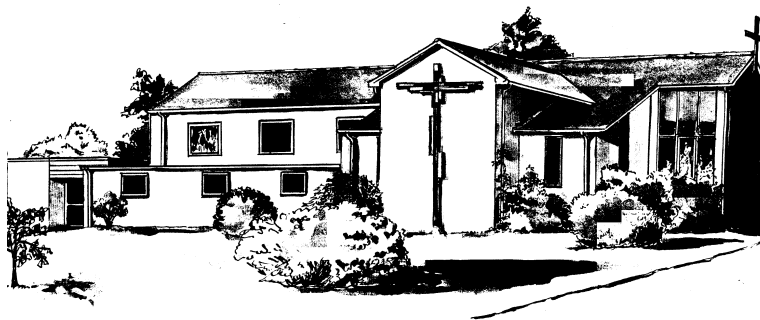

CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

August—September 2011

Issue No. 47

60p



Italian Chapel on Orkney

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Words from the Vicarage for August–September 2011

The celebration of our Patronal Festival on St. James' Day this year provided an occasion to rejoice in all we have been and done over the last year, which included giving thanks for the redecoration of the Church. We were delighted to welcome the Reverend Hugh Dawes as our preacher. Hugh was vicar at St James from 1987 – 2000 and his precarious health did not prevent him from preaching a brilliant sermon.

Organising the redecoration and deciding on the colour scheme were major jobs, but the work and expense have been very worthwhile – the appearance of our worship space is much improved, and it sends out the message that we care for our Church and provide a sacred building for this neighbourhood, where people can come to find peace and say a prayer. We may want to find suitable ways to let local people know that the church is open during most mornings and that they are welcome to make use of it for prayer and reflection. I have had some very positive feedback from people who have attended funerals since the redecoration, commenting that the church feels prayer- and peaceful.

Hugh's sermon provided some excellent insights and encouragement for us here at St. James wanting to serve this community not just with our building and what we do in church but in our lives as a whole. Reflecting on what we know about the life of St. James and other saints he reminded us that the saints were not super-heroes, but very much like us:

"We honour the saints not because they are super-heroes, but because actually they are so *very like us*. Human, mortal, frail, muddled; getting things wrong and *making* plenty of mistakes; and yet for all that wanting to keep faith *in* Jesus and *be faithful like* Jesus.

... every single follower of Jesus, right down to you and me, and to the most newly baptised baby today – every single one of us is a *child of God* - and so a *saint*.

Marked with the life of Jesus; carrying the life of Jesus; and catching some aspect of it, different for each of us, in our own living. Each one of us a part of the body of Christ – with (as Saint Teresa said) his feet walking to do good, his hands blessing the world, his eyes looking lovingly at it with compassion. *That's* the priceless treasure we *as a body* are called to live out.

'Oh no, not me, it takes saints to do that.' Precisely! We don't do this alone, but in company with others. You are God's saints in this piece of South Cambridge. Saint James managed it. So can you. May his example and prayers assist us – here now, and in our daily living, and to our lives' end.'*

Thank you, Hugh, for your encouragement, and to God for all the blessings given to us.

The Reverend Jutta Brueck

**Copies of Hugh's sermon are available from the parish office.*



Churchwarden Edward keeps an eye on the proceedings as guest preacher Revd Hugh Dawes and his wife Jill enjoy relaxing after the service at the picnic on Magog Down with some of his former parishioners and with current Priest-in-Charge Revd Jutta Brueck and husband Martin.



Please note the following two events taking place at St James' Church towards the end of September. On September 23rd we will be holding a Ceilidh at the church with the wonderful live band, the *Cambridge Crofters*, who gave us such a marvellous evening last year. Tickets (various prices) will include food and one drink and can be bought in advance after the 10am Sunday service, from the Church Office, open on Mondays and Thursday from 9.15 to 1.45 (tel: 246419) or from Jennifer Day (tel: 245429).

