

CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

April—May 2014

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CONTENTS

- 2: Words from the Vicarage;
- 3: Introducing Peter and Judith Judd
- 4: Faith story: Julie Turner
- 5: Faith story: Ian Rowland
- 6: Our place (children's page);
Poem: The Lamb
- 7: Snowy Pilgrimage
- 8: A fantastic recital:
Anglesey Abbey and the Great
Gale of 1987
- 9: Rabbits, hares and Easter bunnies;
Cleaning rotas
- 10: Eastertide: Prayer 48
- 11: Contacts
- 12: Calendar



Easter bunny:

a bench end in St Nicholas Church,
Denston, Suffolk, depicting a hare

Words from the Vicarage: April/May 2014

In Lent I keep on telling the story of Jesus' passion, death and resurrection. I tell it in the Good News Club at Queen Edith School, in assembly for the five to seven year olds in Queen Emma, the new primary school in our parish, which is federated with Queen Edith. I have explored the story with the confirmation groups, both the young people and adults, and I am struck how many connections there are with people's lives, who are faced with illness, loss of a loved one or death. As we read and contemplate the story of Jesus' passion we see him ridiculed, betrayed, powerless, without control, enduring fear and pain and then, a horrendous death.

But, he had a choice, we might say. Did he? When we think of the evil and destructiveness that can take hold of the human heart and that affects so many people in our world today, perhaps it becomes clear that Jesus had no choice, but to endure what he did in order to redeem the consequences of it. He had prayed that the cup of suffering might be taken away from him – Jesus experienced fear and pain like we do. But he knew 'that the only way to free humanity from being defined by death was for God to share it'. (*Bishop Stephen in the Pilgrim Course 'Turning to Christ', 2014*).

In the run-up to Easter many churches, St. James included, offer the opportunity to deepen the roots of our faith by entering into the events of Jesus' passion and resurrection two thousand years ago by attending the special services during Holy Week. As we come with our burdens, fears and sorrows – individually and as a community – we walk with Jesus to the cross and break his bread

What's going on in the Transept?

If you happen to sit in the nave during services, you may well be unaware of the developments in the transept, which are only visible to those in the sanctuary or in the choir stalls. During last year's **Prayer 48** weekend two gazebos were erected in the transept with floor cushions and soft lighting. One had a coloured bubble tube. They offered a private and quiet space to which people could retreat, away from the seating in the rest of the

together. Like the first disciples, we reflect on these events, and as we do so, we open our hearts and minds to Jesus' presence and love. This year, the Revd Dr. Alasdair Coles, a neurologist and priest at Addenbrookes Hospital, will be our preacher from Maundy Thursday to Easter Day, aiding our thinking, praying and understanding.

Of course, Jesus' death was not the end. Christ was raised from the dead, 'the first fruits of those who have died' (*1 Cor.15.20*).

I like the theologian, Paula Gooders' idea, that the resurrection of Jesus is like 'a slice of end times, occurring about 2000 years ago, allowing us to experience a slice of end times now'.

(*This Risen Existence, 2009, p.6*) Jesus' resurrection is the foundation of our faith and hope, and we live in relationship with this Jesus, whose Spirit is in work in us and among us. We will continue to experience suffering, desolation and pain, but we know it's not the last word, and there will be glimpses of glory and peace until he comes again.

This year, we are holding Prayer48 two weeks after Easter. It will have a resurrection focus and provide an opportunity to contemplate the Easter stories and Easter faith in more depth. May we grow in faith and hope, to be able to say, like Bishop Leslie Newbigin, when asked how he was feeling about the future: 'I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist. Jesus Christ is risen from the dead!

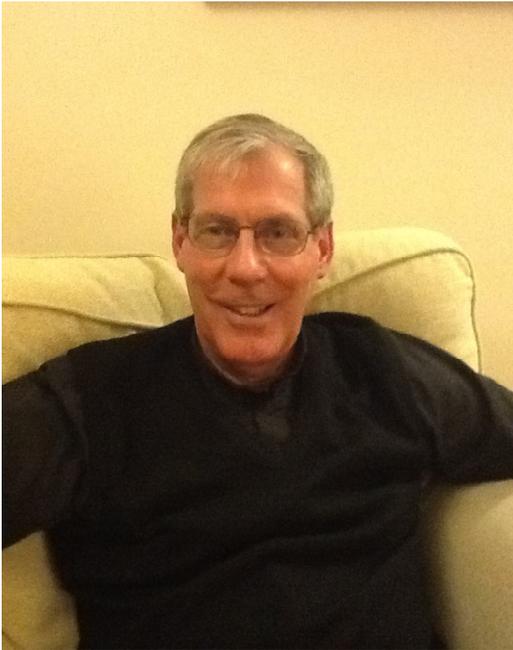
Have a blessed Holy Week and joyful Eastertide!

