

InSpire



Summer 2015

The Magazine of St Luke's Church, Maidenhead

New Life at Easter... '...we all will be changed'

St Luke's vicar, **Revd Sally Lynch**, examines the theme of change within the context of Easter.

What a time Jesus's first followers must have had as they moved through the last week of his life with him!

Reflecting on three years of discipleship, they must have seen their own lives changed. That continued even more after Jesus died and rose again – and they received the promised Holy Spirit, God ever with them, helping them to live for Him and slowly transforming them into the people he longed for them to be.

In one of his letters to the Corinthian Church, Paul wrote about the change that will come to all disciples at the time of death, as, like Jesus, we are given new physical resurrection bodies (1 Corinthians 15). The whole Christian life is about change – and that does not always sit easily with us; but then life is about change too. When we look back we can see that, and see how we have grown in so many ways.

Those of us who travelled on pilgrimage to the Holy Land last February experienced change in our own lives as we walked in the footsteps of Jesus and were able to reflect more fully on his life on Earth and what it might mean for each of us. More of that later.

During Holy Week, we shared the story of Jesus with pupils at St Luke's School as each phase came into church for a time to follow the journey of Jesus from Palm Sunday to the Cross, listening, creating, reflecting, and seeing how change occurred over that special week. The next day, the 'Open The Book' assembly team shared the good news of the resurrection, changing tears into laughter and mourning into dancing. Pupils were able to articulate their thoughts in this story very clearly.

At the end of my report to the Annual Parochial Church Meeting (APCM) in April, I said this:

I have used the word 'change' a lot in this report. For many that is very uncomfortable but that is the way of the world, and openness to change is the mark of a true disciple of Christ. As Jesus's followers we trusted ourselves to him, from our baptisms, to be transformed into the people that he longs for us to be. We are called to transform the world, the country, the parish in which we live, to draw more and more people into the kingdom of God, to work for justice and peace — to help establish God's dream for the world. Our scriptures remind us that God is never static and always on the move, calling his people on and up. Like the Old Testament's hinds' feet, scrabbling up the high places to reach better pasture, the Christian disciple constantly longs to be nurtured by the living God. "Look," says God



Photograph: Andrew Burdett

in Isaiah 43. 19, "I am about to do a new thing, do you not perceive it?".

As Christians we must expect and embrace change. If we do not, our church, the Church, and we ourselves will simply wither away and die.

And so there will be change — both here but also in the national Church. This year a number of reports have been published for discussion by General Synod concerning:

- Clergy training
- Developing discipleship
- Vocations
- And other areas of church life
- Finance
- Simplification

In this diocese, you know that we expect a new bishop (hopefully by the end of the year), but you also need to know that Diocesan Church House will be moving to a new, bigger and more appropriate site (with better parking) and that this will NOT cost parishes anything extra!

Easter reminds us that we are called to change – in so many ways – but also that we have a God who is way big enough to see us through it all and who is Godself unchangeable.

I ended my APCM report:

What a lot is going on – what a lot God is doing in here – and what a lot that we don't yet know about that he is doing out there. As we move towards our 150th birthday I would urge us all to continue to be mission-focussed, to long to participate in what God is doing, and to grow in our discipleship of him as he changes is into the people we can be in and for Him.



Poet **Naomi Shihab Nye** was born in 1952 to an American mother and a Palestinian father. Her 2008 prose-poem below is taken from her book *Honeybee*, and was contributed to *InSpire* by **Sally Lynch**.

Wandering around the Albuquerque Airport Terminal, after learning my flight had been delayed by four hours, I heard an announcement: "If anyone in the vicinity of Gate 4A understands any Arabic, please come to the gate immediately." Well – one pauses these days.

Gate 4A was my own gate. I went there. An older woman in full traditional Palestinian embroidered dress, just like my grandma wore, was crumpled to the floor, wailing loudly. "Help!", said the flight service person, "Talk to her. What is her problem? We told her the flight was going to be late and she did this." I stooped to put my arm around the woman and spoke to her haltingly: "Shu dow-a, Shu-bid-uck Habibt! Stani schway, Min fadlick, Shu-bit-se-wee?". The minute she heard any words she knew, however poorly used, she stopped crying. She thought the flight had been cancelled entirely. She needed to be in El Paso for major medical treatment the next day. I said: "You're fine. You'll get there. Who is picking you up? Let's call him." We called her son and I spoke to him in English. I told him I would stay with his mother until we got onto the plane, and would ride next to her.

