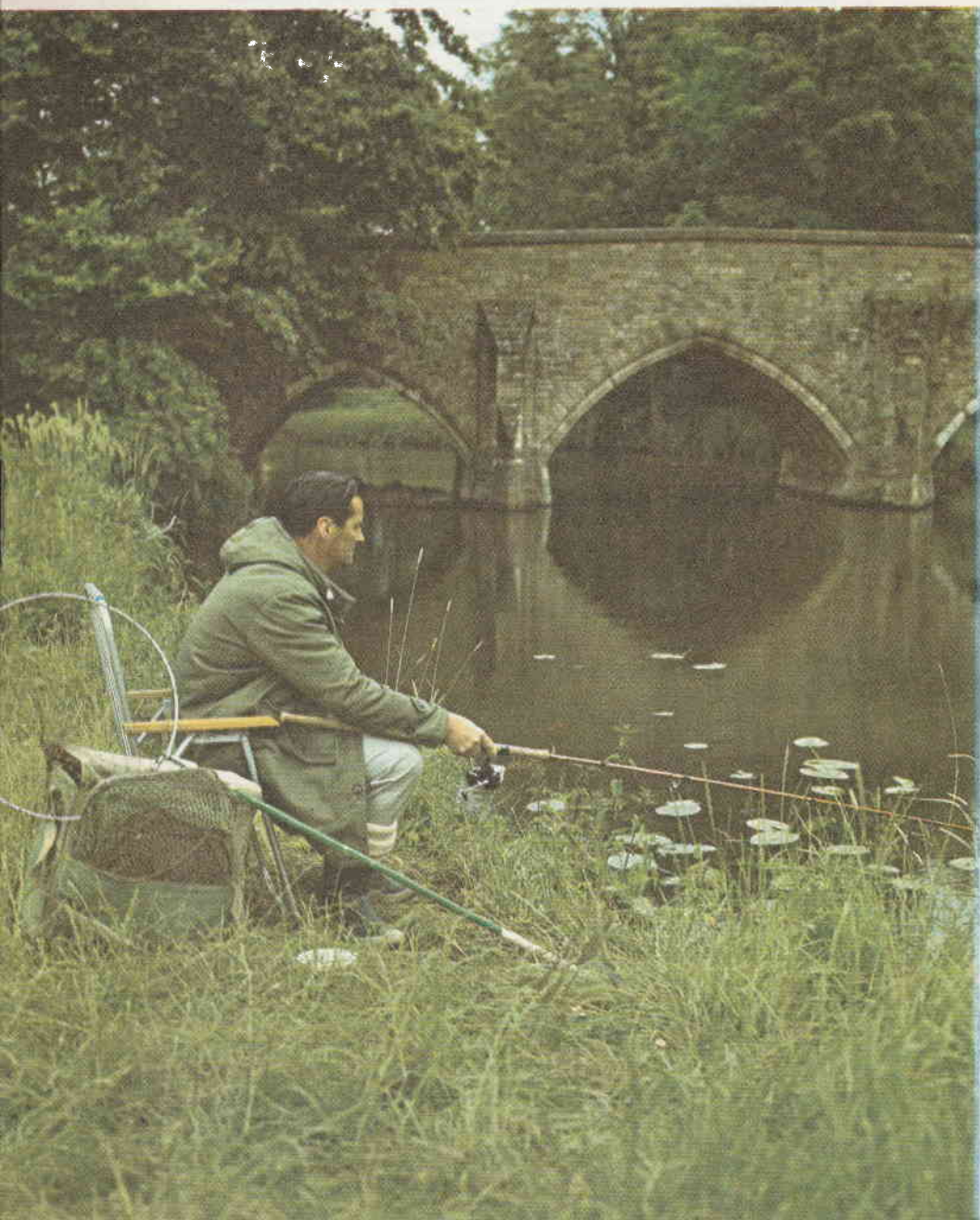


marston news

parish church of st. nicholas

No. 163

Price 3p. SEPTEMBER



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

Vicar and Rural Dean of Cowley : Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A.
11 Elsfield Road, Old Marston. Tel. : 47034.

Reader : Mr. W. H. Saumarez Smith, O.B.E., M.A., Bishop's Wood End,
Cuddesdon.

Parish Worker : Miss O. J. Lodge, 5 Elsfield Road, Old Marston.
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Tel. : 61116.

People's Warden : Mr. A. W. Sidebottom, Melandra, Old Road, Shotover,
Oxford. Tel. : Oxford 62654.

Secretary of the P.C.C. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Old Marston.

Organist : Mrs. E. A. Garner, "Barn Gates," 31 Oxford Rd., Old Marston.
Tel. : Oxford 41888.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion : 8 a.m.

Parish Communion : 10 a.m. New Communion Service (followed by Coffee
in Church Hall).

Evening Prayer and Sermon : 6.30 p.m.

Holy Baptism : Second and Fourth Sundays of the month at 3 p.m. unless
otherwise announced. Notice must be given.

Holy Matrimony : Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion : Wednesdays and Saints Days at 7.15 a.m.
3rd Friday at 10.30 a.m. with Laying on of Hands for sick.
And at other times, as announced. (See Notice Board).

The Daily Services of Morning and Evening Prayer are usually said each day
at 7.15 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. (except on Saturdays). Wednesday :
Morning Prayer is at 9.15 a.m. but it is advisable to consult the
notice board in the Church Porch.

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS AND MEETINGS :

Children's Instruction : Confirmation School and Crossbearers, 10 a.m. in
Church Hall. 1st Sunday in month - Parish Communion.

K.G. and Juniors : Sundays, 11.15 a.m.

Nursery : Sundays, 11.15 a.m. in Mortimer Hall.

Mothers' Union : 4th Tuesday. 7.45 p.m.

Young Wives Group : Alternate Wednesdays, 7.45 p.m. in Church Hall.

Bellringers : Practice Night — Friday nights, 7.45 p.m.

Brownies : Monday, 6 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

Girl Guides : Monday, 7.30 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

Cubs : Tuesday & Thursday, 6.15 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

43rd St. Nicholas' Scout Troop : Friday, 7.15 p.m. in Scout Headquarters.

**As the covers are printed in advance you are advised to consult the
Notice Board in the Church Porch, in case of alteration of times.**

PARISH CALENDAR : SEPTEMBER

- Sept. 1. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 5. TRINITY XIII. "World Wildlife Week."
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- „ 6. Monday. Over 60's Club re-opens.
- „ 8. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 9. Thursday. 8 p.m. Meeting of the Parochial Church Council preceded by Evensong at 7.30 p.m. in Church.
- „ 12. TRINITY XIV. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
11.15 a.m. Children's Instruction (re-assemble after holidays).
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- „ 13. Monday. Over 60's Club outing to Southsea.
- „ 15. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. St. Nicholas Marston Wives Group re-assembles.
- „ 17. Friday. 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 19. TRINITY XV. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
11.15 a.m. Children's Instruction.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- „ 20. Monday. 7.30 p.m. Meeting of Deanery Synod at St. Mary's, Bayswater.
- „ 21. Tuesday. Festival of St. Matthew, Apostle & Evangelist.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 22. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
- „ 26. TRINITY XVI. 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
11.15 a.m. Children's Instruction.
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- „ 28. Tuesday. Meeting of Cowley Deanery Clergy Chapter.
- „ 29. Wednesday. Festival of St. Michael & All Angels.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. St. Nicholas Wives Group.

HOLY MATRIMONY

- July 31. Edward Holt and Jane Elizabeth Baker.
Michael Gray and Pauline Holmes.
- Aug. 7. Jeffrey Robert Holt and Patricia Joy⁴ Cooper.
Ian David Hignell and Susanne Elizabeth Stone.
- „ 8. Geoffrey Roger Rayner and Christine Frances Tremain Tucker.

HOLY BAPTISM

- July 25. Justin Charles Adlam, 13 Elsfield Road.
Paul Collert, 18 St. Nicholas' Park.
Pamela Diane Carol Green, 114 Morrell Avenue.
Sarah Louise Jarrett, 37 Old Marston Road.
Clovis Alexander McDougale, 25 Cherwell Park.
- Aug. 8. Matthew Paul Stanford.

IN MEMORIAM

- July 31. Gladys Lucy Moore.
James William Lewendon.
- Aug. 10. Thelma Elizabeth Heath.

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA

September 5th.—Miss L. Gardner. September 12th.—Mrs. E. Garner.
September 19th.—Mrs. N. Green. September 26th.—Mrs. B. Sharpe.

As the Vicar is away on holiday he has asked me to write in the magazine this month. This I do gladly as it gives me the opportunity (if I may be personal) to express my gratitude for the joy and privilege of serving in this Parish of St. Nicholas and with and for a Vicar who is a member of the Board of Women's Work and who is so appreciative of what a woman can do in a Parish.

It hardly seems but yesterday that I first began my work here among you all, but it will indeed be 10 years on Michaelmas Day. Yet looking back over the months, I cannot be but full of thanksgiving for all the rich experiences I have gained here in Marston and the many lessons I have learned. The Ministry of Women is developing and I shall never be able to express in words exactly the joy to be allowed to assist at the Holy Communion Service which has been such a privilege during the latter months.

Religious Education will naturally always be my "first love" and I have enjoyed every moment of the work I have been able to do with and for the children up to the time of their Confirmation, backed always by a most loyal staff of teachers. This work is constantly changing in emphasis and approach and one must always be aware of new methods which must be tried out through the guidance of the Holy Spirit as we think of the pastoral care of the Church's children. The fact remains, however, that the spiritual care of every child is the responsibility of each communicant member of the Parish. Working in a vast Diocese as I did before I came to Marston, one had not the opportunity of exercising the intimate concern one has for individuals. This I have found more and more of a privilege—to share the joys and the sorrows—the anxieties and perplexities of people and families. So much so that I have been led to realise more and more the real meaning of the Cross in day to day living.

On the 14th day of this month, the Church celebrates Holy Cross Day. Perhaps we tend to think of the Cross only on Good Friday—a day surrounded by sombre thoughts appropriately enough on this Holy Day. That is why the Church in her wisdom set aside this 14th September to mark out the Victory and the Glory of the Cross. Many will be familiar I am sure with the crucifix, but are we so familiar with the figure of Our Lord as **King reigning** from the Cross?—as the Psalmist says "The Lord is King . . . be the earth never so impatient . . . be the earth never so unquiet . . . the Lord remaineth a King for ever . . ."

In the midst of the tumults and uncertainties of this life, it is the Cross which stands out at the supreme victory over sin and evil. It is only in and through the Cross of Christ that we can be victorious over all that overwhelms us in this pilgrimage through life and as the favourite hymn of so many of us at St. Nicholas says :

"Lift high the Cross, the love of Christ proclaim
Till all the world adore his sacred name . . .
Come brethren, follow where our Captain trod
Our King victorious, Christ the Son of God."

May this be our thought and our prayer during the coming months.

OLIVE J. LODGE,
Parish Worker.

BELLRINGERS NOTES

Congratulations to Mr. Roy Jones and Mr. Alec Gammon and to all faithful bellringers. A faculty has been granted for a 6th bell and the installation of this will begin soon.

*Syndication International*

FRANKLY SPEAKING, BY THE EDITOR

When the future falls to pieces

There is a word which is becoming more and more a part of our life and language today, and which spells fear and uncertainty for all too many people.

That word is redundancy.

For a man the sound of that word is bad enough: it spells unemployment, the deadly grind of the employment exchange, insufficient cash for a pint at his local or the most modest flutter on the pools, and lack of self-

respect. That above all—the sinking, souring feeling that, even if it is not his fault, he, the breadwinner, is letting down his wife and family. He is set apart from his neighbours, from the people he passes in the High street, from all those talking about their recent holidays in Scotland or on the Costa Brava. He is out of a job, unwanted. And he is therefore in his own eyes, and however fatally untrue it may be, less than a man.

Shadowed future

Redundancy for a man is soul-destroying. It is something which no man who is willing to work should ever have to suffer; but I believe it is rather worse for the wife of a redundant man.

All over the country the anxious

wives of 'redundant' husbands are realising just what this word means. Their menfolk who have spent ten, twenty, thirty years on one job with one company, are out of work, *and they are not qualified for any other type of work.* And the wives? Children to look after, and no training for anything but motherhood do not qualify them for the exacting role of breadwinner to a family with the high financial commitments facing the average family today.

It is very difficult to offer any advice that does not sound trite or cliché-ridden to these harassed housewives. Redundancy has become their nightmare, and it is one which will keep an increasing number of wives and their men awake at nights worrying about a shadowed future. And, inevitably, unless they have a real spiritual anchor to hang onto, it is going to cause strain in a great many marriages.

