

# St Peter's Parish Chest Summer 2015

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A monthly bulletin of all that is accomplished by and within our church's community

**Suggested Contribution 30p**

## St Peter's on Parade!

Petertide was as ever a very joyful occasion as we celebrated our patron St Peter with a festival mass followed by a drinks reception and lunch, crowned this year by a wonderful organ recital given by Peter Holder. Heartfelt thanks to all involved in putting the day together and especially to Jane Campbell and the flower team, Mark James, our Director of Music, the choir and soloist Ruth Beckmann, and to all who served and tidied up after our lunch. The following pictures tell the happy story...



Friends of St Peter!



Steve Pound MP, The Mayor Councillor Harbhajan Kaur Dheer and her consort, and Rupa Huq MP



It's the way he tells them...



St Peter's Fish?



Summer lunch in the hall.



Our recitalist, Peter Holder (Assistant Organist at St Paul's Cathedral) with our Director of Music, Mark James, who gave us a "feast" of wonderful music.

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*The editor is very grateful to Richard Peatfield and to Sarah Hare for their photographs of this happy day. Please note that this issue covers the summer months of July and August. All copy (and photographs!) please for the September edition to [sipeatfield@aol.com](mailto:sipeatfield@aol.com) by **Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> August**. Have a wonderful summer!*

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## Letter from the Vicar

### Hope springs eternal?

"May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit" (Romans 15.13).

Hope has become a limp and lifeless word; "I hope this letter finds you well"; "I hope you get better soon" when we may not be convinced or truly empathetic with the recipient of our comments; hope becomes more of a social nicety than a real consideration. We might hope England wins the Ashes but do we think they really will?

So what is Paul referring to when he writes of the God of hope? Is this an admission of the futility of faith; that God isn't really truly omnipotent or salvific? Well, of course that is not the hope Paul is writing about and encouraging us to.

For Paul hope is about expectation not limp frustration. The God of hope looks to the here and now as well as the future with anticipation and joy. This eagerness is pregnant with potential and possibility, approached in faith and the power of the Holy Spirit.

Remember Jesus' parables about mustard seeds and mountain moving? Anything is possible in God - that is why God is. It is this positive outlook God is God of. That creative, can do attitude that lead the 12 apostles to continue the work of Jesus proclaiming God's healing and redemptive love to all the world.

If you hadn't heard we are sharing in a time of reflection in the parish and what we are sharing in is being done in the name of the God of hope. At the time of writing we have seen Stewardship Programme bring nearly fifty members dedicating their time, skills and money to the building up of the Kingdom of God. *Please read prayerfully the letter at the bottom of page 7 and be a part of what still needs to be done.*

We have just come to the closure of the leadership questionnaire many of you have completed, the outcomes of which will be analysed with a member of the Bishops staff, looked at by our leadership team and then reported sometime in August. If you haven't had a chance to contribute, the on-line survey is now closed but you can complete a paper version and your views will be included.

The final and I think most important part of this will be the Parish Study Day on the **26<sup>th</sup> September** when we will focus on our church life. The outcomes of which, along with the questionnaire and the Stewardship Programme for this year will help us form our hope filled vision of God's kingdom here at St Peter's.

During this time of reflection you can do two things. Firstly, participate as fully as you can. If you have not yet completed a pledge card there is still time. If you have not yet completed a questionnaire get a paper copy and contribute. Put the 26<sup>th</sup> September in your diary, we'll be starting at 10am and finishing by 3pm. The second thing we can all do is pray - keep this time of reflection in your daily prayers, the powerhouse of our faith, praying for a clearer vision of God's purpose and desire for us. If you don't know what to pray, pray the words of St Paul: "God of hope, fill us with all joy and peace so that we may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen"

**Fr David**

## More things to think about...



### Climate Change – Do MPs Care?

#### Harold Stringer writes:

Does *anyone* care? Well yes; for this was not just any lobby, it was a mass lobby, asking MPs to respond to the crisis in our climate.

There were too many thousands of us to get inside the (crumbling) gothic palace so we were massed outside, from its very doors, through Victoria Tower Gardens and all across Lambeth Bridge, then back along Albert Embankment opposite. Scottish and Northern Irish constituents were at the front of the queue, we Londoners at the tail end.