The Reverend Jutta Brueck

church. It was also discovered that the children loved this space. The PCC decided to purchase a gazebo, which was first of all used at the St James Day barbecue. It is now in the transept, and offers a refuge for restless small children and often their parents too during the Sunday eucharist. Some older children like to gather there after they return from Sunday School. It is in the process of being decorated and, in the language of guide-books, is worth a detour

**May we introduce.....
The Revd Peter Judd and his wife Judith**

Recently Peter and Judith have become members of our congregation at St James's. As a retired priest Peter has been presiding or assisting at some of our services. We are very happy to welcome them both, and they have agreed to tell us something about themselves.



PETER

I was born in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, but the family moved to England when I was two. I grew up in Broadstairs, Kent, went to school at Charterhouse, and then studied architecture here at Cambridge at Trinity Hall. After theological college at Cuddesdon, Oxford, I was a curate in Salford, Manchester (the real Coronation Street) before becoming Chaplain of Clare College. I then spent seven years as Team Vicar in Burnham, Bucks, nine as Vicar of Iffley in the Diocese of Oxford.

In 1997 I became Provost, then Dean of Chelmsford Cathedral. I have made good use of my architecture, in case you are wondering. I have often said The Church of England has moved me round to sort out the buildings. I have been a member of The Cathedrals Fabric Commission for England, the planning board for cathedrals. I have been married to Judith for 41 years, and our son Tom teaches quantum physics at Tübingen University in Germany. He and his wife Kat are expecting our second grandchild any day. Our daughter Alice and her husband Ollie live in Crouch End. She works as a researcher at Which? Magazine.

In 2012 I was diagnosed with the most aggressive form of prostate cancer. I took early retirement and we are happily settled in Cambridge, just off the Cherry Hinton Road, and are happily settled as St James.

JUDITH

I was born near Manchester into a family of Methodists: my grandfather claimed to know every hymn in the Methodist hymn book. Lots of aunts, uncles and cousins lived nearby. I read history at Oxford before becoming a journalist on the Birmingham Post and Mail. Later I was on the staff of the Observer and then the Independent, mostly writing about education.

My last job before retirement was as editor of the Times Educational Supplement. Since I retired I have been a member of the Council of the University of Essex and a director of Whole Education, an organisation that is exploring new ways of engaging young people in education.

I have joined John Clenaghan's **Quest** choir and am enjoying a new garden and the friendly community at St James.



Faith stories

In recent years it has become the custom for four members of the congregation to speak about their faith journeys during the sermon slot in the Sunday Eucharist.. It is an enriching experience for those who speak and those who listen and makes us think about our own faith. This year we have heard from Julie Turner, Ian Rowland, Denis Chandler and Sue Wilson. In this edition of Crosspiece we print Julie's and Ian's accounts.

Julie Turner



My baptism was at St Mark's, my grandparents' church, but my early church life was at Grantchester: Sunday School, choir, confirmation, marriage and subsequently the baptism of our three children. We moved from our first house to the Parish of Fen Dit-

ton, worshipping at the church, and Robert was confirmed there.

1971 and a move to Bowers Croft. Then began our journey with St James. The first Sunday we went to evensong, my favourite service, discovered when I first joined the choir. We were made very welcome and settled on the 9.30 Eucharist as being the most young-people-friendly. We became spiritually and socially involved. Indeed my first attempt at church flowers was at St James. In time both Claire and Peter were confirmed, Claire at Ely and Peter at St James. In all this time I had never really questioned my faith. It was part of me, my prayers mostly of the "arrow" sort: for people on our prayer list, places and people in crisis.

By 1983 things were changing, both Robert and Claire had finished university, both were married, both weddings here at St James. Peter was in his 2nd year at Cardiff. We were free to take life at our pace, still fast. At the end of May Michael was unusually tired. Unusually he went to see our GP. 7am the next morning we had an appointment with a neurologist at Addenbrookes. Michael was admitted for tests. A scan showed an inoperable brain tumour. A few days later a biopsy: it was radio and chemo therapy resistant.

