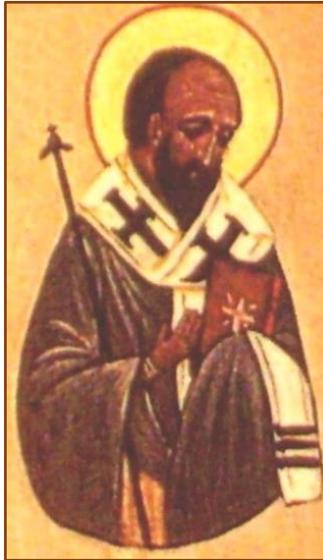


# ORTHODOX PARISH OF ST AIDAN AND ST CHAD NOTTINGHAM



## NEWSLETTER

**Mar –Apr 2021 : Cost £1.00**



Most glorious art Thou, Christ our God,  
who didst establish thy servant Patrick  
as a cross-bearer on earth and enlightener of the Irish,  
and through him didst guide many to the Faith.  
O Most compassionate One, Glory to Thee.

Troparion of St Patrick  
Tone 2, Mar 17th

# **THE PARISH OF ST AIDAN AND ST CHAD, NOTTINGHAM**

Worshipping in the Church of St Aidan,

Arnold Road, Basford, NG6 0DN

**Rector:** Revd Fr David Gill 0115-9622351

**Priest:** Revd Fr Julian Lowe 0115-9780574

**Deacon:** Ian Thompson 01724-337521

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Fr David's Letter

### LOOKING FORWARD TO SPRING

In a BBC children's serial some years ago, the community of little people were distressed at the approach of the New Year, because the one who was to ring in the New was nowhere to be found. If the Bell did not ring, the wee folks would be left in perpetual dark winter, perpetual lock down. Fortunately the bell ringer turned up at the last minute, the chimes were sounded and all was well and again dark gave way to light; there will be Spring again. All is well with us also, we are now well on the way to Spring, when as William Wordsworth writes, 'While in a grove I sated reclined....To her fair works did nature link the human soul that through me ran.....Through primrose-tufts, the periwinkle trailed its wreathes ..... 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes'. We look forward to Spring when, we too, with the flowers, will enjoy the air we breathe and with them delight, that through their ancestors, we are able to re-live again the joy and beauty of the Garden of Eden, with the birds that hop around and play, there is ..... a thrill of pleasure. Many of us, during the time of lockdown have been able to enjoy walks in the fresh air among the trees and shrubs and winter flowers, part of them, as they are part of us. With nature, it is not we and them, but all of us together, created by Our Loving God as one. We are the Creation descended from our Ancestors in Eden. For us Christians, there is a voluntary second 'lockdown', Great Lent, when, with Wordsworth, pleasant thoughts

bring sad thoughts to the mind and our hearts too may be grieved when we think ..... what man has made of man. We recall where we have gone wrong and failed our Christian destiny, failed ourselves and failed our fellow man; slipped away from God. But for us there can only be rejoicing when we reflect what the second man has made of the first man. Christ, God who became that second man has lifted Adam from the grave, overcome death and diminished the devil. This is what (new) man has made of man; Christ has taken us for Himself to be the new man, the new woman, the restored Adam, the restored Eve. We are led to Pascha, the Passover into life, light and new life. We can sit amongst the trees where ..... *budding twigs spread out their fan, to catch the breezy air.* Again, when the flowers, following their forebears of Eden, open up with happiness and joy, with them, as part of nature, we are united, to praise God and never again to part, in the springtime of our life.

Fr David

**EARLY SPRING** *William Wordsworth (first published 1798)*

*I heard a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.*

*To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.*

*Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes*

*The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion which they made  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.*

*The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.*

*If this belief from heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?*

**Life goes on.** Even if we cannot meet together, our life as Christians continues. A hermit was asked by a visitor, “What do you actually do?” and his reply was, “I live here!”. Here is the nub of our vocation, wherever we are, “We live here”. We are in our situation, to be a presence in the World around us. Our witness, even in lockdown, radiates to all around. Christ entered creation becoming a man and we, in Christ, through our baptism are there as His representative, a light to all, however unworthy we feel of this task. We are also stewards of creation. God’s instruction to Adam was to be Lord of Creation, not to dominate or exploit, but to work with and to protect. We share in this responsibility, to care for and to manage, that which we are part of. Thirdly, we are to care for others. If we cannot visit people in need, friends, neighbours and family we can offer help and keep in contact by telephone. Then there is another part of our ministry, when people are anxious and terrified; it is to give comfort, for illness and death is part of life which we accept, in the sure knowledge that trust in Our Lord gives sure healing, for He has overcome death, brought healing, and leads us into eternal life making earthly death a time of transition, not to be feared.

