
CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

June — July 2017

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Mary Calladine and Rosemary Monk, Authorised Lay Ministers at St James', who lead the Pastoral Visiting Group and organize Community lunches (see page 10)

Words from the Vicarage

A few years ago in Malaysia some people were arrested for allegedly posing naked for pictures on the country's highest peak, Mount Kinabalu, an act some Malaysians have said angered the spirits of the mountain and caused an earthquake. A group of tourists stripped to take pictures at the peak of Mount Kinabalu, infuriating many who regarded the act as disrespectful. The images were widely circulated on websites and social media. A short time later an earthquake struck the same area, 16 climbers died with another two people missing. As photographs of the tourists emerged, some Malaysians on social media – and government officials – began linking the stripping on Mount Kinabalu to the earthquake. "It is a sacred mountain and you cannot take it lightly," one official claimed.

Our western rational minds might argue that there is no connection between being naked and the cause of the earthquake; our western rational minds might also claim an individual's right to wear or not wear what they want. But what does our western rational mind do when it can't cope with cultural beliefs that challenge our perception of the world? We tend to write them off as superstitious or underdeveloped. The lack of scientific understanding of how the earth works can only mean that these people are quaint figures to be gawped at in the worldwide zoo that we call tourism. But when that culture decides to fight back and tells us that we are in the wrong, then of course their quaint customs and beliefs pose a threat to our rights as individuals. And we end up laughing at them or

imposing sanctions and possibly even waging a war.

The German film director Werner Herzog called tourism a deadly sin; that may seem extreme but I wonder how far from the truth he is. While tourism can encourage the preservation of socio-cultural authenticity of host communities, mass tourism may also erode traditional values by introducing foreign elements which are in conflict with the cultural, historical, and religious heritage of the community.

In many cases a steady flux of tourists has either made the lives of locals actually seem worse because resources such as water or electricity are diverted from them in order to satisfy the needs of hotels or prices of land and products skyrocket so that the necessities of life are no longer affordable. These problems usually arise with poor regulations and planning and are not the fault of the poor locals just trying to get by.

As a consequence of the poor planning of development, what tends to happen is that a wealthy few who own the land and develop the property end up becoming richer, while the local people end up being pushed out or overworked at their new, menial hotel job. In other words: rich foreign investors and developers get more money at the expense of the locals.

Tourism is an industry; many people's livelihoods depend upon it. Those of us who act as consumers of the tourist trade might want to tread carefully this summer as we journey to far-flung destinations. We don't have the right to go anywhere simply because we've booked a ticket. Our rights as international consumers must be in balance with the rights of others to live according to their own beliefs and customs. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "There are no foreign lands. It is the traveller only who is foreign."

Rev'd Steve Rothwell



Faith Testimony by Ben Edwards

In recent years it has become a tradition during Lent for members of the St James' congregation to speak about their faith at Sunday services. In this issue we feature Ben and Rebecca's journeys of faith.

The last thing I expected upon meeting my wife Caroline was to be called to priesthood. But, in those circuitous ways that God devises, that seems to have been the case. Maybe He would have found a different way to achieve His plan for me. However, he did not – He chose to call me back to His loving presence through a feisty, funny, beautiful and quiet but intensely loving woman. It was in Caroline, and her love for me, that I began to realise that perhaps God had not turned His back on me for all those years, but had been waiting to pour out His love in everything we are together.

The basic knowledge of Jesus, God and the stories of the Bible were taught to me by my mother within the Roman Catholic tradition. I have, therefore, always maintained a belief in God, but for many years I began to believe that He had turned His back on me. In my childhood, I suffered abuse from a family member. At the time, I was too young to really understand what had happened to me, but as I reached my late teens, I began to comprehend the wrongness of what I had experienced. Not able to confide in anyone at this point, let alone parents, I questioned God. I raged at God. And then I mistrusted God. Where had He been? Why did He allow these things to happen?

So I pushed Him away. I denied Him even though I still believed. I think in some strange way I wanted to try and punish Him, and I spent many years trying to blot out this trauma with excess, including alcohol and drugs. It took many years, prayers and counselling to regain my trust in God, but it was through Caroline that I slowly started to be drawn closer to my dormant faith.

And this new thing that He had brought to my life, this amazing love, certainly changed how I felt towards God. It had halted my spiral into self-loathing and despair and began to heal the rift between God and me.

It was, aptly enough, on our wedding day that this call intensified – the vicar presiding over our marriage, during his homily, turned to both of us and said, 'it is my great hope that you will both let Jesus Christ into your lives'... and at that very second it felt as if a pilot light was relit. That fire has continued to grow and grow within

me and, (after running away from His call upon my life for quite some time), although there were more trials to come, births, deaths, counselling for 27 years of post traumatic stress disorder and the trial of my abuser, which ended in his last minute confession; like Jeremiah I could no longer resist. As Jeremiah says:

"But if I say, 'I will not mention his word or speak anymore in his name,' his word is in my heart like a fire, a fire shut up in my bones. I am weary of holding it in; indeed, I cannot." What have I taken as my focus from this? What is God trying to tell me in bringing me so much closer home to Him than I had been, in the way that He has?