That night my faith was truly tested. My relationship with God changed forever. He was no longer remote.

Many tests, questions and prayers later I asked for help: that the time left would be peaceful and pain-free; for strength for me and our children to be able to support him through this horror; to be positive and use our time well. There was no sleep that night, but by morning I felt calmer and went to fetch Michael home. He was told the prognosis and asked how long....weeks? months? There was no telling. It was sixteen weeks. Life went on.

I took him to the shop in the mornings, afternoons were spent gardening or socializing. We had many visitors and our family came as much as possible. '83 was a beautiful summer and a strangely happy one, but it was the time we grieved together, precious weeks to say goodbye.

Late September a big convulsion and back to Addenbrookes. The support and love we had from St James, our consultant, our GP and the wonderful nursing and caring staff was amazing. Our home became a lovely room overlooking the fields. We read the news, talked, prayed and consolidated our years together. Friends and family came. There was no pain. He died in the early hours of October 25th. I had never confronted death before. It was so peaceful. The essential Michael had gone. I was left with an empty shell. He came to St James the early morning of his funeral, we came with him, we prayed with Ian and Anne. A coffin brings reality: it was our time for tears and recovering our strength. We were so grateful for that quiet time.

My relationship with God has grown and been enriched. He still answers my prayers, not always in the way I expect. My life is very different and I have changed. I sometimes think Michael would not recognise me, and I'm not sure he'd even like me. One thing hasn't changed: in quiet times my little arrow prayers still fly Godwards.



Ian Rowland



I was born to Christian parents, who taught me to say the Lord's Prayer. My earliest memory of church is standing in the front of the pew in the village church in Wiltshire, listening to *Away in a Manger*. Most of my primary

school teachers were also practising Christians, who were eager to teach me about Jesus. At this stage, Jesus was to me someone about whom I was told stories, no different from Robin Hood or the Lone Ranger. It did not occur to me to question the existence of God, but I cannot say that I had faith.

I came to see God as someone from whom I could ask protection in time of desperation, but, no matter how many times He answered me, I did not give Him very much attention, except when I wanted something from Him. Then, one day, when I was secondary school age, I wanted something, something which was not very important, and told God: "If you do not give me this, I shall stop believing in you." I did not realise that God's blessing is not to be ordered like goods and services. This time He did answer me. God did not want my faith on those terms, or any terms other than total commitment, the same commitment that He was willing to give to me.

So I carried out my threat. Without recourse to God, I became cantankerous and judgmental, assuming that my supposed virtues made me superior to those whom I found excuse to criticise.

This must have been particularly distressing to me grandfather, a devout Christian, whom I did not appreciate in his lifetime. He died when I was nineteen and just starting to take an interest in what he could tell me. It was on my grandfather's death that I became aware of the presence of God,

no lover conceive that earthly life and creation were all. It was now clear to me that God existed, although not necessarily as envisaged by Christians. Then I noticed that Christians behaved differently from other people. Not only were they more altruistic, but they had a contentment which others did not. So I decided to go to church.

Many of the people I knew to be Christians worshipped at St James's, therefore it was not merely from geographical convenience that that was where I went. No-one there thought it strange that, after living in the parish for three years, I should suddenly appear in church. My Damascus Road experience was spread over the following months. I made a conscious effort to change my conduct, accepted the statements in the Nicene Creed and was confirmed. My choice was made. The time to consider whether I should be a Christian was past.

My faith has been challenged, though not shattered. There was a period of traumatic change in my life: each time that I thought my circumstances could not become worse, they did. I did not question the existence of God but wondered whether he had withdrawn His blessing from me. Then I realised that, whatever the situation, there was always enough blessing to fulfil the demands of each day. When God's blessing was least evident, it was most relevant. There followed greater traumas: the death of my father, the collapse of my business, being mugged far from home, and fifteen months a job-seeker, but the Holy Spirit always provided resourcefulness or protection.

Because God's purpose in dying for me was to offer me salvation, I believe I know where my journey of faith shall end, but, of its nature, faith is not a journey in which every stage is indicated in advance. Until my journey does end, I can have faith, not that any individual blessing shall continue, but that God's love and blessing shall.



We are preparing for confirmation on Sunday 15th June at 10am.