On September 25th St James' Church will be taking part in *Back to Church Sunday*. This is an opportunity to invite friends who might be interested to come to church; also a chance for those who have not been for a while to come back as there will be others like them. Invitation and Prayer cards will be available from the beginning of September. The *Back to Church Sunday* website <www.backtochurch.co.uk> has more general information about the campaign if that would be useful.

My faith: by Grae Worster

My parents were nominally C of E, and it was for educational rather than religious reasons that my brother, sister and I were taken six miles (an enormous distance on the Isle of Wight where we grew up) to a kindergarten within a small Roman Catholic convent, rather than to one of the local village schools, where they were felt to have rather progressive ideas about classroom discipline! It was there at the convent that I had my first recollected religious experience: at the back of the small chapel was a glass bowl holding a natural sponge soaked in holy water, and we were encouraged to moisten two fingers and to make the sign of the cross on our foreheads as we entered. It creates, to this day, a very evocative sensation.

When I was five, a state-funded Catholic church primary school was built in the grounds of the convent, and we were permitted to stay, amongst half a dozen or so non-Catholics in a school of 120, saying the Hail Mary and the Apostles' Creed daily, having craft activities on a Thursday while the rest of the school attended mass, starting each day with RE, preparing but in vain for first confession and first communion.

Every weekend we went to Sunday School at the local parish church (Holy Cross), though our parents themselves didn't attend at that time. At the age of 7, I discovered that I could escape Sunday School by joining the choir, and there began my abiding love of Anglican church music and of liturgy.

My teenage years benefitted from the arrival of a new vicar to Holy Cross. Formerly a pattern maker at Triumph Motor Cycles and lead guitarist of a skiffle group, he introduced a lively, robust Christianity, started a folk group, mixing 1960s protest songs with the music of Sidney Carter and the fledgling Graham Kendrick, and developed a very active youth group that mixed socially interactive games with discussions of social responsibility. He also introduced us to residential retreats and, through them, to lay participation in the sacrament,

which was shockingly modern at the time!

At University, I was blessed by a succession of supportive chaplains under the leadership of 'Honest-to-God Robinson', known publicly more perhaps for his defence of "Lady Chatterley" than for his radical theology. What impressed me most about John though was that he was fundamentally a pastor and that his theology sprang from his empathy with ordinary people and their understanding and approaches to God.

But the person who had most influence on me was a young chaplain, Robert Atwell, whose vocation on arriving in Trinity was "to teach people to pray." At the time, Robert was a Franciscan Tertiary and had a dream to revive Anglican Benedictinism in England. He took a group of us to the abbey at Le Bec Hellouin, a Roman Catholic Monastery in Normandy, where St Anselm was Abbott before becoming Archbishop of Canterbury, and which still maintains strong links and affinity with the Church of England. Inscribed on the wall of their enormous chapel are the words, written in Latin, "That all might be one."

At the time, I flirted with the idea of monasticism but couldn't actually imagine a life of celibacy! Instead I cultivated romantic thoughts of the sort of family-based religious community that existed at Little Gidding around the time of Cromwell. But these were the impetuous enthusiasms of Peter on the mountain and I didn't follow them through.

Romantic pursuit became more worldly, and for two years, while I was 3000 miles away at MIT, Jacqui and I, among the last relics of the pre-internet generation, wrote long, weekly letters to each other. Jacqui, at university in Hull, was preparing for confirmation, and our letters covered many facets of life and faith. I am sure that we learnt much more about ourselves and each other and our faith than had

(Continued on page 4)

we been geographically closer.

MIT has a multi-faith chapel building but the only group to worship there on a Sunday morning were the Roman Catholics. Believing that worship should be integral to my immediate life and community, I asked if I might participate fully, and was welcomed warmly, eventually introducing daily morning prayer there, from the Episcopal prayer book.

The various intersections of my life with the Catholic Church have never drawn me away from the Anglican Church of England but have shown me that, though our hierarchies and some customs have diverged, at the level of individual souls, our faith is the same, and I look forward to the day when we are fully in communion with each other.

Everything I have recounted so far happened more than half my lifetime ago, so what since then? Daily life, work, family, four wonderful daughters, seeing them grow as individuals, discovering their own paths and understanding.

