

St Mary's Parish Magazine



November - December 2022

50p

Notes from the Editor

It may be only November as you start to read this latest edition of St Mary's Parish Magazine, but the spirit of Christmas is already upon us. Plans are well advanced for the Christmas Tree Festival with over 50 trees having been earmarked by mid October! Tickets are already on sale for the myriad of choral concerts scheduled to take place in St Mary's throughout December (see the list on page 11), all with a Christmas or seasonal theme. It's a time for celebration of Christ's birth, with families and friends meeting together, sometimes after the long hiatus forced upon us by COVID-19. But spare a thought for those less fortunate who may spend Christmas alone. Be especially aware of neighbours who may have lost loved ones during the past year and for whom this is not the joyous time that most of us will look forward to. If you can, welcome them into your homes to share some time with you.

As we look forward to 2023, we celebrate the 900th anniversary of the founding of our church of St Mary. There will be many events to recognise this milestone, culminating in the completion of the restoration work on the tower, which will get underway in the early Spring. Watch this space!!

Tony King

Contents

3 Reflections From The Rectory

The Rector bids farewell

4 St Martin's Day

A saint whose festival is marked on 11 November

5 The Devil Earl

What is our connection with the English Earl so feared by the French?

6 Stir up Sunday

Let the preparations begin!

7 Nothing Can Separate

Katherine Hannon's short story with a message

9 Ring In The New!

Another year passes

11 Musical Delights

A busy time for musicians in Warwick

12 Never A Crossword

Our regular brain teaser with mainly religious themes

13 Thought For Food

A tasty Indian dish for Boxing Day lunch

14 Here We Come A-wassailing!

... and a good time is had by all?

15 And Finally

Crossword answers and other important things



REFLECTIONS FROM THE RECTORY

20/20 HINDSIGHT?

This will be my last Reflection from the Rectory since I retire at Christmas. As I thought about what to write, I went back and looked at some of my first Reflections for our parish magazine. One of them, after a year in post, started like this: "When I was interviewed for the job at Warwick, one of the questions asked was: What would it be like coming to a church that has no financial worries? To be honest I can't remember my answer but I do recall thinking, 'I would be surprised if there's a church anywhere in the Church of England that doesn't have financial concerns!' And so it has proved to be. St Mary's is presently running a significant year-on-year deficit with its budget and there are some important decisions ahead." Thus, one of my first tasks in those early days was to encourage St Mary's to explore its vision for ministry and then run a stewardship campaign to address our financial concerns.

ENVISIONING

In the Reflection from November last year I wrote about another vision morning that our PCC held at the Red Hill Centre. Once again, we needed to seek God's vision for St Mary's ministry and the outcome of that was a five-fold challenge for the future:

- Reaching up – How do we continue to reach up to God and develop our liturgy, worship and study of the Bible?
- Reaching down – How do we address the issues of stewardship and encourage those inside and outside the church to reach down into their pockets, wallets and accounts?
- Reaching out – How do we reach out to our local community and serve the town and people of Warwick and the wider area?
- Reaching in – How do we deepen the spiritual lives of our regular congregations, those who attend less frequently, those on our fringes and beyond them.
- Reaching across – How do we deepen and improve our pastoral care for our diverse congregations in very different states of need?

20/20 VISION

The challenges for a church like St Mary's remain consistent – what's our vision and how are we to fund it? Our Diocese is moving swiftly with the appointment process and there have already been two significant meetings with the PCC and the Standing Committee in October. When the new vicar arrives, those ongoing tasks of vision and funding will remain. I am enormously grateful to everyone who has shared in the challenges of the last 20 years of ministry at St Mary's and the Warwick Team. If I

were to list everyone it would probably take an entire issue of the magazine because that is the nature of this wonderful place. Suffice to say, I have found it a very fulfilling and happy time. Mandy and I will miss St Mary's and Warwick enormously but will continue to pray for God's blessing on you for all that lies ahead.

Many, many thanks for all that has been and very best wishes for the future.