There was a long wait in the sun, time to share with others (sadly no one else from St Peter's but a good group from the Abbey). As some MPs came and went the queue was moved up to fill the gaps, so our MP had to search all the way from our starting point near St Thomas's to find us finally on Lambeth Bridge. I felt it really important that our new MP should know that people do care enough to turn up, and it was a relief to find she made none of the evasive talk about 'the science isn't *really* proved, is it?'

The CAFOD website links to a short film giving some flavour of the event, with a two-second shot of the Ealing Central and Acton group (I'm just out of the picture), and later a close up with Rupa Huq affirming that climate issues do need to be moved up the agenda, and actually encouraging people to lobby their MP. What are we waiting for? And yes, our representatives do need to know that people are interested in more than just cutting taxes and immigration.

Meanwhile, thank God for Pope Francis and his encyclical, surely worthy of serious study. It seems that while accepting the scientific consensus, his main theme is the morality and the theology of how we care (or fail to care) for God's creation – on which our children's and their children's lives will depend.

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*What do you think of this topic? Please do add your voice to the debate and share your thoughts on this and other issues with readers of The Parish Chest.*



## Out and about

### Best Feet Forward!



St Peter's on the move...

#### Linda Foster writes:

St Peter's Best Feet Forward walking group had a different experience this month - we attended the Open Garden Squares festival on Sunday, June 14th. Mike Tiley led seven other members of St Peter's around four of the garden squares (200 plus gardens across the Greater London area were open over the weekend). Many of these gardens are only open to the public on this one weekend a year - hence they are billed as "Secret Gardens".

The group explored the Notting Hill area. They first visited Ladbroke Square Garden. Originally it was the site of a racecourse, the Hippodrome, built in 1837, and was transformed after 1849 into the largest of the 16 communal gardens of the Ladbroke estate. The magnificent flower borders were admired by us all, and tea and cake were enjoyed on one of the three large lawns.

We then moved on to three more gardens, and on the way visited two interesting churches - one of which was St John's - once the church where Harold Stringer, who was very happy to show everyone around, was Vicar.

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Harold Stringer has also kindly shared with us another recent journey rather further afield.

### Sun, Scenery and Sea-food

#### Harold Stringer writes:

Sicily has it all, and - at least in spring - one can forget about mosquitoes, Mafia and migrants. It has a magnificent coastline (plus mysterious islands), lovely old fishing ports, volcanos, splendid Greek and Roman ruins, stunning mountain-top fortified towns, and an amazingly chequered history of almost three millennia. And on top of that, wonderful Norman churches so different in style to the Norman we're used to, and with mosaics to rival anything in Ravenna or Istanbul.

First taste of these was in Palermo, the Capella Palatina in the Norman palace of Count Roger/Ruggiero - well worth the hot fifty minute queue to get in! It's quite small and light, and so completely covered with mosaics that it felt like the

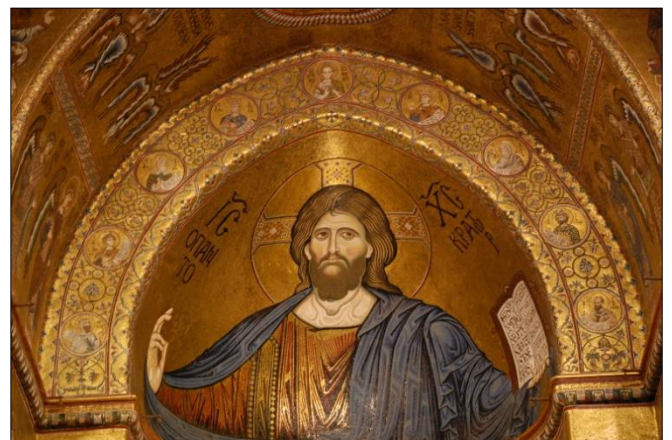
inside of a golden jewel-box. On every surface there are lively illustrations of biblical scenes and saintly stories in intricate and delightful detail. And then, the climax in the apse at the east end: above the stately figures of the Virgin with saints and angels, the huge head and shoulders of Christ Pantocrator (creator of all) looking down on us.