Looking back at my faith, it seems that there were no sudden awakenings but many bright dawns. There have been dark times too and a period when my faith seemed dead, or at least barely alive and inadequate. But it seems that the roots were deep and, nourished by the faith and faithfulness of others, particularly in recent years at St James's, I can say with confidence at each baptism service, "I turn to Christ."

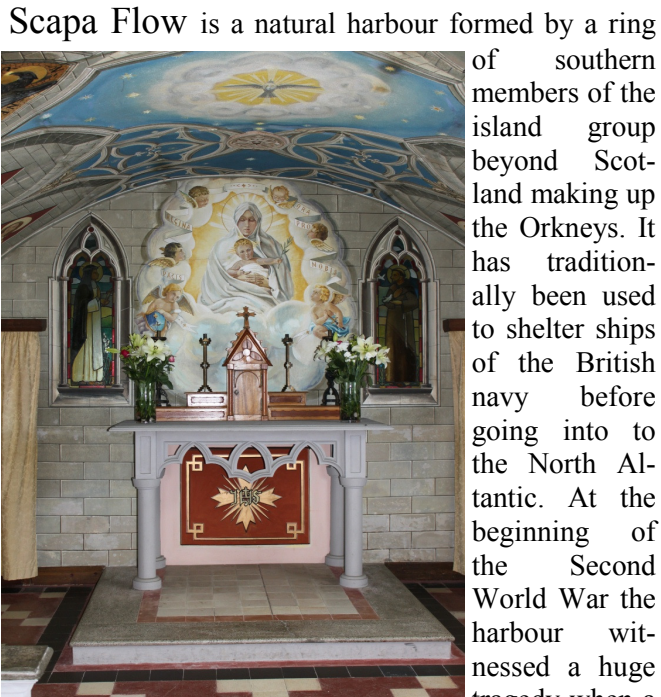
Grae Worster



On Easter Sunday a beautiful Paschal candle stand was dedicated. This was a gift from Wendy Limbert in memory of her husband David.

It was designed and created by craftsman Ranald Scott to match the altar which he had made for the sanctuary during David's time as churchwarden.

ITALIAN CHAPEL ON ORKNEY



Scapa Flow is a natural harbour formed by a ring of southern members of the island group beyond Scotland making up the Orkneys. It has traditionally been used to shelter ships of the British navy before going into to the North Atlantic. At the beginning of the Second World War the harbour witnessed a huge tragedy when a German U-boat slipped through one of the temporary barriers between the islands to sink the battleship Royal Oak with the loss of more than 800 lives. Winston Churchill ordered that the gaps be securely closed with stone and concrete causeways. This work was carried out using a labour force mainly comprised of Italian prisoners of war.

With the aid of a sympathetic prison-camp commandant and an enthusiastic Italian padre the



POW's constructed themselves a chapel from a Nissan hut. Overseen by artist Domenico Chiocchetti, and with much ingenuity, they produced a church building of great beauty which remains on the Orkney island of Lambholm to this day. The prisoners were allowed substantial freedom on the

island; they dived down to shipwrecks and toured the island by bicycle scavenging for suitable materials; there was an ample supply of concrete which was sculpted with great skill to form the front façade and the font shown in our photographs. The commandant secured a supply of plasterboard which was used to



line the hut; it formed the basis for Chiocchetti to create the altarpiece fresco and the 'Madonna and Child', the latter reproduced from a copy of the painting by Nicolo Barabino (1832-1891) which the artist carried with him throughout the war. A blacksmith forged the altar screen from salvaged scrap metal and a hanging lamp from a corned beef can.

In 1960 Domenico Chiocchetti returned for three weeks restoring the chapel, while after his death in 1999, family and friends in his north Italy home town Moena continue to keep in touch. Over the years there have been several visits by members of the chapel-building team while the chapel itself is now lovingly looked after by an Orcadian preservation society

The Italian Chapel stands as a moving token of a unity borne out of the divisive forces of war.

Text and photos: Ron Ferrari

(Pictures show the altarpiece fresco, the Madonna and Child, the Corned beef lantern, and the Font moulded in concrete)

One of the Churchill barriers (Scapa Flow is on the left)



CHILDREN'S PAGE



ANOTHER CHANCE

The Bible gives us some lovely pictures of how God is always willing to give us another chance. One story you may not know is of Jeremiah and the potter...

Jeremiah was a prophet, a person who gave God's message to the people. One day he watched a potter using a simple wheel to make cooking pots. One of the pots wasn't quite right, but the potter didn't throw it away and start another one. He just squashed it down and started again, this time turning it into a perfect pot. The clay had a second chance to be beautiful and useful.



Jeremiah realised that God was showing him that all of us are in God's hands. God, like the potter, gives us another chance to what we should be.



GINGERBREAD SHAPES

100 g (4 oz) margarine
100 g (4 oz) sugar
275g (10 oz) plain flour
1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
3 teaspoons ground ginger
golden syrup
(warmed, about 2 tablespoons)

Heat the oven to 180C (350F, Gas 4) and line a baking tray.

Cream together the margarine. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the creamed mixture. Add enough syrup to make a dough.

Now all you have to do is roll out the dough on a floured board and cut it into shapes. You can make gingerbread people or any thing. If you are not happy with how they look you can, like Jeremiah's potter, squash it and start again.

Put the shapes on the baking tray and cook for 15 minutes. Cool on the tray. Finish with icing, chocolate drops etc.



What did the gingerbread man put on his bed?
A baking sheet.

Are any of you going to the seaside during the summer holidays? Maybe you know this song. If not, ask your parents or grandparents to sing it to you. If they won't you can easily find it on *youtube* and with animation too!

Oh I do like to be beside the seaside.
Oh I do like to be beside the sea.
Oh I do like to stroll along the prom, prom, prom
Where the brass band plays tiddly om pom pom.
So just let me be beside the seaside
I'll be beside myself with glee

And there's lots of girls beside
I should like to be beside
Beside the seaside
Beside the sea.



CONSTANCE LILIAN BOWERS

30th July 1924—29th May 2011

We publish part of an address given at her funeral service by Connie's son, Revd Michael Bowers and most of the poem by her grand-daughter Gemma Batty



Constance Lilian Bowers was born in Cambridge on 30th July 1924 to Charles and Ellen Wetherell and sister to brother Charles. It was in Cambridge that Connie was brought up and lived her 86 years. Before her teenage years Connie moved with her family to the Off Licence on Chesterton Rd. Connie's next move was to 79 Sedgewick St where she stayed until she left home to get married.

One day Connie's aunt, who used to work with Nellie Bowers (my Dad's Mum) in the Chivers Jam Factory in Histon, took Connie and her cousin Edna to visit Nellie's Rectory Farm in Landbeach. There in the farm was a strapping, handsome young lad Gordon Bowers, and they seemed to enjoy one another's company. Whilst Connie was at the farm, Gordon asked to see Connie again. Days later at the appointed date and time Gordon cycled from Landbeach to The Broadway in Mill Rd to meet with Connie. Gordon waited....and waited and Connie did not turn up! Gordon later found out that Connie's mother would not let her go out! Time passes and Connie is at work on W.H.Smith's Book Stall at the Cambridge Railway Station. Then one day Gordon was home on leave from the Army and arrived at Cambridge Station and spotted Connie.

Connie & Gordon married on the 27th March 1948 in St Philip's Church, Mill Rd. Gordon says that Connie was always a loving and faithful wife who never said a bad word against anyone. She was always thinking of others. Connie and Gordon started their married life together living with Gordon's mother Nellie in Park St.

Later they moved to London, where their first son, Robert, was born on 30th January 1949. Later on they were back in Cambridge, then Newmarket, then Cambridge again in a terraced house, 5 Brandon Place, which became their home. It was here that Connie's second son Michael was born on 3rd June 1952 and a few years later a daughter Carolyn was born on 1st September 1956. When Brandon Place was demolished to make way for the new Kite development, Connie, Gordon and family moved to 11 Godwin Way in 1962.