Vaughan

The Revd Canon Vaughan Roberts

ST MARTIN'S DAY

Martin of Tours (c316 – 97 AD) was a soldier in the Roman army when he decided to convert to Christianity, and was imprisoned for his refusal to fight. He later became a monk, founded the first monastery in Gaul (modern-day France), and then became Bishop of Tours in 372 AD, in which position he served until his death. His reputation for miracles, before and after his death, made him an extremely popular saint in France and neighbouring countries, including Britain, throughout the Middle Ages, and numerous churches were dedicated to him. The most notable of his saintly acts was when he had cut his cloak in half to share with a beggar during a snowstorm, to save him from the cold. That same night he dreamed of Jesus wearing the half-cloak and saying to the angels, "Here is Martin, the Roman soldier who is now baptised; he has clothed me." Saint Martin died on 8 November 397, and was buried three days later.

The main aspect of this day in the traditional year, however, had little connection with the saint and his life, but everything to do with its position in the farming calendar. Martinmas was traditionally the time when animals were slaughtered to prepare for the coming winter months. It is because of this wide-spread activity that November was called 'blood-month' in the Anglo-Saxon calendar, and a vague superstition persisted until recent times, in Ireland at least, that something should be killed on this day 'for luck'. The slaughtered meat was salted or dried, and 'Martinmas beef' became a common term for meat preserved in this way. For much of the population, Martinmas itself was therefore one of the last opportunities in the year to eat fresh meat, and was known for

food that was a by-product of the slaughter, such as black puddings and offal. The day therefore had something of a reputation for merrymaking.

St Martin's Day also took the place of Michaelmas as a 'settling day' in some parts of the country, particularly Cumbria and other parts of the North, although it was never one of the official English quarter days. In these areas it was the day when rents were due, annual terms of employment or occupancy started and finished, and house moving took place. Across the whole country, one aspect that made it seem a pale reflection of Michaelmas was the popularity of roast goose for the dinner table.

Steve Roud

THE DEVIL EARL



Thomas de Beauchamp, 11th Earl of Warwick, KG (c. 14 February 1313 – 13 November 1369), sometimes styled as Lord Warwick, was an English nobleman and military commander during the Hundred Years' War. His reputation as a military leader was so formidable that he was nicknamed 'the devil Warwick' by the French. In 1348 he became one of the founders and the third Knight of the Order of the Garter.

Thomas was undoubtedly a brave warrior in battle and proved to be a strong military leader. For example, the 14th century Anonimalle Chronicle states that when news arrived of his landing at Calais, the Duke of Burgundy, whose forces were camped nearby, made a hasty retreat under cover of darkness to avoid an encounter with 'the devil Warwick'.

He fought in Scotland as captain of the army against the Scots in 1337 at the age of 24. He also fought in the Hundred Years Wars with France, commanding the English victory at the Battle of Crecy in 1346.

Thomas de Beauchamp was born at Warwick Castle to Guy de Beauchamp, 10th Earl of Warwick and Alice de Toeni. He served in Scotland frequently during the 1330s, being captain of the army against the Scots in 1337. He was hereditary High Sheriff of Worcestershire from 1333 until his death (in 1369). In 1344, he was also made High Sheriff of Warwickshire and Leicestershire for life.

Warwick was Marshal of England from 1343 until 1369, and was one of the commanders at the great English victories at Crécy and Poitiers, as well as the Siege of Calais (1346).

Thomas de Beauchamp fought in all the French wars of King Edward III; he commanded the centre at the Battle of Crecy (where many of his relatives were killed, including his younger half-brother Alan la Zouche de Mortimer). He was trusted to be guardian of the sixteen-year-old Black Prince.

He married Katherine Mortimer, daughter of Roger Mortimer, 1st Earl of March. They had five sons and ten daughters. His son Thomas de Beauchamp, 12th Earl of Warwick (16 March 1339 – 8 August 1401), married Margaret Ferrers, daughter of William Ferrers, 3rd Lord of Groby, and Margaret de Ufford, by whom he had issue, including Richard Beauchamp, 13th Earl of Warwick.



he captured at Poitiers.

Beauchamp's wife Katherine died on 4 August 1369. Beauchamp died three months later at Calais aged 56, on 13 November 1369, of the Black Death and was buried alongside his wife in the chancel here at St. Mary's Church. He had begun the rebuilding the church supposedly using money received from the ransom of the archbishop of Sens, whom

STIR-UP SUNDAY

The Sunday before Advent, falling anywhere between 20th and 26th November was widely known as 'Stir-up Sunday' from at least the 1830s into the twentieth century. The collect for the day commences 'Stir up, we beseech thee O Lord', but many in the congregation had their own version:

*Stir up, we beseech thee, the pudding in the pot
Stir up, we beseech thee, and keep it all hot.*

This was particularly apt, because it was generally acknowledged that this was the day to start making Christmas puddings, and for local shops to ensure that they had all the necessary ingredients in stock.

NOTHING CAN SEPARATE

From her bedroom window, Rebecca eyed the children playing in the snow enviously. How she longed to play with them! "Now, Rebecca," she remembered her father telling her that morning. "You can't play in the snow today." "Why not, Father?" Rebecca had asked. Every day, the neighbourhood children gathered at a park just behind Rebecca's house. "Just trust me, Rebecca. It's not what's best for you today," her father had replied. At the time, Rebecca had responded by kissing her father on his cheek and assuring him that she would stay inside and read. But now she was having second thoughts. *It is beautiful outside*, she thought to herself. It was true: the sun was shining brilliantly. Why wouldn't her father let her go play? Why should she have to miss out on all the fun?

When a snowball exploded just outside her window, Rebecca decided she couldn't stand it any longer. She simply had to go join the others! Leaving her book on the table, Rebecca slipped outside. She tried to tell herself she was having a good time, but all the while her heart felt uncomfortable. She kept looking this way and that, fearful least her father see her. After a few hours, Rebecca finally said her goodbyes and headed back towards the house. She wanted to be safely lodged in her room before her father came home.

Intent on getting to her room as quickly as possible, Rebecca didn't see the mitten someone had left on the stairs until her foot slipped on it. Next thing she knew, she had fallen several stairs. To her horror, she noticed that she had hit her father's favourite picture when she fell! A huge gash ran along the front of the picture. Normally, Rebecca would have hurried immediately to her father after such a fall so he could doctor her up and make her feel better. But not this time. How could she face her father right now? She had disobeyed him and ruined his favourite picture! Biting her lips to keep from crying out, Rebecca grabbed the ruined picture and hobbled to her room.

For the remainder of the day, she lay in agony. Her body ached from the bruises she received on her fall. But her heart—ah, that ached worse of all! She felt certain that her father would no longer love her. She had messed up in the past, but surely this time she had gone too far! He would probably never want to speak to her again. How could he still love her?

She sobbed uncontrollably on her pillow. She had always been close to her father. They had played and studied together. They had laughed and cried together. But not now. No, she felt certain that all those wonderful times were over. Who knows how long she would have lain thus had not her nanny come in to check on her. Rebecca's nanny had a way about her of finding out exactly what was wrong and offering solid, wise counsel. Tonight was no exception. "Rebecca, dear," she said firmly, but gently. "You've been very wrong. But you must not continue in your wrongness by sitting here. You must go to your father with the broken picture in your hand and tell him everything." "Oh, but I can't! I'm not worthy of His love!" Rebecca sobbed. Her nanny sighed patiently. "You were no more worthy of it yesterday than today, child. Your father loves you because you're his daughter, not because of anything you do or don't do. Hasn't he told you every day since you were a little girl, 'I love you'? Do you doubt his word? Do you really think his love is dependent on you?"

Doubt his word—that was an angle Rebecca had never thought of before. Maybe she should go see her father...yes, she must go see him, for if she didn't, she'd never be able to rest. So, still shaking and trembling with fear, Rebecca limped down the hall to the living room. She paused at the doorway. Her father was sitting in his favourite chair, just like he did every night. He looked up when she entered, and a smile radiating with love illuminated his face.

"Ah, you've come at last! I've been waiting. Come, sit here on my lap." As he spoke, he opened his arms widely. Rebecca couldn't stand it. "Oh, you don't understand, Father! You can't love me anymore. I've been terribly wicked and—" Rebecca held up the picture frame for her father to see. "I know, Rebecca—more than you think. I watched you go outside. I watched you fall and hit the picture frame. I saw it all." "You did?" Rebecca was flabbergasted. "But weren't you at work?" Her father shook his head. "I took the day off to spend some special time with you. That's why I told you not to go outside to play. Ever since I saw you fall, I've been longing for you to come to me so I could bandage your wounds and help you. Won't you come now?" Rebecca could hardly believe her ears.

Her father had planned to spend the afternoon with her...and she had missed it. Oh, what foolishness! Yet her father knew it all...and loved her anyway. Could it be? "But, Father, how can you love me now?"

Rebecca's father smiled a smile she would never forget. "Rebecca, dear, I loved you before you were born. You're my daughter. And I will always love you. Although sometimes your actions will result in consequences you could have avoided, nothing can ever separate you from my love. Now won't you come and let me help you with those bruises?"

