

St Mary's Parish Magazine



March – April 2020

50p

Spring Thoughts



Springtime!
Your message
of hope
to a world
tiring of
winter's
starkness,
longing for
that first
crocus
to push
through

snow's icy blanket
and spread its leaves,
like arms outstretched,
to its creator.
Springtime!
Our yearly reminder, if we needed
one,
that to a world that was dark and
cold,
a world devoid of love's sweet
warmth,
you sent your Son
to break through sin's icy blanket,
and, arms outstretched
on a cross,
he brought us
hope.
Thank you.

..... and may you have a happy and
blessed Easter.

Tony King

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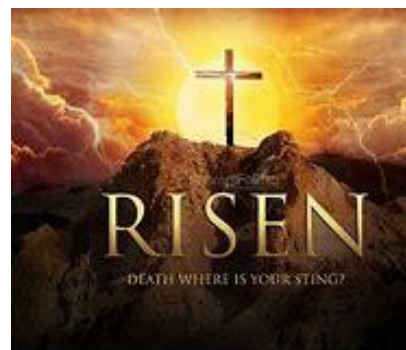
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Footnote:

Copies of the magazine can be posted to your home or friends and relations. Subscription rates are
£6.50 for a year (6 editions), including postage. Please contact the Parish Office.

THE VICAR'S ANNUAL REPORT 2019/20

LIVE

The period since our last Annual Parochial Church Meeting has been very busy, and high profile developments such as hosting BBC TV for their live Easter Day broadcast and the introduction of new chairs in St Mary's nave are just the tip of a massive 'iceberg' which is reflected more fully in this year's Annual Report and Financial Statements.

LIVING

Once again I would like to express my appreciation to all who have worked so hard on our behalf. St Mary's would not have been the church it is without their commitment and as the Vicar I am enormously grateful for all they have done in the past 12 months. Thanks are due to those in our Parish Office (Felicity and Glynis); our Churchwardens (John and Gail), Deputy Churchwardens (David, and Godfrey) and all the PCC (especially John and Mary Adams, Treasurer, and Vicky Bartholomew, Secretary); our vergers for premises (Mark, assisted by Francis); and our vergers for worship (John Hosiene, Phil Maund, John Adams and Ian Barnicoat); Oliver, Mark, Lucy and Paddy with all who work on the musical side of our life; Vicky, Grahame and all our servers; Catherine and those running the Sunday School; our readers and intercessors; our Family Service leaders; Gill and Carol and all our sidespeople; Alycia, Doreen and all assisting clergy, Kirsteen for our prayer diary and Tony our magazine editor; for our bell ringing team; for Helen, Brenda and all our flower team; our church guides; for John Glover and all in our visitor team; for the money counters.

LIVELIHOODS

At this point we are in a time of significant change. Felicity Bostock is stepping down as St Mary's Parish Administrator after 10 years in that post following on from 5 years as our Admin Officer. I wish to pay tribute to her energy, vision and workload. The Christmas Tree Festival is just one example of this, which has transformed the festive season at St Mary's. It's just one example of the many things accomplished during her tenure and I'm immensely grateful for all that she has done and helped St Mary's to achieve. Also retiring as Lead Chaplain for the Myton Hospices and a stalwart member of the Warwick Team is Stig Graham. He has been part of our team for 18 years and has brought tireless energy and good humour to all that he's done. Thankfully we won't lose touch as he will continue to help out here in 'retirement'. Furthermore, Doreen Mills is stepping back at this time whilst taking a sabbatical as our Reader. She has also been in post for around 10 years and has supported the ministry of St Mary's in so many ways from regular preaching, organizing services, co-ordinating the Pastoral Care Team and much, much more. During her sabbatical she is going to reflect upon where God is calling her to next in life and ministry. Another important development in the coming year will be the fund raising needed for maintaining a building on the scale of St Mary's and we will be working with our diocese, local stakeholders and Robin Thomas on taking that forward.