And so entered St James' Church into Connie's spiritual life.. Connie had a simple but very deep faith with prayer underpinning her whole life. St James Church meant so much to Connie. For many years Connie and Gordon were caretakers of the Focus Christian Institute here and also cleaned and polished thoroughly the transept and sanctuary. This was apart from her paid work as chapel assistant at King's College Chapel. Every week she would scrub and wash the floor, and polish the choir stalls and carvings from the screen up to the High Altar. That job in King's was so special for Connie that she put everything into her duties, and used to say that she was doing this for God.

One year King's College Chapel was in need of vital repairs and launched an appeal for £1 million. Reporters came to the Chapel to get a story and found my mother Connie in her apron standing on a choir stall polishing carvings. The reporter wanted to chat with Connie but she would not have it and tried to carry on with her polishing. After much persuasion Connie eventually gave in and talked to the reporter. The lead article in the Cambridge Evening News was "QUEEN OF THE CLEANERS", ending up with the following: "Kings College may be after a million pounds, but Mrs Bowers must be worth her weight in gold!"

Connie and Gordon never had a lot of money but they were happy to share what they had - within the family and without. Connie had a very special place in her heart for Trevor the Tramp, who used to slouch on the Cambridge Market Fountain. She would give him socks, sleeping bags and even a home made cake meant for the family.

(Continued on page 8)

Connie and Gordon had a very loving marriage and she liked them to be doing things together. They never liked being apart for long. She worked hard for her family, also going to clean and shop for her father until he eventually came to live with them in Godwin Way. After her own children were married and in their own homes, she would willingly help with childcare, gardening, decorating etc.

Rita and I know that Connie worked hard all her life but also knew how to enjoy herself. Over the last few years she fought her health issues bravely and without complaint. At this point I would like to thank on Connie's behalf all the Care Staff at Dunstan Court and Manager Jan who gave her so much love and attention and added that very special something to Connie's quality of life.

Amongst many other things Connie will be remembered her for her love and generosity, for all the caring she did for those around her and for the acceptance of people with whom she came in contact and the strength of character which she possessed. Connie indeed has been an inspiration to us all.

May Connie now rest in peace.

Ode to Nanna

*They said my Nanna was slipping away
But anyone who has met her knows she will stay
For Nanna is embedded in all of our hearts
In our memories, our smiles and in those near and far*

*A soldier on a train caught her in his eye
A girl on a bookstall, her perfect smile
They fell in love and when he returned
They married, and my father, auntie and uncle were born*

*And then there were grandchildren, each of us she held dear
Wrapping us up with her love and care and helping us through fears
I have so many memories of Nanna, some of which I'd like to share
To celebrate such a wonderful grandmother, full of heart, and warmth and care*

*Monday night babysitting always a treat
A bubbly bath and a fruit pastille sweet
A new ladybird book to be read at bedtime
Climb up to top bunk, story, songs, rhymes*

*Day trips to Hunstanton, fluffy seat covers in the car
Singing songs with Nanna made it seem not so far
Swimming in the sea, Nanna with her swim hat
Back to warm towels on the rolled out beach mats*

*Sunday dinner at Nanna's, prawn cocktails and roast chicken
Grandad mashing potatoes, Nanna fussing in the kitchen
'Oh be joyful' trifle, apple pie, jelly and blancmange
A cake in the hostess, gin, brandy or sherry with orange?*

*Always looking radiant, always just had her hair 'done'
Sparkling earrings, necklace, lipstick, hairspray, flowery dresses and perfume
Sun loungers in the garden, a drink and a fun game
Children from the neighbourhood, to Nanna's they all came*

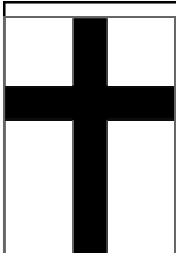
*Holidays together Portland Bill, France, Hunstanton
Rehearsing Shakespeare in Mallorca, dancing to 'Saturday Night' in a caravan
Always had plenty of tissues and Polos in her handbag,
And a toilet roll in the glove compartment was always at hand*

