on the stall and briefly read the books, but then realised that the visitors were quite happy to talk.

The festival had made talk between strangers easier.

I spent the rest of the day in conversation with so many: some familiar, others unknown but attracted to our Church by the display of trees. Many had read the few books on the stall and it was a good introduction to have a good old chinwag about the authors. I felt privileged to be at the festival, helping, meeting fellow Maidonians, enjoying the warmth of all our visitors and appreciating how the fellowship area allowed all our visitors to sit and see the beauty of our church as it was illuminated by all the tree lights.

Day 5 (day 3): Snow fall meant a slippery ride to the church. After the 10am Sunday Service I was promoted to the raffle stall for the opening of the festival at midday. Quiet day? Sell a few tickets, sit back and relax? No chance. People were buying strips of five at a phenomenal pace. It soon became apparent that I was falling behind. Assistance arrived and I enjoyed an education on how it should be done. By the close I became much improved and could almost keep pace with my appreciated helper.

Conclusion: Tired but happy – pleased that so many new faces visited, and that I could talk with so many. Glad that all visitors enjoyed the fellowship area and hope that they will pay us a further visit in the future. Appreciative that some of us have the vision to instigate the festival and thankful that many others have the energy and drive to make sure it happens.

Growing together... as a parish and as a diocese

Revd Sally reflects on our year of mission and looks at the next steps

This year our parish has been involved with All Saints and Cox Green parishes in a year of mission – running from March 2018 – 2019. We have enjoyed 10 days of Roughshod Theatre Company before Easter and special days of learning about our faith. This is also at the heart of Bishop Steven's call to us as a diocese to be a Christ-like church – growing as disciples in our Christian faith and growing other disciples as we share the faith in love with those around us.

It has become clear to me that we need to stop talking about church and start talking about kingdom. We need to stop thinking about what we do here for two hours on a Sunday morning as the 'be all and end all' and we need to really focus on how God rules in our everyday lives.

Two things that will help us with that, and build on our year of mission: Common Vision and Setting God's People Free.

Common Vision

As he toured the Deaneries, Bishop Steven listened carefully to what folk were saying about being disciples, and the new diocesan Common Vision has emerged. It states:

Together we are called to be a
more Christ-like Church
for the sake of God's world:
contemplative, compassionate and
courageous...

- Together we work with God and others for the common good in every place in one of the great crossroads of the world.
- Together we are called to proclaim the Christian faith afresh in this generation with joy and hope and love.
- Together we are called to dream dreams and see visions of what could be and see those visions come to birth.

Seven 'workstreams' have been established to help implement this vision:

1. Make a bigger difference in the world and serve the poor
2. Share our faith and grow the local church in every place (merged with 5)
3. Plant new churches and congregations everywhere we can



Called to be Christ-like
CONTEMPLATIVE • COMPASSIONATE • COURAGEOUS

4. Serve every school in our community
5. Put the discipleship of all at the heart of our common life and set God's people free (merged with 2)
6. Celebrate and bless Milton Keynes
7. Engage in new ways with young people and children.

Over the next year it is anticipated that Bishop's Council will:

- Establish a new Diocesan Growth Fund
- Seek Strategic Development Funding
- Begin to encourage Creation Care, through Energy Audits in parishes
- Start planning for 750 new congregations
- Renew catechesis (basic Christian education) across the Diocese
- Build new tools for parish renewal and planning
- Explore new archdeacons' posts to support local mission
- Develop school chaplaincy
- Pilot new resources for discipleship
- Partner with Citizens UK on local action.

Setting God's People Free

Setting God's People Free (SGPF) is a programme of change to enable the whole people of God to live out the Good News of Jesus confidently in all of life, Sunday to Saturday.

These proposals seek effective ways to build up the whole people of God, with a confident faith and vision for the Kingdom of God, which is lived out in homes, schools, communities and places of work.

- SGPF **looks beyond and outside** Church structures to the whole people of God at work in communities and wider society – *not to 'fixing' the institutional Church.*
- SGPF **challenges** a culture that over-emphasises a **distinction between sacred and secular** to a fuller vision of calling within the all-encompassing scope of the Gospel – *not to limit vocation to church based roles.*
- SGPF seeks to **affirm and enable** the complementary roles and vocations

of **clergy and of lay people**, grounded in our common baptism – *not to blur or undermine these distinctions.*

- SGPF proposes **imaginative steps** to nourish, illuminate and connect what is working already in and through parishes and communities of faith – *not to institute a top-down approach.*

One practical outworking of this is the possibility of all Christians developing Personal Discipleship Plans to help reflect on our whole life journey of faith. More of this in the coming months.