Please, pray for us



Olivia



Emilia



Reece



Anna



James



Theo



Matthew



Dylan



Loretta



Tracey



Ellen

Please pray for all preparing for confirmation on **Sunday, 15th June** at St.James:

Matthew Bell, Anna Brueck Seeley, James Hollands, Dylan and Loretta Merritt, Emilia, Olivia and Reece Stocker, Theo Westrip, Ellen Collings and Tracey Roberts.'

A Poem for Easter:

The Lamb by William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee ?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Gave thee life & bade thee feed.

By the stream & o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,

Softest clothing woolly bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice!

Little Lamb who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!

He is called by thy name,

For he calls himself a Lamb:

He is meek & he is mild,

He became a little child:

I a child & thou a lamb,

We are called by his name.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

Little Lamb God bless thee.



Snowy pilgrimage: a night at the Great St. Bernard monastery.

The Alps present a formidable barrier to travel but the crossing was so crucial that ancient cultures north and south opened up the dangerous mountain passes. The Great St Bernard Pass, at 2,473m above sea level, is the third highest Swiss road pass, carrying the road between Martigny in Switzerland and Aosta in Italy. Nowadays, a tunnel bypasses the summit of the pass, which in winter is accessible only on foot. Nevertheless, bronze age and Roman remains testify to regular use by travellers from very early times, with many lives lost to both bad weather and brigands.

The perilous nature of the journey inspired the archdeacon of Aosta, Bernard of Mont-Joux, to found a hospice for the shelter and protection of travellers right on the summit of the pass, in about 1050. St. Bernard, as he became, is appropriately the patron saint of mountain climbers and skiers.

We parked the minibus on the Swiss side of the pass, a little below 2,000 m, at the end of the cleared road in February 2014. Snowshoes were strapped on, backpacks hoisted up and off we set. The snow was thick, with lots of fresh powder. Visibility was low and the wind blew in our faces as we plodded steeply up hill. We were all carrying avalanche transceivers, but certainly hoped not to use them. The modern monks keep the way visible, planting long blue poles to indicate the route. Once or twice the poles were capped with a large, encouraging star. As the morning progressed, parties of skiers who had stayed the night in the hospice glided down past us, all with some caution in the deep snow. The visibility worsened and, as we neared the summit, wind and fresh snow howled down through the narrow col. We were at the hospice almost before we saw it, the visibility was so poor. Gratefully, we squeezed into a narrow hall, crowded with other snowy travellers, and found where to leave our boots and snowshoes in a commodious boot room. We were soon ushered into the warm interior, shown to the dining room, where large bowls of hot sweet tea were pro-

Any plans we had of exploring the mountain refuges, and very boring and religious foundation and there nine was allocated a dormitory for us and our very limited luggage to the museum, in an adjacent covered bridge. The museum allowed a stream of people to the open space, below the more ostentatious and light. To my surprise, it was a beautiful service, though I accompanied singing, by the whole community and spiritually. After a while in the 'Salon' upstairs. Some of the monks were always card games in there were bookcases too, the con-



Saint Bernard de Mont-Joux

I was soon lost in nineteenth century Switzerland. Another bell summoned us to supper: ample, but simple. I estimate that the monastery was feeding 60 to 70 people that evening, and this at the end of a winter without road access. As well as the six monks in residence, the hospice has about ten employed staff covering the considerable domestic chores.

Finally, after supper, the bell rang again for Compline: a brief, moving fifteen minutes of music and prayer for the end of the day. All the time, I was conscious of our isolation from the outer world in a cocoon of whirling snow, a sense which imparted a strong focus to the worship.

Next morning the hospice became a mountain refuge again with bread and jam and coffee and everyone looking for their gear at once and wanting to be off. A temperature of -8.5 with added wind chill bit into the bones. Fresh snow left us floundering on much of the descent. Then the car park abruptly terminated our retreat away from the mundane world.

Postscript: I'm sure you want to ask about the famous dogs! The St Bernards that rescue lost travellers in the snow. Well, I'm afraid they don't any more. The dogs live in Martigny, but a few of them, I was told, come up to the monastery for the summer, when numerous tourists arrive by car. When asked about mountain rescue in a question session, the senior monk laughed. "These days" he said "we ring for a helicopter". I expect St. Bernard of Mont-Joux would have approved.