**OUR LIFE Lockdown continues.** We were able to celebrate together for the Feast of Nativity but our planned time together for Theophany had to be cancelled.

**THE HOLY LITURGY : UPDATE** It is our intention to serve and stream on certain days until lockdown is lifted. These ‘streamed’ services will be available to follow on our Parish Facebook page. At present only priest, cantor and church warden or deputy are allowed to be present in church.

With our Archbishop’s blessing, we hope to be able to open the church to all in April. Precise details will follow but it is our hope that we shall continue with the practice of serving the Sunday liturgy on Saturday morning at 10.30am except on the second Sunday of each month, when Fr David hopes to continue to serve the Holy Liturgy in Leeds.

Notification of the times and details of the services will be given by e-mail and Facebook.

Please ensure that Fr Julian has your e-mail details to receive regular updates.

**Prayers for members of our community** who have had recent illness. Iain Brudenell thanks all for prayer which has helped him through his recent illness. Sue Thompson, now in a care home, asks that we do not forget her, but gives thanks that she is content even with a markedly restricted life.

**Eternal Remembrance.** Robert Moore, the twin brother of our John Moore reposed in the Lord on 10th January. You will know that John and Robert were the sons of Fr Ronald Moore, sometime Vicar of Melbourne where John presently lives and also of the Parish of Newbold, near Chesterfield. For a time, Robert was assistant verger at Southwell Minster.

**Deepest Sympathy and Memory Eternal.** Vera Pote’s father Asen, a deeply committed member of the Old Calendar Church in Bulgaria,

has fallen asleep in the Lord. Our deepest sympathies were expressed to Vera who attended his funeral and we continue our prayers for both.

**Memory Eternal** also to Robin, husband of Olga Hudson of Southwell. We offer our deepest sympathies to Olga who has been a good and very supportive friend to us who has often joined us in our worship when held in Southwell.

**The Leeds Community of St Gregory the Theologian.** Fr David was able to serve there in October but not since. On Sunday, 14th February being the second Sunday of the month, the Leeds weekend, he served Liturgy in our Church and this was streamed on our Parish Facebook page. Saint Gregory's Feast is on the 25 January. He is a very apt patron of a University Community because of his great scholarship. St Gregory is described as a man of heavenly soul whose mouth was sanctified by the fire of the Holy Spirit. He entered deeply within the mysteries of God and was deemed worthy, like John the beloved disciple, of the title "Theologian". He was born in 330 and as a child quickly matured in wisdom with a strong attraction to studies and a yearning for contemplation. After his formal studies, he was active in Nazianzus where his father was bishop and in due course succeeded him. Later he became Archbishop of Constantinople with the task of standing against a multitude of heretics and sects who had taken over the Church in that holy city. By his love, gentleness, patience, holiness and prayerfulness, he overcame and set things to right. Even when we were not permitted to meet, Maria Marples, choir director, with her husband David and Sister Lisa were able to circulate appropriate and inspiring music; troparia, kontakia and other inspiring canticles for each feast.

**Our children and young people.** These are the ones who are suffering most in these restricted times. Almost a year without education, social activity, opportunities for personal development and

time with friends has made a significant mark which will be hard to overcome for many. We must hold all in our prayers.