I am thrilled to see that the Church of England has woken up, with a renewed focus on growing and nurturing and being disciples who live whole Christian lives, building and growing God's kingdom, sometimes through the local church.

We are called to be disciples, followers of Jesus who live out their faith every day.

Perhaps it is time for all of us, myself included, to re-think and re-imagine our faith, to look at what God is already doing in our own lives and around us, and to join in wholeheartedly, with God reigning in the very centre of all we do – impacting on our relationships, our work, our homelife, our retirement, our leisure. As we move into 2019 that will be the focus of our church life – seeking to be wholly In faith, Out there.

Canon Fry and the two churches of St Luke

Ann Darracott, *hon. archivist at St Luke's in Maidenhead*, investigates a surprising discovery about a former vicar

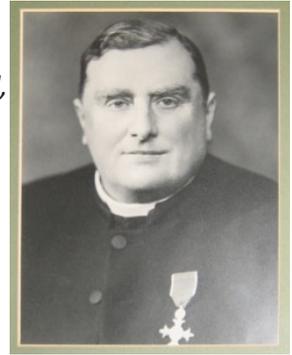
Canon Fry MBE was vicar of St Luke's Maidenhead from 1914 to 1947 (the picture opposite is from our vicars' gallery) but it has transpired that he was involved with another church of the same name.

In June, Ruth in the office received an email from Michael Thain, newsletter editor of St Luke's Church in Red Deer, Alberta, Canada. The church was celebrating its 125th anniversary and Michael was compiling information about the plaques in the church. One of them read:

In memoriam
of Rev. Canon C E M Fry OBE
1882-1950
for many years a benefactor of
St Luke's Parish,
Red Deer, Alberta

Michael had traced Canon Fry to us and wanted to learn more about him, particularly his Canadian connection. It was not known who had placed the plaque (or why he was mistakenly promoted from MBE to OBE!). There followed a lively exchange of information and internet searches. This is what we found:

Charles Middleton Edward Fry was born in 1882, and his brother Basil Homfray Fry in 1884.



1901: Charles Fry's father, Revd Thomas Charles Fry D.D., then Headmaster

of Berkhamsted School, fell in love with Canada during a visit to North America to look at educational systems.

1902: Revd T C Fry returned to Canada and bought a farm near Red Deer, naming it Berkhamsted Farm. He set up a farm school for boys from Berkhamsted School wishing to emigrate to Canada. His son Basil visited Canada in this year and probably accompanied his father.

1908: Revd T C Fry again visited the farm school. Correspondence in the Red Deer Archives shows that he fired the farm manager and appointed a Mr Eversole as manager. In one letter he apologises for his son's remarks saying he was not well and he wanted him back in England. The son was probably Basil.

Red Deer Archives show Revd T C Fry preached at St Luke's Church, Red Deer during his visits.

1910: Revd T C Fry left Berkhamsted School on being appointed to Dean of

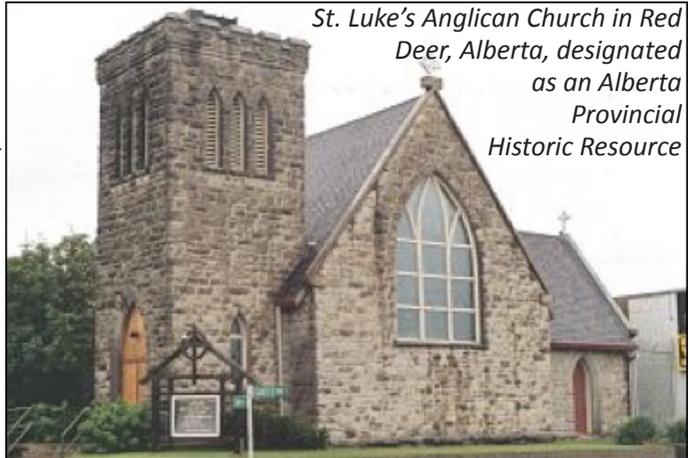
Lincoln Cathedral. From 1910 to 1930 he visited America three times to raise funds for the restoration of Lincoln Cathedral.

1914: Rev C E M Fry, his elder son, is appointed Vicar of St Luke's, Maidenhead at the start of WW I.

1919: St Luke's PCC in Maidenhead decide to convert the vestry into a War Memorial Chapel. Rev C E M Fry personally contributes to the fund each month. Basil is appointed HM Consul in Dantzig (now Gdańsk, in Poland).



Photo of Revd C E M Fry and Basil Fry sent to Canada in 1929



St. Luke's Anglican Church in Red Deer, Alberta, designated as an Alberta Provincial Historic Resource

1923: The War Memorial Chapel is dedicated.