I think that through my beautiful wife and the amazing and beautiful children we came together to create, and indeed there is a third child on the way to add to our family, that at the heart of Jesus' saving act is love. A love greater than we can possibly imagine. The sort of love that we could all share with a partner, with our children, with friends, with neighbours, with all those with whom we are intimately connected to through God, if only our eyes were open enough to see it all!

He is asking me to gaze deep into the love that I experience, into the love that I feel and to allow Him to grow it and expand it until it overflows into those that surround us, that it is poured out and poured out and poured out, and that in doing so others will see that fount of living water, that water of life – love – in the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for themselves.



My Faith Journey by Rebecca Tuck

I was driving along when my daughter Abigail, who was two at the time said “Mummy, is that a castle?” “No, it’s a Church” I replied. “What’s a Church?” she said. Oh no, I thought, she doesn’t know what a Church is. How do I explain that? I suddenly felt awful that I had never spoken to her about Jesus. Why did it bother me so much? It hadn’t before. Before I could give her an answer, she asked me another question. “Can we go inside?” Suddenly I was taken over by an overwhelming urge to go to Church. I could feel God calling me back to himself. Calling me home.

My parents were not Christians, yet they happily sent me to Sunday school, so I knew about Jesus and I had tried to follow him, choosing to be baptised and confirmed aged 12, but by the time I was 15 I didn’t care about Jesus any more, until a series of events occurred which turned my attention back in the direction of God. The first was a broken relationship. I decided to leave the man I’d been living with for the past 6 years and needed somewhere to live. A friend mentioned that Claire, someone I used to go to school with, was looking for a flatmate. Yes, I thought, that would be good. One thing I knew for sure about Claire was that she was a Christian. At least she would be kind to me. I needed that. So, I moved in with her and she made me lots of cups of tea.

Then there was the accident. I loved motorcycling and it was through this that I knew Simon and we started going out. Shortly after this I had quite a serious accident. Simon was with me and saw the whole thing. When he approached the scene, I was lying in the road unconscious with a helmet full of blood. I had broken my jaw and bitten my tongue. Afterwards my mum said to me “Rebecca, you had me so worried. You could’ve died!” and of course that made me wonder. What would have happened to me if I did?

Simon and I got married and had Abigail and Noah. I felt so thankful for our children and was determined to do the best that I could for them and so I began a quest for the truth. I read a lot of books on how to be a good parent and how to lead a happy and fulfilled life. One of the things that struck me from that reading was the finding that people who belong to religious communities of one sort or another tend to be happier. The other thing I noticed was that through most of my life I hadn’t had any close

friends who were Christians, but now, I had three. Each one of them clearly and unmistakeably loved Jesus. I was surrounded by love.

And here I was in the car with my two-year-old child feeling an overwhelming urge to go to church. To join a Christian community knowing that chances were, I’d be happier. So, I started going to the church nearest my house. I liked that it was full of ordinary people, with stories not so different from mine, just trying their best with the help of the Holy Spirit to love God and to love others. One Sunday we had a service outside and our vicar passed round a picture of Rublev’s famous icon illustrating the Father, Son and Holy Spirit and talked about how God invites us into a relationship with him. When he said that, I saw who God is and that he loves me. I saw that I had never put God first. I suddenly felt so small and so sorry. I said to God “I never put you first in my life. I’m so sorry. Please help me to do that.” And he did...

I felt good, but I wasn’t sure why. The weather was great, I was with friends outside. There were lots of reasons to feel good. So, I just went home, smiling. The feeling that I was loved began to take me over. Later that evening, I was sitting in my living room with Noah, who was a baby, in my arms. I looked up and saw an incredibly bright beam of light shining down from the ceiling. It was unreal, like nothing I’ve ever seen and when I looked at it, it didn’t hurt my eyes at all. As I stared into the light I felt a feeling of complete peace take over my whole body. I was being filled with the Holy Spirit. I felt sure that I was loved and forgiven, that I had become a child of God and that changed everything.



Ridley Hall Prayer Card

Rebecca Tuck is currently an ordinand at Ridley Hall, which distributes this prayer cards with ideas for daily prayer support for the work of the theological college.



That the Good News of Jesus be proclaimed...