VITAL

In addition, I also recognize the continued support of the Friends of St Mary's, the Friends of the Choir, the Guild of Ex-Choristers, the King Henry VIII Trust, the St Mary's Hall Trust, Robin Thomas and Morgan Thomas Ltd.

Vaughan

2020 LENT ADDRESSES

The 2020 Lent Addresses start in March, exploring the relationship between Christianity & Culture ahead of nearby Coventry's exciting years as 2021 City of Culture. It will be a fascinating series:

Culture & Christianity

– Coventry 2021: City of Culture –

- 1st Mar** **Christianity & a City of Culture: Hull 2017**
Eli Wort
Tutor for Church Army and researcher into Christianity & culture
- 8th Mar** **Christianity & Culture: Past & Present**
Fergus Butler-Gallie
Priest & author of *A Field Guide to the English Clergy* (Oneworld 2018) & *Priests de la Résistance* (Oneworld 2019)
- 15th Mar** **Christianity & Popular Culture**
Rachel Mann
Canon of Manchester Cathedral, poet and author of *Fierce Imaginings* (DLT 2017) and *A Kingdom of Love* (Carcanet 2019)
- 22nd Mar** **Christianity and Poetic Imagination**
Malcolm Guite
Priest, poet, Chaplain at Girton College, Cambridge and author of *After Prayer* (Canterbury Press 2019) and *Parable & Paradox* (Canterbury Press 2016)
- 29th Mar** **Christianity & a City of Culture: Coventry 2021**
John Witcombe
Dean of Coventry and part of the Coventry 2021 team



Each Address is part of 5.30pm Choral Evensong

WHERE DOES COURAGE COME FROM?

A question for you, reader, where does courage come from? Have you ever considered this question? I do not have scientific proof, but as an example of my own life, I think courage comes from adversity. I am taking you back to my childhood. Come along for the ride. I was born in deepest, darkest Africa to parents who were adventurous. I was the second child of my dad who came from Dutch descent, and my mother was from Irish descent. Born and raised in what was then known as Rhodesia, now known as Zimbabwe. Rhodesia was then also known as the Pearl of Africa; mostly Europeans came in search of gold and precious stones like diamonds. I was born into the family de Beer. They are probably the most wealthy family in Southern Africa. The 'de Beer's' were the Diamond family, and when I grew up I had such fun with the name 'de Beer' as we were 'not' that de Beer family. However, we were not poor by any means; we had servants and we lived a very desirable lifestyle with a beautiful garden, lovely house, and many social friends that visited the family. But let's go back to my early days. I was a sick child, I had a continuation of lung problems and grew weaker with every new complication. I had to miss a year of school due to sickness. I wore calipers on my skinny legs because of weakness. I had a nurse take care of me and doctors always around me, my parents were told that it was not very likely that I would live beyond the age of seven. But if I did reach seven years old, and that was very questionable, I could recover from all these childhood health problems. I remember my Dad looking at me in the bed, shaking his head in sadness and saying, I don't think Maureen is going to live. I remember saying to him, 'yes, I am going to live, and I am going to make a difference in this world one day.' I was very determined to live, and that is exactly what did happen. It was almost to the day of my seventh birthday; I rose up, with a fighting spirit, and a determination such as most people had not seen before. My calipers were no longer necessary and I grew tall, taller than my parents, I was from that point, and even today, incredibly fearless. Watch out 'world,' don't get in my way! I decided I wanted to be a model, so anything to please, Maureen. I was trained in modelling, and by the age of eight, I was earning a living as a child model. My mother saw the amazing change in me and I recall her saying, 'you will walk where angels fear to tread, Maureen.' I determined too, that I did not want to have children, because I was going to be a world changer and world changers don't have kids, startling thoughts for an eight-year-old. I believe that is exactly what happened, I found Jesus Christ as the age of thirty-three, and I began changing the world one person at a time.