1924: Revd C E M Fry becomes Rural Dean.

1930: In February their father Revd T C Fry dies. In his biography published in the March parish magazine of St Luke's Maidenhead, his Canadian farm is not mentioned.

Revd C E M Fry writes to Mrs Eversole, wife of the farm manager, saying his father often spoke of the farm, had a great affection for the place, and much enjoyed his visits. The letter also says his brother Basil had returned to Antofagasta (Chile) and he hoped he would keep well in its trying climate. The War Memorial Chapel is completed by Revd Fry and his brother Basil dedicating a carved wooden screen in the chapel to their parents.

1931: In March Basil Fry dies in Maidenhead and is buried in the graveyard of St Luke's Church near to its Rectory on Vicarage Road.

Canon Fry in
Canada in 1937



ography in the preface notes that while with the Foreign Office in Danzig, personal unhappiness contributed to the breakdown of his health.

In the same year Revd Fry visits Berkhamsted Farm in Canada. In July he announces in the church magazine that a new vestry in memory of his brother is to go forward and that the Foreign Office gratuity paid on his brother's death will be put towards the cost.

1932: The new vestry is dedicated and includes a bronze memorial tablet to Basil Fry. The Latin translates as: *[Dates of birth and death]; his schooling at Berkhamsted; being an M.A. of Christ's College, Oxford; a Consul; a Soldier, Poet and Philosopher; a Student of Science; an example to all around him; deplored by all his friends.*

Revd Fry edits a volume of poetry written by his brother, giving it the title *Friends, Philosophers & Fishermen*.

The brief bi-

1934: Vicar & Rural Dean C E M Fry made a canon at Christ Church, Oxford.

1937: Canon Fry makes a return visit to the farm in Canada. He probably became a benefactor of St Luke's Church in Red Deer in this year or in 1931 when he first visited. As heir of his parents and brother he was in a position to help financially.

1947: Revd Morcom Harness takes over from Canon Fry at St Luke's. Canon Fry is the incumbent at the nearby parish of Littlewick. In July he attends a church



Rev C E M Fry outside the (now demolished)
Rectory on Vicarage Rd, Maidenhead

WOMEN ARE RUINATION, SAYS DEAN

WOMEN play too big a part in Britain's affairs, and are a burden that is causing the nation to "fall down," according to Canon C. E. M. Fry, bachelor Rural Dean of Maidenhead, Berks.

"Civilisation begins to break up when things become luxurious and women become dominant," he told a church conference at Slough, Bucks.

"There are typists making tea who should be in the mills doing manual work.

"The country is falling down because of the burden of women. They pay less income tax than men, but get their pensions earlier at half the price."

Canon Fry added, "I never married because my mother and grandmother set too high a standard."

Newspaper article from the Singapore Free Press, 4 July 1947

conference in Slough and his remarks about women go round the world.

1950: Canon Fry dies and is buried with his brother in the graveyard at St Luke's. Many tributes to the canon were published in the church magazine of September 1950 and two years later the Chancel is re-ordered in his memory.

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Possibly the personal unhappiness endured by his brother coloured Canon Fry's view of women. One wonders what he would say about our clergy today?

With thanks to Michael Thain of St Luke's Church, Red Deer, Alberta.

*The clergy in 2018, l-r:
Phyl Sopp (Ordinand),
Revd Sally Lynch (Vicar),
Sonia Clarke
(Licensed Lay Reader),
Revd Nicola Hulks (Curate)*



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A very special wedding

Charlotte Sloan and her family had a royal appointment in Windsor last month

On Friday 12th of October 2018 I went to a very special wedding at Windsor Castle. The marriage of HRH Princess Eugenie to Jack Brooksbank. My mum entered the ballot to win tickets and she won! We were all very excited.

I was allowed the day off school, thank you Mrs Wagstaff; I had hoped to have a lie-in but sadly I still had to get up at 6:30am.

We parked our car in Eton and walked with our chairs, flags, coats, and backpacks across Eton bridge. We saw the amazing Garter Royal Standard flying from the castle. Did you know this is a very special flag? It's about the size of a double decker bus, and is only flown on very special occasions.

Security was very tight and before we could even walk up to the castle we had to go through yet more security checks. We had to take two forms of ID one of which had to have our photos on, the other had to have our address. We were then issued with green wristbands which had to be worn at ALL times! And then again more security. My dad had to take off his shoes, luckily he didn't have holes in his socks.

Once we were inside the castle we were given a goodie bag. We found the area where our green wristbands allowed us to be. We chose a spot near the lower parade ground opposite the guests' entrance to St George's Chapel. A good front row spot!