I gave her my phone and she talked to him. Then we called her other sons just for fun. Then we called my dad and he spoke with her for a while in Arabic, and through this found out they had ten shared friends. Then I thought, just for the heck of it, why not call some Palestinian poets I know and let them chat with her? This all took up about two hours. She was laughing a lot by then. Telling about her life, patting my knee, answering questions. She had pulled out a sack of homemade mamool cookies (little powdered-sugar, crumbly mounds stuffed with dates and nuts) out of her bag, and was offering them to all the women at the gate. To my amazement, not a single woman declined one. It was like a sacrament. The traveller from Argentina, the mother from California, the lovely woman from Laredo — we were all covered with the same powdered sugar. And smiling. There is no better cookie. And then the airline broke out the free beverages from huge coolers and two little girls from our flight ran around serving us all apple juice and they were covered with powdered sugar too. And I noticed my new best friend – by now we were holding hands – had a potted plant poking out of her bag, some medicinal thing, with green furry leaves. Such an old-country travelling tradition. Always carry a plant. Always stay rooted to somewhere. And I looked around that gate of late and weary ones and thought: 'this is the world I want to live in. The shared world.' Not a single person in this gate – once the crying of confusion stopped – seemed apprehensive about any other person. They took the cookies. I wanted to hug all those other women too. This can still happen anywhere. Not everything is lost.

InSpire magazine is published thrice a year. The editor wishes to thank everybody who has contributed to this issue. Cover photograph: a floral arrangement at the Easter Day service, 5 April 2015 (© Andrew Burdett for *InSpire* magazine). Disclaimer: Any views expressed in this magazine are solely those of the article's respective author(s), and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor; St Luke's Church, Maidenhead; the Diocese of Oxford; or the Church of England – unless stated otherwise.

For details of our many events and services, please see: www.stlukeschurchmaidenhead.org.uk



A Note From The Editor

I begin with a confession. In generations past, there'd have been no need: zealous priests would have already noted the fact of it, and my name would probably have been black-marked in a nondescript book, secretly kept safely under lock and key.

But now that we worship as congregants of a generally more relaxed Church, I can put it out there without great fear of reproach.

So here goes: I've been skiving Sunday mornings.

Not deliberately. Not through any conscious choice. It's just the way it's been. Weekend shifts at work have prevented me from participating in some Eucharists, while other services I've missed through a range of clashing commitments.

And you realise, when you've been away, how easy it is to fall 'out of the loop'.

You miss out on thought-provoking readings and stimulating sermons; rousing hymns and uplifting anthems.

The thing is, though, that you can get all that off the wireless. If you wake up too late for *Sunday Worship* on Radio 4, there's always the three o'clock repeat of *Choral Evensong* on Radio 3. Tuning in, with the newspapers on your lap and a pot of tea on the side, is a thoroughly relaxing way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

But perfect as that all seems, you find yourself still yearning for something more. More than anything, you miss the people. For me, that's what going to church is pretty much all about.

Its people are what add body to a building: in turn, what transforms a congregation into a community and a fold into a family.

How can we expect to call ourselves Christians if we show no interest in those around us? We must listen – listen and laugh, comfort and cry – as we shake hands during the Peace and sip coffee in the Parish Centre afterwards. All the while, we are sharing in the lives of our fellow parishioners.

In our ever-busy existences, with omnipresent pressures and distractions, we are foolish if we forsake the time and space to talk.

Andrew Burdett,
May 2015

A Holy Week Journey Through the Holy Land

On Palm Sunday, six members of the Holy Land pilgrimage group movingly shared their experiences of key places of Jesus's journey from Last Supper to Crucifixion. These are some of the images that supported their reflections.

Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane:
"Not your will but mine".



Words:
Johanna Raffan

At Gethsemane, I was reminded of two prayers that the Lord said in the garden. The first are words I am sure we have all prayed at some time in our lives — I certainly did three years ago, when my husband Sandy had his brain haemorrhage: "Let this cup pass".

However, over the intervening years I have discerned and come to understand that Sandy's death was willed by God and that the Lord has other purposes for the rest of my life. So, in the garden I could submit and conform to Jesus's prayer: "not my will but Thine be done, Amen".

Twenty-three pilgrims from St Luke's and elsewhere set off on the journey of a lifetime in mid-February (Sally Lynch writes).

Hoping for a little winter sunshine to accompany our pilgrimage, we were rather disappointed by dusty wind, rain, and cold. Our spirits were not dampened, though, and we enjoyed ten days walking (and driving!) in the footsteps of Jesus and of our ancestors in the faith.

In Jerusalem we spent six nights in the Golden Walls Hotel, right beside the old city walls. We started Day One at the top of the Mount of Olives and walked slowly down, visiting the church of Pater Noster, where the Lord's Prayer is said to have been given by Jesus to his friends. We followed the old pilgrim path used on the first Palm Sunday, and saw a simple teardrop-

shaped church (Dominus Flevit) commemorating Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, before visiting the sombre Church of All Nations in the Garden of Gethsemane. We drove across the Kidron valley, through which Jesus was taken after his arrest, and visited the Church of St Peter in Gallicantu, where Jesus was kept in a prison in the house of the High Priest, and where Peter denied Christ. We also saw a model of Jerusalem as it would have been in the first century AD — helpful for getting our bearings. Our visit also included Ein Kerem, the birthplace of John the Baptist.

On Day Two we spent time in the Jewish Quarter of the old city, witnessing amazing scenes at the Western Wall as many young Jewish boys came for their Bar Mitzvahs. We walked the Via Dolorosa, the way that Jesus was taken with his

Jesus is led up the steps to the High Priest's house, where he is thrown into a dungeon, and where Peter denies him (now the church of St Peter in Gallicantu): "I never knew the man".



Words: Ruth Sheppard

Just outside the Old City of Jerusalem, on the Eastern slope of Mount Zion is a church called St Peter in Gallicantu or St Peter of the cock row. It commemorates Peter's triple denial of Christ and is built on the presumed site of the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest.

Beside it are the ancient steps which were part of a Main Street running between the Kidron Valley and the upper city at the top of Mount Zion. They would have been used by Jesus and his disciples and Jesus would have been brought along this route after his arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane, for his interrogation before Caiaphas.

As I stood on those steps I realised that I was standing in a place where it was certain that Jesus had trodden. This was where Peter's final denial

had happened. How must he have felt seeing what happened after that? Of all the amazing places we saw, I think that simple spot was the most thought provoking to me. Looking at the panoramic view of the valley and the Mount of Olives in the distance I reflected on that journey which Jesus had undertaken, realising, as He must have done, the probable outcome at the end of it. It brought to life for me his arduous and probably scary walk, being aware of the major sacrifice he was about to make. I felt enormously privileged and humbled to be standing in His footsteps and this year, that experience will be uppermost in my mind during Holy Week and in the years to come.



Jesus is condemned to death by Pilate on the Roman pavement: "Here is your king".



A Holy Week Journey Through

the Holy Land (continued)



Jesus carries his cross through the busy streets to Calvary: "They came to a place called Golgotha".

cross, still today through bustling markets. We marvelled at the many different groups each claiming a part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (probably the site of crucifixion) and we rested in the area of the Garden Tomb.

We spent a day in the Judean desert, looking down a deep ravine at Wadi Kelt and visiting the site of Qumran, where the Dead Sea Scrolls were written and hidden. We ascended Masada by cable-car and then 'swam' in the Dead Sea. The next day was spent in Bethlehem, having some quiet space at the Shepherds Fields and visiting the ancient Church of the Nativity. As we all clambered down in the crypt, we sang *Silent Night* in that very special place.

On Sunday we worshipped at St George's Anglican Cathedral, singing the



Jesus dies on the cross and is laid in the tomb: "Truly this man was the son of God".



The tomb is found empty: "He is not here, he has risen!".

Peruvian Gloria (just like being at home!). And then, in pouring rain which felt appropriate, we visited the Holocaust memorial Yad Vashem.

On our way to Galilee we stopped at Jericho and ascended the Mount of Temptation by cable-car — there were shops at the top! We visited the original site of Jesus's baptism: maybe not the right spot but certainly the right area. It was very simple and beautiful — and the river Jordan was muddy and narrow.

Galilee was beautiful. Our hotel, right beside the lake, allowed many lovely sunrise photos. We visited Nazareth, with the Church of the Annunciation and ancient street under a convent. We spent time at Nazareth Village — a reconstruction of a first-century Palestinian village, which gave a real insight into life in Bible times. Our day there ended on top of Mount Tabor, the site of Jesus's transfiguration and a glorious sunset.

On our day travelling around the Sea of Galilee we

spent time on the seashore at Mensa Christi, the site of Jesus's post-resurrection appearance to his friends in John 21. After visiting the ruins of Capernaum, Peter's home town, we had a simple communion service for Ash Wednesday right beside the sea. We rested on top of the hill at the Mount of Beatitudes with its lovely church and views over the lake, before visiting a first-century boat, recently excavated, and then had a boat trip across the lake.

During our stay we visited two of the charities supported by McCabe Travel: a boys home in Bethany and an Arab medical centre in Bethlehem. Lest it seem that we were 'holy' all the time, we also got through many bottles of local wine, laughed a lot together, and we participated in 'Sultan's Night' at our Jerusalem hotel — even the vicar joined in the belly dancing!

A booking has already been made for a return trip in February 2017 — see Sally for a brochure.



Ringging the Changes

Richard Burdett discusses the recent work undertaken up the spire, on the church bell.

In the 1950s, the predecessors to the current Fabric Working Group decided to install a corrugated sheet internal roof above the upper floor of the tower, with a complex valley gutter draining through a hole in one of the tower windows. It appears to have been designed to stop either wind-borne rain or melting snow that had entered via the tower louvres from reaching the lower areas of the tower or the organ which lies beneath it. Although it might have achieved what was intended, it had the effect of making access to the main church bell and the louvres, which were above it, virtually impossible. In due course, when netting over the louvres rusted away, pigeons made the tower their home and the internal roof became covered with their droppings and the odd decomposing bird carcass.

In 1993 our inspecting architect at the time, John Allerton, strongly recommended that the internal roof be removed (together with the accumulated muck), the louvres be resealed with stainless steel mesh to prevent bird ingress, and a bell inspection platform be built immediately under the bell. This was done, and the bell was duly inspected by Whitechapel Bell Foundry.

They found it to be in good order, though they recommended a watching brief on the way it was fixed to its supporting timber crossbeam, since the two iron straps holding it showed some signs of rusting. Like many bells of its time – it was cast in 1878 – its crown included a cast iron ‘staple’ (essentially a large metal loop) around which the bronze metal of the bell was cast. This staple would normally have held the clapper, allowing it to swing from side to side as the bell is swung. However, our bell has never

had a clapper — instead it is permanently fixed to the crossbeam, with the note being made by hammers that strike a fixed point on its rim. The main problem with this design of cast-in staple is that if it rusts and then expands, and if there is any weakness in the surrounding casting of the bell, then the bell is likely to crack, which can destroy it. As a result, experts today recommend that such staples be removed by drilling them out by hand.

Twenty years on, having observed our watching brief, we also faced a problem with the mechanism that operated the calling bell hammer, used before services, which had become very unreliable. After seeking a number of quotes, the Fabric Working Group recommended to the PCC that the staple in the bell be removed and it be fitted with a new electromagnetic hammer for use when it is a calling bell. (In addition, a smaller second bell, which had not been used for many years, was to be lowered to the upper tower floor level, since there was concern that it might eventually fall down due to further deterioration of its supporting timber frame.)

The job was awarded to Whites of Appleton, who on their first visit in March lowered the bell to the inspection platform and drilled out its staple. They returned to the tower in May, re-hung the bell using newly fabricated straps, and fitted the new hammer. The electronic control of this hammer means that the calling bell can now ring automatically for any service, simply at the press of a button.

During its absence, we were interested in the number of people who commented on how they missed the bell, so it is good to have it back again, both chiming the hours of the day and calling people to worship.

Peak Pleasures

In Staffordshire,
Roger Clarke
led parishioners on
the latest annual
walking weekend.



Last October, our rambling group, both fit and not so fit, travelled to Leek in Staffordshire for our annual social / walking weekend. Early autumn colours, time to relax with friends, the Peak District National Park... what wasn't there to look forward to? Well, apart from the British weather that it is — the forecast for the weekend was not great!

We had booked into the Leek Premier Inn and had arranged to meet on Friday evening for a meal together, allowing us to discuss our en-route 'adventures' and plans for the three days away. With great walking on the doorstep and plenty of interesting opportunities to explore, we chatted over a very pleasant meal. Even for those less agile, there is so much to see and do in this area. Within reasonable distance there are the towns of Matlock, Bakewell, and Buxton. There are many wonderful villages such as Hartington and Eyam ('The Plague Village'). Chatsworth House is relatively close by (less than 25 miles away) and there are some fascinating caves at Castleton. And, of course, there are the many 'Dales', such as Dove Dale.

Plenty to talk about, then, before taking to our beds.

Saturday was not the brightest of mornings: in fact, we woke to the sound of rain falling from a very grey sky. However, we had a leisurely breakfast together and decided what we would do, lifted by the fact that the weatherman predicted the rain to stop around lunchtime. After breakfast, those not walking took themselves off to explore and the ramblers arranged to meet at a small car park near Wetton Mill, alongside the River Manifold. We drove to our destination in the rain, hoping that the forecast would prove correct and, as we parked the cars, the rain eased and there were signs of brightness in the sky. Our walk took us along a steep-sided off-shoot valley of the Manifold, and we climbed steadily onto a very windy Ecton Hill (*pictured left*) where the open landscape with its drystone walls gave beautiful views back into the valley. As we started to drop downhill towards the hamlet of Ecton, we passed some old copper mine workings and an engine-house. Here we were very lucky to meet a gentleman from the National Trust who gave us a whistle-stop tour of the building just before closing-time.

Apparently, this area of distorted limestone gave rise to high-quality copper deposits which were mined from as far back as the Bronze Age. The engine house and surrounding land was purchased by the National Trust as the building is a scheduled monument and on the 'At Risk' register. The engine-house did at one time (circa 1788) house a Boulton & Watt steam engine, which was situated at the top of the mineshaft and was used to lift the copper ore from the depths below. The building is thought to be the oldest mine-winding engine-house in the world. The National Trust continues to work on the building which will become an interpretive centre and a fascinating place to visit. After our lucky meeting, we continued down into the Manifold Valley in glorious sunshine where we followed the river valley back to our cars. The walk was probably six miles in length, with ascent of around 750 feet

On Sunday morning, we joined



the congregation of St Luke's Church, Leek, for their service of Harvest thanksgiving. We were made very welcome and stayed for a while afterwards for coffee and a chat. We were asked to pass on the best wishes of St Luke's, Leek, to St Luke's, Maidenhead. The weather was again lovely with sunshine and little wind and, after church, we all met on the banks of Tittesworth Reservoir for a leisurely 'all-abilities' walk of about a mile, taking around an hour — a very enjoyable and communal get-together for the whole group.

On returning to the cars, those not walking went off for further exploration whilst the walkers headed for The Roaches. This gritstone outcrop is a wonderful place to walk, and from its crest give extensive views over the Staffordshire countryside. Although not overly high (around 1650 feet at the

highest point), they give a real feeling of freedom and adventure, especially on the western edge which drop very steeply — in places sheer — to the valley below. For this reason it is very popular with rock-climbers, and whilst walking one has the chance to look over the edge and stare down at folk seemingly hanging by their fingertips. Not for me, I hasten to add. The actual walk consisted of climbing through the natural gap in The Roaches's ridge, passing by Hen Cloud on the right, another amazing outcrop. From here we crossed open moorland in a north-easterly direction to meet a very minor road which we then followed to Roach End. From this point you get really good views northwards to some of the romantically named and recognisable landmarks of the area: Shining Tor, Axe Edge, and across Wildboarclough to Shutlingsloe (also known affectionately as The Matterhorn of the Peak because of its unmistakable silhouette). From this point we turned southwards, climbing onto

the ridge passing Bearstone Rocks and other eerie rock shapes. Having arrived at the summit's triangulation pillar we continued on to pass Doxey Pool before dropping back into the valley and our cars. Another great walk in good weather, perhaps 4.5 miles in distance and around 650 feet of climbing. We were certainly ready for our dinner!

On Monday morning, our luck ran out weather-wise: heavy rain, heavy skies, and wind. Discretion being the greater part of valour, we all decided to quit while we were winning and make our separate ways home. Sonya and I achieving this by completing a figure of eight drive north through the national park. The weather never eased but the scenery was still very enjoyable and it made a nice end to the weekend.

I hope that all enjoyed the occasion as much as we did.

Lord of the Dance

As the January social made a welcome return with a ceilidh in the Community Hall, **Andrew Burdett** put on his dancing shoes.

Photography:
Andrew Burdett

We'd barely all sat down when Ian Gilchrist rose to lead the first dance. And he'd barely started explaining the necessary steps when a knock was heard at the door. Here, earlier than expected, was supper: four heavy boxes with fifty fish-and-chip parcels, delivered fresh by a short, aproned cook.

Dinner devoured and takeaway papers tidied away, Revd Sally revealed answers to the quiz-sheets placed as ice-breakers on each of the tables. There followed a raffle – where prizes included a box of chocolates, a DVD box-set, and a bottle of wine — after which everyone felt rather ready to go home, having all had a lovely evening together.

Yet this could not be! There was still the small matter of the 'ceilidh' that our tickets referred to. "Looking at the difficulty with which some of the raffle prizewinners just ambled across the room, I dread to think how the dancing will go", muttered a dissenting voice on my table. Fortunately, such fears proved unfounded. Among the attendees, there were some who proved remarkably nifty on their feet. Others – perhaps wisely, in light of their age – opted to sit and watch for much of the night.

But without exception, every-



Photograph: Ann Burdett

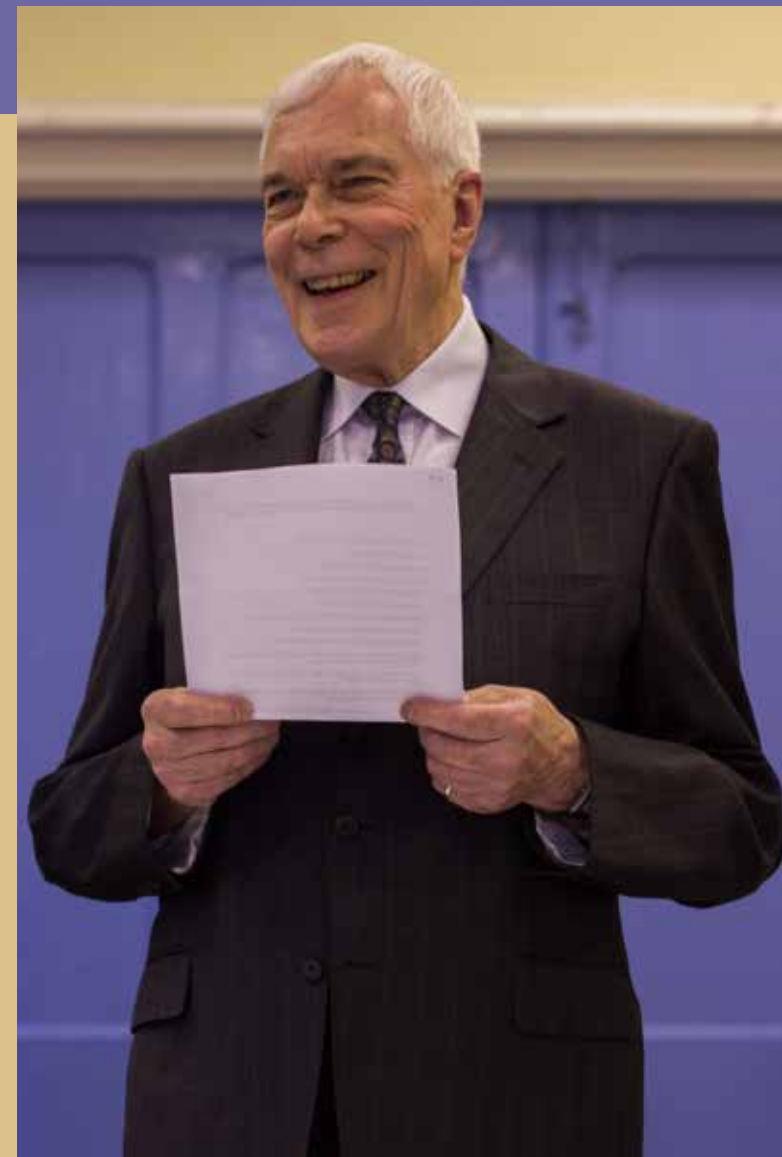
body entered fully into the spirit of the evening.

This was especially true in my own case when, towards the end of the night once pleasantly full of wine, I rose for the Eightsome Reel. Perhaps I forgot my own strength, or maybe I just allowed myself to get totally carried away, but poor Ruth Sheppard found herself being swung voraciously around the Hall. Gasps ensued from the ladies sat closest, whose outstretched legs suddenly felt frighteningly near the action. All eyes were on Ruth as she struggled to hold on – faster and faster,

circling around, we were spinning in dizzying orbit of each other. "Go a bit gentler, Andrew", my mother begged, as the music faded away on the stereo and Ruth sat down to try to get her breath back.

There was one last dance before the end, for which Ian invited all those who felt able to stand up. Given the exuberance of the night until this point, one could be forgiven for opting to simply take vicarious pleasure from this final jig. But, for the thirty-odd revellers who did join arms, it was a happy end to a jolly night spent together.





Going Out on a High Note

After retiring in December, Director of Music **John Cotterill** reflects on a decade in the job.

Words are not really adequate to express how pleased and moved I was to have the splendid lunch given in my honour in January, and to receive the generous cheque and extremely kind remarks delivered on that occasion.

After ten years, I decided to retire from my post as Director of Music in December 2014. The highlight of my final year was the carol service, held on the last Sunday before Christmas, in which the choir sang exceptionally well. I felt honoured to conduct again my own little carol, *Sing, good company*, which I had included in my first carol service at St Luke's in 2004.

I am pleased to have played my part in the long-running tradition of music at our church: introducing the Eton College organ scholarship scheme, inaugurating the biennial Music Festival, and providing performers for a series of lunchtime recitals. But I couldn't have done what I did without the support of Clare Price, who for the last three years served as Music Department Administrator, and whose commitment and hard work in that role was invaluable to me. I am most grateful, too, to the vicars and churchwardens throughout my time, and especially to Rhidian Jones, our resident organist, with whom it has been a pleasure to work. The choir itself has backed me all the way, too, and I shall always appreciate the commitment and work which they put in – as well as the presents which they gave me at the carol service!

So, as I leave these years behind me, with perhaps a tinge of sadness but certainly a feeling of privilege to have been entrusted with such an important job, I do so not only with thanks to everyone who worked with me but also with sincere best wishes for the future of music at St Luke's.

Adapted from the Director of Music's report, *Parish Bulletin 2015*

Photographs: Andrew Burdett

A Postcard from Our New Curate

Words: Nicola Hulks



To all at St Luke's,

A brief word of introduction from Ben and me as we, very excitedly, get ready to join you in a few weeks' time!

We are moving from Oxford where we have been living for the last six years. I have been training for ordained ministry at Ripon College Cuddesdon, and Ben has been teaching at a local secondary school. I grew up just down the road in Windsor from where I went to study Biology at Bristol University. From there, I worked in the events industry, starting off in a role up in Aberdeen as a co-ordinator of a science festival.

In our spare time, in between teaching classes for Ben and attending classes for me, we like to get out and about in our local area and love anything that involves eating good food! I'm into pretty much any craft going, and Ben can be easily coaxed into playing or watching football!

We have been hugely blessed to be part of a wonderful range of church communities prior to and during my training. We are very much looking forward to getting to know you all and being part of community life at St Luke's.

Nicola

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Norfolk
Maide
Berl
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Year B: The Year of St Mark

The church year follows a cycle of three years, each reading through one of the synoptic gospels in the Sunday services, with John mixed in across the year. This year we are following Mark.

There are a number of resources to help if you would like to read a little alongside the Sunday sermons. You may find the following suggestions to be of interest.

Sonya Clarke recommends Mark for Everyone Tom Wright

In our last edition of *InSpire* I recommended the book *Ten* written by Bishop John of Oxford (now retired) as a good read. If you have managed to read this book then you will have noted that, as a follow-up, Bishop John recommends *Mark for Everyone*.

If we are just beginning to look deeper into scripture,

sometimes it is easier to read books that are not so erudite. Tom Wright writes in such a way that just about anyone can understand what he is explaining. The other benefit of reading this commentary is that you actually read the Gospel of Mark as well.

Each chapter of the Gospel is looked at in bite-size chunks, therefore allow-

ing the reader to take time to reflect and absorb the text.

Tom Wright has written many commentaries and his books are readily available in most good bookshops or through the internet.

I hope you may be able to look deeper into the Gospel of Mark and enjoy the experience of reading a book that is not only a good read, but also very worthwhile as part of our wider Christian journey.



Meeting God in Mark Rowan Williams

This little book (just 75 pages) brings fresh insight to the gospel. It is readable and conveys the essence of the gospel whilst making clear the message that Mark seeks to proclaim.

The publisher says:

A fresh look at the message and meaning of Mark's Gospel by one of the world's greatest living theologians. Rowan Williams explores the essential meaning and purpose of St Mark's Gospel for complete beginners, as

well as for those who have read the Gospel many times before and want to see it in a fresh light. Written at a highly accessible level and packed with illuminating spiritual insights, this book would make a perfect gift for anyone thinking about confirmation, while also appealing to people who may simply be curious about Jesus and the Gospels, and who want to learn more about his significance.

Meeting Jesus in Mark Marcus Borg

Brian McLaren says: Many know Marcus Borg as a brilliant scholar, which he is. But he has a pastoral side as well. I've stood with Marcus after his lectures and watched as person after person comes up to say, "I lost my faith, but your books have helped me get it back" or "I wouldn't be in the church today if I hadn't come across your books" or "Your work has helped me stay a Christian". In

this highly readable book on Mark, you'll experience that pastoral side as he brings his scholarship to the aid of Christians and seekers alike. If you want to get to the heart of Jesus's message and the way of life into which that message invites us, you'll find help here.

Borg died earlier this year, a loss to scholarship. He sees the gospel in an entirely new way and challenges our thinking, but inspires faith.

Next year, as we celebrate 150 years of this church of St Luke, we will be on Year C following our patron's own gospel.

A Hymn for Many Occasions

Church chorister **Roger Bevitt** looks into the composition of a popular hymn.

'Lord, for the years'
Hymn 81, *Common Praise*

With the coming of the *Common Praise* edition of our hymn book in 2000, a contemporary author came into prominence with the addition of seventeen new hymns of his — well, he was on the editorial committee and he has written more than 300 in total! His name: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926). Most of these new hymns have not yet been sung in our church, but *Lord, for the years* is one of four that are popular.

Dudley-Smith felt a call to the Ministry when he was only eleven, and after ordination held a number of major posts in evangelical Anglicanism and served as Archdeacon of Norwich and then Bishop of Thetford (1981 to 1992). To celebrate the centenary of the Scripture Union in 1967, he was asked to write a hymn to the tune *Finlandia* and he penned this hymn on a train journey in response. It has a wide scope — a prayer of praise and thanks, with requests for the world, our country, and ourselves — making it suitable for various occasions. It was used at George Carey's enthronement as

Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as at services commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the end of WWII, celebrating the dawn of the new Millennium, and giving thanks for the Queen's Golden Jubilee. An additional verse was written to be used solely for this latter occasion:

Lord, for our hopes, the dreams of all our living,
Christ and his kingdom one united aim;
Rulers and peoples bound in high thanksgiving,
Lord of our hopes, our trust is in you name.

We use *Finlandia* for another hymn, and sing *Lord, for the years* to the tune *Lord of the years*, composed especially for it in 1969 by Michael Baughen (b.1930), another Anglican cleric who became Bishop of Chester (1982 to 1986). He also modernised the words of traditional hymns and wrote new hymns for use particularly by young people, but his hymn tunes have probably proved more popular than his words, and include the tune *Majestas*, which we use for another Dudley-Smith hymn: *Name of all Majesty* (Hymn 525, *Common Praise*).

From the Registers

**We welcomed into God's church
by baptism:**

Alicea Warren
Oliver Bolton
Isabel Bolton
Hunter Le-Tissier-Gallagher
Hendrix Le-Tissier Gallagher
Dylan Perry
William Kirk (Senior)
William Kirk (Junior)

We celebrated the marriages of:

James Henley and Rebecca Jewell

**We commended into God's care
at their funerals:**

John Quinn
Hannah Meredith
Dora Newcombe
Marjery Lawson
Ellen Ritson
Robert Crick
Edward Dobson
Jacqueline Hayward
Ida Walters
Mary Scott
Penelope Hutchings

From the Church Photo Albums



Above: Youngsters engaging in activities at the post-Christmas party at the Magnet.



Above: Sonya Clarke and Anne Darracott produced dozens of pancakes for our pancake party.



Left: Members of the congregation at the Odney Club in Cookham, admiring sculptures on display as part of the Cookham Festival.



In the next edition of *InSpire*

music festival 2015
Saturday 13 to Sunday 28 June

pullout picture special

stlukeschurchmaidenhead.org.uk/mf2015





Vicar:
Revd Sally Lynch



Associate Priest:
Revd Terrie Robinson



Licensed Lay Minister:
Sonya Clarke

The Church Office

Open Mondays,
Tuesdays,
Wednesdays,
and Fridays,
9:30am to
11:00am.

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Who's Who at St Luke's?

Ministry Team
Reverend Sally Lynch 01628 783033
Reverend Terrie Robinson 01628 634017
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Pastoral Coordinator
Sue Hinchliffe 01628 784724

Churchwardens
Johanna Raffan 01628 680913
David Sopp 01628 673617

Assistant Churchwardens
Don Luff 01628 638602
Peter Goford 01628 638238

Flower Organiser
Joan Harnby 01628 622140

Electoral Roll Officer
Jill Bevitt 01628 6633464

Gift Aid Secretary
Ann Cooke 01628 472147

Director of Music
Currently vacant

PCC Secretary
Raph Hinchliffe 01628 784724

PCC Treasurer
Richard Burdett 01628 631486

Parish Administrators
Ruth Humphreys and Mary Klymenko

The New-Look Church Website



To view the latest pew-sheet, learn about the history of our church, or find out more about St Luke's many prayer and discussion groups,

find us online at
www.stlukeschurchmaidenhead.org.uk

And Finally...

Church of England
"O Lord, grant that we may not be like porridge – stiff, stodgy, and hard to stir; but like cornflakes – crisp, fresh, and ready to serve."

A Choice of Prayers

From Smile, Please! by Phil Mason

Church of Scotland
"O Lord, grant that we may not be like cornflakes – lightweight, empty, and cold; but like porridge – warm, comforting, and full of natural goodness."