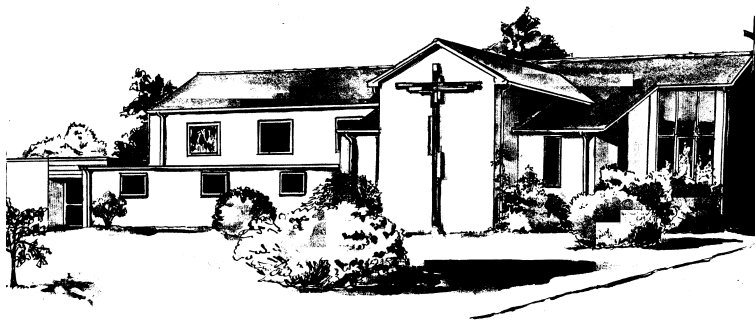


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# CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

**April — May 2012**

**Issue No. 51**

**60p**

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**Daffodils**

*Photo by Jackie Bartholomew*

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### Words from the Vicarage for April —May 2012

On a Saturday in March members of the PCC gathered at St. Andrew's Church Centre in Cherry Hinton for the day to reflect on the life of our Church by engaging with Bishop Stephen's conversation paper 'Imagining the Future', which he introduced in the February diocesan newsletter. The paper provides a framework for reflection and discussion, and I expect we all will hear a lot more about this – in fact, I hope that at some stage, the whole church will be involved in the conversation.

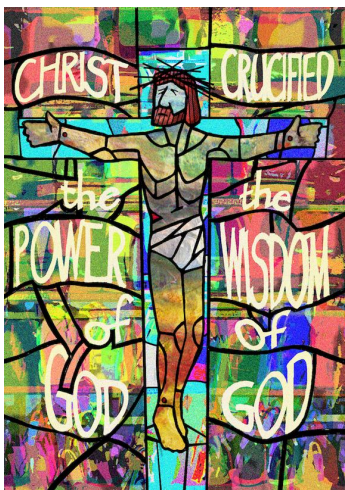
Bishop Stephen suggests we begin the process by looking closely at the story of the two disciples walking to Emmaus on the first Easter Day, as told by Luke (24. 13-35). The disciples are walking away from Jerusalem, on that first Sunday after the crucifixion in order to escape from it all, feeling sad and upset after what had happened to Jesus on Good Friday, their hopes and expectations dashed. We can put ourselves in the shoes of the disciples, as we, too, will be able to identify situations in our personal lives, as well as in the life of the Church and the world at large, where our hopes have been disappointed, where things did not work out the way we would have liked them to, where we perhaps feel let down by God.

When the stranger joins the disciples on their walk, he asks them about the things that are on their minds and hearts. Through their talking and his explaining the scriptures their mood and outlook change. They are beginning to see things in a new light, gaining insights and understanding that

opens up new possibilities. At the end of their walk they invite Jesus to stay with them, and it is only then, when he sits at table with them and breaks the bread, that they recognize him. They are transformed and are so keen to go and tell their friends in Jerusalem that they start the walk back there and then, in the dark of night.

This issue of *Crosspiece* comes out on Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week, when we are invited to journey with Jesus and his disciples to the crucifixion and beyond. We are encouraged to deepen the roots of our faith through reading and praying the scriptures as well as becoming part of the events nearly two-thousand years ago by attending the special church services during Holy Week. We come with *our* burdens, disappointments, sorrows – personal and corporate – as we walk with Jesus to the cross and break bread together. Like the disciples on the road to Emmaus we reflect on the scriptures and open our hearts and minds to the presence of Jesus. We pray, that like the disciples on the road to Emmaus, we, too, may experience the powerful presence of the risen Lord with our faith and trust deepened and renewed. None of us know what the future may hold – neither did the disciples when they walked back to Jerusalem – but as Easter people we approach the road ahead and the process of imagining the future together with 'a joyful and playful trust in the risen life of Christ' (Bishop Stephen's words). I wish you a blessed Holy Week and a joyful Eastertide.

**The Reverend Jutta Brueck**



## OBITUARY

Ella Smith

31 December 1923 — 13 January 2012



Ella Merritt, later Smith, was born in the front lodge next to the gates of Oakwood House in Upper Batley in the West Riding of Yorkshire on 31st December 1923. The lodge was

occupied by her grandmother and her grandfather who was the gardener and very proud of the gardens he maintained there. Her dad was the chauffeur who drove around the various members of the mill-owning Taylor family. Joyce remembers her mum telling her how he wore smart driving gloves and a cap and saluted when helping the ladies into the car. Ella and her younger sister Jessie were taught to mark their respect for the mill owners too.