Hatty Harris

A Fantastic Recital

The quiet presence of a young man often in the company of Revd Geoff Howard, with whom he lodges, is regularly seen at the 10 a.m. eucharist at St James's. Recently, on 5 March, Jennifer and I encountered him at another church in rather a different guise – this time, so to speak, as a High Priest of St Cecilia, entertaining a sizeable audience at the Emmanuel United Reformed Church, performing one of the well-planned Wednesday lunchtime recitals (no charge: retiring collection!) regularly held there.

We knew that Patrick Hemmerlé – for that is the young man's name – was a pianist. What we didn't know was how good he was, though we were led to expect great things, after hearing comments from others acquainted with his playing. He held the listeners spellbound for a good hour with what was in all senses of the word a fantastic recital. (It was fantastic indeed even to the titles of the works performed.) Patrick chose two musical Fantasies, neither of them over-familiar, but both of them demanding technically and calling on both the stamina and the musical insight of the performer. The first was Schubert's extended four-movement Fantasy on his own song *Der Wanderer*. Patrick's playing of this remarkable piece – a whole

musical world crammed into four extended wide-ranging movements, all related to aspects of one simple song-melody -- was notable not just for his singing tone, his dynamic range, sense of its structure and the amazing clarity of the detailed passage-work, but for his ability to underline melodic and harmonic details without damaging the flow and the texture of the whole. Spellbinding!

Schumann's *Fantasie*, too, was notable for musical intelligence and insight. Another technically demanding piece, this time more romantic, quirky and capricious in mood. Here again, the technical command was breath-taking, the tonal and dynamic range immense and the sense of style impeccable. The audience were clearly impressed. Patrick did both himself and the composers proud. At the age of 33 he has already built up a promising reputation and won a number of prizes. He surely has a golden future ahead.

James Day

Anglesey Abbey and the Great Gale of 1987



Local people are very familiar with the beauty of the Anglesey Abbey National Trust estate, particularly its snowdrops and the Winter Walk. Those of us with longer memories know that these two features are relatively new and owe their existence to the Great Gale of 15-16 October 1987 which felled many of the trees which until then largely comprised the estate. The 1987 weather event caused widespread destruction in the UK and Western Europe with winds of over 100 mph widely recorded and, at a lower level of catastrophe, considerable chagrin amongst UK weather forecasters who failed to predict its severity. So now there is much more open space in Anglesey which allows the snowdrops, a forest



species which had long been present on a smaller scale, to take over. Our photos, taken on a walk recently in the middle of March after the snowdrop explosion had subsided, show in early spring sunshine some of the beech trees and a magnificent oak tree which survived*.

Ron Ferrari

*The oak tree is obviously pretty old, but could the beeches have grown to this size if planted since 1987?

Rabbits, hares and Easter bunnies

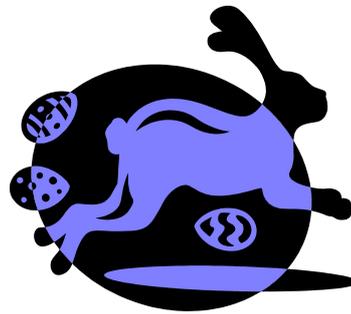
Our cover picture shows one of many wonderful carved bench-ends in the impressive church of St Nicholas, Denston in Suffolk, about eight miles south-west of Bury St Edmunds. Inspection of these shows a variety of animals, including a rather mutilated one of a fox with a goose across its back. The bench-ends are only one feature of a fascinating building and a whole herd of animals, both real and imaginary, run around the frieze between wall and roof. The church is well worth a visit and seems to be always open.

This set me thinking about Easter bunnies. What do you think they are? Rabbits or hares? More likely they were hares and the German word for Easter bunny is *Osterhase*, Easter hare. Possibly deriving from pagan roots and associated with springtime fertility celebrations, the symbol of the hare is most common in Northern European traditions. The first reference in German writing seems to be in 1682 when there was mention of an Easter hare bringing eggs to children. The tradition of Easter bunnies bringing Easter eggs thrives in the United States, as it was brought there by German immigrants.

Mediaeval churches often featured hares, possibly because the ancient Greeks and Romans had thought the hare was a hermaphrodite and could reproduce without loss of virginity. Consequently some illuminated manuscripts depicting the Virgin and Christ Child include a hare.