RING IN THE NEW!

Until quite recently, it was broadly the case that while people in Scotland heartily celebrated the New Year and ignored Christmas, in England people did the reverse. This situation held true for nearly 300 years, but it would be a mistake to regard it as evidence of deep psychological differences between the two peoples. It was simply a result of different paths taken during the religious and political turmoil of 17th century Britain. Christmas was banned in both countries by Puritan order, but was reinstated in England at the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660, when people were positively encouraged to welcome 'Old father Christmas' back into their lives. The Scottish Church, however, continued to frown on the festival, and their people thus put their festive energies into the secular New Year instead. It is only in relatively recent years that these national differences have begun to break down.

In Victorian England, New Year had a few traditions of its own which had been around for a long while, such as giving gifts and sending greetings messages, but these were eventually usurped by the new-style Christmas being forged at the time. In 1864, William Chambers could write in his famous *Book of Days*:

As a general statement, it may be asserted that neither the last evening of the old year nor the first day of the new one is much observed in England as an occasion of festivity. In some parts of the country, indeed, and more especially in the northern counties, various social merrymakings take place; but for the most part, the great annual holiday-time is now past.

New Year began to occupy an ambiguous position in the festive calendar. It fell awkwardly between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night, which marked the beginning and end of the festive season, and New Year had no obvious role to play. Nor did New Year's Eve have many traditional customs of its own, and those that did occur at the season, such as wassailing and mumming, were not fixed to a particular night but could take place at any time over Christmas.

In recent years, however, New Year has quietly undergone a process of major change, which started when New Year's Day became a bank holiday in England in 1974. Increasingly it is seen as the end, not just of Christmas week, but effectively of the whole Christmas season. In this context it has completely eclipsed the old Twelfth Night and has become the new counterbalance to Christmas Day: many workers now get given the whole of the Christmas week as holiday, and return to work after the New Year; couples might agree to see one set of parents at Christmas and the other at New Year.

Nevertheless, despite its lack of overt festivity, New Year has probably always had a quieter, deeper side, brought about by the symbolism inherent in the passing of one year into the next. It seems quite natural that it should be seen as a time of personal stock-taking, engendering those mixed feelings of nostalgia and hope, when even the least romantic of us feels compelled to think back on the past twelve months and make plans for the coming year. Many people who do not celebrate the night in any other way still feel they should stay up till midnight to 'see the New Year in'.

Steve Roud



MUSICAL DELIGHTS

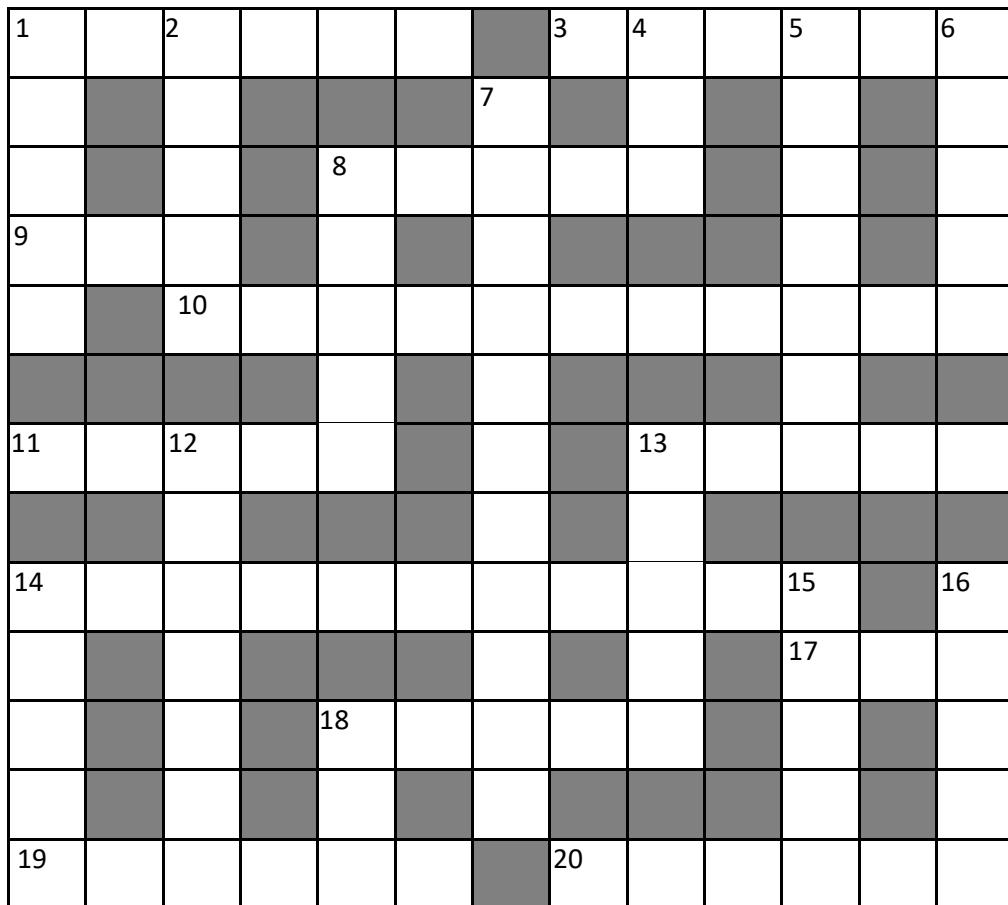
For lovers of choral music and particularly at this time of year, there's a lot going on in St Mary's during December. The Christmas Tree Festival should start to get you in the mood from 24th November, but for the following four weeks it's non-stop for local musicians. Following are key dates for your diaries – but for more details (times, ticket application etc) check the church website or the websites of the various groups performing.