Learning about her early upbringing explains her deep sense of respect for others, as well as a certain sense of formality, together with her great kindness and care about others. Two years ago, in Lent 2010 Ella very kindly agreed to be one of four people who would share some of their faith journey in the Sunday Service. She did not say yes lightly, as she was not someone who would wear her heart on her sleeve. But I think she realised that she had something valuable to share, a long life and journey of faith that had grown and matured 'through all the changing scenes of life'.

She talked about how she had been nurtured by the examples set by her parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles. Her mother, due to circumstances had been a disciplined woman from a young age, but not hard, as Ella stressed.

Ella met her husband Trevor just before the war at the Morley fairground, where this handsome

young man pulled her onto one of the rides with him, and they fell in love straight away. During the war, while Trevor was away, Ella worked as a shorthand typist in the Ministry of Fuel and Power. She took pride in working in a field that was important to the war effort and very relevant to the local coal mining area. Ella and Trevor got married soon in 1946 and set up home in the village of Gildersome on the southern Leeds boundary, where her husband had been born and brought up. Soon afterwards Joyce came along, and then her brother John.

Ella had been a churchgoer, as people were when she grew up. The arrival of Reverend Walls at St Peters Church in Gildersome, an inspiring vicar and teacher, got her interested in deepening her understanding of faith and God, and she was confirmed in 1958, aged 34. She became actively involved in church life as a Sunday School teacher, flower secretary, and a member of the Parish Church Council. She had been part of the debates concerning the difficult decision process to pull the old Church down, and build new facilities. The Church had played a significant part in Trevor's family's history as his ancestors have been buried in the churchyard since the early 1800s. In fact Ella has asked that her own ashes should be buried in the grave in the Gildersome churchyard where her husband is also buried.

In 1962 Ella's husband had a serious motor scooter accident on the way home from work. Some very stressful days followed as he suffered a brain injury. However, he did recover remarkably well from the operation which saved his life, and Ella and Trevor had a further thirteen years together, before he unfortunately succumbed to a complication of the injury. At the age of 51 she became a widow – her life had changed.

Some years later further tragedy struck, as her son John, by then married, also passed away at a rather young age. Understandably, Ella was devastated by this, and she clung to her faith for comfort and guidance. However, continuing to live in the village where she had lived with the family

*(Continued on page 4)*

became a strain. She was thankful to be able to move to Harrow in North London to live with Joyce and Brian, when Clyde and Rowan were both babies. Ella loved being able to help with looking after the boys, and Joyce was able to carry on her nursing career. As they got older she met them from school and made them tea when Joyce was working.

In 1986 Ella decided to move to Cambridge with Joyce and the family to continue to be near the boys. Thankfully, over time Ella found a few good friends in the local area, in particular Peggy who lived across the road, with whom she spent many a Sunday afternoon walking round the local countryside or, attending concerts in Cherry Hinton Hall. As she got older, and when Peggy was unfortunately no longer able to do that, Ella realised what a lot of other friends she had begun to make in the Church community.

She was much loved and valued by people at St James, both young and old, for her kindness, her attentiveness, her wealth of interest, which included Liverpool FC, and the contribution she made to many aspects of our church life. Knowing the feeling of being new in a church, she made a point of welcoming and offering her friendship to newcomers. Right to her very end, she thoroughly enjoyed writing for the parish magazine on behalf of the Bible Study group, or making sure the raffle was done in an orderly manner at the monthly coffee morning. We are very grateful to her for making sure the St James Friendship Club, which had existed for 45 years, would not be forgotten. Assisted by Martha Mitchell she put together a scrap book just before Christmas, which is now in the parish library.

Ella's mind remained as sharp as a die. However, she did begin to feel some physical stress in parts

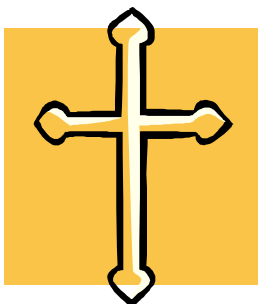
of her body and had to slow down, though not without frustration that she could not get around as fast as she used to. Because she was mentally still so alert, and so much part of all our lives, it was all the more of a shock to us all when she died so suddenly and unexpectedly.