Rhodesia was an English colony, and that meant royalty would visit from time to time. Queen Elizabeth, and the Queen Mother, came to visit our city, Bulawayo. The Queen's entourage determined they would visit our school, which was a highly respected school. The headmaster asked the students at assembly one morning if there was anybody who could dance, or sing, and would like to do so for the Queen of England. My arm shot up and I said, 'I will dance for the Queen.' Everybody laughed and giggled, because most knew that I could not dance, not professionally that is, but the students and school staff all knew that I was a show off, and clearly I could do whatever I wanted to, and challenge is what Maureen thrived on. The day of the visit came and the Queen and Queen Mother arrived in style with all the pomp and ceremony expected of royalty. The entire school was in the assembly hall waiting and the hall was filled to capacity, except for the few front rows that were reserved for our special guests. The show began with an assortment of speeches from local authorities, which in my mind, was such a waste of time. Meanwhile I was waiting backstage. Finally, some of our school's best talents performed before the Queen. Then it was my turn. I had the signal. My cue came and in my excitement, I burst onto the stage. I was madly excited, and I was wearing a leotard and bright red tunic. I had taps on my red tap shoes, and there was nothing to stop me now. I was ready to go. My instruction to listen for the cue when the music ended, and to perform a polite courtesy and leave the stage, seemed a distant, insignificant event to me. The piano was playing, 'Four Leaf Clover,' and it was my choice. My legs began to move and my feet began to tap, and there with a huge smile on my face. My skinny legs were moving faster than the speed of sound and my blonde hair was flying wildly. There was much clapping from the school children and I noticed that the Queen was highly amused too. The music stopped, and that was my cue to exit, but I just stayed right there, tapping, having the time of my life. There didn't seem to be any good reason to exit at this point. This caused a roar of laughter as I continued to dance on without the music. Eventually one of the teachers moved onto the stage and caught me by my arm. He pulled me in the direction of the stage exit. I stayed mostly facing the audience, waving and loving the applause. I hated to say goodbye to my most enthusiastic audience. It was then that I knew for certain that I could grow to be a world-changer. If sickness did not take my life, then what was I ever going to be afraid of? A star was born that day!

Maureen Woods

APRIL IN WARWICKSHIRE



All Fools' Day (1 April) seems in little danger of dying out. Schoolchildren are no longer as learned as the boys at Rugby, who used to send first and second formers to the stocks to see Tom Nemo and Peter Nullus. But classic schoolboy tricks – books balanced

on doors and drawing pins on chairs – are still played on 1 April. Mother is invited to look at results of imagined minor catastrophes like broken crockery – but only in the morning, for the jokes, according to tradition, must end at noon.

Easter, which normally falls during April, was surrounded by many customs and beliefs. If it fell earlier, and specifically on 25 March:

*When Easter falls on Lady Day's lap,
Beware old England, of a clap.*

Good Friday was a holiday, with church in the morning and potato-planting in the afternoon. The hot-cross bun hung from the ceiling or nailed over the door the previous year was replaced by one newly-baked. At Long Compton, according to Sheila Stewart, children went to the woods to pick primroses and other flowers with which to decorate the church for Easter.

Easter Day was all-important and every one, however poor, wore something new to prevent bad luck, even if it were only 'a 'ankercher or an apern'. On Easter Monday the young men of Coleshill tried to catch a hare. If they could present it to the parson before ten o'clock in the morning he had to give them a calf's head, a hundred eggs and a groat (fourpence). There was a similar custom at Wootton Wawen. A song, 'I can't find Brummagem' describes how:

*At Easter time girls fair and brown
Used to come roly-poly down,
And they showed their legs to half the town,
He good old sights of Brummagem.*

Newhall Hill was where they rolled down. Church clipping was also

known in Birmingham. This account dates from the early nineteenth century:

When I was a child, as sure as Easter Monday came, I was taken to see the children clip the churches. This ceremony was performed, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy, by the children of the different charity schools, who at a certain hour flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand with their backs against the church [St Martin's], and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number, till at last the chain was of sufficient length completely to surround the sacred edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, the party broke up, and walked in procession to the other church [St Philip's], (for in those days Birmingham boasted but of two), where the ceremony was repeated.