The chapel reflects Roger's broad-minded rule, rare for the time. He drew on the skills of Byzantine mosaic artists and also local ones, and even invited the long established Arab Muslim population to leave their own mark. The intricate 3-D ceiling and the geometrical patterns on the lower side-aisle walls are unmistakably Arabic.

A short journey inland is Monreale cathedral, darker, solemn and vast. The nave mosaics are tantalizingly high up and dimly lit, but again full of imaginative, even humorous, detail. The Ark is shown not only loading up, but also landed on Mount Ararat, perched precariously on two rocky peaks. At one end, Noah's son is pushing a reluctant goat down a gang-plank, while at the other, Noah is practically throwing out a lion. The women can be glimpsed, still inside, looking extremely disapproving and worried about the whole thing. In another place we see two disciples sitting at table, Jesus between them, breaking bread - clearly Emmaus. Next to this is a similar picture, but between the astonished disciples is now just an empty space.

The real inspiration comes from looking eastward and upward. Again, dominating the whole building is a huge figure of Christ, right hand blessing, left hand holding an open Bible - 'I am the light of the world' in Latin and Greek. His calm expression seems to say something like 'Yes, I can see absolutely everything in you. But don't be afraid - I don't blame, I understand.' His outstretched arms fill the whole semi-circle of the apse, making an open embrace actually reaching forward to us below. This welcoming gesture reflects the emphasis of the Eastern Church - not letting the cross of Jesus have the last word, but showing the welcoming presence of the risen Christ.

And yes, the weather, the fish and the wine were all marvellous.

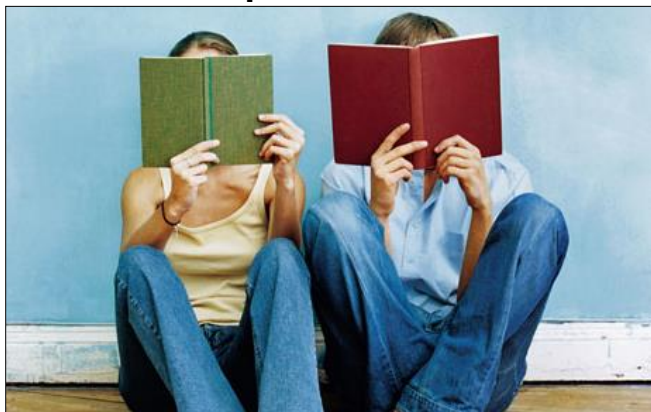


The True Light.

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*Are you travelling this summer? If you are, or even if you are not but have a happy holiday memory to share, why not write a short piece to cheer up our autumn and winter editions of The Parish Chest?*

## Summertime Specials



### Summer Reads

Selected by Helen Peatfield

I have tried to put a book in for every taste, genre and more importantly style of holiday- I can't claim to have read them all, but if I haven't they come highly recommended!

#### **Fern Britton- *Seaside Affair***

Great British seaside romp. A Cornish community rally together to save their theatre from an incoming coffee chain. Written by TV's Daytime Favourite Fern Britton.

#### **Agatha Christie-*Evil Under the Sun***

A classic Hercule Poirot mystery set in a seaside resort. With death of a glamorous actress, everyone from an Anglo-Indian colonial to a schoolteacher is under suspicion.

#### **Homer-*Odyssey***

Essential reading for a holiday in Greece. Read on the beach and look out on Odysseus' journey

#### **Cecilia Ahearn- *The Year I Met You***

From the same writer as *Love, Rosie* and *P.S I love you* the queen of the rom com is back with another tear jerker.

#### **Nigel Slater- *Eat***

A genuinely lovely read manages to serve up cosiness and refreshing summer flavour in equal measure. The Jacket is also a very pleasing shade of mustard.

#### **Robin Hobb- *Fool's Assassin***

A lighter version of *Game of Thrones*- for those not quite ready to take the full plunge into Fantasy.

#### **Bernard Cornwall- *Sharpe's Waterloo***

200 years since the battle of Waterloo what better way to celebrate than with this victorious classic.

#### **Francesca Haig- *The Fire Sermon***

The first in a post-apocalyptic trilogy by poet Francesca Haig. Like *The Hunger Games* meets Cormac McCarthy's *The Road*.

#### ***The Seagull* By Chekhov**

This is on at the Open Air theatre in Regent's Park this summer and in itself written about putting on an open air play. This is about as summery as Russian drama can get.