As the family try to come to terms with her sudden death they take consolation from recent happy times spent with Ella. Joyce, who lives in Brussels, is glad that in the last couple of years she had been able to come over at least once a month and do a little extra gardening for her mother. Ella loved sitting in the lovely sunny garden behind her house, where she was surrounded by the almost tame birds that came to share her meals which she often took outside. She and Joyce shared some very happy times working on the garden together.

The family also takes consolation from the fact that they had a lovely Christmas Day this year, with all of them, Ella, Joyce, Brian, both Clyde and Rowan and their wives, all together for the very first time, and sadly the last one too. Even the birds in her garden will miss her. She fed them nearly every day, and one recent scene Joyce will never forget: on the day after her death Brian went out to fill the empty birdbath outside her lounge window and then they stood and watched as immediately, one after another, two robins, a blackbird and then a starling all flew in fearlessly and took a bath in turn.

Dear Ella, we miss you and we thank you for the gift you have been.

*(From a funeral address on 2 February 2012 by the **Revd Jutta Brueck**)*



We were sorry to learn of the death of Derrick Gibbs on 24 February. Derrick had been a faithful member of St James's for many years and his funeral was held in a packed church on 13 March. A full obituary will be published in our next issue.

In the meantime we continue to pray for Maureen, Alison, Paul and their families and friends.



## OBITUARY

Wendy Limbert

20 August 1939 — 18 January 2012



I wanted yesterday to recreate a memory, far back now, of a time when I used to work here. It starts on the evening when the Junior Choir used to rehearse in the study centre and a motley group of chattering youngsters are sitting up against a wall of books. Wendy stands in front of them. The clock is just past its starting time as the last

rush of the kids sweep in, trailing clothes and parents behind them. Wendy quietly welcomes the late arrivals, and points them to their books and what they will be singing on Sunday. Scales are sung. There's concentration (generally!) energy, and enthusiasm.

The Sunday following I give out choir medals to recent new members, and then it's the moment for the choir anthem. At the time I'm remembering, I think the president and the servers sat at an angle in the chancel, so as the children sing, I can see *their* faces, and Wendy's too. She conducts them with care, pulling in particular children for particular sections. And when it's completed, her face smiles at them with warmth and approval, and they smile too.

Enough of what may seem nostalgia. But I've needed for myself (as perhaps for those of you – and it is a *lot* of you – who have been closest to Wendy, and visited her, cared for her lovingly, prayed for her and tried to comfort her) I've needed to get behind the frightened, grieving Wendy of these past recent months, so as to recover the friend who was so full of life, and of gifts, and of love.

Wendy Norris was born in Salisbury on 20 August 1939. Her father was an estate agent, and the family home was a bungalow on the edge of the town in the direction of Old Sarum. Sue, her sister, was born 4 years later. Music was not absent from the home, for both their parents played the violin, but their father didn't read music and mother was tone deaf, so prospects did not look promising.

Secondary School changed that. Because it was the closest to home, Wendy went to the Catholic convent school in Campbell Road, where her musical abilities quickly became apparent. If most parents' call to their children is "have you *done* your music practice" Wendy, as her sister has said, was the one who had to be told "stop practising now". Wendy's oldest friend, Susan Edwards,

recalls it as a happy time and a happy place.

From school she went to Trent Park teacher training college in Enfield, which specialised in music, and while there joined a choir. After completing her training she taught first at that convent school at which she'd been a pupil, and subsequently at St Mark's C of E primary school in Salisbury. It was the time when the Farrant Singers were first forming there under the direction of Richard Lloyd, and Wendy joined it, and subsequently Sue. This provided opportunities to sing in the cathedral when the choir was on holiday, and in numerous churches in the diocese.

She lived, when in Salisbury, in the back garden of her parents' bungalow. Her children remember it as a shed. I'm assured by Sue it was a finely constructed chalet. When she moved to a new teaching post at a state school in Bournemouth, it was her first time living away from home, and she had her own little one bedroom flat there.