*Nanna loved the dance floor, the waltz, quickstep, jive and foxtrot
And with all us granddaughters, the Macarena, agadoo and birdie song!
She cleaned 'Nanna's chapel', (King's College Chapel that is)
We'd see her cycling home and wave, wave back and wobble, she did*

*Nothing but love from our Nanna, her kind, caring, generous heart
Looking after her father, our Great Grandad, above and beyond a daughter's part
Helping the homeless, supporting church events, hearing readers at the local school
Embodied what it is to be a Christian, a true example to us all*

*I love you Nanna and miss you dearly
but will see you again one day, God Bless You! Xxxx*

Gemma Batty 29th May 2011



We were sorry to hear of the sudden death of Henry West, a faithful member of St James's Church for many years. We featured Henry's talk entitled "My Path to Christian Witness" in the May-June edition of *Crosspiece*. Our thoughts and prayers are with Eileen and her family at this time.

R I P

Visiting seven “Churches”

The Bishop of London's Lent book 1965 was a slim volume, “What the Spirit says to the Churches” by Kenneth Ross. We must have studied it, for I remember the challenging letters [more like end-of-term school reports] to the seven churches in Asia, and I always enjoy hearing them read out in church when the lectionary appoints the Revelation of St John chapters 2 and 3 as the lesson for the day.

I was intrigued therefore to discover that our recent tour of western Turkey took us to the sites of three of these churches. We flew into Izmir [New Testament **Smyrna**], now the third largest city in Turkey, but we saw only the airport and glimpses of the modern city from the motorway.

Next day we visited **Ephesus**, the church that had “lost its first love”. In New Testament and Roman times Ephesus was a major port and trading centre, and a place of pilgrimage for the followers of the fertility goddess Artemis, or Diana of the Ephesians. We saw a large statue of her in the ex-



The theatre at Ephesus

cellent Ephesus museum, with what seemed to be multiple breasts all over her chest and stomach. According to Kenneth Ross they are eggs, but our Turkish guide told us they are bulls' testicles. The sea has now receded from Ephesus, leaving it several miles inland: the harbour has silted up and the bay has become a marshy plain. Although the port can only be imagined, the remaining ruins show an extensive and wealthy city. We walked down the marble-paved and colonnaded main street, with the remains of temples, ornately decorated pillars and arches on either side. There was even a Roman bath complex. In front of us was the fa-

cade of the two-storey library of Celsus, recently restored by Austrian archaeologists. Finally we saw the enormous theatre carved into the hillside, where the citizens of Ephesus assembled to protest that Paul's teaching was harming the trade of the city's silversmiths and shrimemakers [see Acts chapter 19].

Pergamum was the church that “held fast”. It was the centre of Roman power, where the pro-consul resided, as well as being a centre of culture. We were told that it rivalled Alexandria in Egypt as a place of learning, and that the Alexandrians from envy cut off supplies of papyrus to Pergamum, upon which the Pergamenes invented parchment [a similar word], made from animal skins, so they could continue to make scrolls and maintain their library. It must have been a striking city, set on top of a hill. There are still ruins of theatres and temples there; but many of the best archaeological pieces, including a stunning altar from the temple of Zeus, were removed and taken to Berlin, where they remain in the Pergamum museum. Pergamum was also the birthplace of Galen, the eminent second-century physician, who established the Asclepieum, a famous medical centre. At the time St John was writing from the island Patmos just a few miles offshore from Ephesus, the Roman Emperor was either Nero or Domitian, and christians were being persecuted for refusing to worship the Emperor. This is the background against which they were commended by St John for holding fast.

Sadly we failed to see **Thyatira**, **Sardis**, **Philadelphia** or **Laodicea**; they all lie inland to the east and were not part of our trip.

Mary Calladine

(Mary's account continues with a visit to Gallipoli, which we hope to include in the next edition of Crosspiece. Eds.)



BIBLE STUDY GROUP:

thinking about the origins of Whitsuntide and Pentecost

Whit Sunday is a very old feast -- the beginning of the work of the church -- and is linked with the feast of Pentecost. Acts Ch 2 tells of the Holy Spirit descending on the apostles on the day of Pentecost, giving the power to speak in many tongues. It was referred to as White Sunday because of the white robes worn by the newly baptised. We discussed the tradition of Roman Catholic processions and recalled the social gatherings the different churches used to have on Whit Mondays.