Another symbol found in some Northern European churches is a three hares motif, a triangle of interlocking shapes, maybe suggesting the Trinity. Paderborn Cathedral has a Three Hares Window. Each of the ears is shared by two hares, so only three ears are depicted. This symbol is found in some churches in the south-west of England, especially Devon, and is often carved into roof bosses. One can be seen in the church of St Pancras, Widecombe-in-the-Moor.

Jennifer Day



Cleaning Rotas: Forty years behind the scenes as an Indian

We came to St James as a family in 1972, and were welcomed by David Ford, who was the minister at that time. Anne, his wife, was in charge of the church cleaning rotas. When we had settled in, Anne asked me whether I would like to be part of the cleaning team. I said that I enjoyed cleaning, dusting and so on. Anne laughed and said that I was too young for dusting!

I joined a team and met Judy Ferrari and Pauline Tilsley. We cleaned on Friday afternoons every 4-5 weeks. The job was to clean the floor. In those days the hall (nave) was used by many people for varying activities, including many youngsters such as Brownies, Girl Guides, Cubs and Scouts, so you can imagine how dirty the floor would become, especially in the winter months.

The task was to sweep the floor, wipe it over, and then, on our hands and knees, to put the polish onto the floor. Fortunately we had a “bumper” to shine the

floor. Then we put the chairs back ready for the Sunday Services. Phew! We really knew we had been busy.

After many years I came off the rota, as I had to have an operation. I am not a committee person; I enjoy being an Indian and not a Chief. We need Chiefs – and we certainly need Indians to carry out many different tasks. Of course times move on and we need younger people to come forward and offer help. Please think about it.

Now we employ a Cleaner who cleans our church well – so no more “hands and knees” work now. It can be fun working and chatting with other Indians on rotas. A few years ago, whilst speaking to Anne, I said to her that now I am much older, guess what? I am on the dusting rota!

Maureen Gibbs

Eastertide 2014 – Prayer 48 at St James: Friday 2nd – Sunday 4th May

The PCC has decided to hold this year's "Prayer 48" in Eastertide, two weeks after Easter itself. It will be a part of our Easter celebration and thanksgiving and we should benefit from longer daylight hours and warmer weather. It will start with Morning Prayer on Friday 2 May at 9.30 am and conclude with the 10.00 am Sunday Eucharist on 4 May. Between these times we spend two days in continuous prayer for everyone who lives and works in the parish.

We should like to invite every member of the congregation, as last year, to make this a part of their Lenten and Easter observance by:

praying for the event in the days and weeks beforehand.

distributing prayer request cards around the parish.

telling neighbours and friends and inviting them to join in.

helping in other ways as required. There will be a list of tasks on the Foyer display board from Sunday **23 March**.

Giving up time to take part in the 48 hours of prayer.

The aims are:

to demonstrate to our local community that St James is the parish church for **all** residents, (even those who only come inside the church to vote in elections), and that we care about them and their concerns.

As we believe that prayer works, we want to enable the love of God to come into our lives and the lives of our neighbours.

For all of us to grow closer to God and to one another.

How will it work?

A prayer request card will be delivered to every house in the parish, and boxes will be sited in different places, such as shops, schools, nursing homes, etc. for posting the cards back to us.

A rota of people to be in church praying, to cover the entire 48 hour period. We hope this will include people from the parish, who attend other churches and denominations and the Chinese church which meets at St James.

The church will be set up with prayer stations and activities in different areas. All prayer requests received will be prayed during the 48 hours.

There will be a programme of more formal Services of various kinds throughout the 48 hour period, which this year will include a healing service and special times for families and children.

Look out for more detailed information in the weeks ahead.



11 CROSSPIECE

Contacts at St James's Church

Priest in Charge The Revd 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*

Associate Priest The Revd Debbie Ford, 363113
email: deborahford@gmail.com

Churchwarden Edward Westrip, 40596
(due to change on April 6)

Church Office 246419, Mon & Fri
9.15 am -1.45 pm
e-mail: stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk

Website: <http://stjamescambridge.org.uk>

Church & Community Activities

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

Parents & Toddlers (Thurs) Wendy Lane, 244850

Brownies (7-10 yrs) QES Kerrie Thackray
email: 40thbrownies@gmail.com
Beavers (6-8 yrs) Brendan Murrill
07561 137493
Cubs (8-11 yrs) at QE School Stephen Harrison,
07548 765421

ROOM HIRE: *Rooms at the church can be hired for meetings or other activities. Kitchen available. For rates and further information, please contact the Church Office (see adjacent column).*