Church clipping continues in at least one of the country, but it disappeared long ago in Birmingham.

Easter Monday and Tuesday were also heaving or lifting days. On Monday the men heaved the women, 'that is, took them up lengthwise in their arms, as a mother would her baby, and kissed them. All were served alike – the buxom, the slender, the comely, the plain, the saucy, and the shy'. On Tuesday the women retaliated. Heaving was widespread throughout the county, and rank was no protection; even the celebrated Dr Parr of Hatton was lifted by the girls. 'The women's day', wrote a Birmingham observer in 1825, 'was the most amusing':

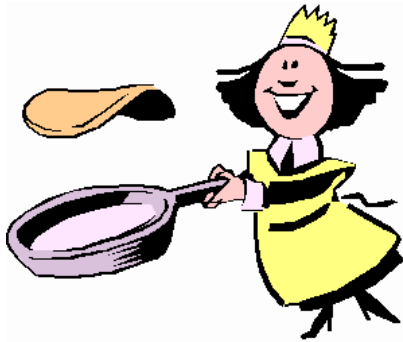
Many a time have I passed along the streets inhabited by the lower orders of people, and seen parties of jolly matrons assembled round tables on which stood a foaming tankard of ale. There they sat in all pride of absolute sovereignty, and woe the luckless man that dared to invade their prerogatives! As sure as he was seen he was pursued – as sure as he was pursued he was taken – and as sure as he was taken he was heaved and kissed, and compelled to pay sixpence for 'leave and licence to depart'.

A report from Birmingham in 1885 says that heaving 'was still kept up in some of the back streets of the town a few years back, and though it may have died out now with us, those who enjoy such amusements will find the old custom observed in villages not far away'. One of these was Avon Dassett; there were undoubtedly others!

Roy Palmer

PANCAKE DAY

In *A Kind of Magic*, Mollie Harris remembers a telling incident from her Oxfordshire childhood in the 1920s:



The excitement of pancake day in our house had to be seen to be believed, for no other day in the year could afford such luxuries. The fun began as soon as our mother brought her big washstand jug from the bedroom and set it on the kitchen table. Into it went a quart of skimmed milk that one of us fetched from Sarah Clarke's, and several eggs from our own hens, all whipped up together with plenty of plain flour into a creamy frothy mixture. A new frying pan - another annual event for the great day - and a pound of best lard to cook the pancakes in, and we were all set to begin. Our mother's face was flushed and happy, her hair untidily wispy as she bent over her task. The fire burnt fiercely, so that she had to hold the pan above the flames. As each pancake was cooked it was doled out to the members of the family in turn, according to one's age, the eldest first.

The room was filled with squealing and laughing as our mother skilfully tossed each pancake high in the air. Blue smoke rose from the boiling fat and there was a strong smell of lemon as she slipped the long-awaited treat on to each plate. At last it was Ben's turn, he was last-but-one on the list. He had waited patiently for almost an hour, and as she tossed the pancake mother cried, "Whose turn is it this time?" "Mine," Ben shouted excitedly, and he rushed forward, plate in hand and tried to catch it as it came down - our mother tried to do the same thing. She gave him a quick shove, and he went backside first into a bucket of water and she herself, slightly off balance, stumbled a couple of steps sideways onto the sleeping cat. The hot pancake landed right on top of the squealing animal who made a bee-line for the door. Someone rushed to open it and the cat streaked out, completely enveloped in the cooked batter. "That's yours boy, go and get it," Mother yelled to him above the din as Ben heaved himself up from the bucket; with water dripping from his trousers he rushed out into the garden. Minutes later he came back, stuffing lumps of fluff-covered pancake into his mouth, having cornered his quarry in the wash-house.