Once we had put up our chairs I looked inside my goodie bag... wow, we had shortbread, a huge chocolate coin,



Charlotte admires the flowers

can of spring water, rain poncho, and a magnet all in a biodegradable fabric bag. It came with a label to say who the bag had been made by. Pinky Roy made mine in India. He has been helped by a charity called Key to Freedom.

On a trip to the toilet I saw Robbie Williams and his wife making their way to the chapel!

From 10.15 nobody was allowed to move from their designated area. Music from inside the chapel was being played to us via the loud speakers. There were lots of guests arriving, it was very windy and the ladies had to hold on to their hats. One lady's actual-ly blew off.

And then big fancy cars started driving past us. We saw the bride's mum and sister, they waved to us, then we

saw the bridesmaid and page boy: they were in two cars and waving too.

There were lots of screams when Prince Harry arrived and again when the Queen arrived with Prince Philip.

But the biggest cheers were when the bride and her dad drove past everyone in a very shiny Bentley. She looked very pretty and happy.

We listened to the service via the loud speakers; we heard Andrea Bocelli sing Ave Maria. And just before the newly



Guests Robbie Williams and Ayda Field; their daughter Teddy was a bridesmaid

The newly-weds tour Windsor



married couple left the chapel we all had to stand and sing the national anthem.

The bride and groom then went on a tour of Windsor in a beautiful horse drawn carriage.

Once all the guests had left the chapel, that took quite a long time, we were allowed to move about. We were allowed to go inside St George's Chapel, I didn't want to join the massive queue, but my mum and sister did; they said it was beautiful.

Before we left to go home we were asked by a reporter from a national newspaper what we thought of the wedding, how we were able to go, and how far we had travelled. He took our names but we don't know if our comments were used!

We asked a nice policeman if we could look at the flowers around the door and steps: luckily he said yes as long as we were quick. They were beautiful.

I had an amazing day and feel very lucky to have been able to attend a Royal wedding.

A day in London

*Ann and Richard Burdett organised a trip to London in August, including a visit to the Sky Garden. **Louisa and Alex Ellins' day didn't quite go to plan...***

The trip was planned for a Thursday, one of my days with Alex, who was nearly 3. This sounds fun, I thought.

But it was silly to assume that there'd

By releasing the responsibility of having others wait for us, I could just concentrate on getting Alex and I into London.

So, when Alex ambled down the street,

it didn't matter.

We bought the ticket and got to the platform. Not the train we were aiming for, but a train nonetheless.

Plan A

was to head to Trafalgar Square and the National Gallery, with everyone else.

My plan B was to aim for the (free) Tate Modern, as the Turbine Hall never disappoints. After smooth progress through the underground, the sudden requirement for raincoats when we reached the surface at Blackfriars prompted a tantrum next to the Oyster card topping up queue. Thrown off course by this and my rubbish sense of direction, my plan to locate and cross the Millennium Bridge across to the Tate failed spectacularly. All I found were locked gates, uncrossable roads, disappearing pavements... and lots of rain.

Amazingly, the incredibly resilient Alex soon got used to being wet, and even started singing. I was so surprised I joined in too.

be space in the car park behind the station, in the school holidays. There wasn't. At 9.15am I could feel my blood pressure rising as I drove round the car park in increasing desperation. So now I had to park the car at the other end of town. But of course there wasn't any phone signal in the Hines Meadow (Sainsbury's) multistorey car park, where I could find *two* long stay spaces free. I eventually managed to Whatsapp Bridget Morris to say we would meet everyone in London later in the day.

I feel more stressed if I know I'm letting other people down (others who know what's meant to happen – Alex, mercifully, *usually* goes with the flow as he doesn't know otherwise, yet).



It was almost midday so we moved onto lunch: plan C. And we came up trumps. On a corner near St Paul's (and, oh look, the Millennium Bridge) we found the Salvation Army office, and their restaurant. The sign pointing out 'stressed spells desserts backwards' was meant for me. I quickly checked with the security guard inside, and he quickly checked my bag (nappy pants, wipes and portable toilet seat no cause for alarm). Yes, they were open to the public.

But what to order in a restaurant not designed to cater for toddlers? Thankfully Alex decided that highchairs were so 2017 and is relatively unfussy. In the short queue I scanned the sandwiches frantically for a child friendly choice, eventually deciding on ham, cheese and coleslaw. The vegetarian mushroom burger looked delicious, and came with a side order of wedges perfect for sharing. With a tea it came to less than £11, so it was good value and delicious to boot. Free chilled water for topping up bottles is always a good thing, too.

We weren't in any hurry to face the rain again. Our next destination was the Sky Garden – the free public space at the top of the Walkie Talkie building on Fenchurch Street. But we had over an hour to get there. We started out walking – with a quick detour around the tiny but delightful (even in the rain) Cleary Garden just off Queen Victoria Street. The lure of the Underground soon beckoned, and two stops later we were at Monument, from where we found the entrance to the Sky Garden.

Confident I now knew where to meet everyone else, we idled away the next 40 minutes in a quiet café at the foot of the skyscraper with a huge glass of milk for Alex and another tea for me.

Our 2.30pm slot came around and we found the others (and our tickets), successfully made our way up the tower in the "superfast" lift and enjoyed spotting the landmarks (me) and the trains (Alex).

After our visit, although Alex didn't seem tired, we quit while we were winning and headed home. After a shaky

start, we had a brilliant day. Thanks Ann and Richard!



Photos by Louisa Ellins and Peter Goford

Margaret Burrows, 1934 – 2018

Our friend and sister

Revd Sally shares her address when we came together with Margaret's family and friends on 11th October to celebrate her life.

Margaret passed away on 22nd September after a short illness, leaving another gap in our church family.

We have heard lots of lovely memories of Margaret already today – you each hold many more in your own hearts and minds too – and no doubt will share them over tea, as she would of course want us to.

We have heard a variety of beautiful words in readings – both secular and sacred. They will sustain us in our loss, and we thank our creator God for the human creativity which inspires such words.

And we have Freddie with us too – a reminder of Margaret's love of all creatures and creation – and a very special part of her life which she shared so readily with all of us. He'll provide a Hoover for cake crumbs over tea!

All of these things speak to us of Margaret and we thank God for the part she has played in our lives.

Most of all I think today we thank God for her faith, which has sustained her through both tough times and joys throughout her life and most especially in these last days.

Two thousand years ago, when the Christian faith was just getting going, a man called Barnabas was one of the first disciples, working with Paul in the early church to share the good news of eternal life that Jesus offered – and to support people around them. Barnabas real name was Joseph, but Paul gave

him the nickname Barnabas because it meant 'one who encourages' – and it summed up his personality.

Margaret was our 21st century disciple Barnabas. She was such an encouragement to us all.

Sarah and Bev have spoken about how she supported her immediate family and their friends. She encouraged Simon and Sarah as they grew up to do what they wanted, she never pushed them or pulled maternal rank – she simply wanted them to be kind and generous and to be happy in life. And that was how her faith in God played out here in church too. She was always positive, looking for the good in things – and pointing out kindly when she didn't agree with things.

It is true to say that this church went through some tough times in recent years with 'slight' disagreements over the building – but Margaret sought to unite factions and encourage people to keep together – actually right up to the last days of her life. She was a huge encouragement to me – and told me straight what I needed to know. She was incredibly kind to so many of us, sharing her life – and her precious Freddie! She drew people together.

She thought of others – even in hospital. On the first Sunday in September I went to see her in hospital and took Holy Communion. It would have been

so easy to keep that to herself for her own spiritual support. She didn't. She invited the other three ladies in the little bay to join in and I don't think she had any idea what a beautiful thing she had done, as the five of us celebrated communion together – truly uniting people.

The sacraments of both Holy Communion and holy oil were really important to Margaret and especially so at the end of her life – preparing her to meet her saviour face to face – and of course her beloved Dickie too.

Margaret knew that she was facing the end of her earthly life but was very ready for eternity. When we received her into church last evening we used some words from Psalm 116:

For you have delivered my soul
from death, my eyes from tears and
my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the
land of the living.

Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of
His faithful servants.

O Lord, I am your servant, your
servant, the child of your hand-
maid; you have freed me from my
bonds.

In her leaving this life, Margaret truly was freed from a body that was suffering and no longer able to support her. Her soul, the true, whole, fullest being of Margaret was released to eternity where there is, as we heard in the reading from Revelation, no more

earthly ties of pain or tears, but complete fullness of life.

There Jesus says, 'I am making all things new' – for the Christian that is about being a new creation in Jesus, perfected in death, moving to fullness and beyondness.

Just as Sarah and Simon inherit who they are from Margaret – so Margaret inherits from God himself, who is so much bigger. Isn't it amazing that she – we – are children of God and so enveloped in God's love.

And that love is crucial – love is what will keep us all going – human love



*Margaret and
Freddie
(with Alex
Ellins) in Oaken
Grove Park,
summer 2017*

Photo by Ann Burdett

and divine love. Love transcends the barrier between heaven and earth. WJesus died so that love can conquer and unite and so always with us – not just in memory, but really truly present with us in spiritual love.

So today let us give thanks for Margaret – our encourager – God's gift to us – and pray that we may follow that simple example of faith in the way we live and love.

Roger Bevitt was my husband!

Jilly Bevitt recalls the life of a much missed man of many talents

I was first aware of the existence of Roger Bevitt about 70 years ago when we both went to the 9.30am Eucharist. Roger seemed a quiet lad who, aged 11, was sent away to boarding school to try and toughen him up, a bit like Prince Philip and Prince Charles. Roger's Dad was an extrovert and Roger's younger brother was likewise and very sporty.

Although being a bright lad, apart from swimming and dramatics he did not really enjoy his time at boarding school. I often wonder if it did not make him more introvert although he had many friends. He devoted himself to birdwatching and other outdoor activities and was an avid reader of both prose and poetry and loved singing, eventually becoming a proficient tenor.

Although he had very little in common with his father they were both members of the church choir and both were to become churchwardens. His mother loved him dearly and his aunt adored him and treated him as the son she never had. He was to graduate from Reading University with a BSc, later to be converted to a MSc in Pharmaceutical Analysis during the two years between the births of our sons. Roger worked for the Beecham company all his working life, starting out at County Laboratories and through various takeovers ending up at GSK; 44 years in total.

Roger was a devout Christian through the auspices of St. Luke's, taking Even-

song services at old people's homes and as a chalice administrator. Roger was a member of the church choir for nearly 60 years. He was also very involved in the social life at the church, organising Harvest Suppers etc. and writing entertaining sketches for these events. Whenever we had a new vicar Roger wrote a welcoming sketch rhyme and also a Farewell poem when various individuals departed to pastures new. The most notable was when Richard Holroyd was 50 and Roger paraphrased Psalm 150 in Richard's honour which the choir sang. Roger was also involved in dramatics in the town and was a member of the Maidenhead Christian Council cast which won the National Drama Festival Award on one occasion.

Being a keen walker for many years he organised weekly walks for members of the church. Sometimes we got lost. We knew this was imminent when he got his compass out! The two of us also had several hair-raising walks on our holidays; particularly I remember in Andorra and the Dolomites. "We always got home safely" he would retort when I later recounted the tales. He was also one of the leaders who took the SLYK youth group to Llangollen on several occasions.

I met Roger seriously when we were both involved in running the church youth group in 1961. Much to my surprise he cycled out to Holyport Fair to see me where I was running a stall. This was the beginning of a 5 year courtship and despite problems with his father considering



the friendship unsuitable, Roger stood by me and we were married on 4th June 1966. We were to be married for nearly 52 years.

We were blessed with two sons and like all families we had our ups and downs. One notable occasion was when I succumbed to a family tummy bug and Roger trotted off to a PCC meeting leaving me sat on the loo with a sick bucket and two young boys in bed! The church being a very important part of his life, he had a good relationship with many friends within and outside its confines regarding its aim in the life of the community.

Sadly he developed progressive deafness in his mid 30s but coped very well with this impairment and most folk were very sympathetic to his problem.

Winter 2018/19

He could be a stickler for detail especially at PCC meetings, where he stuck to his principles, sometimes stubbornly clashing with other members; recently with one bloke who always tutted when Roger made a proposal. Ironically the tutting fell on deaf ears!

Church care was important to Roger and for many years he organised the church care Saturday morning sessions. I always emphasised that he wasn't really skilled at scaling great heights on ladders so he pacified me by reporting back he only steadied the ladders for others. He was however, one of the few people who could change the church clock.

Being both careful with his finances and a DIY enthusiast we have many little examples of his successful handywork in our house and also in the church: although keyholes and locks were not his greatest forte. Both the church cleaning cupboard and our shed could verify this.

He was a gentle soul, generally very calm, thoughtful and kind but I didn't always get my own way. After many years of planning by friends and relatives it wasn't until six months before he died that he agreed to have a new kitchen. Sadly he was only to live four months after its completion. I have a new kitchen but...

Last Valentine's Day he sent me a shakily written home-made card: "Love is a Many Splendoured Thing"... I know it is true.

Rambling in memory of a dear friend

Roger Clarke pays tribute to Roger Bevitt and recalls this year's walks

Dedicating our evening walks to the memory of Roger Bevitt seems the most obvious way of remembering a very special person. Those of us who were privileged to know Roger remember his almost forensic attention to detail, his note taking, all probably stemming I am sure from his many years of employment in the pharmaceutical industry. Those who walked with him were also aware of his deep love of the natural world; birds, bees and butterflies, flowers and trees, toadstools and mushrooms, hill, moor and mountain, all deeply ingrained in Roger's being.