### **Where is Now Their God?**

Some time ago, Alistair Heath, a distinguished journalist, wondered if our present-day society heeds history and seems never to learn from it. Three shock events of recent times: 9/11, the financial crisis and now Covid; ordeals which have shaken to the core, have been very challenging. Each time there has been a weak response and we have seemed utterly unprepared, psychologically and practically, to be able to respond effectively. This seems to indicate fragility in modern life, we seem to have been immediately traumatised, panic sets in and our certainties are shattered. It seems that modern life is only possible to many, if nothing goes wrong in any significant way, and yet there is a major emergency every seven years or so. Every farmer knows that there are ups and downs, good years and bad years, but our disregard of this gives false assurance and reveals that our society is not robust enough to be able to cope. It is as if people, in a modern, developed society, dwell in a belief that the good days will always continue and that the future will always be a similar or a better version of the present. In these present times, there is disbelief that an annual 'flu virus can be so overwhelmingly damaging, yet this is not the first overwhelmingly damaging epidemic. We have to find a way of realising that we can't go on being caught out every time and simply rely on luck and a hideously calamitous lockdown to bail us out. The lockdown, however necessary to save lives, is calamitous because of huge debt, ruined education, increased mental illness, lack of treatment for many very ill people, impoverished families and huge cultural damage. When this or other calamity, occurs again, we have to know why, and we have to be prepared.

We cannot opt out of history. What is wrong?

It may be that the Prophet Jeremiah, writing 2600 years ago is providing the right challenge to us and our leaders ( Jeremiah 2:1-13, NEB):

*‘The word of the Lord came to me: go make a proclamation.....these are the words of the Lord: ‘I remember the unfailing devotion of your youth, the love of your bridal days when you followed me in the wilderness’ ..... Israel was holy to the Lord, no one who devoured her went unpunished.....*

*What fault did your forefathers find in me, that they wandered far from me, pursuing empty phantoms and themselves becoming empty; that they did not ask ‘Where is the Lord, who brought us up from Egypt, and led us through the wilderness’.....*

*I brought you to a faithful land to enjoy its fruits and the goodness of it; but when you entered upon it you defiled it and made the home I gave you loathsome. The priests no longer asked, ‘Where is the Lord’, Those who handled the Law made no thoughts of me, the shepherds of the people rebelled against me;.....My people have exchanged their glory for a god altogether powerless.....*

*Two sins have my people committed: “They have forsaken me, a spring of living water, and they have hewn out for themselves cisterns, cracked cisterns that can hold no water.”* Fr David

**The Nine Ranks – Part 14**

*Removing a particle from this same prosphora and placing it next to the first (thus making the top of a new column), he says:*



Of our fathers among the saints and hierarchs: **Basil the Great;** Gregory the Theologian; John Chrysostom; Athanasius and Cyril; Nicholas of Myra in Lycia; Peter, Alexis, Jonah, and Philip of Moscow;

Nicetas of Novgorod; Leontius, of Rostov;) Patrick Enlightener of Ireland, David of Wales, Augustine of Canterbury and Ninian of Whithorn: and of all the holy hierarchs.

Saint Basil the Great around 329 in Caesarea of Cappadocia, to a family renowned for their learning and holiness. His parents' names were Basil and Emily. His mother Emily and his grandmother Macrina are Saints of the Church, together with his brothers and sisters: Macrina, Gregory of Nyssa, Peter of Sebastia and Naucratius. St Basil studied in Constantinople and then in Athens, where he formed a friendship with a fellow Cappadocian, later called "the Theologian."

Influenced by sister Macrina, St Basil chose to embrace the ascetical life, visiting monastics in Egypt, in Palestine, in Syria, and in Mesopotamia, and upon returning to Caesarea, he departed to a hermitage on the Iris River in Pontus, not far from Annesi, where his mother and his sister Macrina were already treading the path of the ascetical life; here he also wrote his ascetical homilies.

About the year 370, the bishop of his country reposed, and St Basil was elected to succeed to his throne and was entrusted with the Church of Christ, which he tended for eight years. He lived in voluntary poverty and strict asceticism, having no other care than to defend holy Orthodoxy as a worthy successor of the Apostles. The Emperor Valens, and Modestus, the Eparch of the East, who were of one mind with the Arians, tried with threats of exile and of torments to bend the Saint to their own confession, because he was the bastion of Orthodoxy in all Cappadocia, and preserved it from heresy when Arianism was at its strongest. But he set all their malice at nought, and in his willingness to give himself up to every suffering for the sake of the Faith, showed himself to be a martyr by volition. Modestus was amazed by St Basil's fearlessness in his presence, said that no one had ever spoken to him in such a way. "Perhaps," answered the Saint, "you have never met a bishop before."