#### **Harper Lee- *Go Set a Watchman***

The much anticipated sequel to 'To Kill a Mockingbird' we revisit Scout 20 years on... (Out 14<sup>th</sup> July)

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*Thank you, Helen. Do you have good read to share on these pages? Why not write a short review of a book you have enjoyed for The Parish Chest.*

## A Summer Story for a Parish Magazine...

This all happened a long time ago. No one can quite remember the year (though the day and month are clear enough) only that it was when Fr Blake was vicar and that it was one of the flower arrangers who had reported the incident. Now, depending on who you were and how you heard Mrs Whitstable's account, the story went down as either a prank, an inebriation, or, well, something quite unaccountably "else".

The story went like this: One Saturday Mrs Whitstable had arrived at the church to do the flowers. It had been much earlier than the usual hour stipulated for the task as she was hosting a small sherry party later that day and wanted to be home in good time. Mrs Whitstable had opened the west door and experienced the strange sensation that something was different. She could not say afterwards what this was, but just that something was not quite as always. Pressed later, she agreed that nothing looked or sounded any different, just an atmosphere- like walking into an empty room but feeling that it has only just been vacated. Nothing more (nor less) than that.

Mrs Whitstable had then made her way to the flower cupboard in the north aisle. This was just by the steps to the chancel and the lectern, beneath which she was planning to place her arrangement once completed. She had busied herself collecting the things she needed, the vase, scissors, water jug, and hanging from the ribbon on its handle on the hook inside the cupboard, the flower arrangers' own carefully guarded dustpan and brush. Her hands being full as she had reached for this, it had slipped from the hook to the floor. Bending to pick it up, it was then that she had noticed the litter of leaves and sprigs of greenery by the steps.

Her first thought was that the previous week's arranger (whose duties including removing her own, by now drooping, handiwork on a Friday in readiness for the new creation each Saturday) had been rather slipshod. But, as Mrs Whitstable explained later over the cup of tea with a generous drop of something for the shock, she had no sooner noticed the leaves than she had noticed the thing that stopped first her feet and then her thoughts in their tracks. For as she looked up from the steps she did not see what she should have seen. The lectern was gone.

Readers today will need to be reminded that this all took place before the passion for reordering churches took hold, long before nave altars, seating in the round, removable pews and the like. These were the days when things (and indeed people) stayed standing where they had always stood. The lectern given in memory of Captain J. A. Loge (died in action Lucknow, India 1857) had stood in its place on the north side of the chancel since it had been sombrely unveiled there by the young captain's grieving family a year after his death.

But no more. Or rather, as Mrs Whitstable collecting herself a little had realised, the highly-polished and semi-preciously bejewelled base with its clawed foot was still there, but the lectern itself, the great brass eagle with its wings outstretched to bear the word of God, was not.

It is at this point that the story becomes rather confusing. Some people hearing Mrs Whitstable's tale wondered about the connection between the disappearance of the lectern and the high-spirits of



some in the local Lads' Club. (The recollection of the strut of the Mother's Union banner doing service as a snooker cue was still fresh in the minds of many.) Some people wondered about the connection between Mrs Whitstable and the disappearance of half a bottle of communion wine that same week. Some people, including Fr Blake, just wondered.

Mrs Whitstable though was unshaken in her description of what happened next. She had put down all her flower things, walked up past the empty lectern base, up the steps of the chancel and on up through the choir to the altar. Later however, no matter how hard she tried, she could not "for the life of her" explain what had drawn her feet so definitely on this path. It was as she had stood in front of the altar, with its golden sanctuary light, six golden candles sticks and the early sun coming through the east window, that she had seen another flash of gold. And with that flash of gold the sound of beating wings. She had known they were wings before she saw them. The sound had been close to her, the sound not of feathers but a shimmer as though of cymbals in flight.

It was then she caught the movement of gold above her. Her eye took in its shape and action, but her head struggled to place what she was seeing. It was the great eagle. Its mighty brass head and beak busy lifting a sprig of green and landing with it high above the organ loft. Mrs Whitstable stood and watched as it repeated this three more times, dazzling its way from its store by the chancel steps to what could only be its chosen nest.

