

Spring 2020



A message from Lynda Davies

I'd like to introduce you to Shrek the Sheep. Shrek was just your ordinary Merino sheep living in South Island, New Zealand until, in 2004, he rocketed to fame over his ginormous wool coat. Usually Merino sheep have their coats sheared once a year, but Shrek the sheep hated nothing more than having his coat removed so devised a plan to avoid shearing forever. He escaped from his enclosure and, for six years, hid out in local caves, evading capture every time his owners searched for him.

Eventually, Shrek was found, although he looked nothing like the Shrek his owners remembered. "He looked like some biblical creature" said John Perriam,



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A message from Lynda Davies

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Shrek's owner. He hardly looked anything like a sheep with so much fleece – his eyes appeared to be completely covered. When he was found and shaved, his fleece weighed an amazing sixty pounds, enough wool to produce twenty suits. People couldn't get enough of the cute little rebel, and so when he was finally sheared, it was broadcast on New Zealand's national television for all to see. Shrek was also famous enough to meet the Prime Minister of New Zealand at the time, Helen Clark. All of Shrek's fleece was auctioned off to support medical charities for children. He's also been depicted in children's books and made his fair share of charity appearances.



As we approach Lent and Easter, I wonder what the story of Shrek has to teach us. For six years, Shrek carried far more than the regular weight of his fleece – up to six times the weight, at the point he was discovered hiding out in the cave. Simply because he was away from his shepherd.

This reminds me of John chapter 10, when Jesus compares himself to a shepherd and his followers are his sheep. Maybe it's a stretch, but I think Shrek is much like a person who knows Jesus Christ but has wandered. If we avoid Christ's constant refining of our character, we're going to accumulate extra weight in this world – a weight we don't have to bear.

When Shrek was found, a professional sheep shearer took care of Shrek's fleece in twenty-eight minutes. Shrek's sixty pound fleece was finally removed – all it took was coming home to his shepherd.

I believe Christ can lift the burdens we carry, if only we stop hiding. He can shave off our 'fleece' – that is, our self-imposed burdens brought about by wandering from our Good Shepherd. Lent is traditionally a time in the Church's year when Christians take on a particular discipline of reading and prayer. It is a season of austerity and restraint and an opportunity to go deeper, to 'give up' time and space and energy to God himself.

Maybe this Lent, we can ask ourselves the questions:

What burdens am I carrying that I need to put down?

How might spending time in the presence of the Good Shepherd help me to see myself as Christ sees me?

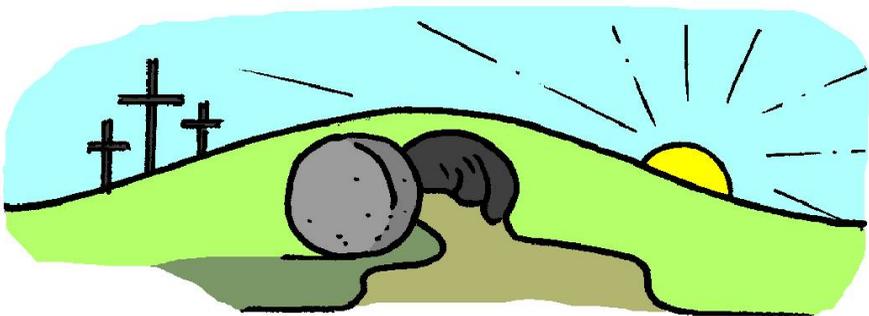
What refining of my character is needed to experience the life that Jesus promises, life in all its fullness?

What do I need to lay down?

What do I need to take up?

As Jesus himself says:

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.” Matthew 11:28-30.



Training for Licensed Lay Ministry

by Alison Wedgbury

Since 2000 I've lived in both Cottenham and Rampton, with various roles in All Saints' Church. I used to work in London and across the Eastern Region in adult education. Before 2000 I lived in Histon, where my mother was also busy at St Andrew's Impington until she died in 2015. My close family are elsewhere: London, Essex, Norfolk, Ireland, Belgium and Italy. I had a life-changing gap year aged sixty-five, living and working in Devon at Sheldon www.sheldon.org.uk, a retreat centre that supports people in ministry and others.