When Valens' son fell gravely sick, he asked Saint Basil to pray for him. The Saint promised that his son would be healed if Valens agreed to have him baptized as Orthodox; Valens agreed, Basil prayed, and the son was restored. However, afterwards the Emperor had him baptized by Arians, and the child died soon after. Later, Valens, persuaded by his counsellors, decided to send St Basil into exile because he would not accept the Arians into communion; but his pen broke when he was signing the edict of banishment. He tried a second time and a third, but the same thing happened, so that the Emperor was filled with dread, and tore up the document, and Basil was not banished.

St Basil, exercised extreme ascetical practices and continual labours, until his repose, on the 1st of January, in 379. at the age of forty-nine.

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### **A path to heaven**

I'd like to share with you a deep experience that I had recently, associated with music. Max Richter's enormous composition, "Sleep", lasts eight hours and as the name implies, it is supposed to help you sleep and relax. When it first premiered on Radio 3, it was broadcast in its entirety throughout the night. Richter had even enlisted the help of the neuroscientist, David Eagleman, the author of several popular works about the brain, to arrange the music in such a way that it was most effective, according to the level of sleep you might be expected to be in if you were to listen to it all night.

I didn't quite go to those lengths, but one afternoon when I felt in need of a doze, I did start to listen to it. I probably heard the first 30 or 40 minutes on this first occasion.

The effect was astonishing. It is really the most soothing, beautiful, evocative, relaxing music I have ever heard. In fact it seemed to be more than music, almost a divine gift. As I dozed, I became aware that

I was feeling a sense of love, kindness, welcome, of being utterly at home. I thought, is dying like this? When you suddenly realise, that the whole theatre of your life has been merely an instant in the eternity of your life in God, and that now you see clearly? And all is well, and all manner of thing is well?

When we experience something out of the ordinary, there is a common phrase that we sometimes hear - "it was to die for". But I thought, this was something to die to! It was as if I could walk into heaven, supported and welcomed by this utter beauty.

I have felt that a couple of times before in my life. Once at Columba's Bay on Iona, on the beach looking out into the infinity of the sea and the sky, it seemed that all I had to do was to take a few steps and I would walk straight into heaven. Another time I was singing with a choir and one of the young men there had the most extravagantly beautiful voice; I said to him later, when I am a very old lady and on my way out, you can come and sing me into heaven!

You might not react so strongly to this music if you hear it, but at the very least it is wondrous in its beauty, and I commend it to you.

Barbara Bates

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## **MIRACLES THAT WE NEVER NOTICE**

Strange to think that the clue to life's darkest mystery is written plainly in such a commonplace object as a bird's nest!

To explain what I mean I must first mention something else. What we call fairy stories are mostly folk-tales, which were created by non-literary peoples and told to children and sometimes to adults in almost every country in the world. To start with, they were not written down but were transmitted from generation to generation by word of mouth. Some of them are thousands of years old. And what is equally

remarkable about them is that the characters which they contain crop up time and time again, choose whether the particular story originated in Britain, Germany, the Balkans, India, Japan, or some other place. Again and again we encounter child heroes, child saviours, wise (or cunning) old men, princesses who have been laid under a spell, witches (of course), grotesquely tall, spindly rogues, beautiful-sinister women, and many other personages. Often these same characters feature in dreams, especially those supernaturally vivid, often terrifying dreams that we never forget. At a later stage they begin to feature in poems, ballads, and children's books (*The Odyssey*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, *Struwelpeter*, *The Lord of the Rings*, etc.) So where do these characters come from, if not from the depths of our unconscious mind? Extraordinary as it may seem, it is now generally accepted that they embody ancestral memories which are already embedded in the psyche before we are born!