Crosspiece Editorial Board:

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Funeral Director

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Cambridge CB1 8PW

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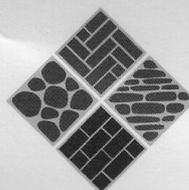
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ing**

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01223 506782 ask for
Clive

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

April		May	
2 nd	10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court 7.30 pm Home Group	1 st	9.30 am Morning Prayer
3 rd	9.30 am Morning Prayer	Friday 2nd to Sunday 4th Prayer48 – see page 10	
4 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer 12.30 pm Meditation Group 7.00 pm Film Night ‘Beyond Silence’	2 nd	9.30 am Morning Prayer Start of Prayer48 12.30 pm Meditation Group 7.30 pm Evening Praise 10.00 pm Night Prayer/Compline
5 th	10.15 am Coffee Morning <i>Local schools start their Easter holiday</i>	3 rd	8.00 am Prayer Breakfast 10.00 am Praying through Play 11.30 am Let’s sing and pray together 4.30 pm Healgn Service 10.00 pm Night Prayer/Compline
6 th	5th SUNDAY OF LENT <i>Passiontide begins</i> 8.00 am Eucharist (BCP) 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School <i>The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services</i> 11.30 am Annual Parochial Church Meeting	4 th	3rd SUNDAY OF EASTER 8.00 am Eucharist (BCP) 10.00 am All Age Eucharist with Baptism <i>End of Prayer48</i> <i>The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services</i>
9 th	10.15 am Eucharist	7 th	10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court 7.30 pm Home Group
10 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer (t.b.c)	8 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer
11 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer (t.b.c) 12.30 pm <u>No</u> Meditation Group	9 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer 12.30 pm Meditation Group 10 th 10.30 am Coffee Morning
13 th	PALM SUNDAY 8.00 am Eucharist followed by Lent breakfast 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Palm Procession and Sunday School	11 th	4th SUNDAY OF EASTER 8.00 am Eucharist 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School 14 th 10.15 am Eucharist 15 th 9.30 am Morning Prayer 11.00 am Hymn service at Hinton Grange Care Home (T.b.c.) 16 th 9.30 am Morning Prayer 12.30 pm Meditation Group
14 th	7.30 pm Compline and Address at St John’s	18 th	5th SUNDAY OF EASTER (<i>Start of Stewardship Campaign</i>) 8.00 am Eucharist 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School 21 st 10.15 am Eucharist 7.30 pm Home Group 22 nd CHURCH IN USE FOR POLLING PURPOSES 23 rd 9.30 am Morning Prayer 12.30 pm Meditation Group
15 th	7.30 pm Joint Taizé Prayer with St John’s (at St James’)	25 th	TRINITY SUNDAY 8.00 am Eucharist 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School & 4 th Sunday Group 26 th Spring Bank Holiday. <i>Local children on half term holiday.</i> 28 th 10.15 am Eucharist 29 th 9.30 am Morning Prayer Ascension Day Service (<i>time and location to be confirmed</i>) 30 th 9.30 am Morning Prayer <u>No</u> Meditation Group
16 th	10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court 7.30 pm Holy Week Eucharist <i>The Preacher at our Easter Triduum Services is The Revd Dr. Alasdair Coles, Academic Neurologist and Chaplain to Staff at Addenbrookes Hospital</i>		
17 th	MAUNDY THURSDAY 11.00 am Hymn Service at Hinton Grange Care Home 8.00 pm Sung Eucharist with Washing of Feet followed by Stripping of Altar and Vigil until midnight		
18 th	GOOD FRIDAY 10.00 am Children’s Workshop (prior booking required) 1.00 pm Meditation Service. Preacher: Rev’d Dr. Alasdair Coles 2.00 pm Veneration of the Cross and Communion		
19 th	HOLY SATURDAY 8.30 pm Easter Vigil with Lighting of the new fire and first Eucharist of Easter		
20 th	EASTER DAY 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Easter egg hunt for the children		
21 st	<i>Easter Monday bank holiday</i>		
23 rd	10.15 am Eucharist		
24 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer		
25 th	9.30 am Morning Prayer 12.30 pm Meditation Group		
27 th	2nd SUNDAY OF EASTER 8.00 am Eucharist 10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School 6.00 pm Confirmation Group		
30 th	10.15 am Eucharist		

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 (first Weds. of month: Dunstan Court)

Thursday and Friday
9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer