

marston news

parish church of st. nicholas

No. 167

Price 3p.

JANUARY



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.
Tel. : Oxford 47956.

Vicar's Warden : Mr. V. C. Cardy, 110 Staunton Road, Headington, Oxford.
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 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.

Mother's Union : As announced, 7.45 p.m. at the Vicarage.

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 : JANUARY, 1972

- Jan. 1. Feast of the Circumcision of Christ.
9.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 2. CHRISTMAS II. 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 5. Wednesday. No Holy Communion.
- " 6. Thursday. THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD
N.B. 7.00 p.m. Holy Communion.
8.00 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Prayer Group meets in Church.
- " 9. EPIPHANY I. 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism (after prior arrangement).
6.30 p.m. Evensong. Mr. Vedaromani (C.S.I.).
- " 12. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.30 p.m. Meeting of Stewardship Steering Committee.
- " 15. Saturday. Sunday School Party for Kindergarten & Nursery Children.
3.00 p.m.
- " 16. EPIPHANY II. 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 18. Tuesday. Beginning of Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.
- " 19. Wednesday. 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. St. Nicholas' Wives Group in Church Hall. Overseas Evening. Talk by Mrs. M. Stack of Oxfam on the work of "Mother Teresa of Calcutta." Parish invited.
- " 20. Thursday. 7.45 p.m. UNITED SERVICE OF PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY. St. Michael & All Angels, New Marston.
- " 21. Friday. 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
- " 23. EPIPHANY III. 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
3.0 p.m. Holy Baptism (after previous arrangement).
6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- " 25. Tuesday. **The Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul.**
End of Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.
N.B. 7.00 p.m. Holy Communion.
- " 26. Wednesday. Cowley Chapter meets at The Cowley Fathers Mission House with the Bishop of the Diocese.
- " 30. SEPTUAGESIMA. 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.0 a.m. **The Parish Communion.**
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

ALTAR FLOWER ROTA

January 9th—Mrs. Williams. January 16th—Mrs. Monger.
January 23rd—Miss Warburton. January 30th—Mrs. Kensington.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Nov. 28. Sarah Jane Croxon, 142 Cromwell Way, Kidlington.
Denise Charmaine Dawson, 15c Thomson Terrace, Littlemore.
Anthony David Page, 53 Austen Place, Abingdon.
Carl David Howells, 9 Ward's Caravan Site.
- Dec. 12. Mark Antony Richardson, 10 Sandford Park, Charlbury.

VICAR'S LETTER

My Dear Friends,

The Church's New Year began on Advent Sunday. Nevertheless, the sound of the muffled bells ringing out the old year of 1971, and the clear-sounding bells ringing in the New Year make we want to wish you all God's blessings in 1972, for you and your family.

During the coming year we shall be launching our Christian Stewardship Campaign on March 24th.

We shall also be completely revising our Electoral Roll. (Please read about this revision elsewhere in the magazine). There are great days ahead for this parish. Pray that we may be Christ-centred in our thinking, and Holy Spirit directed in all our activities.

And "may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit" be an even greater reality for us all in the days ahead.

Yours sincerely,



Vicar & Rural Dean.

FROM MARSTON TO MEXICO :

Once upon a time there was a Vicar who held a Bazaar for the Church Overseas. When it came to the question as to who should open the bazaar, the Vicar's nephew said to him : " I'll open it for you ! " Now as he was a heavily built, rowing type of some 24 years old, the Vicar said : " You'll have to come in disguise. " " Alright " said the nephew, " I'll wear an Arab head-dress and dark glasses, and grow my beard. " The posters then announced that the Bazaar would be opened by " H.E. The Emir of Tabaq (Regency States) ". Nobody asked any questions. Nobody made any comments. " Just one of the Vicar's friends from India " said most people. As the day drew nearer one or two scratched their heads, and tried to remember where the Regency States were. One even showed the Vicar an atlas, but it was a European one. " You'll not find them there, " said the Vicar, which, after all was quite true. The afternoon came, and the Emir arrived in his chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce. The car was flying his personal pennant, which was made out of a piece of corduroy cloth and a polishing duster. After a brief introduction, during which the Vicar said he knew the Emir's uncle very well, which wasn't surprising, the Emir spoke and gifts were exchanged. The Vicar gave the Emir the print of New College which those who know the Vicarage will remember hung on his lounge wall. The Emir gave the Vicar a dagger which an observing person would have seen was Kashmiri work. After this the Emir toured the stalls, and was introduced to the hard-working stall-holders. His main impression was that very few people took any notice of him, and at times, it was difficult for him to move to the next stall, for after all Emirs will come and go, but you can't buy a raspberry sponge, or a soft toy everyday. Soon it was time to leave, and the



His heroes are firemen—so he wants to be like them

Photo: Dennis Mansell, AIPP, ARPS

A time for Heroes

by Brian G. Cooper, lecturer in special studies at the Rush Green Technical College, Romford.

One point I really admire in Communist countries is their choice of heroes. Don't get me wrong! Of course I'm not referring to the grey bureaucrats and faceless yes-men of the Kremlin. No, I'm thinking of that

pantheon of sportsmen and ballet dancers, steelworkers and spacemen, nurses and miners, whose exploits the Marxist masses are exhorted to emulate. Nor am I advocating May Day parades down the Mall when I firmly declare the Russians have got a point: society does need its heroes, men and women whose lives inspire us, whose example we can strive to follow.