Now let's go back to birds' nests. These vary from rough platforms of sticks to intricately woven baskets, some of them lined with clay or moss, elaborate domed chambers with tunnelled entrances, and small cups of salivated mud affixed to the eaves of a house. It is not just that different birds make different kinds of nests, all of them beautifully adapted to the environmental habits of the birds in question, but that every bird of the same species makes exactly the same kind of nest. They do not learn the art of nest-making. Like the characters who people folk-tales, the knowledge of how to make a nest is inborn. As Sharon Beales remarks, writing in *Audubon Magazine*, the organ of the U.S. conservation society, and reproduced on the Web:

Somehow a small bird knew how to gather the myriad material for this structure. Somehow this bird arranged small pieces of twig and grass and weed and bark, weaving them together with such precision that the nest is still sturdy and secure after being exposed

to the winter's rain and wind. Considered in the proper light, this little bundle of dried vegetation is really a small miracle.

We tend to dismiss this miracle as 'just instinct'. But what *is* instinct, and how is it transmitted? The same kind of question poses itself in respect of spiders' webs, beavers' dams, bird migration and a thousand other things. Can such complex knowledge be transmitted genetically, and if not, how *does* transmission occur? Whatever the answer to this most baffling of questions one thing seems clear. Nest-making involves intelligence, and intelligence presupposes Mind. We are led to the inescapable conclusion that the minds of individual creatures are linked to something greater and more permanent. *If every song-thrush, every blackbird, every swallow and every hedge-sparrow is linked to an All-Embracing Mind, then it is hard to see how that connection can be destroyed by death.*

When Easter cards feature, not an icon of the Resurrection, but a painting or photograph of a bird's nest, don't despise it. The designers of the card are saying far more than they commonly realize, for that nest is a real and living symbol of the Life Everlasting that is present in all created things.

Deacon Ian

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### **Shepherds in the fields abiding.....**

One of the delights of Spring is seeing sheep and lambs in the fields but this is now less common than it used to be. It is not just lockdown that has stopped us going out and enjoying this sight but because there are fewer sheep as sheep-farming is becoming less profitable. Sheep are one of the few animals where intensive farming has not taken its toll. The vast majority of sheep are not intensively farmed but it needs to be remembered that sheep and other farm animal are not to be regarded as farm pets but as a means to make a living.

However, there are now ‘petting farms’ where the income is from entrance fees rather than animal husbandry. Visitors can see the animals close up but it is an artificial experience – almost a rural Whipsnade

Sheep bred mainly for wool are in trouble. In the Middle Ages sheep were valued exclusively for their wool and sheep farming was a very profitable business. Not any more.

Man-made fibres have resulted in poor demand and low prices for wool. The British Wool Marketing Board has stocks of circa seven million kilos extra of unsold 2019 clip wool.

The local Ryeland sheep which we knew personally ‘went away’ some time ago. They have not been replaced. Shearing costs £3.50 per sheep and there is no sale for wool which sadly was used as a mulch on the land.

Wool now loses out to man-made knitwear as this is much cheaper, can go straight in the washer and is hard wearing. The jury is still out choosing man made or natural material for clothing which is used in extreme temperatures. Synthetics lose out in warmth to Merino wool by a very small margin but wool does wear out. I wonder if Scott of the Antarctic had a darning mushroom included in his kit! His socks must have taken quite a battering.

Wool jumpers and cardigans are now out of favour as they are not cheap but can be ruined if they are accidentally washed in the hot wash or put in the dryer. Cashmere now seems more desirable as it is considered to be a luxury item which warrants a visit to the dry cleaners. Sheepskin jackets and mittens are hard to obtain as they have been tarred by the anti-fur brigade

This means that today, meat is the only saleable product from sheep farming. If vegetarianism increases it also means that there will be fewer sheep. That is our loss. The sight of a large flock of sheep on

the move, driven by a shepherd and his sheepdog partner is one of the marvels of the natural world. The adage “a dog is man’s best friend” is shared by almost everyone but the bond between shepherd and sheepdog reaches a higher almost mystical level. There are now fewer trained sheepdogs.

Lambing is another of nature’s miracles. This can take place unassisted in the fields. but now it is more likely that lambs are born in a barn or lambing shed. Within a few minutes of entering this world the lambs are up and walking, and born with the knowledge of where to find food. The ewe knows the lamb by its smell. Through the intervention of science, the death rate of new lambs is much lower as they are now born later in the year thus avoiding the bitter cold. They go out to the fields as soon as they are feeding well and the farmer deems it fit. I have held young lambs and it is surprising how warm they feel. Their wool is wonderful insulation against the cold.