A NEW DAY HAS DAWNED

In many parts of the world, Easter comes in spring. It's the time of year when nature itself brings forth the beginnings of new life. The tulips begin to rise from the cold and dormant earth, the leaves begin to bud on the trees transforming the forest into a sea of green, and the Sun begins to shine with a new radiance, sending warmth at its rising each morning. Creation itself reflects the glory and splendour of the Resurrection of Christ in many ways. The death of winter reflects the death of Christ and the silence of the tomb experienced on Holy Saturday. Everything goes dormant. Vegetation appears to die and even the animals and insects retreat into various forms of hibernation and immobility. However, at the appointed time, as the warmth of the sun rises anew, nature itself is called forth from the death of winter into the new life of spring.

The cold winter would be deeply depressing if it were to remain forever. Just imagine if scientists were to tell us that the forthcoming winter was a unique one in that it would now remain forever. Never again would we see the warmth of spring or summer. Never again would we see the insects, plants and leaves on the trees. What a hopeless situation that would be! But God speaks to us in many and varied ways and one such way is through the cycle of nature. New life is certain! The warmth will return after the winter freeze, nature will rise and the earth will sing again.

If the Father in Heaven is so diligent about caring for the natural creation, how much more does He care for the recreation of humanity? How much more would He have cared for the Resurrection of His own divine Son? How much more does He care for our entrance into the new life won for each of us by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead? Allow the beauty of creation to be a sign to you of a reality that is infinitely greater. Allow yourself to be drawn into the newness of life that is bestowed upon you by your sharing in the Resurrection of Christ. To rise with Him means you are to become a new creation.

Reflect, on Easter Day, upon the line from the Responsorial Psalm for the day's Mass. "This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." The "day" we rejoice in is the new life God wants to bestow upon your soul here and now. It's a new day, a glorious one, a transformed one, a resurrected one. New life must begin now and must become continually new and glorious as we journey deeper and deeper into the glory of the Resurrection. Ponder this "new day" and allow our Lord to bestow it upon you through the power of His glorious Resurrection from the dead.

THE RIGHTFUL KING

Our sin proclaimed, as one defamed,
To pay the price for all our wrong.
A judgment made, as one betrayed,
To take the guilt of cursed throng.

The lashing whip was just a sip
From a dreaded cup of bitter drink.
Their hateful cries were filled with lies,
And carved in the flesh with living ink.

The pounding nails and tortured wails
Released the flow of Mercy's flood.
Each drop he bled, a crimson red,
Was payment made in precious blood.

The darkest black of sin's attack
Was mirrored by the darkest day.
His only son, the righteous one,
Became the lamb on which they prey.

Our humble King, now suffering
And straining with each painful breath.
I stand here awed the Son of God
Would give away his life in death.

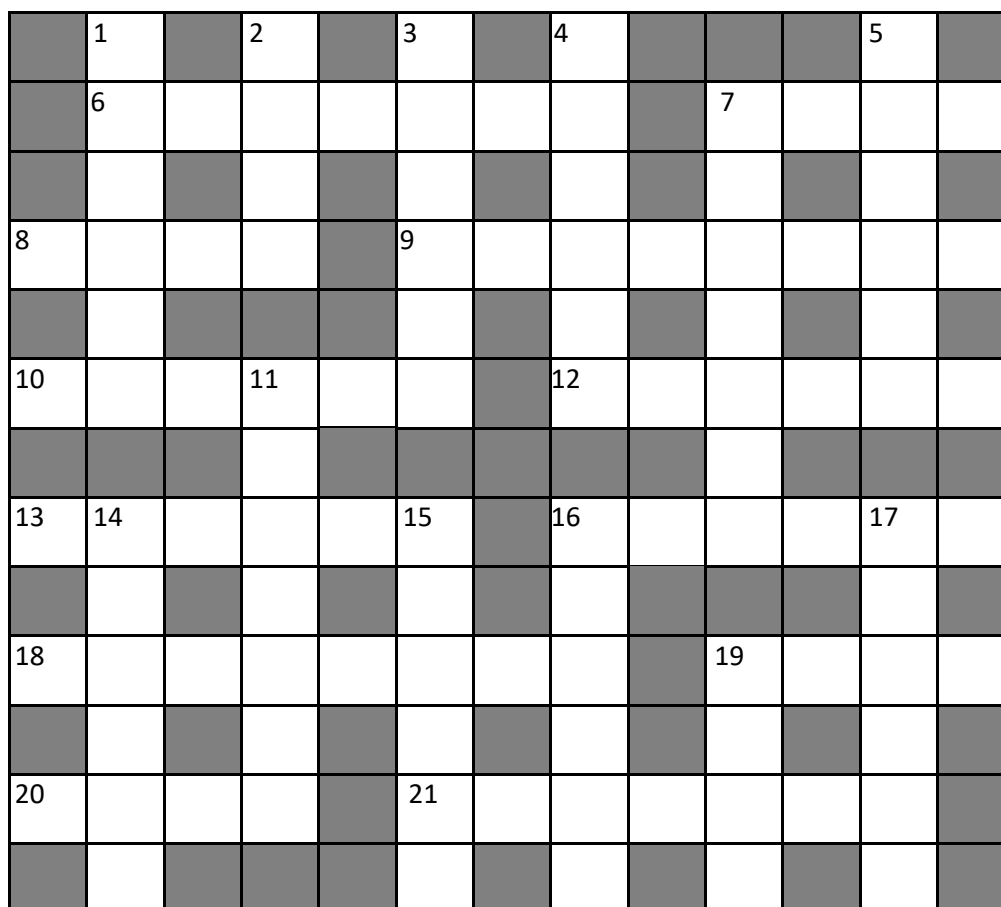
He breathed his last. I stand aghast
As he is buried in a grave.
A stone is rolled and sealed to hold
His body in a gloomy cave,

With entry barred by Roman guard;
The best they had were standing there.
Angelic light brought quite a fright;
A ghastly, petrifying scare.

They should have known the largest stone
Would never stop the rightful King.
For even death was short on breath,
And lost its painful, dreaded sting.

For Christ arose; defeated foes
And took his place upon the throne.
And there he rules, in spite of fools,
Until he comes to claim his own.

NEVER A CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

6. Drugs spilt over a letter. (7)
7. Elegy writer sounds a bit pale. (4)
8. Rapid activity in Lent? (4)
9. God with us, providing space for a Spaniard. (8)
10. Six points for a religious sect member. (6)
12. Resist turmoil and become a nun. (6)
13. Wager he'll almost go to a town in Canaan. (6)
16. Ask in church: time for a coffin? (6)
18. Cooked Balti I get on for a ritual offering. (8)
19. Mishap seen around the East End. (4)
20. Looking for a tree? It's in hand! (4)
21. Matthew sends a letter to the French. (7)

DOWN

1. Cardinal raced about the trees. (6)
2. Soldier on foot for the present. (4)
3. Goddess, then, in hospital department? (6)
4. Bother Messiah about god. (6)
5. Fast vehicle gets directions. (6)
7. It's a start, seeing off a cardinal. (7)
11. Hire a politician to find Joseph's son. (7)
14. Priest gets a beer, we hear, for the prophet. (6)
15. Secular call about artificial intelligence. (6)
16. Chorister not able to accept the alternative. (6)
17. Direction the Queen took to the festival? (6)
19. Deeds in the Bible. (4)

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

Spring salmon with minty veg

An easy to prepare healthy meal which counts for two of your five a day!