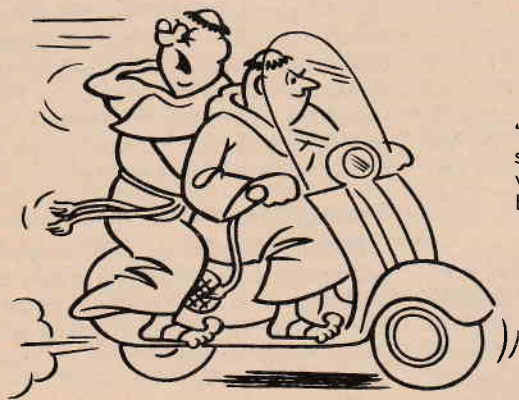
Lack of money, worries about H.P. commitments, the mortgage or rent, about feeding the children and paying for school meals—all these are tailor-made to create tensions and difficulties in marriage.

Material security is very far from the be-all and end-all in a successful marriage, but only a fool would claim that such security does not help rather than hinder the average marriage bond. Financial insecurity makes the job which most wives of redundant men try to tackle so cheerfully—of keeping serene, maintaining her husband's morale, trying to convince him that a job will soon turn up—these things become ever more difficult in the face of a low, or non-existent income.

Self-respect

Far more is at stake than money and material security for many housewives faced with 'redundant' husbands unless they can find those qualities absolutely essential to preserve her family unity, and bolster up the lack of self-respect of her un-wanted husband: the qualities of optimism, courage and strength.

And faith. Above all faith. And it is the woman—the wife—of faith who is going to help a redundant husband and her family most positively in times of economic insecurity and unhappiness.



'Steady, Brother Simon,
steady—I'm sure this
work wasn't meant to
be done at 60 M.P.H.!'

Bill Bowden



Tibetan housemother and father with children playing one of their national games at the Pestalozzi Village, Sussex.

Yak Cheese

Society in the Seventies, No. 10: by Michael Bristow-Smith

'Dad?'

Thus my fifteen-year-old son but, deep in my book, I only grunted.

'Dad, listen! Have you ever eaten yak cheese?'

The sheer unexpectedness of the question jolted me into awareness.

'Have I *what*?'

'Eaten yak cheese. I have: it's jolly good.'

'Where on earth did you get it from? Oh—one of the Tibetans, I suppose?'

'Yes, they eat a lot of it,' I went back to my book, marvelling at his matter-of-factness.

Incomprehensible? Well, that is

understandable until I explain that only three miles away is the Pestalozzi Children's Village and that many of the older children attend my son's school. There, learning together, playing together, growing up together, in complete harmony with our Sussex teenagers, are young people from Nigeria, Thailand, Jordan, India and Tibet. There is no religious or racial tension, and Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists and Christians mix quite amicably. Such squabbles as do occur are exactly of the same kind that are found in any other school. Much credit is indeed due to the headmaster and his staff for this state of affairs,

but without the good sense of the boys and girls themselves it would not exist. In fact, so international is the atmosphere that the recent temporary stay of two American boys went almost unnoticed. I daresay it would be the same if two Russians or two Eskimos turned up one day.

The Pestalozzi Village itself is run on similarly international lines, but with a difference which I find profoundly significant. The Village is run as a unit but the children, selected by various means in their own countries, live in their own national houses. They retain their national way of life and many wear their national costume. Mainly, they are intelligent youngsters who at home would be educationally deprived simply because free secondary education in most of the developing countries must remain a dream for a long while to come. The presence of refugee Tibetans and Palestinian Arabs from Jordan needs no explanation. The children are trained in both academic and practical subjects; in professional and craft

skills. 174 acres of Sussex soil are farmed with their help. All of them go on to further education or apprenticeship and all return whence they came, qualified in some way to be of help to their fellow-countrymen.

So it is that the Village can be taken to symbolise the world, but it is a very much better world than that which it symbolises. For here each race preserves its own culture, customs and religion while working as one for the good of all. Its citizens can mingle freely and in friendship and yet not lose their national characteristics and identities. This is not an idealised picture: it is a plain, hard fact to which I can testify.

Shrinking world

That short conversation with my son summed up and pointed a way to the solution of one of mankind's besetting problems—the paradoxical disease of nationalism. And, be in no doubt about it, nationalism today *is* a disease and it is, it cannot be other than, paradoxical in an ever-shrinking world.

Why this insensate national pride? I cannot for the life of me understand it. Possibly this is because I am English, and England has little representative culture compared with other nations. But even that will not do for, culture or not, there are still many who take a perverse pride in the belief that we are somehow 'different'. Voices are raised against our entry into the Common Market; not, mark you, on economic grounds alone, but because we might lose some of our national sovereignty. It would be ludicrous if it were not tragic, and the same sort of thing applies all over the world. Little states, hardly viable, spring up and the clamour for independence rises louder and louder. And never has the human race been more interdependent.



Shrine in the common room of the Tibetan house

Of course we like our own way of life; of course we love our native earth and, goodness knows, nowhere could be dearer to me than my own corner of Sussex. Of course people like the Welsh and the Scots are jealous of their heritage and culture. But such things do not depend on political freedom; the mere survival of the Celtic tradition after centuries of English domination proves that. The real cultural levellers are television and big business and technology—not governments. Anyway, what is political freedom? It seems to me to have almost as many definitions as advocates.

As far as I can see a United States of the World could exist without sacrificing anything essential in any nation's particular character. Already so many things cut across national and even ideological boundaries; trade has never recognised them nor have the arts and sciences; space research transcends them; for Christianity and all the major religions they have never existed.

Concern of all

All right, so it is a hopeless visionary dream, but if it can be done on a small scale as it is in the Pestalozzi Village then the possibility is there. And it is a worthwhile dream.

You may ask what nationalism has to do with 'Society in the Seventies'. The answer is simple. The world is shrinking fast—jets and rockets have virtually annihilated distance; economic changes, continents away, affect us overnight; satellite communication is instantaneous. Since 1968 men have seen our planet from the outside—not as Asia or Europe or Africa, but as Earth! Nationalism concerns us all.

We in England need more 'yak cheese' and less 'roast beef'. With the rest of mankind our aim must be to tear down fences, not to build them.

A London Sparrow

The story of Gladys Aylward by Phyllis Thompson



The book is a biography of Gladys Aylward, a missionary who lived in China for many years. It is written by Phyllis Thompson, who was a friend of Gladys. The book is a memoir, and it is a very good one. It is a book that is worth reading. It is a book that is worth having. It is a book that is worth giving. It is a book that is worth keeping. It is a book that is worth sharing. It is a book that is worth recommending. It is a book that is worth everything.