Back in Cottenham at the start of 2018, I continue to volunteer part-time for the Sheldon Hub, an online support forum and



Above: with my daughter Jenny at a Buckingham Palace garden party in 2019

resource for people in ministry. I'm also the lay member of the Ely Diocese Clergy Wellbeing Forum. So it felt the right time to apply for more formal training. I applied for (and miraculously, got into) the two year part-time Eastern Region Ministry Course LLM course in Autumn 2018. Assuming I pass all the remaining assignments and practical requirements, I hope to be licensed in October 2020.

The most obvious sign will be I gain a robe and the traditional blue 'Reader' stole.

The ERMIC training covers New Testament, Old Testament, church history, preaching, leading services, pastoral care, traditions of spirituality and discipleship, doctrine, ethics, mission and much more. Grappling with theology, writing lots of academic essays to Durham University standards, learning from other LLMs and ordinands in the same class; all these have stretched my brain, sometimes much too far for comfort. There are things I thought I knew, but clearly didn't. There are even more things I never knew but which now start to make sense. It's a big challenge to apply it all in practice but it's also fun: in Junior Church, the Cottenham care homes, house group, church services and Foodbank.

Thank you to everyone at All Saints', both long-standing and new friends, for the wide range of support for whatever happens next in my own lay ministry. Please bear with me as I learn how to preach!

From the Registers

We welcome into the family of the church by baptism

12 January	Evie Jayne Stratford
9 February	Barney Northrop
16 February	Sapphire Oshinkanlu
8 March	Oliver Peter Ivan Woodhouse Loui Michael Maurice John Woodhouse

We commend into God's care those who have died

30 December	Kenneth Chapman
3 February	Hope Price
12 February	Beatrice Loveridge
March	Doreen Stripe
March	Judith Macnab
March	Rosalind Palmer
March	Tony Nicholas
March	Gladys Bun
March	Edward Piper
March	John Smith

Reflections on a footbridge by Ian Winterbottom

Railways and church are in my genes. In the early 1950's my morning routine focused on a footbridge at 8 a.m. It began around 7 a.m. with my paper round – my father owned the local corner newsagent's shop. At 8 a.m. the most important train of the day, the Lancashire to London train, left Colne and passed my favourite footbridge in Nelson, my home town.



A Lancashire footbridge

Sometimes the locomotive was a run-of-the-mill *Black 5*. There were, to be precise, eight hundred and forty-two of them in service, as most dedicated train spotters know. More often Newton Heath (Manchester) sent a named green *Jubilee*. 'Prince Rupert' was the favourite. Later on it could be a *Clan* or just occasionally, a *Britannia* Pacific with their chime whistles echoing round the terraces and mills. After the train had gone, I cycled two miles to Grammar School as close to the railway as I could. Maybe I would have done better at school had it not been just across the road from the sights and sounds of trains.

The Friday evening at the start of the wakes weeks and specials to Burnley FC matches brought locomotives from distant parts; and summer Saturdays even brought ex-LNER Beasts from the East: *B1s*, *B16s* and *K3s* on Blackpool specials. Fellow anoraks will know what I mean!

The steps of that footbridge were where my journey of faith began. They were half-way between our shop and St. Philip's church. I was a chorister from about seven years old until I left my footbridge for university – via the Settle to Carlisle Line, the Waverley route to Edinburgh and the Forth and Tay bridges, of course! There's no

better time than waiting for trains on a branch line to meditate on a sermon heard and the things of God. My favourite footbridge step was actually more comfortable than the choir pews. It was from there that my future vocation emerged. Numbered or named locomotives, full of life, impinge like a revelation and then are gone out of sight, leaving empty, but waiting and expectant tracks ready for the Fulfilment Time.

Most train-spotters are not interested in time-tables. That's only for the travelling public. It's the trains themselves, especially the unexpected ones, which count most. I lived in faith that one would soon appear – often a Second Coming as most engines turned in Colne and later came back.