Just as suddenly as it had begun the enchantment was over. The eagle did not come down again. The sunlight that had glanced and darted across its path was also gone and Mrs Whitstable, catching the breath she had been holding in one choking gasp, ran from the church to beat on the vicarage door.

Fr Blake had not rushed to judgment. He had listened to Mrs Whitstable, organised and fortified a cup of tea for her and waited until she had gone home before he walked back into his church.

As he had expected, if not as he had hoped, the lectern eagle was as it had always been, coldly and solidly spreading its wings on its lovingly Brassoed perch. There were indeed a few bits of twig by the steps, which Fr Blake had no trouble in identifying as sprays he had cut from his own garden the evening before. This his fifteenth year and he had missed it again.

As he sat in the vestry finishing the last of a presanctified Vin Santo, he remembered the extraordinary instructions given to him by the previous incumbent. He was to place at the foot of the lectern each old Midsummer Eve, foliage from the willow tree in the vicarage garden. When Fr Blake had raised an eyebrow in inquiry, his predecessor had been evasive, saying only that it was a part of the Loge bequest. The very answer his own predecessor had given to him.

The first year Fr Blake had left the willow sprigs he had felt rather foolish, catching a reflection of himself in the lectern stand and he fancied a baleful stare from the great brass bird above him as he had stooped with his offering. The following morning there had been only the remnant of a few scattered leaves.

Sitting in the vestry now all those years later, Fr Blake remembered how he had felt. How the dimmest inkling had begun in his imagination and how he had all but run from the lectern to the shelf in his study holding the Parish Registers and Inventories. He remembered how his fingers had trembled over the pages of the volume covering the years 1851 to 1875. How he had read for the first time the words that burned in his mind now: Lectern given in memory of Captain John Aquila Loge, died 24th June 1857 in Lucknow, India. Only son of the Reverend A.A.Loge, Vicar of this parish. Place and date of burial unknown.

Each old Midsummer Eve Fr Blake fulfilled the tribute of leaves. Each old Midsummer Day he tried to shake off the fanciful notions he had gathered over the years. This year was different, there was to be no shrugging off what had been glimpsed haphazard by Mrs Whitstable, confirming as it did all he had dared to wonder.

Even now though he hardly dared to make it plain to himself. The dead captain's name was so very suggestive. The date tallied so exactly. The willow tree in the garden of his boyhood. The desire for the one far from home to return to his nest. And yet these things do not happen, and they certainly do not happen in quiet suburban churches on sunny Saturdays in Trinity. And yet. And yet if these things can happen, perhaps it is precisely in quiet suburban churches on sunny Saturdays in Trinity that they do. At last, Fr Blake walked back to the chancel, and placing his hands on the eagle found himself saying the words that had waited so long to be said, "God bless you, John and welcome home."

We must excuse Fr Blake I think, for he intended no blasphemy, and we can make of the story what we will. Perhaps it was only boys larking about. Perhaps Mrs Whitstable had sampled the sherry she was to serve her guests before attempting to do the flowers that day. And, in any case you will recall that old Midsummer Day is the Feast not of the Evangelist, but the Baptist.

Only one thing is certain, when Fr Blake came to pass on instructions to his own successor some years later, he had no need to mention the Loge bequest. Its duties, if not its mysteries, he knew to have been settled in full.



An Eagle Lectern, or what you will...

## More reading...

### "A Sonnet for John the Baptist" by Malcolm Guite



St John's Wort on fire in our summer gardens

Midsummer night, and bonfires on the hill  
Burn for the man who makes way for the Light:  
'He must increase and I diminish still,  
Until his sun illuminates my night.'  
So John the Baptist pioneers our path,  
Unfolds the essence of the life of prayer,  
Unlatches the last doorway into faith,  
And makes one inner space an everywhere.  
Least of the new and greatest of the old,  
Orpheus on the threshold with his lyre,  
He sets himself aside, and cries "Behold  
The One who stands amongst you comes with fire!"  
So keep his fires burning through this night,  
Beacons and gateways for the child of light.

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### St Peter's Library Moira Babary writes:

A list of books in the Church library has been in process for quite some time but now we finally have one available. Several people helped with this, including Christina Stringer, Rosamund Rowe, Wendy Quill and Madeleine Reid.  
There is a good selection of religious/spiritual books. If you would like a copy at a cost of £1.00, which will go to church funds, please see Moira Babary.'

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### The Taste of Summer!



By now the date of our **Harvest Fayre** is firmly in all our diaries: **Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> October**, and now is the golden time to be making delicious things to offer on our jams and preserves stall. Please speak to **Richard Peatfield** if you can offer soft fruit or jammable garden produce and he will give advice/jam jars/or his own jam-making skills as appropriate.

## Charity Matters

### Christian Aid Week 2015 Angus McAvoy writes:



£2,195 including £176 from Gift Aid was collected by St Peter's during Christian Aid Week this year; this is down on last year's total of £2,404.

The total breaks down (including Gift Aid) into; street collections of £1,903 (up by £78 on 2014) and donations of £292 (down by £286 on 2014) from church members.

Thanks goes to my colleagues on the street collection team of Keith Stephenson, Anne Reilly and Matthew McAllister, for their hard work doing a difficult task. We need to increase the number of street collectors to cover more roads in the Parish, so please consider helping out next year.

We plan to hold another Big Breakfast next year as part of Christian Aid Week; see the June edition of the Parish Chest for a full report of this year's event. The revised total collected was £80 including Gift Aid. In addition the team consisting of Mike Tiley, Angus McAvoy, Wendy Quill, Judith Stephenson, Harold Stringer and Sue Charlton (St Stephen's) collected £1,011 over five days at Ealing Broadway Station; an increase of 82% on the £556 collected in 2014 but that was over three days.

Christian Aid Week in 2016 runs from Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> to Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> of May. Watch out for other Christian Aid events during the year. A sponsored walk around Richmond Park will be held on Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> September, further details on how to register will be given in the Weekly News Sheet.

*Here might be an appropriate place to thank Angus for all the work he puts into his Christian Aid role. If you think you might be able to be a part of this vital work next year please have a word with him.*

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**Good quality men's clothing** is needed by this charity for homeless people in our area. If you are having a summer sort out of your wardrobe please do think if you have anything suitable. Any donations that can be brought to church on a Sunday will be gratefully received and passed on to a link person for the charity.

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## Monthly Martyrs (who are not always martyrs...) St. Swithun



### John Peatfield writes:

St Swithun's saint's day fall upon the fifteenth of July, and is famously accompanied by the legend that is it rains upon his saint's day than we will be I for a wet summer, with rain everyday for the next forty days. St Swithun himself was the Bishop of Winchester during the mid-800s and was famed for his generosity and humility but not much else. Only when Dunstan and Æthelwold restored the church in Winchester did he shoot to fame as he replaced St Peter and St Paul as its patron. They decided to move his bones from an small unmarked grave to Æthelwold's new basilica, and during and after this move many miraculous and mysterious things occurred.

During his life St Swithun's competence lead to King Egbert appointing him as tutor to his son Adulphus. Adulphus appointed him as the new Bishop of Winchester, and whilst in that office he remained a close friend and counsellor to the king. He was known for his zeal and piety and would often hold banquets for the poor, travel around his diocese by foot and his powers of persuasion, with which he convinced the king to give one tenth of the royal lands to the Church. He was known for his miracles such as repairing a number of eggs in a basket of an old woman which had been maliciously broken by a workman, and more probably, accompanying Alfred the Great to Rome.

He is best known however, for the proverb:

St Swithun's day if thou dost rain

For forty days it will remain

St Swithun's day if thou be fair

For forty days 'twill rain nae mare

This does have some basis in meteorological fact, which I will not delve into too deeply (it involves jet streams and such nonsense which I am happy to forget as GCSE Geography is over). However my favourite part of my research for this article is a slight variation to the proverb found in Buckinghamshire - a county in which I spend a lot of my time - which fully sums up some of the no-nonsense intellect of the locals. It goes like this:

If on St Swithun's day it really pours  
You're better off to stay indoors

*Let's hope for sunshine on the 15<sup>th</sup> July, John!*

## Year's Mind

8 July	Ethel Kippen (2002)
14 July	Joan Jones (2005)
21 July	Herbert Collinson, <i>Priest</i> (1973)
	Gordon Maufe (2003)
26 July	Amy Millicent Swaish (1972)
27 July	Annie Marsh (1968)
31 July	Christina Stringer (2013)

7 August	Joan Dewey (1995)
8 August	Florence Cowdrey (1993)
22 August	Lilian Shawley (2006)
	Molly Gordon (2014)
23 August	Gladys Gibbs (1975)
29 August	Doris Ives (2000)

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Lieutenant Gilbert Shuffrey of the South Lancashire Regiment died at Gallipoli in August 1915 aged 24.