Pentecost (a Greek word meaning 50 days), is so called because it fell on the 50th day after Easter Sunday. In the Jewish calendar it is 50 days after Passover and associated with the first fruits of the

corn harvest (Deuteronomy Ch 16 v 9) and the commemoration of the giving of the law by Moses.

N.E.H. Hymns 136 – 142 are special for Whitsuntide/Pentecost. For our hymnody we looked at: No 137 “Come down O love divine”, words by the Italian Bianco da Siena who died in 1434. It was originally in Spanish, translated in the nineteenth century and set to music by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

No 138 “Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire”, words by John Cosin (1594-1672) and based on *Veni Creator Spiritus. He was Master of Peterhouse and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.*

No 342 “Breathe on me breath of God”, words by Edwin Hatch (1835 -1889), a theologian with connections with Oxford rather than Cambridge.

We sang two of the hymns with organ and choir accompaniment at our Pentecost service.

St James' Day picnic at Magog Down



11 CROSSPIECE

Contacts at St James's Church

Priest in Charge The Rev'd Jutta Brueck
07958 360564 e-mail: 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

Church & Community Activities

Choir practice: (Mon) Juniors 6.30pm, Seniors 7pm
Parents & Toddlers (Thurs) Wendy Lane, 244850
Brownies (7-10 yrs) QES Kate Bolton
<40thbrownies@gmail.com>
Group Scout Leader Steve O'Keefe 570713

Section Leaders

Beavers (6-8 yrs) Claire Tolliday,
514497
Cubs (8-11 yrs) at QE School Stephen Harrison,
572964
Scouts (10½+ yrs) at QES Rowan Pashley
07876 260660

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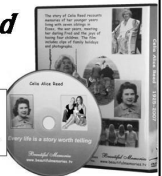
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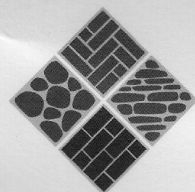
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St James's Church, Cambridge Calendar for August – September

August

(There is no Sunday School or formal choir during August)

- 3rd 10.15 am Eucharist
 6th 3.30 pm Concert for Tony Chapman: Stuart Raeburn (tenor) & friends:
Brahms arrangements of Scottish songs & music for piano and flute
- 7th 7th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with CMS Mission Partners
The Traidcraft Stall will be open after both services
- 10th 10.15 am Eucharist
- 14th 8th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist
- 17th 10.15 am Eucharist
- 21st 9th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist
- 24th 10.15 am Eucharist
- 28th 10th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist
- 31st 10.15 am Eucharist

September

- 1st 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 2nd 9.30 am Morning Prayer
- 4th 11th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist (BCP)
 10.00 am All Age Eucharist
The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services
 12.30 pm Vicar's Birthday Barbecue in Vicarage Garden
- 7th 10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court
 11.00 am Bible Study
- 8th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 9th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 10.45 am Hymn Service at Hinton Grange Care Home
- 10th 10.30 am Coffee Morning
- 11th 12th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

- 14th 10.15 am Eucharist
 11.00 am Bible Study
- 15th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 16th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
- 18th 13th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School & 4th Sunday Group
- 21st 10.15 am Eucharist
 11.00 am Bible Study
- 22nd 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 23rd 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 7.30 pm Ceilidh/Barn Dance with Cambridge Crofters
- 25th 14th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY / Back to Church Sunday**
 8.00 am Eucharist
 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
- 28th 10.15 am Eucharist
 11.00 am Bible Study
- 29th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
 5.30 pm Stephen Plant's ordination to the Priesthood at Trinity Hall
- 30th 9.30 am Morning Prayer

October

- 2nd **HARVEST FESTIVAL / 15th Sunday after Trinity**
 8.00 am Eucharist (BCP)
 10.00 am All Age Eucharist
The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services

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 2011
 ISSUE of CROSSPIECE
 WEDNESDAY 14 September**

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.