Some have thought that a lasting devotion to railways is an antidote to theological speculation. Yet we have a parallel psychological need for the confined framework of tracked, directed, purposeful everyday order in our lives that religion brings. Maybe some of us are hanging onto the Victorian order of things in church, transport, state and nation. That may all be true in my case.



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Our search for a first retirement house had certain essential conditions. It had to be near a church, a surgery and a busy railway line with occasional steam trains, and to have room for my model railway. Our first retirement home was ideally close to the Derby to Birmingham main line.

Our second retirement home in Cottenham had to be a compromise: a guided busway is no substitute for a railway!

I thank my forebears for my spiritual condition. My grandfather was organist of a Congregational Church and a shareholder in the Midland Railway. My father had been a merchant navy wireless operator in the 1930's and travelled all over the world: he interested me in all forms of transport. He also insisted I joined the church choir. I eventually took my place beside him in the tenors when my voice broke. My hope in later life is that God's Wonderful Heavenly Transport System is a working steam railway!



Photo by Denis Chick on Unsplash

Thy Problem by Joe Webster

A very young Joe's understanding of the Lord's Prayer

When I was about six, I suppose, I started to try to understand what the grown-ups were going on about when they recited this long string of words which began "Our Father". I had the beginnings of an understanding of the idea of prayer, and I knew it was a prayer, but I was a bit confused, especially by this very strange word "thy". My thinking at the time went more or less as follows:

Our Father: I know we are praying, and praying is talking to God and God is our father, so this is a reasonable way to start.

Which art in Heaven? Some people might find this an interesting question but I don't care much about paintings and things, so I don't mind which kind of art they have in Heaven.

Hallowed be thy name: I haven't the faintest idea what this means.

Thy kingdom come: "Thy" is a bit of a funny word, which we'll come to again later, but I do know what "kingdom come" means. My auntie often uses this phrase to refer to some distant time which might never happen. So, at some time in the far distant future, "thy" . . . or maybe never.

Thy will be done: OK, so it's definite. At some distant time (kingdom come) thy (whatever that is) really is going to be done.

In earth: Now I am a country boy, brought up in an agricultural community, so I know what this means. In earth is where you grow your vegetables – and flowers too, if you care about that kind of thing. Apparently, in earth is where thy is going to be done, so maybe thy is something like gardening.

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As it is in Heaven: So the people in Heaven – and I know that that is where you hope to go when you die – are already doing thy, presumably in the earth they have up in Heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread: Now this I really do understand. It is a perfectly reasonable thing to ask of Our Father. Can I have jam on mine, please? Mummy's strawberry jam or Grandma's raspberry jam for preference, both being better than what comes from the shops.

Forgive us our trespasses: As a country boy, I have been taught about trespassing. When walking over someone else's land, be very careful not to tread on any crops or on any part of a field where something might recently have been planted. Take great care not to frighten any animals. If you have to go through a gate, always make sure it is properly closed and fastened behind you, but it is better to climb over it (at the hinge end) or through it if you can. Knowing all these rules, I am very careful never to break them, so I don't need my trespasses to be forgiven.

As we forgive those who trespass against us: I am not a landowner so nobody can trespass against me, but I do understand why some of the grown-ups have to say this.

Lead us not into something or other: By now my attention span has expired and I am wondering about the thistle I saw in the lawn earlier. Lawns aren't supposed to have thistles in them, are they? Or is that just something else I need to learn about?

Mumble, mumble, mumble, Amen: Aha! "Amen" means we've got to the end of all that. Maybe I will get some of Grandma's nice home-made raspberry jam later.

An Old Woman's Lament

A poem borrowed by Ken Hewitt from *The Field* country magazine of 17th December 1980

They've brought you up to date, Lord, down at Cecilia's.
They've pensioned off the organ and are praising with guitars.
They've done it for the young ones and want to draw them in
But I do wish they could worship without making such a din.

They've written brand new hymns, Lord,
with tunes that I don't know
So I hardly ever sing now, though I did love singing so.
They're very go-ahead, Lord, and they are doing Series Three
But the words are not as beautiful as the others used to be.