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## Looking forward...

### An Urgent Appeal

Dear Member of St Peter's,

We are very grateful for your financial commitment to St Peter's, particularly in light of the increased giving offered as part of our Stewardship Programme 2015. Although your generosity has increased giving by £5000 a year, we still have a significant shortfall in our budget. At a recent meeting we have begun to prepare a new budget which will necessitate major cuts in our spending. Even then we will have a shortfall. We need your help. St Peter's still needs to find £6000 to create a balanced budget. If every member of St Peter's committed to giving an extra £5 a month we believe we can achieve our aim. Please help and give as generously as you can. Please keep our parish and its work in your prayers and come to this issue with a prayerful mind. If you need them, standing order forms and gift aid forms are available on the information desk. Thank you again for your help and support,

The Finance Team.



The place we love and call our home.

## Looking forward continued....

### Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> July TODAY

This week we are celebrating with Margaret Joachim 20 years since her ordination. She invites us to join her after the service to raise our glasses to the next 20 years and beyond. *Thank you, Margaret!*



"Now, remind me, what are the three things we're never meant to talk about?"

Revd Margaret Joachim and Steve Pound MP

### Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> July

Dedication Service 10am, Celebrating 122 years of worship at St Peter's Mount Park Road  
Please come along and join us for a glass of something suitably celebratory after the service next week.

*"St Peter's Ealing occupies no humble position as a monument to the last great age of church building in this country"* – Sir Roy Strong, Historian.

(Taken from our website – please do check all details of services and events at [www.stpeterealing.org.uk](http://www.stpeterealing.org.uk).)

### Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> September

3pm Organ Recital the first of the autumn series organised by our Director of Music, Mark James, More details to follow.

### Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> September

10am to 3pm Parish Study Day led by the Reverend Andrew Corsie. Please bring a packed lunch. More details to follow and please also see Fr David' Letter this month.

### Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> September

Ealing Half-Marathon. All details to follow. Do though please note that because we are "on the route" our service time shifts that Sunday from 10am to 12.30pm. *If you are a runner could you think about running for St Peter's or one of our charity projects this year?*



## Harvest Happenings!



### Harvest Fayre Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> October

We have our first full stallholders meeting this morning **Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> July** and so we should be able to tell you all the lovely things that are planned for the Harvest Fayre very soon.

Some of the confirmed stalls and activities are:

- Garden produce and plants
- Jams and "Fruits of the Season"
- Baked Harvest goods (cakes and breads)
- Pre-loved gardening and cookery books
- Bee products (*see David Rowe's notice in the weekly news sheet*)
- Sewing (Bee!) Gifts (*see Christine Bates's notice in the weekly news sheet*)
- Harvest Refreshments
- Children's Activities (including decorating a plant pot and planting it with a spring bulb.)
- Traidcraft
- Harvest Raffle
- Activities run by Cubs, Guides and Brownies

If you are able to help with any of these then have a word with Susan Peatfield [sipeatfield@aol.com](mailto:sipeatfield@aol.com) in the first instance. A full list of stallholders needing help on the day will be published soon.

### Harvest Festival Service

**Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> October at 10am.** An opportunity to give thanks for all the good things we have to share. This year we shall be sharing more widely as we invite "all creatures great and small" to a **Pet Blessing service at 3pm** the same day. Please help Rover and Tabby to get that date into their Google calendars as soon as possible!

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### And finally...

I am grateful to Christine Neyman for sending this from the *Evening Standard* (November 2014)

### News of a former incumbent:

Delivering the address at a memorial at Westminster Abbey yesterday for Lady Mary Soames, the last of Winston Churchill's children to die, William Shawcross informed guests that prior to her death she was visited by her vicar Dr William Taylor to see if she wanted to receive communion. 'What time is it?' she enquired. '11.45,' replied the vicar. Lady Mary: 'I'd rather have a gin and tonic.'