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The sight of lambs gambolling in the fields is well known as a heart-warming and appealing sight, heralding the Spring. Let’s hope this way of life stays with us for ever. Shepherds have been around for a long time. Even the angels came to the shepherds to share the news of the birth of Christ

Frances

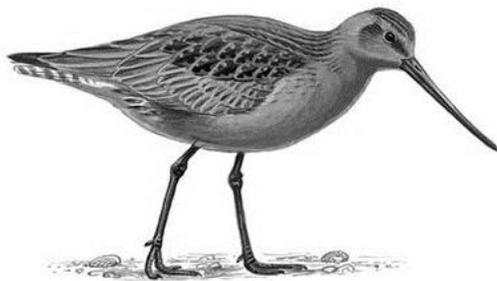
### **Incredible Journey**

A tagged bird (a bar-tailed godwit) has flown 12,000km in 11 days from Alaska to New Zealand! Godwits are not seabirds so cannot feed or rest on the water. This godwit was tracked all the way on his journey. He did not always take the shortest route but did consider wind direction and high or low pressure areas

Amazingly, godwits stock up on energy before the journey by adding significant body fat and doubling their weight. Their digestive organs shrink to dispense with the unnecessary load. They are designed like

a jet fighter with long pointed wings which give them aerodynamic potential.

What I find truly amazing is that a newly hatched Spring egg is able to develop into a bird that can make a 12,000km journey in Autumn. Also, that it knows to fatten itself up before the migration. It is recorded that at least 70,000 make this journey and return from New Zealand to Alaska in the spring. And all this is without a Satnav!



Bar-tailed godwit poised for the journey

There are 5 different types of godwits and they might have different migratory routes. Some breed in Alaska and then make the epic journey to New Zealand. Others prefer Scandinavia for breeding and then fly off to Africa for some sun. These godwits are not uncommon around the eastern coast of the UK, particularly around the River Humber.

Frances

### **Vaila writes....**

I have just written to some great nieces whose dog has died - lost their dog could be ambiguous. I suggested that the family might consider

keeping hens as they talk to you, they respond, they fluff up, they crow and possibly they give you eggs!

The modern dog costs a fortune as a pup and then a fortune for the vet who now has no income from farm animals.

I do remember my sister saying, 'Of course any great family occasion was accompanied by the death of all parental hens.' Shutting them up for the night having been forgotten but no doubt the foxes' calendar marked christenings, weddings etc as a time when there would be rich pickings. My life runs along similar lines. Oh dear!

During an avian 'flu epidemic my hens loved the greenhouse where I put them to comply with regulations. I was imitating this action performed by a clever smallholding by the River Amber. In both cases the hens were reluctant to return to wooden houses but I wanted the greenhouse for my tomatoes.

At one time I kept Araucana chickens. These are Chilian birds, which lay blue-shelled eggs. Careful breeding is devoted to getting the eggs bluest when they might win an Aracauna prize. Traditionally these birds went to sea on sailing ships. They were kept in the galley where they could talk to the chef. Disputedly, they were wrecked in the Western Isles from the Spanish Armada ships where they remain, I hope, to this day, blown around Britain, reputedly round the North Sea in an anticlockwise direction.

My eldest daughter has never recovered from having her red sandals pecked by an early cockerel as she still has an antipathy towards hens. I always intended to have a ladder to a high henhouse. Foxes don't climb ladders. Just now my tenant horse has destroyed the hen enclosure and I have no hens but I shall have them again – maybe a hen and chicks.

A terrible memory occurs to me: a hen, known as the Swiss hen had decided to roost, with her grown up family, in a tree at the top of the

garden. However, the fox arrived at dawn - from my bed I heard a squawk. The fox had mesmerised her and she fell into his waiting jaws.

Vaila

### **Patience and loyalty are rewarded**

We can learn a lot from man's best friend...