- 27th November Advent Carol Service (St Mary's Choir)
- 6th December Bach's Christmas Oratorio (Armonico Consort)
- 15th December Christmas Revels (Leamington Music)
- 17th December Christmas Concert (St James Singers)
- 17th December Carols At The Castle (St Mary's Choir)
- 18th December Candlelit Carol Service (St Mary's Choir)
- 19th December Carols By Candlelight (Armonico Consort)
- 20th December Glad Tidings (Da Capo Singers)
- 22nd December The Snowman (St Mary's Choir soloists)
- 23rd December Candlelit Carol Service (St Mary's Choir)

(Note that there will be three performances of The Snowman on 22nd December)



NEVER A CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

1. Right to be in love, for your protection. (6)
3. Prophet in denial. (6)
8. Cries when making a small addendum. (5)
9. First lady in Neverland. (3)
10. Valerie sits around, then freshens up! (11)
11. A puzzle regarding public transport. (5)
13. Dr Eamonn has what Joseph had! (5)
14. Arius chants for some monks. (11)
17. It's amazing in a wetsuit! (3)
18. Letter in Hebrew suggests beer at an inn, briefly. (5)
19. Cleric provides notes to a jailbird. (6)
20. Ed gets delayed but is over the moon! (6)

DOWN

1. Hears about Jacob's son. (5)
2. Queen needs mobile phonecard back; what a skinflint! (5)
4. Transport provided for a couple of saints. (3)
5. I'm out of date; it's deadlock! (7)
6. Wild animals left roaming Sion. (5)
7. Give direction to large church or abbey. (11)
8. Mixed views on married women. (5)
12. Two pubs and a saint! (7)
13. Had ET come to this end? (5)
14. Belief in credit notes. (5)
15. Is Ant about? Such a virtuous chap! (5)
16. King of the rodeo. (5)
18. A turn in the past? (3)

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

Turkey Tikka Masala

A tasty Indian dish for Boxing Day

Ingredients

- sunflower oil
- onion, finely chopped
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed or finely grated
- thumb-sized piece of ginger, peeled and finely grated
- 1 red chilli, deseeded and finely chopped
- 1 tsp cumin seeds
- 1 tsp ground coriander
- ½ tsp paprika
- ½ tsp ground turmeric
- ½ tsp garam masala
- 1 tbsp tomato purée
- 400g can passata or chopped tomatoes
- 1 tbsp mango chutney
- 100ml double cream
- 2 tbsp natural yogurt (optional)
- about 600g leftover roast turkey, cut into large chunks
- chopped coriander, toasted flaked almonds, steamed rice and garlic naan breads, to serve



Preparation time: 20 minutes

Cooking time: 30 minutes

Serves: 4

Heat the oil in a casserole dish or shallow pan over a medium heat, and fry the onions for 10-12 mins until golden. Stir in the garlic, ginger, chilli and all the spices, and cook for 2 mins more until the mixture resembles a paste. Stir in the tomato purée, passata or chopped tomatoes and mango chutney, and bring to a simmer. Cook for a further 10 mins. Stir in most of the cream and the yogurt, if using, and return the mixture to a simmer. Add the turkey and continue to simmer until the turkey is piping hot. Remove from the heat, drizzle over the remaining cream and stir through briefly. Scatter over some coriander and flaked almonds, and serve with the rice and naan breads on the side.

HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING!

Traditionally, the wassail is celebrated on Twelfth Night (variously on either January 5 or 6). Some people still wassail on "Old Twelvey Night", January 17, as it would have been before the introduction of the Gregorian Calendar in 1752.

In the Middle Ages, the wassail was a reciprocal exchange between the feudal lords and their peasants as a form of recipient-initiated charitable giving, to be distinguished from begging. This point is made in the song "Here We Come A-wassailing", when the wassailers inform the lord of the house that

*we are not daily beggars that beg from door to door
But we are friendly neighbours whom you have seen before.*

The lord of the manor would give food and drink to the peasants in exchange for their blessing and goodwill, i.e.

*Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too;
And God bless you and send you
a Happy New Year*

This would be given in the form of the song being sung. Wassailing is the background practice against which an English carol such as "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" can be made sense of. The carol lies in the English tradition where wealthy people of the community gave Christmas treats to the carollers on Christmas Eve such as 'figgy puddings'.

Although wassailing is often described in innocuous and sometimes nostalgic terms—still practised in some parts of Scotland and Northern England on New Year's Day as "first-footing"—the practice in England has not always been considered so innocent. Wassailing was associated with rowdy bands of young men who would enter the homes of wealthy neighbours and demand free food and drink (in a manner similar to the modern children's Halloween practice of trick-or-treating). If the householder refused, he was usually cursed, and occasionally his house was vandalized. The example of the exchange is seen in their demand for "figgy pudding" and "good cheer", i.e., the wassail beverage, without which the wassailers in the song will not leave; "We won't go until we get some, so bring some out here".

LUNCHTIME RECITALS AT St Mary's

Fridays, 1:15 – 2:00pm

4th November Colin Millington *organ* (St Mary's, Warwick)

18th November Julian Hellerby *piano*

2nd December Young Musicians from Warwick School

16th December Mark Swinton *organ* (St Mary's, Warwick)

Admission free – retiring collection

AND FINALLY

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS 1 Armour 3 Daniel 8 Weeps 9 Eve 10 Revitalises 11 Rebus
13 Dream 14 Carthusians 17 Awe 18 Aleph 19 Deacon 20 Elated

DOWN 1 Asher 2 Miser 4 Ass 5 Impasse 6 Lions 7 Westminster 8 Wives
12 Barbara 13 Death 14 Creed 15 Saint 16 Herod 18 Ago

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

St Nicholas

Revd Linda Duckers (Team Vicar) 496209

St Paul's

Revd Jonathan Hearne (Team Vicar) 419814

ST MARY'S CONTACTS

Revd Dr Vaughan Roberts (Team Rector)	492909
Parish Office	403940
Doreen Mills (Reader)	494692
Oliver Hancock (Director of Music)	403940
Gail Guest (Church Warden)	885421
John Luxton (Church Warden)	07740 046718
David Benson (Deputy Church Warden)	882207
Godfrey Hill (Deputy Church Warden)	02476 464432
Bell Ringers	492783
1 st Warwick St Mary's Rainbows/Brownies/Guides	403185
Choir	403940
Friends of St Mary's Choir	07549 534339
Collegium	498851
St Mary's Scholars	403940
St Mary's Study Group	07799 682872
Flowers	857351
Church Guides	403940
Gift Shop	403940
Sunday School	312861
St Mary's Guild of Servers	07713 997769
Sidesmen	882207
Churches Together in Warwick	428420
Guild of Ex Choristers	gec@stmaryswarwick.org.uk
Tony King (Magazine Editor)	740181
	497349

Church Council Members

The Rector, the Reader and Church Wardens	
Lis Antrobus	
Vicky Bartholomew	403449
Joy Curtis	
Clare Gould (Office Manager)	
Oliver Hancock	
Desmond Jack	495795
Gill James (Synod member)	842024
Tony King	497349
David Leafe (Treasurer)	
Jayne McHale	497106
Joy Nugent (Synod member)	
Carol Warren	493940
Alice Webber	alicewebber@hotmail.com