Wendy first met David Limbert at the theatre – and I'm not quite sure if that was in Bournemouth, or on a trip back to Salisbury, or whether it was a play or an opera she was watching. Either way, she went on her own, and was more than a little irritated to be sitting behind a group of three young men; *both* on account of them being rather loud, but also because they appeared to be taking *no notice of her*. David, however, then picked her up (Wendy's words) and they left fast in order to escape the other two. Subsequent contact was regularly interrupted by David's long periods in the Antarctic (he was part of the pioneer British Antarctic Survey set up in 1957), but eventually in 1965 they married at St Mark's, her parents' local church in Salisbury.

David's next job was for the Met Office, which took them to Bracknell. Wendy found another school to teach in, but it wasn't long before in 1967 their first child, Katie, was born. By the time Andrew was born in 1972 they were in Edinburgh. There Wendy sang in a small chamber choir which she greatly enjoyed. She didn't teach there in a school, but when Kate was a bit older Wendy did start teaching piano at home, and found in that a fulfilment deeper than she had known before.

When, therefore, in 1976 David's work necessitated another move – this time to Cambridge, and to 2 Topcliffe Way, her home for the rest of her life – she worked hard for the ALCM which would be the basis for her work as a piano teacher for countless children and young people for so many years. Kate recalls being required to play the chords as her mother practised for that respected qualification. Wendy's overriding ambition was to have a musical family, and music was the central theme of the home, though they were a mix of active and more passive musicians.

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## 6 CROSSPIECE

Once the two children were older, she returned to school teaching at Queen Edith's School and taught there for a good many years before taking early retirement. With so much going on, home was often a hectic and busy place. When David, with Wendy's agreement, returned on occasions to the Antarctic he could become quite manic, and once famously failed to kiss her goodbye as he left! She too could be nervy about musical things, and the teaching could impinge on her children's free time. But it was a good and happy home. The four of them regularly holidayed together until Kate and Andrew reached student age, and there was laughter and fun.

That laughter and fun enlarged when Kate and Andrew themselves married. The births of David and Peter, and then Daniel and Shaun gave her enormous pleasure, and before her illness she would visit them, and they her. She would guide them in "playing" the piano with her. Part of her grief as the cancer advanced was grief about the loss of those relationships.

What I have not spoken properly about yet is her relationship with this church. It took her and David a long time to *discover* St James's since they couldn't recognise in its somewhat bungalowoid form a church building. Thankfully someone at some stage enlightened them, and they tried it and stayed, and joined the choir. You can't have failed to notice how much of Wendy's musical life involved church music, nor how much *this* service today is fashioned from musical themes, all the significant ones chosen by her.

She was *deeply* a person of faith, who poured that faith into all the work she did with others, adults and children. She gave them an awareness that music making was fun; but also hinted at things for which words alone do not suffice. Just so with Richard Lloyd's setting of Traherne's words in the anthem she was determined to have sung to-day.

*"View me, Lord, a work of thine; Shall I then lie drowned in night? Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seem made all of light."*

*In thy word, Lord, is my trust, To thy mercies fast I fly. Though I am but clay and dust, Yet thy grace can lift me high."*

Wendy may have spoken of fear. But those words were not chosen with *any hint of fear*. With all the choirs of heaven, may she rest now secure in God's love, and mercy, and grace.

**Amen**

*(from a funeral address on 3 February 2012 by the Revd Hugh Dawes)*

*Eds: The music played at Wendy's funeral was Aria from the Goldberg Variations by J S Bach; a movement for violin, viola and piano from Schumann's "Fairy Tales"; 2nd Movement of the Italian Concerto by J S Bach.*

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### Music in Quiet Places

***presented by Cambridge Summer Recitals***

Following a first successful series of concerts in the autumn of 2011 using beautiful village and church locations around Cambridge a second series begins soon. Do consider supporting the neighbouring parish of Trumpington when it hosts a concert.

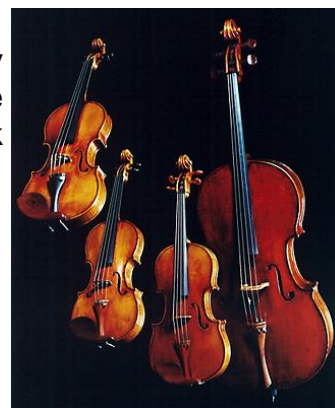


**Friday 4 May 7.30pm St Mary and St Michael Church, Trumpington**

**Bridge String Quartet**

This superb London based Quartet will play classic favourites by Schubert, Grieg and Delius  
£13, £11 concessions, £6 children / students

Other dates are Burwell - Friday 20 April, Barrington - Friday, 18 May and Duxford - Friday 1 June, all at 7.30pm. Please see [www.cambridgesummertime.com](http://www.cambridgesummertime.com) for further details and how to book tickets.