They've modernised the Bible, the Lords Prayer and the Creed
When the old ones were so perfect
that they fitted my every need.
My mind's not quite as agile as it was some years ago
And I miss the age-old beauty of the words I used to know.

It's very clear to me Lord, I've overstayed my time.
I don't take to change so kindly as when in my prime
But it can't be very long now before I'm called above
And I know I'll find you there, Lord, and glory in your love.

So till then I'll stick it out here, though it's not the same for me
But while others call you *You*, Lord, do you mind if I say *Thee*?

Women's World Day of Prayer

On Friday 6th March, Cottenham Baptist church hosted an ecumenical service for Women's World Day of Prayer. The service was led by Kate Lees, assisted by the ministers of the other Cottenham churches and Alison Wedgbury, our trainee Lay Reader, using material prepared by Christian women in Zimbabwe on the theme "Rise! Take your mat and walk."

John 5: 2-9.

Zimbabwe, a landlocked country in southern Africa, was an organised kingdom as long ago as the eleventh century. After a period as a British colony followed by civil war, the new independence constitution was agreed in 1980. Sadly, since then the once-prosperous nation has been afflicted by conflict and economic decline. Now the country is once more in a time of transition: the service prepared by the Women's World Day of Prayer team reflected the difficulties and disappointments and continued hope for a better future.

The service began with thanksgiving for God's love, for the rich natural resources of Zimbabwe and for the land's friendly and hardworking people. A time of confession followed, which reflected the particular concerns of the women of Zimbabwe.



*We see women and children suffering poverty, hunger and violence. **Grant us compassion to help all those who are suffering.***

There is a lack of integrity in our lives. We fail to love and to unite those who are divided for reasons of ethnicity, language or political views.

Forgive us, and heal our hearts and minds.

Jesus asks us “Do you want to be made well?”

We use so many excuses to avoid changes. Have mercy on us and sustain our search for healing and forgiveness.

The words of the hymn *For the Healing of the Nations* seemed very apt. We then listened to a letter from the women of Zimbabwe, read aloud by members of the congregation.

Friends, in the path for justice, let us reflect and place before God our stories for the world. Our people are diverse and have a long history. From the Great Zimbabwe Empire to today there are many stories to tell. We have fought for independence from colonial power and for the formation of a national government led by leaders supported by the majority of the population. However, we have faced political violence during past national elections. Efforts to bring all sides into a process of truth and reconciliation are taking longer than most of the people had hoped. The traumas imposed by the armed conflict are still affecting Zimbabwean society.

Since 2017, the country has been going through changes in government. People, ecumenical organisations and churches are actively raising awareness for a peaceful transition. The 2018 national election saw a great number of first-time voters, including many young people. We went to the polls peacefully even though tensions were still present afterwards. We continue to pray and educate ourselves to be peace builders and to stand for reconciliation in our land.

We recognise the unemployment in our communities. We have difficulty providing for our families. Many of the households in rural areas are headed by women who have nothing to feed their

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families. The husbands have moved away to search for jobs in towns and mines, while the young men and women have migrated to find work in the neighbouring countries and all over the world.

Zimbabweans in the diaspora have also faced the global anti-migrant sentiment, which has made their lives more difficult.

We hear so many bad things about our country, but we can change this and be proud to be Zimbabweans. We value our community-based culture and closely-knit families, even though individualism and domestic violence affect many people.

There are laws to protect women against gender-based violence. Awareness and lobbying for gender equality have increased but despite this it is the women who look after children with special needs and disabilities by themselves. Access to schools for autistic children is very limited. Many families are headed by children who have lost their parents to HIV and AIDS.

There are so many among us who live in need of social assistance. We expect to see an improvement in social services and more opportunities for training, education and sustainable economic development.

The majority of the Zimbabwean population is Christian, and we are always praying for the integrity of our churches and our country. By the grace of God, we are working hard to follow the right path.

Following the next hymn ***In Christ there is no east or west***, we heard the Bible reading John 5 verses 2:9. This is the passage about the invalid man who lay on his mat by a pool, hoping that someone would put him into the water to be healed; Jesus approached, spoke to him and healed him. Lynda read a meditation on this passage, emphasizing that Jesus can continue to empower and transform us, leading to reconciliation, love and peace.

In small groups we discussed where, in our lives and community, we need to hear Jesus' question: "Do you want to be made well?" What are the obstacles or excuses that hinder our transformation?

What does “Rise! Take your mat and walk” mean for us? What commitments can we make to support our community with actions of love, peace and reconciliation?

After singing *Make me a channel of your peace*, we had a time of prayer, joining with the women of Zimbabwe in their particular concerns.

After the Lord’s Prayer and blessing, the service concluded in the traditional way with the hymn *The day thou gavest*, reminding us that Christians throughout the world are continually turning to God in prayer and worship.



Above: The word Zimbabwe means ‘land of stones’ and is thought to refer to the impressive ruins in the south of the country from the time of the great Shona civilisation that dominated the region during the 13th to 15th centuries.

Below: the team who prepared the material for our service.



Why come to church? by Lynda Davies

STOP PRESS: Please be aware that this article was written before the Archbishop of Canterbury, on government advice, instructed C of E clergy to suspend all public worship for the time being.

A while back, Bob Ward lent me a Deanery magazine dating back to the 1930s. It was a most interesting read with some of the issues as relevant today as they were then. Each parish had editorial space to report on what was happening in their village, and I noted with interest that the vicar of Rampton at the time used his space to remonstrate with parishioners about what he regarded as increasingly irregular church attendance. As I read his words, I wondered if they'd had any effect at the time, but also how he might view the current information from the Church of England statisticians that 'irregular is the new regular', with once a month becoming the average attendance for many.

Always believing carrots to be more effective than sticks, I came across an article recently that lists seven reasons why it's important for us to attend church regularly that I thought was worth sharing.

1. The local church was God's plan in the New Testament. From the founding of the first local church in Jerusalem to the growth of new congregations across the Roman Empire, the New Testament is clear – God wanted his people gathering regularly and faithfully.
2. The Bible speaks clearly about the priority of local congregations. If you read the New Testament from Acts to Revelation, you will see that a gathered church wasn't just one important factor for Christians, it was one of the highest priorities. After the ascension of Jesus, the local church was truly the 'body of Christ.'
3. A unified church can stand strong in a culture that is increasingly turning away from faith. But, we can't be a unified church unless we're persistently gathered together. Do you remember how the early church in Jerusalem reached a culture opposed to God? The outside world saw the unity and joy of the church and wanted to

know more about this Jesus they worshipped. We read in Acts 2: 47 that they were “*praising God and enjoying the favour of all the people. And the Lord added to their number daily those who were being saved.*”

4. The world looks at our priorities and evaluates what we deem as important. It follows, then, that we can't expect the community we serve to get excited about our church if the members of the community see it to be a low priority among church members.

5. Accountability takes place in the local church. When we gather together, worshipping with others, we are holding each other up and accountable. We need people holding us accountable in love and looking after us.

6. Discipleship takes place in the local church. We become more like Christ as we gather and worship together, when we belong to a small group, when we listen to the Word preached each week, as we do ministry and evangelism through the local church together.

7. God gives us great joy when we serve others through the local church, as we put others before ourselves, when we don't focus on our own preferences and desires.

I've just had the joy of completing the annual *Statistics for Mission* for 2019. Whilst the number of people in our worshipping community has consistently increased over the last three years (from 124 in 2016; 144 in 2017; 172 in 2018; and 183 in 2019), the



usual Sunday attendance hasn't increased at the same rate and has plateaued at the mid-seventies for adults, and nine for children.

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Why come to church? continued from page 17

What this tells us is that, whilst more people regard All Saints' as their spiritual home, they aren't coming to church as often as they might.

We know that people have many demands on their time, from visiting family living away from Cottenham, supporting children with extra-curricular activities at the weekend, caring for older relatives, but it's worth each of us gently asking ourselves the question:

Am I prioritising church on a Sunday?

Is there more I could do to ensure I'm there, growing in faith and supporting my brothers and sisters in Christ?

For it's only as we gather together that we will both grow in number (as others are attracted to what we're doing) and grow in faith. A question worth considering.



Above: members of our church family in 2017

The hearing loop at All Saints' Cottenham

A report by Lesley Maile

When I was young my Gran and Grandad's lurid pink hearing aids were a great source of fascination for me. The hearing aids sat each night on bedside tables in special cases next to their pairs of false teeth floating in glasses of water, spectacle boxes and medication. These hearing aids emitted hums, squeals and shrieks at inopportune moments, much to my glee. My grandad seemed to be always tapping or twisting his and my gran often didn't wear hers "to save the batteries." "There is nothing wrong with my hearing," she used to say, "it's just that people mumble!"

Over fifty years later, here am I providing amusement for my own granddaughter with my hearing aids. I have been wearing them in both ears since my early fifties and I too fiddle, twist and tap them and complain about people who mumble and my family complain when I don't wear my hearing aids (although it's not to save the batteries). My hearing has deteriorated over these years and I feel very fortunate to live in a part of the world where my deafness can be helped by these devices and I am not isolated and misunderstood as I no doubt would be without them.

I have learned to be assertive and non-apologetic about the fact that I must be facing the person who is talking to me and they too must be looking at me if I am to be able to communicate, as I need to lip-read. And I do understand how frustrating it must be when I just can't catch what people are saying or – even worse perhaps – I *think* I have understood but I clearly haven't. Even with hearing aids, listening to and understanding people who for example speak too softly, too quickly, with a certain pitch, with any sort of accent or with background noise is still a very hit-and-miss affair and takes a great deal of concentration.

Being deaf is actually very tiring, as it takes mental effort to actively listen and then process what has been heard. It is not a natural

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process at all. I can sympathise now with my Gran and Grandad as they complained that people on television “should learn to project their voices properly”, as I can only watch television and make sense of what is happening by using the subtitles on offer. (These by the way are a source of great amusement and the mistakes in the subtitles are often more entertaining than the programme itself.)

It is with great appreciation, therefore, that I am able to use the hearing loop at church. We have all noticed the difference the new sound system has made, not only in services, but in other activities such as concerts and talks.

Chris Lowe has spent long hours setting up the sound equipment and has adjusted the system tirelessly to achieve the best results possible. (I must mention the impressive sound desk made by Boyd Rose too!) For people with hearing aids the added feature of the hearing loop has been a real boon and I am thankful for all the time, energy and expertise that Chris has lavished on the All Saints’ system.

The hearing loop consists of a microphone to pick up the spoken word; an amplifier which processes the signal which is then sent through the final piece; and the loop cable, a wire placed around the perimeter of our church. To make use of it a deaf person has to switch to a special system on their hearing aid.



Chris Lowe (above, at the sound desk) and Peter Wilbourn share the task of regulating the sound system for 10.30 services.

Before the advent of the hearing loop I was able to follow the liturgy in the service book well - as long as no one departed from it. Sermons, extempore prayers and notices were quite a different matter. Even by concentrating furiously on lip reading, sitting right at the front and adjusting my hearing aid endlessly, much of what was said was lost to me. As hearing aid users will tell you, it's not just a matter of volume but also of clarity. Adjusting the volume on a hearing aid to make the sound louder means a loss of clarity and the distinctiveness of each syllable.

Now, though, when I switch on the hearing loop function I am able to hear and understand a great deal more of what is said during services. The sound is clear and seems to be right inside my ear. I can grasp the main points of sermons, prayers and notices. It makes services hugely more enjoyable and enables me to feel part of the worship in a way I didn't before.

If you wear a hearing aid, therefore, and you don't already use the hearing loop in church I would urge you to give it a try. If you wear a hearing aid and don't have it programmed for a hearing loop, it only takes seconds to have this function put on to your hearing aid next time you go for an appointment. Chris assures me he has tested the effectiveness of the loop all over the church. I know he would be pleased to help if you found that your favourite place to sit during services didn't seem to have such good sound quality. (By the way, if you want to use the hearing loop in cinemas, lectures or plays always ask at the box office. There are usually a few seats they can recommend where it works best.)