Part of our current moral malaise is the scarcity of heroes worthy of the name. Are the Communists the only ones who remember the stuff heroes

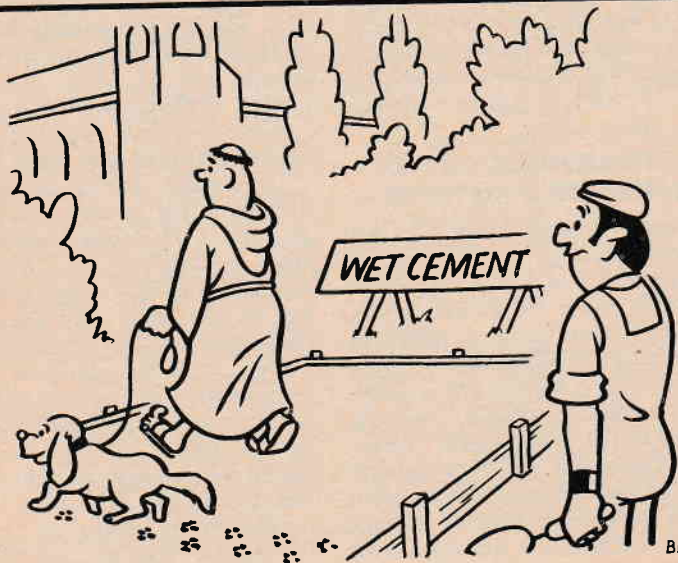
the public is gullible and uncritical will, by his policies and attitudes, corrupt the public mind: the TV producer who has formed a deep contempt for the intelligence of viewers, spreads tastelessness like a virus by the trash he serves up to them.

What is at stake here is the mysterious, the as-yet-unformed element in human personality, which is why one of the basic affirmations of the Christian Gospel is that man has the right to an open future—to develop beyond what he now is—‘To as many as believed, he gave them the power to become . . .’—the power to burst out of mental images and take possession of an open future.

Oh, sure, there's an awful predictability about human nature—a dismal fact which some social scientists use as a tool to guess the shape of the future by projecting forward man's present behaviour-patterns. But there's a fatal flaw in such pseudoscience. In the most fundamental sense, the future cannot be predicted;

it has to be created, and there is a force at work in human affairs which could take us in quite unexpected directions. That force is love. Hate, greed, ambition, aggression are totally predictable. We know exactly where they will drive men. **BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT LOVE MIGHT DO.** This is what changes people, smashes mental images and breaks the vicious chain of cause and effect—enabling those who give and receive love to be something different from what they now are.

In the last resort, the corner-stone of man's dignity and freedom is not enshrined in Magna Carta or the Declaration of Human Rights. It is stated in what many dismiss as the ultimate religious cliché—God is love. Nobody knows what that love might enable a man to do, though there are those who can testify to what it has already done in giving the lie to the mental images their fellowmen have projected upon them. Only God's image of a man, and no other, need determine the shape of his future.



Bill Bowden

'THE BEST OF TIMES, AND THE WORST OF TIMES'

by Dewi Morgan, Rector of St-Bride's, Fleet Street.

1872 is a mere one hundred years ago. It is worth a backward glance.

In that year Holland could *sell* to Britain her trading posts on the Gold Coast. And six days later, the Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India, was murdered.

There is, of course, no connection between those events. Except that both cast upon the British Empire the sort of reflections which do not come readily to our post-imperial minds.

In the religious world of 1872 there were also events which somehow seem no less improbable. For example, the Jesuits were expelled from Germany, Pere Hyacinthe was attempting to set up a national Church in France and the General Assembly of French Protestants held its first meeting since 1659. At the same time D. F. Strauss was published his significant *The Old Faith and the New*. He had already written books denying the historical foundation of all supernatural elements in the Gospels. Now he totally rejected Christianity in favour of scientific materialism.

Victorian Shrine

Meanwhile, back at home, the Widow of Windsor, the Good Queen Victoria, was less secure on her throne

than some would imagine. It was in 1872 that Charles Dilke declared himself a Republican and began his agitation for an enquiry into the royal expenditure. Oddly enough, it was in the same year that London's greatest shrine of Victoriana, the Albert Hall, was opened.

The events of 1872 were in many ways curiously like the events of our own day.

And there was also a great cry for Women's Lib. But it had a context very different from ours.

In 1854 out of 80,000 women who got married, 68,000 were unable to write their names in the register! The sexual discrimination which left little girls illiterate also went much further—causing, for example, Elizabeth Blackwell to endure every sort of insult and making Elizabeth Garrett trudge from hospital to hospital seeking one which would let her train as a doctor.

Hysteria

Those were the days when thousands of women suffered from 'that dread disease'—hysteria (and the word, significantly, is derived from the word for womb). Women did not have the vote. Married women had only minimal property rights. Women were even highly suspect as missionaries. They were, as one of them sourly said, 'mere appendages to men'.

Their twentieth-century sisters have a much wider range of choice. But has the 'permissive society' done all that much to raise their status? A contemplative walk through Soho or an examination of the racks of 'girlie magazines' would not suggest that it has.

All of which seems to boil down to Dickens' immortal opening of *The*

Tale of Two Cities 'It was the best of times, It was the worst of times, it was the brightest of times, it was the darkest of times. . . .' In other words it was like the present.

Is there, then, a Christian conclusion to the matter? I think there are several but two in particular deserve our attention at this moment.

The first is that while the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth have been set on edge, our day is no worse than former days. We have our threats and problems, our alarms and excursions and some of them are savage indeed. But none of them are big enough to provide us with an excuse for failing in our duty.

The other conclusion may come less readily to our minds. It is this. Each new baby born, each new generation, is a new challenge for Christian mission and that challenge has to start from scratch each time. We delude ourselves if we imagine anyone can stand on the spiritual shoulders of his predecessor.