## My faith by Chris Calladine

*During Lent four members of the congregation have spoken about their faith. In this issue of "Crosspiece" we print two of the talks. The others will follow in our next issue.*

One of my earliest memories, just before the war, is of going to church regularly with my parents and sister. I got bored – particularly during the sermon – and would ask my mother, "How long is it to the end?" Her reply was, "Twenty minutes". Her reply was *always* "Twenty minutes", and so I stopped asking. My mother was a teacher, and she evidently knew something of child psychology. Sunday School was more interesting. We had lots of Bible stories, hymns and good, evangelical "choruses".

My parents had met when they were both Sunday School teachers in their coal-mining town on the Derbyshire side of the Erewash valley. My sister, Anne, was four years older than me. At the age of eight she decided to become a missionary doctor, which is exactly what happened. She spent about 40 years, mostly in Eastern Nigeria, running clinics and hospitals. In addition to Sunday School, I had to attend Anne's "Missionary Guild" in our front room. The stories of missionary doctors were often exciting, but I fear that my behaviour was not always perfect. On 26 February 1943 – exactly 69 years ago today – my father wrote in his diary: "*Anne had her Missionary Guild as usual, (with prize giving). Christopher didn't qualify because he had to be tipped out of last Friday's meeting, and this lost his attendance mark ! !*"

At age 15 I was confirmed. Our vicar, who prepared about a dozen of us, was hardly inspiring. He held strongly anti-Roman Catholic views, which I think must have been fairly common in those days.

As an undergraduate here in Cambridge I found an active Christian community in my college, which helped greatly to deepen my faith. And I also benefited from hearing sermons by inspiring preachers such as Mervyn Stockwood, the colourful vicar of Great St Mary's, later Bishop of Southwark. He raised

questions, for example, about what would be a suitable type of *job* for a Christian layperson. And what sort of *political action* would be called for.

After graduation I went to Boston, Massachusetts, for a couple of years. There I met a charismatic student chaplain called John Crocker, who later became involved in the Civil Rights movement – and indeed spent time in jail after campaigning to racially integrate the Episcopal Church. He ran a Sunday evening "Canterbury Club", with interesting speakers. One of these I remember clearly. He talked about the large number of inconsistencies between the Birth narratives in the Gospels, and drew the important lesson that such details should not bother us: the main thing is always to try and grasp the key points that the writer is trying to make.

Back working here in Cambridge I married Mary and we came to live in this parish. We were both influenced by Eric Hutchison's Bible courses at the "Focus" Institute. He expanded on those ideas that I first heard in Boston. About the same time a Jewish colleague put me onto the "Anchor" Bible commentary on Genesis. That was a real revelation about the way in which the book was put together from different sources.

As a scientist of sorts, I am sometimes questioned on the proposition that Science and Religion are in opposition to one another. One can't help but be struck by the fact that about 40% of Americans (60% of church-going Americans) believe that the world was created less than 10,000 years ago. Good grief! As my Jewish colleague puts it: "Science provides a way of finding out how the natural world works, while Religion tells you how to live your life."

Joseph Needham, the famous scientist and authority on Science and Civilisation in China, and Lay Reader in the Church of England,

*(Continued on page 8)*

once explained why Bertrand Russell, the prominent atheist, could never understand Religion. His point was simply that Russell had never experienced living in a Christian Community.

When our young son was desperately ill in hospital in London with an infection following a major operation -- and it was over an Easter weekend, when all of the top doctors were away on holiday -- Mary and I were acutely conscious of the prayer support we received

from the parish, and from many other friends too. We cannot but think that prayers were answered on that occasion.

Mary and I are grateful that St James' is a Christian Community with a purpose -- with its Mission Action Plan, regular services and arrangements for nourishing our Christian lives and for support of one another.

**Amen.**

## My faith by Evelyn Odum

I was born in Nigeria to parents who were both Anglican. My father was a teacher. I never knew my mother because she died when I was six months old. My maternal grandmother took me into her home and brought me up. My older twin brother and my sister stayed with my father, but I visited them regularly. Having grown up in Nigeria I am part of a large extended family.