Wearing hearing aids tends to make me feel an observer of life rather than a participant. Hearing aids work well in a quiet environment just talking and listening to one person. Hearing aids don't work so well when there is background noise and when talking or listening to more than one person. The hearing loop at All Saints' has made a great difference to me during services and events in church. Now I feel that I am able to participate much more actively in worship without feeling that I am missing out.

Notes from St Norman's

continuing the series by Frances Horgan

Extracts from the diary of Martin Merriman, organist and choirmaster

March 29

So, Easter is finally here, and with it, on this occasion, the annual exercise in sleep-disruption that we know as 'putting the clocks on'. Should an alien from the planet Zog ever mislay his sat nav and happen to land by accident in this benighted country, he will surely ask himself the question that most of us have been asking since we were capable of conscious thought: "Why, in a world where disturbed sleep is a major cause of mental illness, do we persist in imposing an episode of jet-lag on the entire population?" We are told that we have 'lost' an hour's sleep, as though we were personally to blame. But we know better. We have not lost anything – we would not be so careless. We are the helpless victims of government-sanctioned theft, of temporal terrorism, of a cynical conspiracy to deprive us of as much as three or four days of life, and all in the name of . . . what, exactly? "*Cui bono?*" as Cicero would have said had he been alive today.

But I digress. The real reason for my irritation is that the change of hour will occur this year on Easter Eve (popularly known as Easter Saturday), with the result that the choir will be even less alert than usual at the 7 a.m. Easter Sunday service.



This 7 a.m. service has been a source of contention for as long as I can remember, and no doubt for a great deal longer than that. One can imagine the recently and forcibly converted Anglo-Saxon peasantry muttering that their grandfathers wouldn't have stood for it. But since, as we know, the world is firmly divided into owls and larks, supporters of the early service will always find a sufficient number of fellow-travellers to justify them in their view that those who complain are wimps who need to work on their spiritual side.

Be that as it may, all good choirmasters are well aware that the members of a choir are bound to each other by bonds of burnished steel, tempered in the fires of endless rehearsals, of anthems



conquered or, all too often, abandoned as too difficult, of visits to local cathedrals when the bus broke down and the relief bus took three hours to arrive and we missed the service. They might complain about the 7 o'clock service, but they would be there.

Except, of course, if the clocks went forward the night before. This has happened on three occasions during my time at St Norman's, and two of those occasions have been memorable.

In 2005 Janet Worthington, then a very young girl, and a proud new member of the children's choir, was attending her first early-morning service. The inevitable disruption to the family routine was amplified by the change in the hour, with the result that Janet had to leave the house immediately after finishing breakfast, without having the opportunity to perform the small ritual which would be the normal conclusion to a repast consisting of a

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large bowl of cornflakes with milk and a glass and a half of orange juice. The distressing consequences can easily be imagined by parents of young children, and it was many weeks before Janet could be persuaded to attend another practice.

In 2013, Easter Sunday happened to occur on the day after Canon Drinkwater's birthday. The canon prides himself on his palate, and one feels that if he had been standing at the elbow of God on the evening of the third day of creation, he would have recommended the placing of a wine press in the Garden of Eden. The excellent supper prepared by his wife on this special evening was accompanied by several bottles of a fine claret which he had been saving for this very day. However, the shortness of the night that followed meant that the effects of his potations had not fully dissipated by the beginning of the Easter service. No one who was present in church on that morning will forget his rendition of *The mayor of Bayswater* during the Offertory.

And so as I write these lines at 9 p.m. on Easter Eve, I utter a silent prayer that the choir will heed my clear instructions and go to bed at a sensible time. May they remember to put their clocks forward and set their alarms. The rest is in the hands of God.

fiat voluntas tua



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Regular services and groups

STOP PRESS: The services and activities listed below are those which take place in normal times. During the current outbreak of Covid19, most group activities are suspended. Please use the contacts listed on pages 26 to 28 to obtain up-to-date information.

The 10.30 am Sunday service takes place every Sunday in church. One Sunday a month is an All-Age service; other weeks are Holy Communion. See All Saints' Diary for the schedule for each month. Services always include hymns and are followed by fellowship with refreshments in the church hall.