A dog that spent a week waiting patiently for its owner outside a Turkish hospital has finally gone home. When Semel Sentürk was taken away by ambulance, his faithful dog Boncuk followed the vehicle to the hospital in Trabzon. She stayed outside the hospital until nightfall and then returned every morning to wait again. 'When the door opens, she pokes her head inside' said a security guard. Six days later, Sentürk emerged and an overjoyed Boncuk was there to greet him.

### **ON A LIGHTER NOTE**

#### **Benefits of a good vocabulary**

A recently retired engineering friend was asked how he was now spending his time. He replied that he was working on 'aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminium and steel in a constrained environment'

This sounded very impressive until upon further enquiry and close questioning it was established that he was doing the washing up under the direction of his wife!

#### **More comments**

1. To me, 'to drink responsibly' means don't spill it
2. I remember being able to get up without sound effects.
3. I have had my patience tested. I'm negative.

4. Remember, if you lose a sock in the wash it comes out as a plastic lid that doesn't fit any of your containers.
5. My luck is like the bald guy who has just won a comb.
6. Sometimes someone unexpected comes into your life out of nowhere, and makes your heart race. We call these people traffic wardens.

**DUE TO MY  
ISOLATION. I  
FINISHED 3 BOOKS  
YESTERDAY.  
AND BELIEVE ME.  
THAT'S A LOT OF  
COLOURING.**



# PARISH CALENDAR March / April

Here is our calendar for the next two months. Some services will be streamed on the Parish Facebook page. It is hoped that we can open the church to all in April. Details of services will be posted when arranged. An on-line Liturgy on **Sunday** of 14th March is confirmed, a link for this will be circulated. See note in *Our Life*. Page 6

## MARCH

**Mon 1** St David of Wales

**Tues 2** St Chad of Lichfield, Patron of our parish

**Sat 6** SUNDAY OF MEATFARE SUNDAY OF THE LAST JUDGMENT Forty Martyrs of Sebaste

**Sun 14** SUNDAY OF CHEESEFARE. **FORGIVENESS SUNDAY**

**Liturgy 10.30 am**

Apostle Aristoboulos of Britain

St Patrick of Armagh

St Edward, king and martyr

## FIRST WEEK OF GREAT LENT

**Mon 15** Great Canon of St Andrew of Crete

**Sat 20** FIRST SUNDAY OF GREAT LENT. **Sunday of Orthodoxy**

**Wed 24** Vigil of the Feast

**Thurs 25** THE ANNUNCIATION TO OUR MOST HOLY LADY

## APRIL

**Sat 3** THIRD SUNDAY OF GREAT LENT. **Veneration of the Cross**

**Sun 11** FOURTH SUNDAY OF GREAT LENT. **St John Climacus**  
St Guthlac of Crowland

**Wed 14** Great Canon of St Andrew of Crete

**Sat 17 Saturday of the Akathyst of the Most Holy Birthgiver of God**

**Sat 17** FIFTH SUNDAY OF GREAT LENT. **St Mary of Egypt**

**Fri 23** Holy, Glorious Great Martyr, Victory bearer and Wonderworker George

**Sat 24** LAZARUS SATURDAY

**Sat 24** ENTRY OF OUR LORD INTO JERUSALEM. **Palm Sunday** Holy Apostle and Evangelist Mark

### **PASSION WEEK**

Great and Holy Monday. Commemoration of Blessed Joseph and parable of the unfruitful fig tree.

**PARISH CALENDAR March / April**

Great and Holy Tuesday Commemoration of the Parable of the Ten Virgins. Great and Holy Wednesday Commemoration of the Sinful Woman who anointed the Lord with myrrh.

**Thurs 29 GREAT AND HOLY THURSDAY.** The Washing of the Feet, the Mystical Supper, the Prayer in Gethsemane. The Passion of Our Lord.

**Fri 30 GREAT AND HOLY FRIDAY**

Celebration of the Holy and Redeeming Passion of the Lord Holy Apostle James

### **MAY**

**Sat 1** GREAT AND HOLY SATURDAY. The Lord's Burial and Descent in Hell

**Sun 2 HOLY PASCHA - THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST**

**Mon 3** BRIGHT MONDAY



Fun in the Winter or beast from the East?  
Even the Thames froze over for 1<sup>st</sup> time in 60 years!