My grandmother was a Christian, and although she never went to school herself she worked very hard. Saying morning prayer together and reading the Bible was an important part of our daily life. We lived in a compound with six houses built in a circle surrounded by a wall, with a sheltered meeting place in the centre. That's where we all would meet to pray together, and we were joined by people from outside the compound. The grown-ups would take it in turn to lead the prayers. On Sundays we went to the Anglican church, which was quite a distance away. I loved going to church and all the singing.

My father was a primary school teacher in schools run by the Anglican Church. Wherever he was posted he would live near the school and also the church, and he and the other teachers would lead the worship if the priest or catechist were not around.

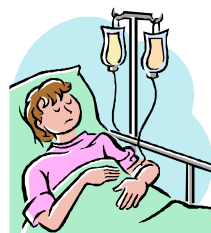
For my secondary education I went to boarding school owned by the Anglican Church. The teachers were missionaries, people I respected and admired. The Principal of the school is still alive. I had lost touch with her, but am very pleased and thankful that I found her again with the help of

Chris Calladine's sister, who knew her in Nigeria. I and many of her pupils phone her regularly -- we are her children, as she has not got any of her own.

In my secondary school we also prayed every day and read our Bible, and we tried to live it out. My faith is very much part of my life and I try to live by example. I enjoyed going to Sunday School, which was led by older college girls and I was very proud when I was trained and commissioned to be a Sunday School teacher.

I went to Nursing School, again owned by a Christian mission, where I trained to be a nurse and midwife. Again, going to chapel was built into the daily routine.

I first came to England through contact with a French family, who I had met while nursing in Nigeria. The young French couple were on a gap year travelling in West Africa and were brought to my hospital after a serious motor accident. The



woman was quite seriously injured and unconscious. As I spoke a little French I was entrusted with their care and accompanied them when they were flown to Lagos by helicopter. I kept in touch with them and they invited me to visit them in 1979.

I had an uncle in Slough who I also visited on this occasion. Several of my relations live in the UK, and I and other family used to come regularly on holiday to visit in the 1980s.

(Continued on page 9)





When I came back in 2002 to do an adaptation course at Liverpool University and take up nursing in England, I was shocked at how difficult it had become to enter the United Kingdom. It was like coming through the eye of a needle, the way I was treated by the embassy. But my faith has taught me that there are ups and downs in everybody's life. If you have problems, it doesn't mean that God isn't there. Don't blame God. God is always there. In my childhood I was taught: never ask "Where is God?" Always believe God is there. It is for us to open our eyes and to see: God's miracle is there, every day. It wasn't until I came here that I heard about depression, because there will

be ups and downs in everyone's life: it shouldn't get you down.

I grew up as an Anglican and I am very much an Anglican – that's what makes me complete. Many of my friends go to Pentecostal churches, but I feel most at home in an Anglican church, although I have worshipped in other churches when the local Anglican church did not feel welcoming. I like to come to morning prayer, when my work allows me to. Most of all I like listening to "Songs of Praise" and I love the great songs in the Anglican Communion. They lift up your spirits and keep us going.

**Amen**



## MOTHS

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and dust doth corrupt..." So says Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount — giving moths a rather poor image! This quote refers, of course, to the activities of the larva of the tiny Clothes Moth which has transferred its attentions from animal skins in the past, to the woollen clothes of humans today.

Along with butterflies, moths are classified in the Lepidoptera (scaly wings), a vast assemblage of insects found wherever plants grow, from the arctic circle to the tropics. Unlike butterflies, moths tend **not** to have knobs on the ends of their antennae, and they fly at night. Mysteriously, they are attracted by light sources. Poets such as Tennyson noticed this — "*That not a moth with vain desire is shrivelled in a fruitless fire*".

Their attraction to light makes them fairly easy to observe. A bright bulb outside on a warm cloudy night in summer will attract hundreds of moths (and other insects). Their caterpillars, apart from the Clothes Moth and its relatives, mainly eat living plant material, which puts many species at odds with gardeners and farmers!

Their night flying poses a problem during the day. Where do they go to be safe from bird predation?

So, unlike brightly coloured butterflies, they have evolved strategies such as cryptic wing patterns resembling tree bark, or some ingenious camouflage. (They are a main food source for bats however!)

In Britain alone, over 2000 moth species are recorded as resident, with quite a few more flying over from the continent from time to time. The world total is unknown, but must be well in excess of 300,000!

In 1766, Moses Harris, Secretary to the Aurelian Society published "**THE AURELIAN OR NATURAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH INSECTS NAMELY MOTHS and BUTTERFLIES, together with the PLANTS on which they FEED**". In this beautiful volume he gave English names to many of them, and this tradition was carried on by subsequent lepidopterists. Some names are quaint and include 'The Old Lady', 'The Non-conformist', 'The True Lover's Knot', 'The Common Quaker' and many more.

My first introduction to moths was when, back in 1962, one of my sixth form students brought in a small box of set specimens to show me, and I have been hooked ever since! I have studied and

*(Continued on page 10)*



*The moth  
known as  
“True  
lover’s  
Knot”*

collected moths in Britain, New Zealand and three countries in Africa and have been a frequent visitor to the huge collections in the Dept. of Entomology at the London Natural History Museum.

**Ray Revell**

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*While we are thinking about moths, here are a couple of terrible jokes on the subject:*

What is a myth?  
A female moth.

What do you get if you cross a firefly with a moth?  
A creature that can find its way around a dark wardrobe.

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## **Dance Music**

**Summer, autumn, winter go  
The dog swims with the birds; old snow  
Now gone, the river sweet and lazy  
Drinks the rain in the valley hazy  
Thousands of cats find a new night voice  
The whitest mountains are the moon's own  
choice**

**So let the music play  
With flutes and violins  
There never will be silence  
We'll dance until the day**

**The storm rains cats and dogs  
The white moon drinks the snow  
The seasons, even springtime too  
Voice their ways with birdsong new  
The mountain's choice is sweet  
The lazy valley's song night greets**

**So let the music play  
With flutes and violins  
There never will be silence  
We'll dance until the day**

**Linda Appleby**




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## **The Superwomen of Britain**

She's a childminder who really cares, a teacher, a local friendly bank, a counsellor... without her, many modern families would fall apart. She's your child's grandmother.

Something like 48 per cent of all grannies now child-mind their grandchildren for at least 20 hours per week. A quarter of grannies child-mind for more than 25 hours a week. And one in ten grannies are childminding a staggering 40 hours a week.

In all, our grannies save us £2 billion a year in childminding costs. But grannies don't stop there. Six out of ten grandparents often go without things for themselves, in order to finance their children and grandchildren. A third of grandparents can struggle to pay heating bills and council tax, never mind afford a holiday – because overwhelmingly they are putting their family's needs before their own.

The average granny babysits 42 times a year, and a quarter of grannies babysit every week.

What does all this child-minding do for granny? Keeps her young! Grannies who care for grandchildren feel a whopping 14 years younger than their actual age.

*Eds: What about grandfathers? We would like to know about them as well.*

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## Contacts at St James's Church

**Priest in Charge** The Rev'd Jutta Brueck  
07958 360564 e-mail: [jb200@cam.ac.uk](mailto:jb200@cam.ac.uk)  
*Jutta's appointment is half-time; she works in the Parish Wednesday-Friday and Sunday*

**Churchwardens** Chris Calladine, 246742  
Edward Westrip, 240596

**Director of Music :** John Clenaghan, 263848

**Church Office** 246419, Mon & Thurs  
9.15 am - 1.45 pm

e-mail: [stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk)

### Crosspiece Editorial Board:

<b>Mary Calladine</b>	<b>Correspondence to:</b>
<b>James Day</b>	<i>Crosspiece</i> Editor
<b>Jennifer Day</b>	St James's Church
<b>Ron Ferrari</b>	Wulfstan Way
<b>Joanne Westrip</b>	Cambridge CB1 8QJ

or e-mail to :  
[stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk)

## Church & Community Activities

**Choir practice: (Mon)** Juniors 6.15pm, Seniors 6.45pm

**Parents & Toddlers (Thurs)** Wendy Lane, 244850

**Brownies (7-10 yrs) QES** Kate Bolton  
<[40thbrownies@gmail.com](mailto:40thbrownies@gmail.com)>

**Group Scout Leader** Steve O'Keefe 570713

**Section Leaders**

**Beavers (6-8 yrs)** Brendan Murrill  
07521 1511449

**Cubs (8-11 yrs) at QE School** Stephen Harrison,  
572964

**Scouts (10½+ yrs) at QES** Rowan Pashley  
07876 260660

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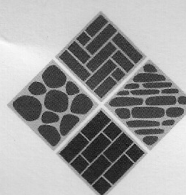
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## St James's Church, Cambridge Calendar for April—May

## April

1st **PALM SUNDAY**

- 8.00 am Eucharist (BCP)  
10.00 am Eucharist with Palm Procession and Sunday School

*The Traidcraft stall will be open today after both services.*

- 6.30 pm A service of music and readings for Holy Week with St John's and St Andrew's. All welcome.

2<sup>nd</sup> 7.30 pm *Compline and Address (St John's)*

3<sup>rd</sup> 7.30 pm Taizé Prayer

4<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court  
No Bible Study

7.30 pm Holy Week Eucharist

**Maundy Thursday**

5<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer  
8.00 pm Sung Eucharist with Washing of Feet followed by Stripping of Altar and Vigil **until midnight**

**Good Friday**

6<sup>th</sup> 10.00 am Children's Workshop (prior booking required)  
1.00 pm Meditation Service. Preacher: Rev'd Dr Stephen Plant  
2.00 pm Veneration of the Cross and Communion

**Holy Saturday**

7<sup>th</sup> 8.30 pm Easter Vigil with Lighting of the new fire and first Eucharist of Easter

8<sup>th</sup> **EASTER DAY**

10.00 am All Age Eucharist followed by egg hunt for the children

9<sup>th</sup> *Bank Holiday*

11<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
No Bible Study  
14<sup>th</sup> 10.30 am Coffee Morning

15<sup>th</sup> **2<sup>nd</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER**

8.00 am Eucharist  
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

18<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
11.00 am Bible Study (t.b.c.) *in case of sufficient interest the meditation group may continue*

19<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer  
20<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

22<sup>nd</sup> **3<sup>rd</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER**

8.00 am Eucharist  
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School  
11.30 am **APCM**

25<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
11.00 am Bible Study *or Meditation group* (t.b.c.)

26<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer  
27<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

29<sup>th</sup> **4<sup>th</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER**

8.00 am Eucharist  
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School & 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday School

## May

2<sup>nd</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court  
11.00 am Bible Study *or Mediation group* (t.b.c.)  
3<sup>rd</sup> **CHURCH IN USE FOR POLLING PURPOSES**

4<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer  
11.00 am Hymn Service at Hinton Grange Care Home

6<sup>th</sup> **5<sup>th</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER**

8.00 am Eucharist (BCP)  
10.00 am All Age Eucharist

*The Traidcraft stall will be open today after both services*

7<sup>th</sup> *Bank Holiday*

9<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
11.00 am Bible Study *or Meditation group* (t.b.c.)

10<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

11<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

12<sup>th</sup> 10.30 am Coffee Morning

13<sup>th</sup> **6<sup>th</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER**

8.00 am Eucharist  
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

16<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
11.00 am Bible Study *or Meditation group* (t.b.c.)

17<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

7.30 pm Ascension Day Service (*joint with St. Andrew's & St. John's*)

18<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

20<sup>th</sup> **7<sup>th</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER**

8.00 am Eucharist  
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

23<sup>rd</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
11.00 am Bible Study *or Meditation group* (t.b.c.)

24<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

25<sup>th</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

**27<sup>th</sup> PENTECOST**

8.00 am Eucharist  
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School & 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday Group

30<sup>th</sup> 10.15 am Eucharist  
11.00 am Bible Study *or Meditation group* (t.b.c.)

31<sup>st</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

June

1<sup>st</sup> 9.30 am Morning Prayer

**SERVICES****Sunday**

**8.00 a.m. Eucharist**

**10 a.m. Parish Eucharist** (All-age Eucharist: 1st Sunday of the month)

**Wednesday**

**10.15 a.m. Eucharist** (last Weds. of month: St Dunstan's Court)

**Thursday and Friday**

**9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer**

**DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE 2012****ISSUE of CROSSPIECE****Monday 21st May**

The Editors welcome articles, news items and photographs for inclusion in the magazine. If possible these should be in digital form, photos and words in separate files. However we can accept typed or handwritten items and photographic prints.