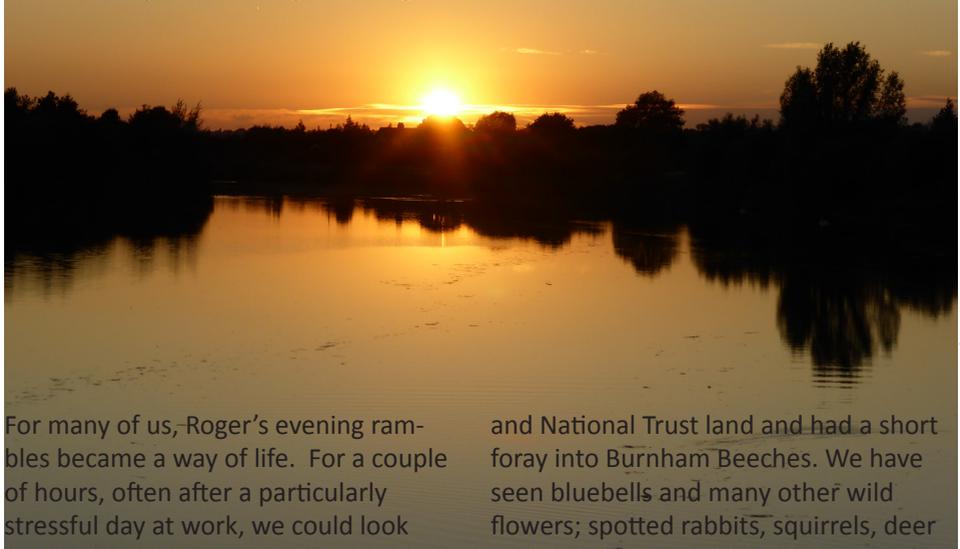
pletely natural that 'the other Roger' should take on the mantle and continue to lead our evening walks.

So, what have we been up to this year? Well in total we have enjoyed 17 outings, enjoyed being the operative word as the sun shone on most evenings and we had none of the 'soft stuff'. Thank you Roger – you must have been looking down on us and we have been truly blessed. Walks have varied in length from 2 – 3.5 miles and have generally been very gentle. We have walked along the Thames and the Jubilee River, visited nature reserves

For many of us, Roger's evening rambles became a way of life. For a couple of hours, often after a particularly stressful day at work, we could look forward to the evening light, birdsong, occasionally mud and rain, but always the company of friends, relaxation, chatter and to finish a drink and crisps in a local pub. Consequently, and with many similar interests, it seems com-

and National Trust land and had a short foray into Burnham Beeches. We have seen bluebells and many other wild flowers; spotted rabbits, squirrels, deer and fox and enjoyed blackberries in season. On our last walk, we laughed and marvelled at the use or otherwise of modern technology as our newly-weds Matthew and Clare attempted to locate one another in the gathering

Sunset over the Thames near Medmenham by Ann Burdett



gloom. Groups have varied in size and we would always welcome some new faces. Similarly if anyone has ideas on other local areas to explore or if you think the walks too long/short or not challenging enough we can arrange more variety in 2019. At this point I should thank Don and Gerry who have stepped in (pardon the pun!) to help when Sonya and I have been on holiday. Thanks guys, I hope you will be able to get involved again next year. One other person who should be named and who is no longer with us is Margaret Burrows who often joined the evening ramble along with her loyal companion Freddie. Margaret, like Roger you are missed by us all; thank you for your stimulating conversation, sense of humour and more than anything your friendship.

Some of the folk who walk on weekday evenings have also joined Sonya and I on longer Saturday walks when we often go further afield. I must admit that this year these have, for various reasons, gone by the board. However, I am more than happy to make a New Year's resolution to start organising them again if this is what people would like. On that basis and if you are interested please let me know (01628 632626).

I think that is enough from me. Thanks to all who have supported our walks this year; God willing we can get together again in 2019 for further adventures, wildlife and fresh air. Finally, thanks again to Roger B. who over many years encouraged and cajoled us to get out there and enjoy the wonderful and varied scenery, flora and fauna, which we have literally on our doorstep. Rest in peace dear friend.

Book review

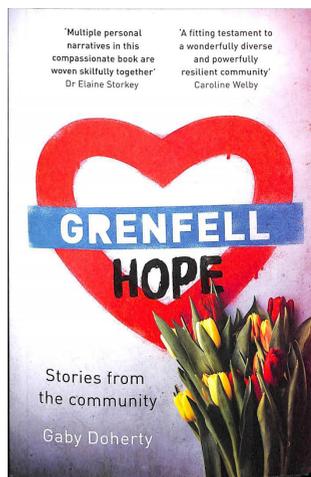
Grenfell Hope by Gaby Doherty

The 2017 Grenfell Tower fire rocked London, the UK and beyond. Richard Whiffen from the Quench book store in Maidenhead reviews this response to the tragedy

Grenfell Hope is an incredibly moving and powerful book which takes us into the heart of the tragedy of the Grenfell Tower fire. At times, the sadness is almost overwhelming, but in the midst of the sadness there is great hope, as we read the stories of ordinary people reaching out in love to provide help and support.