Ingredients

- 750g small new potato, thickly sliced
- 750g frozen pea and beans mix
- 3 tbsp olive oil
- zest and juice of 1 lemon
- small pack mint, leaves only
- 4 salmon fillets about 140g/5oz each



Preparation: 10 minutes

Cook: 10 minutes

Serves 4

Boil the potatoes in a large pan for 4 mins. Tip in the peas and beans, bring back up to a boil, then carry on cooking for another 3 mins until the potatoes and beans are tender. Whizz the olive oil, lemon zest and juice and mint in a blender to make a dressing (or finely chop the mint and whisk into the oil and lemon).

Put the salmon in a microwave-proof dish, season, then pour the dressing over. Cover with cling film, pierce, then microwave on High for 4-5 mins until cooked through. Drain the veg, then mix with the hot dressing and cooking juices from the fish. Serve the fish on top of the vegetables.

A nice glass or two of chilled dry white wine will finish it off a treat!

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF SAINT DAVID

David was a great church leader, but not in the sense of a present day bishop or archbishop. He was a prophet and a teacher, a man of prayer and a miracle worker. He was the heart of the monastic community he founded in what is now St Davids in Wales, and through his direct teaching, and the work of the monks he influenced, he shaped the spirituality of his time and place. David believed that monks should live simply, and he prescribed a harsh life for his followers.

As well as praying and celebrating mass, the brothers had to work hard. They rose at dawn for prayer, and then worked in the monastery and the fields around it. David would not allow them to make animals work for them, but made them pull the plough themselves, saying, "every man his own ox." And while they worked, they continued to pray. They had a spare diet, too, eating only vegetables and bread, and having only milk and water to drink. St David himself drank only water, and is sometimes known in Welsh as 'Dewi Ddyfrwr' (David the water drinker). St David's monks were expected to remain silent, except for prayer or in emergency. But though it was a hard life, David's holiness and personal charisma were enough to hold the community together in the service of God.

St David is often shown with a dove on his shoulder. The bird symbolises the Holy Spirit which gave David the gift of eloquence as he preached the Good News of Christianity. But although he was a great preacher, the message by which St David is most remembered is not a flowery piece of preaching but a simple statement about simplicity. It comes from his last sermon..."do the little things, the small things you've seen me doing".

Rowan Williams, one time Archbishop of Canterbury, thinks that phrase resonates with modern people because...

"...it reminds us that the primary things for us are the relationships around us, the need to work at what's under our hands, what's within our reach.

We can transform our domestic, our family relationships, our national life to some extent, if we do that with focus and concentration in the presence of God."

Spring 2020 Lunchtime Recitals

Fridays at 1:15pm
Collegiate Church of St Mary, Warwick

6 March	Oliver Hancock <i>organ</i> (St Mary's , Warwick)
20 March	Young Musicians (Warwick School)
3 April	Mark Swinton <i>organ</i> (St Mary's, Warwick)

Admission free, retiring collection

AND FINALLY

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS 6 Epistle 7 Gray 8 Fast 9 Emmanuel 10 Essene 12 Sister
13 Bethel 16 Casket 18 Libation 19 Apse 20 Palm 21 Apostle

DOWN 1 Cedars 2 Gift 3 Athene 4 Hermes 5 Carene 7 Genesis 11 Ephraim
14 Elijah 15 Laical 16 Cantor 17 Easter 19 Acts

Who's Where in The Warwick Team

Contacts in our partner churches in the Warwick Team include:

All Saints

Revd Diane Thompson (Team Vicar)	492073
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St Nicholas

Revd Linda Duckers (Team Vicar)	496209
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St Paul's

Revd Jonathan Hearne (Team Vicar)	419814
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Choir	403940
Friends of St Mary's Choir	07549 534339
Collegium	498851
St Mary's Scholars	403940
Flowers	857351
Church Guides	403940
Gift Shop	403940
Sunday School	312861
Friends of St Mary's Church	419991
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Tony King (Magazine Editor)	497349

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Alan Faulkner	
Desmond Jack	495795
Gill James (Synod member)	842024
Tony King	497349
Jayne McHale	497106
Joy Nugent (Synod member)	852565
Carol Warren	493940