The woman who knew God

Kevan Tailby reviews **A LONDON SPARROW, THE STORY OF GLADYS AYLWARD**, by Phyllis Thompson; Word Books £1.50.

Probably one of the best known of recent missionaries is Gladys Aylward. Ask most people and they will have heard of Albert Schweitzer, Helen Keller—and Gladys Aylward. Out of the three Gladys Aylward heads the list because of the film on her life 'The Inn of the Sixth Happiness', a film Gladys Aylward later regretted giving her signature to.

This book is a worthy memorial to a fascinating personality who would never say 'no' to helping anyone, except when she believed God was saying it.

One schoolboy is quoted as saying about her, later in life, 'It was the way she talked about God—as though she knew him.' And that is how the relationship between God and Gladys Aylward comes over in this book. 'Me—and God' was the way she always saw it, and no other person really came into it.

Some of the details of the story are familiar. How as a parlour-maid she felt the call to China, but was unable to pass any examinations. How she saved the fare to Tientsin, and eventually went to work with Mrs. Lawson at Yangcheng.

Her stay there and her work with the children were her most peaceful years, but they were part of God's preparation for her later work because in 1937 the Japanese arrived.

Over 100 children were in her care and it was decided to get them out to Sian in the Western Province. Gladys was the only one to take them, and so 'she set off on the epic trek with the children to Free China which was to capture the imagination of millions of people and bring her to fame.'

In 1949 she arrived back in England, and for the next eight years was a famous missionary speaker, also finding much to do among the Chinese

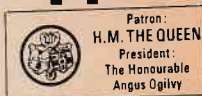
population in London.

However, the call of China was too great, and Gladys desperately wanted to go back, and so via Hong Kong she went to Taiwan (Nationalist China). 'From Taiwan she sallied forth on her speaking tours to the U.S.A., Canada, to New Zealand and Australia, to England, Korea and Japan.'

'In Taiwan she rescued abandoned babies as she had done long ago in Yangcheng, toddled off to preach in mountain villages with Gospel posters under her arms, welcomed lonely youngsters into her home and became their adopted mother. Taiwan was the scene of her greatest joy as well as her deepest sorrow, and in Taiwan her little body lies today.'

In 1970 her work done for her Lord she died, her life showing again how God does not always choose the obvious people to do his work, but those willing to go for him.

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● Because the Fund is playing a role of major international importance and last year applied £2.9 million to further its research.

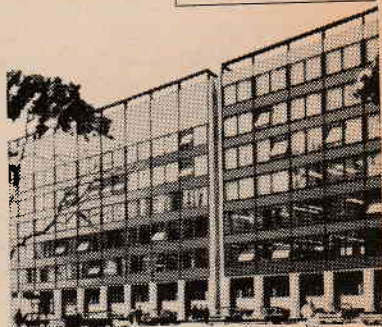
● Costs of administration and appeals are kept as low as 4½p in the pound.

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It makes sense to support I.C.R.F. now with a Legacy, Covenant, Annual Subscription or Donation—for everyone's sake.

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IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND



Rotterdam architecture

Courtesy of Royal Netherlands Embassy

The next-door country

by Brian G. Cooper, lecturer in sociology at the Lanchester Polytechnic

Year after year I passed through on my way to somewhere else. Out of the carriage windows it seemed flat, tidy—and not very interesting. But how arrogant to ignore a neighbour, tales of whose friendliness to British folk abound.

So I decided to explore Holland, the next-door country. And how my new-found curiosity was satisfied. For the travel agent's image of a happy land of windmills and tulip fields more faithfully reflects Holland's

friendly atmosphere than most glossy brochures do of other countries. Holland brings the 17th. century into the present, and through half-closed eyes it is not difficult to imagine oneself in that earlier age.

Sometimes nothing seems to have changed. Steeples rise out of the mist across a placid, canal-crossed meadow, a lonely farmer plodding across the horizon with a few cattle, as Brueghel once saw and painted. Then modern Holland bursts into view—giant oil refineries, rows of neat factories, row after row of skyscraper flats, the sleek, cloud-cutting tower of Euromast seeming to float above the tugs and tankers of Rotterdam's throbbing port.

Unique atmosphere

For Holland certainly is a modern land. It rightly boasts some of the most advanced shopping and housing developments in the world. On the

Lijnbaan, Rotterdam's no-cars-allowed shopping precinct, gay architecture, pop sculpture and a profusion of flowers bring alive a unique atmosphere of contemporary charm. Eindhoven, industrial rendezvous for Philips electronics and Daf cars, is among Europe's busiest and most prosperous cities.

Strong family unit

One of the most prosperous Common Market countries, Holland's rise in living standards in recent years has been steady, over the past decade almost spectacular. Yet the Dutch do not strike me as particularly materialistic. The traditional homely virtues remain. The family unit is strong. The generation gap is no yawning chasm of misunderstanding between old and young, for tolerance of new ideas and strange fashions remains a pillar of strength in the Dutch personality. Holland must be one of the very few countries where the 'hippie party' has won seats on town councils. The Dutch have always prospered in freedom, and though the stolid burghers of Amsterdam shake their heads in bewilderment at some of the way-out happenings among the city's flower people, uniformity is not the Dutch way, and liberty is a prized possession.

For that reason the Dutch do not succumb to any slick cynicism about the heroes of the Occupation in World War Two. The memory of the brave spirits of the Resistance is kept very much alive by gaunt memorials capturing the mood of defiance and suffering. Although a quarter-century ago, the war underlines long-standing friendliness towards Britain, and quiet spots in small Dutch towns, their names immortalised by BBC news bulletins, have a special poignancy for the British visitor.

Personally, I rarely visit war ceme-

teries, finding them rather morbid. Yet no visitor from our country should pass through Holland without going on pilgrimage to Arnhem, where the Dutch gardeners employed by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission tend with loving care and grateful memory the hundreds of graves of the airborne heroes of that fateful battle of September 1944. Forty-eight rows of white crosses mark the final resting-places of British, Commonwealth and Polish soldiers, some nameless, who died there. Walk among the graves—and it is hard not to be moved to tears as you read the simple inscriptions: 'From sky to earth, for liberty I fell.' The Dutch are right. We should never forget—and never let war happen again.

Prosperity has not emptied the Dutch churches. Protestantism and Catholicism are both very much alive in Holland. Every service I attended was packed to the doors, and young people crowd in. Long hair and hot pants are familiar sights in Dutch churches! Among Dutch Catholics a revolution is taking place. Its more sensational features, involving clashes with the Pope, have been exaggerated.

Current issues

The most significant thing is that congregations are coming alive at parish level. Discussion groups, study programmes, joint clergy-laity 'workshops' to plan worship and write sermons, and Bible sessions geared to urgent current issues, are all keenly supported. Above all, an atmosphere of joy and celebration permeates many Dutch churches—in some you will see children's art bedecking the walls among the statues and stained glass.

The Christian tourist in Holland will find the country full of delight—and its church life full of excitement and experiment. And the country next-door is just across the sea.

Report from Fleet Street

Dewi Morgan comments from St. Bride's at the hub of the newspaper world, on matters both domestic and international.

No permissive document

By now you will have had time to read 'Marriage, Divorce and the Church' (SPCK £1.30), therefore by now you *should* have read 'Marriage, Divorce and the Church'.

The title is repeated for the sake of emphasis. For few reports of Church bodies of any sort are more worthy of attention than this one.

Inevitably, public attention has been pretty well riveted to the report's suggestion that, with proper safeguards, people should be allowed remarriage in church after divorce.

That makes it sound a permissive document toadying to contemporary laxity. Which is a pity. For it is a nobly conceived and nobly executed statement of the positive truths of the man-woman relationship and the glorious insights that relationship can give into the nature of God.

It is theology and human sensitivity soaring into articulateness.

Read it! Get your friends to read it!

Is Christendom gagged?

Six times the Conference of European Churches has met. The last time—a few months ago—it attracted the mystical number of 365, just over thirty of them being British.

The point is, did you know about it? And if not, why not? None of us have been able to escape the perpetual



B. J. Harris

debate about Britain and the Common Market. The politicians have seen to that. Compared to them the Christian Church seems gagged.

Over the last two thousand years Europe as a continent has tried practically every sort of grouping the human mind can devise, from the unity of the Roman Empire through the unity of Christendom which followed it up to the fragmentation of, say, the nineteenth century.

The Council of European Churches is the nearest thing we now have to the family atmosphere Christendom once knew.

It is worth a lot more support than it gets.

Value for money?

A year ago the Catholic Renewal Movement, a group of both ordained and lay Romans, was much in the news for its leaflet on birth control—which did not follow the party line.

Recently they raised another less emotive but none the less important subject—church schools. The Catho-

lic Renewal Movement disapproves of them. They say there is no evidence that they have any real value for religious education.

What does exist in abundance is evidence of what church schools cost. Romans—and Anglicans—have sacrificed for decades for this. What would have happened had such sums been spent on a more general mission?

Once upon a time the Church had a duty to provide education if only because nobody else could be bothered to do so. Those days, very fortunately, have gone.

Episcopal furniture

Thirty-eight years old Paul Reeves is a quarter-caste Maori with some striking intellectual achievements to his credit.

He has just been consecrated Bishop of Waiapu—the first coloured person to become bishop of a white diocese in New Zealand. Read what he says. And think about it.

'If Anglicans really believe what they say about bishops—that they are consecrated not to the Anglican Church but to the whole Church of God—we had better realise what the implications are.

'This is one of the most ecumenical things we do—placing the bishop within the broad stream of the Church of God. Denominations aren't really relevant at this point. And for better or for worse the bishop is a community figure. In a sense the denomination gives the man to the community, and he becomes part of the local furniture, like the mayor and the town clock.'

THE END OF THE STREET

God gave me his love to love him with.

Anon.

LOOKOUT ON FAITH

NO 24: THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

by Preceptor

A teacher once asked his class of teenagers to recite the Lord's Prayer, and to go on until they came to a phrase which really meant something to them. They began 'Our Father' and went steadily on until they came to 'Forgive us our trespasses.' That stopped them in their tracks. They all knew that they had sinned and needed forgiveness. Much of the psychological trouble which hits people is due to the fact that they have a feeling of guilt, a conviction of sin which has not been cancelled out.

Sin involves the spoiling of two kinds of relationship. The first is our relationship with God. God made us to be like himself—free from taint; but he also gave us free-will in order that we might freely grow into our true status as his sons and daughters. When we choose to do the things which God tells us are wrong, we sin—and cut ourselves off from the ideal which God has given us. We also deny ourselves the right to fellowship with God. But God is Love, and he wants us to have fellowship with him. So Jesus Christ, God's eternal son, came and lived a perfect human life, in spite of all the temptations put in his way. Finally, rather than let us and God down, he gave himself to die upon the cross. This act of Jesus, the perfect man, enabled the love of God to triumph over all human sin. Jesus is the saviour who has won our forgiveness and restored us to fellowship with God.

But sin also spoils our relationship with those people whom we harm by

to page 143



The Cathedral, Iona, Inner Hebrides

A. & D. Vincent

Iona: Island with a mission

Kevan Tailby, an associate member of the Iona Community, reflects on this ecumenical adventure.

Most people who keep their eyes and ears open as to what is going on around them, and particularly those people in any way involved in church affairs, will have heard of the Iona Community, and perhaps been to the Island of Iona.

Inspired Community

It is in fact as well as in name a community—a society of men who know that they cannot live their Christian lives and do their work in

society and as members of 'the Church' unless they are supported by some kind of community. It took the name 'community' because this was felt to be the great need. Men were failing—the church was failing—in industry, in politics and in our common life because there was no real community. But Iona is a community in this particular secular sense—in the need and hope for community: it is not a religious community in the traditional meaning of that word. Its members have not taken vows, nor have they withdrawn from the world.

It took the name Iona because from the beginning it found its inspiration and its name on Iona, the little island off the west coast of Scotland where St. Columba landed over 1400 years ago. There the members of the community have built their home by the labour of their hands out of the ruins of the old Abbey. This work has been the initial training of the members,

to page 143

Emmeline Christie's page



Patricia Frost

THE FRIENDS

The talk by the visiting W.I. member had been fascinating. Marge had followed with interest the history of the imaginary band in the Heavens, previously having associated the Signs of the Zodiac only with birthday luck and fortune-telling—and then, wham! Suddenly they were hearing about Cancer—the crab—and found themselves in the midst of a discussion on cervical cancer.

Marge looked at Joan, sitting next to her. How attractive she is, thought Marge. Since they started school together over 35 years ago she had always had difficulty in hiding her envy of Joan, envy often ill-concealed, making her hold back, never fully responding to the friendship which Joan had offered to her all those years ago.

She jumped as Joan turned to her: 'Marge, why don't you come with me?'

'Where?'

'You know—the Cervical Cancer Clinic. I think all our age group should.'

'Oh, I don't know, I'm not keen.

Anyway, there's no cancer on either side of our family.'

Joan tried again. 'It's one way of ensuring that you won't be the first in your family with this particular type!'

Marge was unconvinced. She didn't want to think about cancer. She wished now the wretched woman hadn't given the talk. She had made it all sound so sensible and easy. Anyway, why was Joan so keen on this sort of thing?

'I hate clinics,' said Marge at last. 'Much rather go to my own doctor if I wanted it done.'

Joan was onto her like a flash: 'That's just the reason why they have clinics—your own doctor would almost certainly send you to one.'

Marge sniffed. The only way to shut Joan up was, in the end, to do what she wanted. She nodded: 'O.K. I'll come.'

About two weeks later the phone rang just as Marge handed her husband John his breakfast coffee. 'I'll go,' she said.

Joan's voice greeted her: 'Did you get your result in the post today?'

'Yes, quite O.K. Knew it would be. Still, probably a good thing to go—justifies their existence, I suppose!'

At the other end of the line Joan smiled, 'Jolly good. See you later.'

Marge joined her friends as usual at 'The Cobweb'. As they exchanged the latest gossip she was astonished to hear Joan saying: 'Oh no, I'm not unduly worried. After all, that's the whole idea—to see if there is anything wrong.'

Before Marge could speak someone else asked—'What is it, Joan? Anything wrong?'

'Shouldn't think so. But the clinic has asked me to go for further tests. I shall no doubt know very quickly.' She smiled, the same friendly smile, and Marge felt terrible. Once again she had failed. Never even asked Joan on the phone how she had got on—just took it for granted she was all right. No, it was even worse, she hadn't even *thought* to ask. 'Joan, I—I'm sorry. When do you go for the check?'

'About a week's time.'

'So soon?'

'Good thing. Don't want to simmer!' Joan laughed.

'How can she?' thought Marge, 'I should be scared stiff.'

She and John were at breakfast again when the phone rang. 'Must be Joan,' she thought, 'No one else would ring at this hour.' She couldn't bring herself to answer it and scuttled into the kitchen, pretending not to hear. Eventually John pushed his chair back irritably and went to the phone: 'Marge? No, she doesn't seem to be around. Can I give her a message? Oh, Yes, I'll tell her. Goodbye.' He came into the kitchen.

'It was Joan.'

'Yes?'

'Don't know what she was on about. Said to tell you it's a false

alarm. She was scared stiff—says it was on both sides of the family.'

Marge sat down heavily on a kitchen stool, her face white. 'I never knew!'

John peered at her questioningly. 'Are you all right?'

She nodded, muttering something. He turned to leave, then hesitated.

'What are you saying?'

'Glad there's time . . .'

John moved impatiently, 'Time for what?'

'Amendment . . .'

John looked even more bewildered. 'Time for amendment'—wasn't that bit in a Church service? He made another effort: 'Sure you're all right?'

'Yes.'

He gave up. 'Good,' and pattered off to his now cold coffee and *The Times*.

Marge got up shakily. As she walked along to the hall table she remembered clearly some words she had learnt at school—wasn't it Bacon, talking of friendship, who said:

'It redoubleth joys, and cutteth grief into halves . . .'

She lifted the telephone receiver and started dialing Joan's number.

* * * *

Facts about cervical cancer:

1. Women over 35 stand the highest chance of getting cervical cancer.
2. Less than 20% of women over 35 are coming forward to take the simple test which could perhaps save their lives.
3. The test is simple, quick and *free*.
4. Details available at local authority clinics.
5. If you haven't been yet, go now!
6. It may save your life.

* * * *

Winner of Prize Crossword No. 6:
Mrs. E. Leyland, 175 Markland Hill Lane, Heaton, Bolton, Lancs. Mrs. Leyland receives a Book Token for One Pound.

TRYING TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS

Send your questions to the Rev. Peter Croft, c/o The Window, The Alden Press, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0EG. They will be treated as confidential.

Symbol of hope

When my husband died suddenly last year I must confess my faith was shaken. He had a heart attack and was rushed into hospital, but didn't recover. It was a terrible shock and I thought my world had collapsed. There were a number of men in the same ward and they all seemed to be going on fine, and I couldn't understand why this had happened to me. Now I am beginning to pull myself together and am seeking God's guidance.

Could you give me some advice on how to accept this, and suggest any books I might find helpful?

J.C., FELIXSTOWE

'Why did this happen to me?'

Would you rather it had happened to someone else? In the heat of the moment you might say 'yes'—but I wonder. The real question is why does it happen at all. For death isn't the reward of a good life or a bad life. No one escapes it. It may come soon or late; it may be the result of an accident or a weak heart. Whenever and however it comes it hurts those who are left behind. The more we love those who die, the more we are hurt. If you love you can never avoid suffering. But I know if I had the choice of being one of those hard people whom nothing ever seems to hurt, because they've never loved anyone, and being

a person who does love and consequently is hurt every day, I know I would prefer to be hurt. Life without suffering would be blissful—if that did not mean a life without love. And that would be intolerable.

In order to accept it the main thing to do is to concentrate on God's love for you and your husband. Because he is love, suffering is at the very heart of God, but the cross shows us that if we are to be the real and loving people that we are capable of being, we shall not run away from suffering but face it and transform it, as Jesus transformed the cross into a symbol of hope for the world.

The books that I think might help are *Margaret*, by a chap called Jim Ross, and there is one that C. S. Lewis wrote after his wife died—the title of which I'm afraid I have forgotten, but the library should be able to find it for you.*

**A Grief Observed*, Faber [Editor]

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LOOKOUT ON FAITH *from page 138*

our sins. To claim God's forgiveness we have to try to put that right. Where possible, we have to apologise and make amends, though often that proves beyond our powers. Also we have to forgive any who have sinned against us. We cannot claim God's forgiveness unless we forgive others. We all need to know that we are forgiven; otherwise we are spiritually below par. When we claim the forgiveness which Christ has won for us, we know that we are indeed God's children, restored to fellowship with him. We can confess our sins to God either in private prayer, or in public worship, or with a priest to hear us and advise us. When we hear the priest pronounce God's words of forgiveness we can face life, and death, with new assurance.

IONA: ISLAND WITH A MISSION *from page 139*

and it is impossible to exaggerate what they have all gained through the shared experience of work and worship on the island.

It all started in 1938 when George Macleod, then minister of Govan, a ship-building area of Glasgow, realised the great gulf which existed between the Church and the broad stream of industrial life. When 80% of the men of Govan were unemployed the Church seemed able to do nothing to meet the needs of these men. So George Macleod, with six ministers and six craftsmen, set off for Iona to begin the rebuilding of the domestic buildings of the Abbey. By living and working together they hoped to find the way to bridge the gulf.

The way of finding a bridge still goes on. The rebuilding is finished and the community now turns its eyes more to the life of its members. It has always believed that its real work has been carried out in the lives of mem-

bers in parish, school, factory and office. This is the work to which the Iona Community has become highly geared over the last few years.

Beside the training of its own members—and it has always struck me as a virtue of the community that most of the members have been willing to learn from others; no one appears to have all the answers—training and help are available to many others. Iona has always welcomed visitors and every year many hundreds of young people camp on the island, while a constant stream of men and women attend weekly conferences and retreats held in the Abbey.

Within the Community, the Associates or Friends, I have never known denominational differences—only differences of Christian expression. Nor have I known outside the Abbey such inspired and refreshing worship. Some people fall into the trap of 'worshipping' the beauty of the island, and so miss the point that it is the members of the community and the expression of their faith that matters.

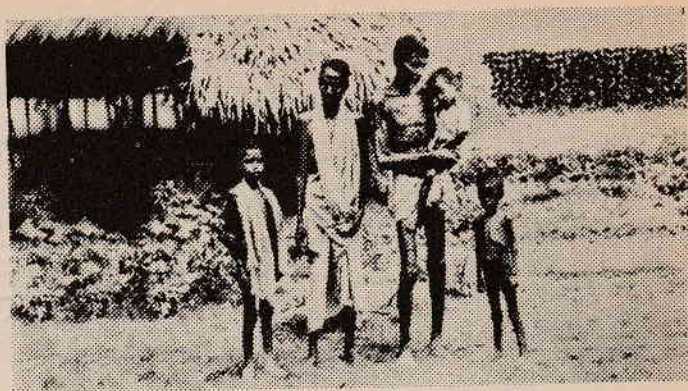
After all, there are few places where every denomination from Greek Orthodox to the Society of Friends actually partake together round a common table, as happened on the memorable Whitsun of 1963 when Christians, without denominational labels, celebrated the anniversary of the arrival of Columba on Iona.

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Is one week a year the only time you have for them?

Last year, you'll remember, it was from April 13th April 18th.
A week in which you helped us raise over one million pounds.
A week in which 600,000 people died of hunger.

Had they died because we didn't raise enough money, our appeal to you would be much simpler.

But the millions of people who die of hunger each year don't die for lack of charity. They die for lack of justice.

They die because they are born a South American or an African, an Indian or an Asian.

People whose homelands contain 66% of the world's population yet consume only 13% of the world's production. But whose homelands count for almost nothing when the world's economic policies are decided.

Justice, it seems, is much harder to give than charity.

And at Christian Aid, we don't believe we can give people one without working to give them the other.

We've already called for an increase in government aid. And for international trade conditions to be re-adjusted.

Now we're calling upon you.

You can help by using our films and leaflets. By holding study groups locally.

To work, in fact, at showing people in your church just how things are in this world of ours. And how we can, if we want, feed and make a better life for everyone.

If you phone or write to Eric Jay he'll tell you what to do.

Christian Aid, P.O. Box No. One, London SW1. (01-730-0614)

FESTIVAL OF LIGHT

A NATIONWIDE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT is to be held on 25th Sept. in LONDON. Anyone wishing to go should sign their name on the list in the Church Porch. Special trains will be run from Oxford.

MEETING at ST. ALDATE'S CHURCH on SUNDAY, SEPT. 12th at 8 p.m. to hear more about the Festival.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING : SUNDAY, 3rd OCTOBER

On Sunday, 5th September all Christians have been asked to remember the cause of WILD LIFE. Conservation and the Preservation of the Natural Beauties around us will be our main theme at Harvest-tide this year. This coincides with the 10th Anniversary of the founding of the World Wildlife Fund and we hope to have one of their films during the Evening Service on the 3rd October.

This year we shall hope to rely on contributions from the local gardens and allotments for the decoration of the Church. Miss Lodge, will however, be pleased to accept any "thank-offering" gifts. A very small amount may be spent on flowers and the remainder will be given to the "Feed the Minds" Campaign which is Joint Action for Christian Literature overseas.

ST. NICHOLAS-TIDE FAYRE

SATURDAY, 4th DECEMBER : PLACE : THE CHURCH HALL.

An interim notice—the following people will be responsible for some of the stalls and will be delighted to receive the promise of gifts, etc. :—

Gift Stall—Miss E. Warburton and Mrs. M. Harlow.

Cakes and Sweets—Mothers' Union and St. Nicholas Young Wives.

Knitting and Needlework—Mrs. Lessister and Mrs. Roberts.

Well Bound Books—Mrs. Brinkhurst.

Plants and Garden Stall—Mr. S. Webb.

Bottle Stall—Mr. W. R. Bestley.

Bran Tub—Mrs. Bestley.

Raffle—Mrs. B. G. Oliver.

Teas and Refreshments—Miss O. Lodge and Sunday School Teachers.

THE CHURCH'S CHILDREN

- (a) The Children's Instruction will resume on **SUNDAY 12th SEPT.** at 11.15 a.m. The Crossbearers and Catechism will also re-assemble at 10 a.m. on that day. We shall be delighted to see all the children back with us and to welcome any new ones, especially in the Nursery which meets at the Village Hall at 11.15 a.m. (under 5's).
- (b) **Harvest Thanksgiving.** Sunday 3rd October. Notice elsewhere in magazine. During the weeks previous to Harvest Thanksgiving the children's instruction will be "geared into" our emphasis of Conservation and Preservation this year. We shall of course be having our usual Service for Parents and Children at 11.15 a.m. and the Offering of Gifts (packed and tinned goods).
- (c) **Outing for Juniors & Catechism,** Saturday, 9th Oct. Details later.

S. NICHOLAS' MARSTON WIVES GROUP

Re-assemble on WEDNESDAY, 15th Sept. at 7.45 p.m. in Church Hall and any new members will be most welcome.

OVER 60's CLUB

Re-opens on MONDAY, 6th Sept. We are still in need of anyone who could help with transport, either at 2 p.m. or 4.30 p.m. or both. Please contact Miss Lodge, 5 Elsfield Road. Tel. No. 47956.

"BEST-KEPT VILLAGE" Competition : Summer 1971

The Village of Marston came in the "runner-up" group for villages with a population of 1,500 and over, and the remark was reported in the Oxford Mail that "Marston was much improved and could be a serious contender for a high place next year." "Please keep up the good work," says Mrs. Bing !

GRATTITUDE

Gratitude once again to Mr. William Handley of Apple Tree House who has built up the wall behind the Church separating his lovely garden and the Churchyard. As we have said before Mr. Handley is truly a "Nehemiah—a great builder of walls." It is a sermon in itself to watch him carefully fixing the stones into place until the whole wall is complete. A reminder, as St. Peter wrote to the early Christians "we are living stones"—living members of the Church and as St. Paul wrote to the young church at Ephesus as well—"fitly framed together unto the building up of the Body of Christ."

IN MEMORIAM

Our hearts go out in love and compassion for Dr. David and Mrs. Rose and their family of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, who lived for a time in Jack Straws Lane and who worshipped regularly with us during their stay in England. Their daughter Victoria was killed in a motor car accident and other members of the family were slightly injured. Victoria, one of triplets, was a beautiful girl, with the friendliest of natures, and in her death which poses one of the great mysteries of life, we believe and trust that the compassion of Our Lord for the Rose family is deeper and more far-reaching than our own. We remember them in our prayers.

The funeral of Thelma Elizabeth Heath took place at St. Nicholas. The Heaths were married at our Church by the Rev. John Mortimer, but had recently moved to Witney. She died at the comparatively early age of 42 after a long illness, which she bore bravely. She was greatly beloved and to her husband, family and friends we send our deepest sympathy, as also we do to the relations of Gladys Moore who had also suffered courageously during a long illness, cared for with such devotion by her daughter Eve and members of her family.

To Mrs. Joan Yates, one time secretary of our Over 60's Club, whose mother has recently died, we offer our love and thoughts.

"A good steward"—a very Biblical expression and when applied to the life of James Lewendon is a remark of genuine truth, for "he was a good man" said the Rev. Alan Smithson as he spoke at the Memorial Service. For nearly 50 years James William Lewendon had been a faithful steward at Queen's College and the large number of people who attended his funeral Service at St. Nicholas' Church, conducted by our Vicar, was a testimony to this. He had happy associations with our Church and we give thanks for his courage during a serious illness and thankful that his last wish to have his memorial service in Marston could be granted. His wife will be surrounded by the love and care of a united and affectionate family, some of whom live in our parish. We assure them of our prayers at this sad time.

★ ★ ★ ★

B. J. NORTON of 13 Salford Road. Tel. Oxford 48932. Newsagent, Confectioner, Tobacconist and Stationer is now established and taken over the business hitherto owned by Greens and would welcome any new customers.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH

Bell Ringers. Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.

Brownies : Brownie Guider : Miss I. Read, 6 Cotswold Crescent -
Tel. 47370

Choir. Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 31 Oxford Road.

Cub Scout Leader : Mr. A. J. Roberts, 54 Cherwell Drive. Tel. 40879.

Girl Guides. Guide Captain : Mrs. Retter, 45 Campbell Road, Cowley.

Parish Magazine :

Mothers' Union. Enrolling Member :

Parochial Church Council. Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House,
Oxford Road.

Scouts. Scout Leader : Mr. N. Lankford, 55 Crotch Crescent, New
Marston.

Group Scout Leader : Mr. W. Furber, 42 Cherwell Drive.

St. Nicholas' Fellowship. Sec. : Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage,
Old Marston.

Young Wives : Group Leader : Mrs. P. Prescott, 22 Ashlong Road.
Secretary : Mrs. D. Hall, 98 Oxford Road. Tel. 42352.

LOCAL

Allotment Association. Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 135 Oxford Road.

British Legion. Marston & District Sec. : Mr. F. Thompson, 5 Temple
Street, Oxford.

Marston Players :

Marston Residents' Association : Secretary : Mr. G. A. Hine,
21 Raymund Road. Tel. 40482.

Over 60's Club. Sec. : Mrs. J. Yates, 81 Woodstock Close, Woodstock Rd.
Treas. : Mrs. E. Weeks, "The Jack Russell," Salford Road.

Parish Council. Chairman : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.

Parent-Teacher Association

St. Nicholas :—Mrs. B. Prescott, 22 Ashlong Road.

Harlow School :—Mrs. J. Hodgkins, 31 Elms Drive.

Women's Institute : Miss E. Warbutrton, Cross Cottage, Old Marston.

USEFUL INFORMATION

District Nurses, 6 Broughton's Close, Old Marston. Tel. Oxford 44417.

Health Visitor : Miss E. McDermott. Phone KIDLINGTON 3502.

Infant Welfare Clinic : The Village Hall, Thursdays 2—4 p.m.

Library : The Village Hall, Old Marston.

Monday and Wednesday — Closed.

Tuesday — 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 5.30 to 7.30 p.m.

Thursday — 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.

Friday — 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Over 60's Club. St. Nicholas Church Hall, Mondays at 2.45 p.m.

Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths : St. Nicholas' Church Hall,
Elsfield Road, Old Marston. Thursdays 4 to 4.30 p.m.

Village Hall. All Bookings to Mr. Tasker, 35 Mill Lane, Old Marston.

St. Nicholas' Church Hall and Committee Room. All Bookings to Miss
O. J. Lodge, 5 Elsfield Road, Old Marston. (47956).

Nursery School. All enquiries to.— The Village Hall during school
hours.

DIRECTORY

We hope all readers will patronise the shops advertised
in this Directory where excellent service is assured:

- Baby Linen, Children's and Ladies, Wear, Wool, Slippers :**
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Ladies' & Gent's :
S. T. Greenaway, 402 Marston Road, Oxford.....Tel. 48726
Ladies' & Children's :
"Karenlee," 9 Salford Road (under new management)...Tel. 41632
(late night : Friday until 7.30 p.m.).
Michael, Hair Fashions, 16 Cherwell Drive, Marston.....Tel. 63842
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Baxters (Oxford) Ltd., 7 Old Marston Road, Oxford.....Tel. 42123
and 22 Cherwell Drive.
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