Junior Church runs in term-time, except when it is an all-age service. We start in church, then go across to the hall, where the Samuel Group (older children) meet upstairs and the younger children downstairs. There is no lower age-limit, and parents are welcome to accompany their children until they settle. We have stories, songs, games and craft activities, and re-join parents during Communion. For more information contact Sarah Ward (sarah@wardhome.me.uk) or Alison Wedgbury (alisonwedgbury@gmail.com).

The 8.30 am Sunday service takes place every Sunday in church. This is always Holy Communion without hymns. On alternate weeks the Book of Common Prayer is used.

Morning Prayer is held on Saturdays at 9 am in church. Based around a simple liturgy, we spend up to forty-five minutes together praying for varied needs and seeking to discern what God is saying to us and the church.

Wednesday communion services take place at different locations in the village on a monthly pattern. Details are published in the weekly and monthly notice-sheets.

The **Evening Discipleship Groups** meet either weekly or fortnightly and include a Bible study, discussion, fellowship and prayer. Members aim to encourage and support one another and are always open to new members. To find out about what groups are currently running or planned, please contact Lynda Unwin (lynda.kingsfarm@gmail.com) or Revd Lynda Davies (583651, rector@allsaintscottenham.org.uk).

The **Daytime Discipleship Group** meets in term-time on Tuesdays at 1.30 pm. Anyone who is happy to study with small children present is welcome. If you are interested in joining, please contact Kirsten Burrows (kirsten.burrows@gmail.com).

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The monthly **Fellowship Tea** is an opportunity for anyone to meet for prayer and a chat over afternoon tea. It takes place on the third Monday of each month in the Community room at Franklin Gardens from 2.30 to 4 pm. If you would like to know more, or if you require transport to and from the tea, please contact Sue Hooks (250560) or Maggie Appleby (200035).

Little Saints is a group for babies and pre-school children with their parents and carers. They meet in All Saints' Hall on Thursday mornings in term-time from 10 to 11.45 am. If you would like to know more, please contact Emma McCaughan (250827, emma.mccaughan@pobox.com).

Does God Matter (DGM) is run by Christians Together in Cottenham for secondary-school-aged young people who have a church connection and those that attend can invite a friend. They meet at Cottenham Baptist Church on some Sunday evenings from 6.15 to 8 pm. DGM is an opportunity for young people to chat about the universe, God and relevant issues in a café style environment and an opportunity to meet together, have fun and build positive relationships. For information and dates please contact Emma May (07917 714660, emma.may.uk@gmail.com).

All Saints' Choir usually practises in All Saints' Hall on Thursdays from 7 to 8 pm, but dates and times can vary. They practise hymns for the 10.30 Sunday services and learn other music for special occasions. New members are always welcome. For more information, contact Frances Horgan (horganfm@gmail.com).

All Saints' Praise Band plays at the All Age Service once a month and practises immediately before the service. If you play an instrument and would like to know more, please contact Emma McCaughan (emma.mccaughan@pobox.com).

All Saints' Bellringers practise in the bell tower most Wednesday evenings 7.30 to 9 pm. New members are always welcome and the team will be glad to provide training: if you would like to chat about it, call the Tower Captain, Simon Wilson (251105).

All Saints' Cottenham with Rampton general contacts

Rector: The Rev'd Lynda Davies

6 High Street, Cottenham, Cambridge CB24 8SA
01954 583651 rector@allsaintscottenham.org.uk

Churchwardens: due for re-election in April
wardens@allsaintscottenham.org.uk

Assistant Wardens: Mike Marsh, David Woodcroft
Graham Maile, Lesley Maile

Parish Administrator and

bookings for All Saints' Hall: Matt Unwin-Riches
01954 252298 admin@allsaintscottenham.org.uk

Tower Captain: Simon Wilson 01954 251105

All Saints' News Team

Website: Graham Appleby

All Saints Church website
<http://www.allsaintscottenham.org.uk>

Magazine Editor: Jane Webster

Circulation: Jennifer Macbeth 01954 250021

Contributions for the next magazine are welcome.

Please email if possible to

editor@allsaintscottenham.org.uk