God paid us the compliment of making us all responsible people, each being responsible for his own response.

Which is not a bad theme for 1972.

BEARING THE LOAD

'There cannot be a God of love,' men say, 'Because if there were, and he looked upon this world, his heart would break.'

The Church points to the Cross and says, 'His heart does break.'

'It is God who has made the world,' men say, 'It is he who is responsible, and it is he who should bear the load.'

The Church points to the Cross and says, 'He does bear it!'

Teach-in on prayer

by Preceptor

No. 1: WASTE-PAPER BASKET

Many people use the word 'prayer' to describe activities which are, in fact, harmful. No one can experience the joy and power of prayer until wrong ideas about it are put away. We need a kind of waste-paper basket into which to dump these false notions, and we must see to it that they are never taken out again. Once we have done that, the way is open for Jesus Christ's teaching on prayer to be put into practice.

When someone says to you—'Prayer doesn't work,' you may be sure that he is not talking about what Christ means by prayer. Wrong ideas about prayer spring from wrong ideas about God. For the most part, they are disastrously self-centred. Of course, prayer is sometimes rightly concerned with ourselves; the trouble is that it is fatally easy to start with ourselves and never to reach God. Most of the wrong ways of praying seem to assume that the world revolves round us—generally round ME—and that God is under some obligation to us.

The poet Browning spoke very pointedly about this kind of thinking. He described people who pray from selfish motives as having a 'hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit,' and accused them of trying to turn God into their 'tame confederate', and 'purveyor to their appetites'. You probably know, from sad experience of failure in prayer, how easy it is to fall into this trap.

We want this, that or the other; so we place our demands before God. It's

continued opposite

GOD THE WHIPPING-BOY

In our October issue we invited readers to send us (in up to 100 words) their 'private moans, grouses and grievances . . . legitimate worries and perplexities, some of them a cause of real distress to those who hold them.' We in our turn would try, however inadequately, to answer those problems.

To start this series we have received the following from Miss J. M. of Hampstead:

'For many years I have been a Christian and have made friends among fellow-Anglicans, Roman Catholics—in fact, from most denominations. True, we worship in different ways, but I find we have far more in common than separates us.

'How is it, then, that such a terrible situation could go on in Northern Ireland? *Why* do Protestants and Catholics hate one another so much? Why is it that in all this tragedy the

TEACH-IN ON PRAYER *from page 6*

not even like a shopping list, for we don't intend to pay for anything. Indeed, we seem to think that God—or life—owes us something. We go on to address God as a kind of all-the-year-round Father Christmas, or as a sort of 'Ernie' whose job it is to make sure that our number comes up, or as a kind of slave of the lamp who is under an obligation to grant our wishes.

In this way we are often outrageous in our demands upon God. Of course, he does often give us what we want, but the point is that we have no right to expect this. We need the waste-paper basket so that we can reject all thoughts about prayer which are not based on the firm belief that God's will matters most of all.

great virtue of Christian tolerance is the one most conspicuously lacking?

'Like many other English people—and Christians—I am deeply perplexed about this. . . .'

I think the simple answer to this question (if anything is simple in the Irish situation), is that although the labels "Catholic" and "Protestant" are bandied about whenever the trouble in Ulster is discussed, in fact the present crisis has very little indeed to do with denominational differences.

Maybe years ago they did. At one time a Catholic hated a Protestant just because he *was* a Protestant—and *vice versa*—and the way in which a man or woman worshipped God really did matter.

Today I am inclined to believe that the "Catholic versus Protestant" antagonism is far more a war-cry than a reality. This is a *political* problem. One having its roots in deep political convictions—and injustices—and based on enmities which go back to the era of William and Mary, and beyond.

Celts, unfortunately (and I write as a pure-blooded Celt!), have distressingly long memories. Old injuries, old defeats—and old victories—die hard; and within a community of Celts become a legend which must, as a point of honour, be perpetuated. For the average Englishman the Battle of the Boyne is an event remembered (maybe) from school-days. For an Ulster-man it is as fresh as yesterday.

Old bigotries, old hatreds, old fears, old antagonisms—all die hard. For fifty years the separation of the six counties has been a running sore

on the body of the Irish people—one way or another. And this, at root, is what it is all about—not whether one worships God in the Mass or through the Irish Presbyterian's evangelicism!

That, I believe, is very important to remember in these days of continued tragedy in Northern Ireland. It is *not* religious, it is political!

Take a census of the silly people—mostly teenagers—on the streets, who bait the soldiers and fling rocks at the police, and I think you will find that no more go to church and worship God than do in England: a bare ten percent! Take a cross-section of the I.R.A. gunmen who shoot down soldiers in cold blood and bomb women and children with equal impartiality, and I doubt whether you will find more than one or two who regularly go to either Mass or the Lord's Table!

God, as ever throughout history, is used as the whipping-boy. And, as ever, the sin of jealous, foolish man is the mainspring of the tragedy. To find an answer to the trouble in Northern Ireland it is far more to the point to look at the atrocious figures for unemployment in that Province than to listen to the propaganda of a few fanatical "Christians".

You ask: why is the great virtue of Christian tolerance lacking? And I would reply because Christians—genuine followers of the Christ who picked up a cross and walked to his death with it in the cause of love—that sort of Christian never appears with a gun or a petrol bomb on the streets of Belfast or Londonderry. For them, what is happening to their country must be a crucifixion.

But if peace and harmony are to be maintained in any community, then minorities, whether religious, political or what-have-you—*must* be given equal rights and equal opportunities.

COMPETITION RESULTS

The results of three Competitions which appeared on 'Emmeline Christie's Page' during 1971 can be published this month.

The first is the June Competition: WHAT IS YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY?

Winning entry came from Miss M. D. Drew, 7, Dovedale Rd., London S.E.22. Now 84, Miss Drew remembers that when she was about six . . .

'My uncle was vicar of the parish in which we lived. Every Sunday my family—father, mother, three boys and a girl—filled a pew near the front of the church. When my uncle got up to preach my father did not always agree with his brother's statements, and a low mutter of "Nonsense! Rubbish!" would come from the end of our pew.'

* * *

Second is the July Competition: HOW VERY APT.

Winning entry came from Mrs. E. W. Hall, 6, Fairholme Ave., South Shields, Co. Durham. Mrs. Hall submitted the following remarkable entry. . . .

'It concerns a song written for Dame Clara Butt by Sir Herbert Brewer. After singing this in Bath, accompanied by a Mr. Frank Tapp, the report in the local paper referred to the song as having been written by *Brewer*, published by *Boosey*, sung by *Butt* and accompanied by *Tapp*.'

* * *

And the third Competition was the search for the oldest reader, printed in our August issue. This brought forth a truly astonishing number of entries, and proved that one is never too old to take an interest in the affairs of parish and church!

We feel sure that all readers will wish us to make the prize a double one, to . . .

Mr. E. H. Canham, 24 Marshalls Drive, Romford, Essex. Date of birth May 21, 1871.

And Mrs. Marshall, 26 Alma Rd., Retford, Notts. Date of birth June 18, 1871.

Very best wishes and congratulations to our two 100-year-old readers!

All the above-named winners have received Book Tokens for One Pound.

PETER CATTERICK, aged 32, is a former assistant press officer with the Church Information Office and assistant news editor of the Church Times. He is currently a senior sub-editor with an East Anglian daily newspaper. This month he starts a new series on Christian ventures with . . .

The Missions to Seamen

Ask Gerald Harrison to choose a motto for his work as a Missions to Seamen chaplain and he will pick a line from St. Matthew's Gospel (Chapter 25, v. 35)—'I was a stranger and you welcomed me.'

Gerald Harrison, chaplain at the Suffolk ports of Ipswich and Felixstowe, says: 'Most of the sailors whose ships dock here arrive as strangers, and they are often confused when faced with a strange language, a strange

currency, and strange customs. My job is to welcome them and offer them friendship on behalf of the whole Church.'

Padre Harrison is one of over 100 chaplains and lay workers who serve under the 116-year-old mission's blue and white 'Flying Angel' flag in approximately 90 centres throughout the world.

Among other things these full-time workers, who are assisted by nearly 200 honorary chaplains, are responsible for ministering to seamen when they are in port; calling on them when they are in hospital, and sailing out to visit them when they are working at sea—perhaps aboard a Trinity House lightship or on some remote research vessel.

In most of the world's major ports the Missions to Seamen runs hostels and clubs.

At Ipswich, however, Gerald Harrison is responsible for an experimental 'home mission'—one of only



Padre Harrison visiting a ship in Ipswich Dock

five of its kind in Britain. The others are at Shoreham, Teesside, Great Yarmouth, Avonmouth.

In each of these centres the Missions to Seamen has obtained or built a large house where the chaplain lives with his family, and where seamen are welcomed when they are in port.

At the Ipswich home, in a quiet tree-lined road not far from the town centre, there is a comfortable sitting room where seamen can play the latest pop records, watch colour television or simply relax and chat over a cup of coffee. Across the hallway is a small chapel.

Special social evenings are held twice a week when there is dancing, and most evenings end with prayers in the chapel.

Since it was opened nearly three years ago over 1300 seamen have visited the Missions. And at present the Harrison family—Gerald, his wife Mavis and their three children—welcome about 30 callers each week.

Christian Friendship

'We find that in the ordinary home atmosphere, as opposed to that of a club, we are able to make a warmer offer of Christian friendship,' says the padre.

The bedrock of Gerald Harrison's ministry is his ship visiting, and this he tries to carry out daily.

Sporting a ginger and white beard, which makes him look not unlike that sailor whose picture once appeared on packets of a popular brand of cigarettes, he is a familiar figure at the docks where during the three years he has been in Ipswich he has made a number of friends among crews of vessels that regularly sail to East Anglia.

For the most part the ships that load and unload at Ipswich and Felixstowe are small coastal craft. The majority are from Holland, Germany,

Poland, Greece, Denmark and Spain. And their crews include men of all nationalities with all types of problems.

Each morning Gerald Harrison climbs into his dark blue minibus and drives the half-mile from his home to the docks.

'When I arrive I see which ships have berthed since my last visit and try to call on them first. When I go aboard I chat with the crew and seek any opportunity I can to offer Christian friendship.'

Padre Harrison hands crew members copies of a leaflet, printed in their respective languages, telling them about the home mission and inviting them to visit it. He also invites them to one of his 'parties' and explains that he will call down at the ship in his mini-bus to collect any seaman who might wish to attend.

Or he may arrange to take a group of seamen on a sight-seeing tour of the surrounding countryside, or with him when he has one of his regular Sunday preaching engagements at a church somewhere in the region.

'Let's be honest though,' he says with a chuckle; 'Most of the seamen are more interested in me as a friend than as a priest. Very well, then I am prepared to do almost anything legal to help them spend their time in port happily.'

The requests which he receives for help vary widely. He may be asked for reading material. And if so he will be able to hand over paper-back books and magazines from the stock he always carries in his mini-bus.

Or a sailor may ask the chaplain to make arrangements so that he can telephone his wife or sweetheart back home on the Continent or farther afield.

Sometimes he may merely want to know where he can buy razor-blades, or what films are showing at local cinemas.

No. 1 SIDNEY CARTER

Introduced by Aidan Whittington

One of the most fascinating people I know is Sydney Carter. How shall I describe him? Poet, musician, writer of contemporary hymns and satirical songs, a preacher of sorts, and master of many a diverse but always joyful ceremony at churches, folk clubs—and pubs—Sydney is a man of rich talents. The one-time British Council lecturer and traveller in the Middle East, he has become famous as a man for all media. On a Sunday religious TV programme, he will introduce some of his new hymns; on a week-night folk show, you'll hear his latest irreverent ditty about politics or the shortcomings of the telephone system. The next Sunday will see him at a local parish church, or some famed cathedral, preaching, making music, or just raising awkward questions in song and chat.

Wide range

Versatile hardly describes Sydney Carter. He has sung from the plinth of Nelson's Column, at the Edinburgh Festival, in theatres, at innumerable churches, in college lecture halls, and St. Martin-in-the-Fields' crypt. By himself, or accompanied by Donald Swann or Nadia Cattouse or a trio or a hundred-strong children's choir or the local folk singers you and I have never heard of. With Jeremy Taylor on the guitar, or someone else on the flute, drums, fiddle, or accompanying himself with his Japanese jingle-bells.

I find Sydney an attractive person because he is very much at home in very different worlds, and, unlike many a 'showbiz' personality, is quite devoid of any awkward prima-donna temperament. Many people are somewhat surprised when they meet him



for the first time, for he always looks mildly harum-scarum, and slightly bewildered, as if surprised anyone should take him seriously. Yet behind the easy-going apparent amateur is a dedicated professional, determined to bridge the gap between Church and world, sacred and secular, by a new kind of music, a new style of poetry, a new flavour of religion, by laughter, question-marks and sheer joy.

He speaks to a generation poised between faith and doubt, an age yearning for certainties yet determined to be honest about its scepticism. To young people bored with the ecumenical shufflings and doctrinal disputings of tired ecclesiastics, Sydney Carter's *Lord of the Dance* has come as a fresh, strong wind of Christian inspiration. His carols speak for real to churchgoers who want to cut through the yule-log and stage-coach trimmings of Christmas religiosity to the stark love of the Child in a manger.

Donald Swann, best known for his long-standing partnership with Michael Flanders, has recently done a

number of successful church concerts with Sydney Carter, and he describes his songs as 'stepping stones on which we tread, endeavouring as best we can to cross the stream of changing ideas and currents in today's religious scene.'

Wherever he goes, Sydney loves to ask questions, especially about music, and the faith music can communicate.

'Can a song be both Christian and pagan, sacred and secular?' he asked. 'What can choirs or congregations learn from folk songs, pop, the musical play? Is a hymn the only kind of song to use in church? Are the writers and singers who will not wear the Christian label more or less religious than the ones who will?'

He is certainly not one of the beat-groups-in-the-nave-will-bring-them-to-God brigade: music, and the chat between the songs, are a common exploration by artist and audience into human truth. I will always recall him preaching to a packed congregation of students at St. Mary's, Oxford. Speaking on "Strength for Love", Sydney showed how refreshing it can be when preaching is approached in

the artist's style, not over-preoccupied with the niceties of theological precision, but delighting in 'the rhythms of life and the harmonies of faith and the melodies of love.' Quoting William Blake's dictum that "Christianity is Art", he explained that for himself, living in faith was to live naturally, recognising the mystery of life, in joy. In denominational terms, Sydney Carter considers himself close to the Quakers. Probably his challenge to 'Follow the dancing Jesus of reality, not the creeping Jesus of false religion' best sums-up his faith.

Things happen

Audience reaction means a great deal to Sydney. He once confided to me, just before the start of a concert for nearly five hundred students, 'I think I know how I'll begin, but I've no idea how the concert will end up. Everything depends on the reaction.'

I know that he won't mind my saying so when I comment that, as often as not., Sydney Carter does not so much 'sing' as talk musically, chat to an accompaniment or conduct a tuneful conversation with his audience. Indeed, he regards 'what some people call my singing' as 'a form of drama rather than a branch of music.'

'A song is, for me at any rate, a device for making something happen: whether through the words, the music, lights or movement.'

Sydney Carter certainly makes things happen—for he makes people come alive, tapping their feet, giving way to smiles, bubbling with laughs, shouting hallelujah, glimpsing a renewed Christian hope through the notes and the lyrics.

For teaching us to worship in new ways, for showing faith in an unstuffy way and singing us the real Christianity, joyful alive and for real, I, for one, am grateful to Sydney Carter.

The winners of two competitions are announced this month.

Calendar Quotes: 'Sit still — until thou know how the matter will fall' (Ruth 3.18).

Sent in by Mrs. E. R. Williams, 11 Neath Road, Scunthorpe, Lincs. Mrs. Williams receives a Book Token for One Pound.

Misquotes: Mrs. I. Horsfall, 18 Church St. East, Waterhead, Oldham, Lancs., sent in the following among many amusing entries. She also receives a Book Token for One Pound.

From an advertisement extolling the virtues of an inn near Chapel-en-le-Frith: 'You'll like the atmosphere of this 16th Century Inn, which is now tenanted by its original owners. . . .'

ANNE ARNOTT writes, with women in mind . . .

HEADING FOR THE WEST

We move in two weeks to the West country, where my husband has been appointed to a living.

As the bonfires in our garden leap up each night, burning papers and an amazing amount of unimportant but treasured junk, it seems as if our old life is being burned away, and we are being freed to go forward uncluttered and ready for a new venture.

Yet I think part of us will always belong here in the North of England which has long been our home. The North exerts a grip on those who come to it. Sometimes it toughens and challenges you; sometimes it wins you by the stark beauty of its immense blue distances.

I think of the wide silvery shores of the lonely Northumbrian coast at Bamburgh, where the great castle



SATAN'S CORNER

Don't ever give anyone the benefit of the doubt. It is your duty to shut your mind, to misunderstand, and if possible, to smear a reputation. Let Prejudice and Intolerance be your watchword!!

stands proud and defiant at the edge of the sea; of Holy Island, a cradle of Christianity, where lived the saintly Aidan, who, as the Venerable Bede tells us, lived none other but as he taught; and where Cuthbert, shepherd, monk, and finally bishop, drew all men to him by his holiness. Near here, one enchanted summer evening, as I stood on the sea-shore, I heard the unearthly voices of the seals as they called and 'sang' to each other, and every now and then a sleek wet glossy head rose out of the water, glistening in the bright moonlight.

Restless Cries

I shall remember Hadrian's Wall, dominating the vast and lonely landscape under the wide windy sky where the curlew restlessly cries.

People will come back to mind most of all; dogged, obstinate, warm-hearted, staunch in sorrow, steady in friendship. One picture remains, inexplicably vivid from the days of the great depression when I first came north. I was walking through the dark wet streets on a Saturday night, and as the rain trickled down my face and neck, I listened to the wind, keening round the dirty houses like a lament. Paper lay in the gutters, half-hidden figures huddled in doorways, sometimes clasped together as if to wrench some comfort out of the desolation of their surroundings. It was then I saw the little group of people coming up the hill, momentarily illumined by the melancholy light of a street lamp. Striding briskly out of the shadows and into the driving rain which slanted across the arc of light, came the priest from a city church in the

slum area. His long cassock swung as he walked, and his black cloak flew out behind him in the gusts of wind. The black shovel hat, glistening with raindrops, framed a face that shone and glowed with a sort of inner merri-ment on that gloomy night. On each side of him, jumping in and out of the puddles, bare feet splashing up and down, were two tiny ragged boys, holding him by the hand. They were all three laughing together, oblivious of the squalor around. For a moment they touched the watcher with the warmth of sunshine in that dismal street. Then they were gone and the blackness engulfed them again. But for a moment I had seen light in the darkness, goodness in the midst of the cheerless surroundings. That is what much of the North has given me over the years.

T.V. Supper—*Quiche Lorraine*

Line flan tin with short crust pastry. Bake blind in hot oven for ten minutes, Mark 7 or 425° F. Fry bacon and cut into pieces. Arrange on base of flan case. Cover with 3 ozs. of grated Cheddar cheese. Beat up two eggs, add top of the milk (top of 1 pint) or a small carton of single cream. Pour into flan case. Bake in moderate oven, Mark 4 or 375° F. for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with tomatoes baked in the oven, and covered with a little butter.

Raspberry Whip

Beat up contents of one large tin of evaporated milk, until it is very light and frothy, using on electric mixer or a rotary whisk. Add one raspberry jelly dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint juice from a tin of raspberries. Beat again. Swiftly mix in tinned raspberries, and put in cool place to set.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land FOR READERS OF THE WINDOW AND THE SIGN

5th to 14th June 1972

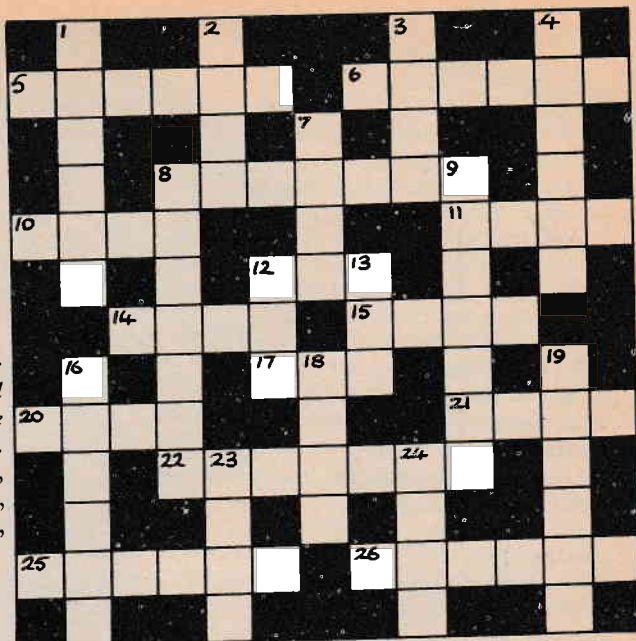
£114 inclusive

LEADER: CANON WILLIAM PURCELL

This pilgrimage will provide an opportunity to visit all the principal sites in the Holy Land. Five nights will be spent in Jerusalem and five in Galilee. For full details please write to the Pilgrimage Secretary, The Window, The Alden Press, Osney Mead, Oxford.

PRIZE CROSS- WORD No. 11

Entry date for prize Competition No. 11 is January 31. The first correct, neat entry opened on that day will receive a Book Token for £1. Send to the Editor, The Window, c/o A. R. Mowbray & Co Ltd, The Alden Press, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0EG



Across

5. Og's kingdom (6)
6. Son of Jeroboam (6)
8. He succeeded Ahaziah (7)
10. Anthothite (4)
11. He gave names to all cattle (4)
12. Son of Jether (3)
14. 'Salute one another with an holy' (4)
15. 'The waters — the stones' (4)
17. David died in a good old one (3)
20. Paul said this of his birth (4)
21. Moreh, for instance (4)
22. Master (7)
25. Where Nabal sheared his sheep (6)
26. Joram fought against him (6)

Down

1. She was beautiful and well-favoured (6)
2. Grave of Lazarus (4)
3. Father (4)
4. Prophet in the days of David (6)
7. 'Blessed are the — in spirit' (4)
8. What Barnabas was called (7)
9. Minor prophet (7)
12. His army bare targets and spears (3)
13. 'Stand in —, and sin not' (3)
16. Mountains on which the Ark rested (6)
18. City of the tribe of Benjamin (4)
19. Mount of the Ascension (6)
23. 'These things saith the —' (4)
24. He walked with God (4)

Solution to Christmas Crossword (No. 10)

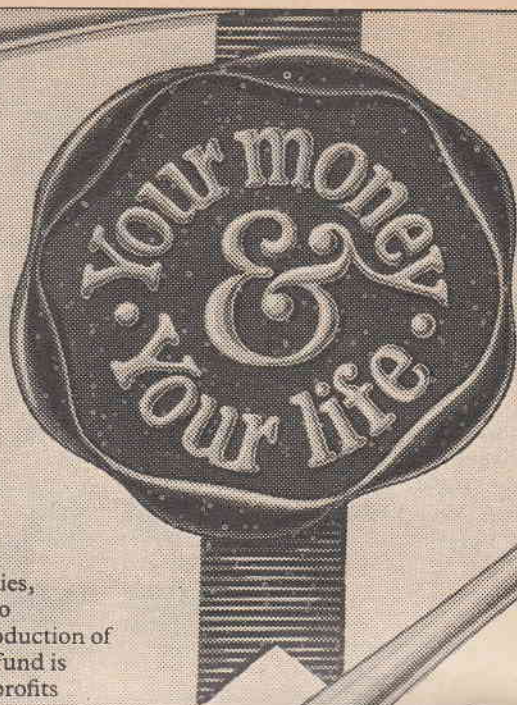
Across: 1, Peleth. 4, Justus. 8, Letter. 10, Simeon. 12, Snow. 13, Gods. 15, Eri. 17, Ass. 19, Enter. 20, Arodi. 21, Seven. 24, Gihon. 27, Love. 29, Owed. 30, Aner.

Down: 1, Pilate. 2, Lot. 3, Tie. 5, Uri. 6, Toe. 7, Senses. 9, Ten. 11, Mad. 12, Sin. 14, Sad. 16, Reason. 18, Signet. 22, Eve. 23, Verse. 25, House. 26, Own. 27, Last. 29, Door.

Advertisement

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Chiswick, London, W.4.
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Emir and his aide bid a courteous farewell, and sailed off in the Rolls Royce. "We all thought it would be the Vicar dressed up and not a real person," said one stall-holder. "He was real enough," replied the Vicar. When the Daily Express and the Oxford Mail broke the news on Monday everyone rocked with laughter—at least nearly everyone. There were some who were furious, even distressed that they had been taken in, and told the Vicar so. The Vicar was very sad at this for he does not like hurting people. His intention was to make them laugh. He crept away, and pondered how even the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." He cheered up when someone rang him and said that her daughter's job in Mexico was to monitor World News broadcasts from New York. That very day she had picked up the story of the visit of the Emir of Tabag to Old Marston. "We're all laughing so much here" she said. The Vicar smiled sadly, but was grateful to know that for those who did not smile in Marston, there were many laughing in Mexico.

THE CHURCH OVERSEAS

Thankyou to everyone who worked so splendidly for the Christmas Bazaar, producing everything from cinerarias, bottles of sauce, cakes and woollens to bikinis and books for everyone. After fighting one's way round the stalls, there was a good cup of tea and cakes awaiting one in the Hall, and a film show if you wanted it. Net Result : £277 for the Church Missionary Society. **THANKYOU EVERYONE !**

THE ELECTORAL ROLL :

Under the new synodical government measure, all present electoral rolls have to be revised in 1972. The present ones have been in existence since 1919, so it is high time this was done. It is important that this is not confused with the Elector's List which is used in civic elections.

However it is important to remember that it is only persons whose names are on the electoral roll who are able to speak and vote at the Annual Parochial Church Meeting, and to apply for election to the Parochial Church Council.

If you live outside the parish but worship regularly at St. Nicholas Church, it is doubly important that you apply for membership of the Electoral Roll, otherwise you will not be able to be married at St. Nicholas Church or have your baby christened there. This does not apply to those who live in the parish, for which membership of the Roll merely qualifies them to vote at the Annual Parochial Church Meeting. Residents within the parish, providing they are aware of their Christian responsibilities in baptism and marriage, can use the church for these purposes by legal right. In any case, ALL Church members, whether they live in the parish or not, should make a FRESH APPLICATION TO HAVE THEIR NAMES ON THE ELECTORAL ROLL. Special forms will be sent to those who are at present on the roll for them to make their personal applications.

N.B. Some people are uncertain as to whether they live in St: Nicholas Parish or not. We will gladly inform anyone in doubt.

The Electoral Roll Secretary is Mrs. Starmer Smith, Barn Walls, Ponds Lane, Old Marston.

IN MEMORIAM :

To the many who have been bereaved in recent weeks we extend our thoughts and sympathy.

Mrs. Rose Boulwood passed to her rest after a long spell of ill health. Often at Evensong and a keen member of the Over 60's she was always willing to help anyone, despite some of the tragic events of her life.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gunn, who passed away, at Bucknell Manor, was very much a part of village life. Her husband had been Churchwarden of St. Nicholas Church for 40 years, and the Church meant much to her. She was a gracious lady, always glad to receive visitors, and now joins her husband in the Nearer Presence of Christ.

To the relations of Ernestine Priddle, John Jenkins (a resident of Cumberledge House, who used to live in Marston a few years ago), and Clara Roberts, we also extend our sympathies.

Ron Plumley who passed on this month was a son of the soil, who remembered Marston when Marsh Lane was a Marsh, and Copse Lane was a copse. He was a kind man, and no-one who visited him in hospital could leave without feeling the better for having seen him.

Kenneth Leslie Oliver, our late printer, lived on Cumnor Hill. A keen sportsman and administrator in the world of Oxford Football and Tennis, a Freeman of the City of Oxford, it was no wonder that the congregation at his funeral was predominately a male one. He was direct. He did not waste words. He kept to his deadlines. He was reliable. To his widow and family, the readers of this magazine offer their deepest sympathy, and also gratitude for all his help in the publication and printing of our parish literature. He will be greatly missed.

BELLRINGERS NOTES :

We were pleased to welcome ringers from various parts of the country on the occasion of the Oxford Festival. Members of the National Guild of Teachers and the Worcester Ringers as well as visitors on practice nights.

Congratulations to Deborah Parker and Janet Gomm on ringing their first quarters of Doubles and to Mr. Roy Jones on ringing 50 quarter-peals at Marsh Baldon and Beckley, and to Michelle Reymont and Isobel Nye on ringing quarters in more than two methods. We are beginning to reap the benefit as a result of the hard work put into training a band of ringers but we need at least one more adult volunteer to learn to ring.

A special peal was rung for St. Nicholas' Day.

CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH :

We look forward to welcoming the children back after the Christmas recess on Sunday, 9th January especially any new ones who would care to join us at 11.15 a.m. both in Church Hall and Church and the Nursery (under 5's) in the Village Hall at 11.15 a.m. The Party for the Kindergarten and the Nursery is on SATURDAY, 15th January from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

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
Cub Scout Leader : Mr. A. J. Roberts, 54 Cherwell Drive. Tel. 40879.
Girl Guides :
Parish Magazine : Miss O. Lodge, 5 Elsfield Road. Tel. 47956.
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.
Stewardship Recorder : Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage, Old Marston.
St. Nicholas, Marston Wives :
Group Leader : Mrs. R. B. Wells, 14 Raymund Road.
Secretary : Mrs. M. A. Brinkhurst, 7 Cotswold Crescent.

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 : Secretary : Mrs. W. Tomlinson, 35 Oxford Road.
Treasurer : Mrs. Week, "The Jack Russell," Salford Road.
Parish Council. Chairman : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.
Parent-Teacher Association
St. Nicholas : Mr. Norman C. Jones, 52 Elms Drive.
Harlow School : Mrs. J. Hodgkins, 31 Elms Drive.
Women's Institute : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, 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 :**
"Joyce's", 18 Cherwell Drive, Marston.....Tel. 63846
- Baby Linen and Ladies' Wear, Wool, etc. :**
Price, 5 Salford Road Tel. 42126
- Butcher (High Class) :**
V. C. White (Marston) Ltd., 17 Salford Rd., Old Marston ...Tel. 43177
- Caterers — Buffets & Wedding Receptions :**
Cyril & Esme Weeks, "The Jack Russell," Salford Road.....Tel. 47668
- Chemist :**
B. G. Oliver (Oxford) Ltd., 11 Old Marston Rd., Marston...Tel. 43824
- Christian Book Shop :**
57A St. Clement's Street, Oxford.....Tel. 47567
- Coal Distributor :**
Dunlops, L.M.S. Wharf, Oxford Tel. 42421
- Dairy :**
J. Smith, Church Lane, Old Marston Tel. 48813
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- Electrical Installation and General Repairs :**
Cooper & Mills, 60 Marsh Lane Tel. 61320
- Fish and Poultry, Greengrocery and Frozen Foods :**
G. R. Porter, 19 Salford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 42757
- Florists & Nurserymen. Wreaths, Crosses and Wedding Designs :**
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- Funeral Directors :**
Reeves & Pain, 288 Abingdon Road, Oxford Tel. 42529
48817
- Gardening Requisites :**
Smith's Hardware Stores — China & Glassware, Pet Foods,
Pink Paraffin — 7 Salford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 42776
- Grocery, Provisions and Old Marston Post Office :**
L. E. H. Hayle, Oxford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 49668
- Hairdressing :**
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
- Hardware Stores and Paraffin Delivery Service :**
Marston Hardware, 8 Cherwell Drive, Marston Tel. 61668
- Men's, Youths & Juvenile Wear, Alterations & Repairs & Dry Cleaning :**
Percy's, 11 Salford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 43212
- Newsagents, Tobacconists, Confectioners and Stationers :**
Baxters (Oxford) Ltd., 7 Old Marston Road, Oxford.....Tel. 42123
and 22 Cherwell Drive.
B. J. Norton, 13 Salford Road Tel. 48932
- Painter & Decorator, Plumbing & General Repairs :**
S. Kushmar, 47 Ferry Road, Marston.....Tel. 47189
- Radio and Television, Rental, Sales and Service :**
W. R. Hammond & Son Ltd., 404 Marston Road, Oxford...Tel. 47706
- Taxi — Car Hire (Long or Short Journeys) :**
Marston Taxi Service, Mr. & Mrs. Leach,
5 Oxford Road, Old Marston.....Tel. 47197
- Wavy Line Groceries, Provision and Frozen Foods :**
W. & A. G. Foote, Salford Stores, 15 Salford Road.....Tel. 43174

PARISH MAGAZINE COVER

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