The author, Gaby Doherty, lived only yards away from the tower and writes from the heart. As well as sharing stories from people in and around the tower, she speaks movingly of her own faith and the impact the tragedy has had on her own family.

Ultimately, this book points to a God who walks alongside us in our suffering. With helpful discussion questions at the end, this would be a great book club choice.



Stars, Sparks and Pond skaters

In September, a number of families met at North Town Moor for a lesson in pond dipping led by our resident biologist, **Ann Darracott**.

Considering the pond's modest size, and the pollution it suffered last year, it was remarkably healthy. We spotted a wide variety of insects and other small creatures, including the elusive Great diving beetle.



A closer look
at a nymph

Identifying the discoveries and
preparing the microscope



From the registers

Since the last issue of *Inspire...*

We welcomed into God's family by baptism:

Faith Marie Porro	Reuben Peter Martin	Mabel Grace Spratley
Lucy Elizabeth Traut	Harley Taio Perry	Amaya Justine Boulton
Travis Manuel Romero	Remy Stanley Perry-Bridger	Lilly Jane Hutchinson
Isaac Stephen Lane	Austin James Brooks	Owen William Green
Olivia Rose Turner	Rosie Elizabeth Ribton	Noah Ashley Ridley
Jack Robert Kirk	Robert Samuel Riddaway Midgley	

We celebrated the marriage of:

Catherine Barton and Christopher Wieting

We blessed the marriage of:

Amy Shadrache and Shehu Saleh

We commended into God's care at their funerals:

Dorothy Herbert	Frances May Reeve	Elsie Cummings
Janice Neaves	David Craythorne	Roger Bevitt
Barry Osmond	Nellie Edwards	Jacqueline Mundy
Eileen Luach	Ronald Young	Caroline Wood
Elizabeth Shailes	Scott Keen	Robert Russell
Margaret Burrows	David Trinkwon	Doreen Palmer
Vivienne King	Bertha Selby	
Leslie Duncan	Pamela Neville	
Joseph 'Mac' Macaulay Brown	Diane Philps	

May they all rest in peace, and rise in glory

Who's who and how to contact us

All numbers prefixed with Maidenhead 01628... unless otherwise stated

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Minister**
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632626

Pastoral coordinator

Sue Hinchliffe 784724

Churchwardens

Johanna Raffan 680913

David Sopp 781390

Assistant churchwardens

John Salter 634439

Sue Hinchliffe 784724

Flowers

Rita Salter 634439

Electoral Roll Officer

Jill Bevitt 633464

Gift Aid Secretary

Kim Rumble (c/o 622733)

Director of Music

Adam Went

01753 643974

PCC Secretary

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PCC Treasurer

Richard Burdett 631486

Parish administrator

Ruth Humphreys 622733



**Ordinand in
training**

Phyl Sopp

781390

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or email:
admin@stlukeschurchmaidenhead.org.uk



*The church office is open
Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays (and some Saturdays)
Between 9.30am and 11.30am*

*Like St Luke's
Church,
Maidenhead
on Facebook
and/or follow
[@stlukesmaid](https://www.facebook.com/stlukesmaid)
on Twitter*



*St Luke's is part of
Inclusive Church
Find out more at
www.inclusive-church.org.uk*



*To find out more about St Luke's and the many prayer and discussion groups and
other activities on offer each week visit
www.stlukeschurchmaidenhead.org.uk*

Coming soon at St Luke's

Christmas services

Carol service by candlelight

Sunday 23rd December, 6pm

Candlelit crib services, 24th December

4pm (younger families)

5pm (older families)

Midnight Mass, 24th December

11.30pm

Christmas Day, Tues 25th December

10am, short Christmas Day service for children / families

10.30am, service of Parish Communion

Messy Church

Craft, worship and meal for all ages

Fridays, 3.30pm – 5.30pm

4th Jan, 1st February,

8th March, 5th April

Seeking Solace

*Reflection and tea for the bereaved
3pm in church*

Mon 7th January, Sunday 3rd February,

Monday 4th March, Sun 7th April

Annual Parochial Church Meeting (APCM)

After the 10am service

Sunday 3rd March

Ladies' Breakfast

8.45am

Saturday 23rd February

Quiet Day

Saturday 23rd March



Photo by Brian Darracott