SUNDAY	Thank God for the gift of Ridley Hall: the College's faithful witness to Jesus Christ and its work in preparing men and women for Christian ministry since 1881.
MONDAY	That the Good News of Jesus be proclaimed within the walls of Ridley Hall and beyond. That staff and students will grow in confidence in the Gospel and grace in communicating it.
TUESDAY	That all who live, work and study at Ridley Hall will continue to grow in Christlike character – in love, wisdom and humility.
WEDNESDAY	Thank God for our 37 members of staff, working in housekeeping, catering, maintenance, administration, finance, teaching and leadership and ask for God's blessing, provision and grace for them and their families.
THURSDAY	For God's provision for the various needs of Ridley Hall as we strive to prepare women and men for faithful and effective Gospel service.
FRIDAY	Thank God for all of our students and their families and ask for God's blessing, provision and grace for them.
SATURDAY	For God's blessing on those churches and communities in which Ridley students are currently serving and to which they will be sent in the years to come.

Madonnas and Miracles Exhibition Review

Readers who walk through the centre of Cambridge will have seen posters advertising an exhibition entitled “Madonnas and Miracles”. The items being shown were not produced for public display, and comparatively few of them are elaborate works of art. They were used by Christians in Renaissance Italy to aid prayer and worship in their own homes.

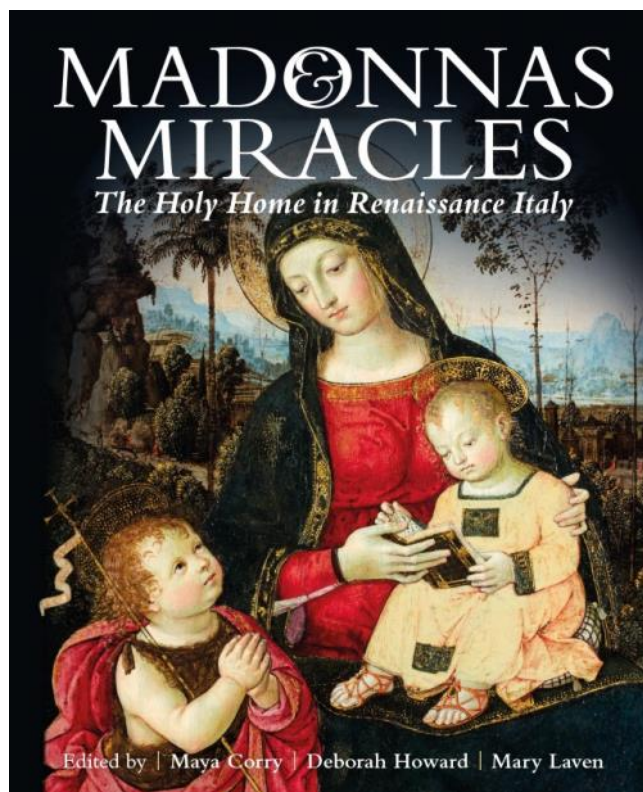
These paintings, drawings and other objects mainly depict the infant Jesus and His mother. In few is there any attempt at realism. Elaborate or idyllic settings emphasise the Son of God rather than the son of the carpenter. Where the painting of a small child is anatomically correct, His stance and His expression are those of a wise saviour dispensing mercy. A few paintings are expensive works using lapis lazuli (*a semi-precious stone used to create a distinctive deep blue pigment*); most would have been found in what to Renaissance Italians were ordinary households. The aristocrat and the artisan each wished to renew daily his acceptance of the grace of God.

I too feel deprived if I pass a day without some act of worship, usually in my own home. I too have a visual aid in front of me. Like most of the original owners of the objects in the exhibition, I did not commission a leading artist; I purchased a poster of St Joan in Orléans.

The display remains at the Fitzwilliam Museum until 4th June, with many of the images and explanatory text also available via the museum website for longer. Other members of

the congregation may wish to share the experience of what was, nominally at least, a more Christian society.

Ian Rowland



Above: Catalogue cover

Below: part of the exhibition





FUN FOR ALL AGES

15 JULY '17

ST JAMES

**COMMUNITY
SUMMER CELEBRATION**

- 11 AM–1 PM FUN TENNIS TOURNAMENT***, NIGHTINGALE RECREATION GROUND
TENNIS COURTS, £1 PER PLAYER (£4 PER FAMILY)
- 1.30–4.30 PM CREAM TEAS AND TABLE TENNIS** AT ST JAMES CHURCH
– WATCH THE **WOMEN'S WIMBLEDON FINAL** ON BIG SCREEN TV!
- 5–9 PM RELAX** IN ST JAMES GARDEN
WITH **LIGHT MUSIC** (JAZZ, PIANO) PIMMS AND **DRINKS**




Let's gather as a community and
share in some summer fun! All ages welcome.
*Reserve tennis places in advance by emailing
stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk



St James Church, Wulfstan Way, Cambridge CB1 8QJ

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

Little Gidding

Green pearl in a verdant shell
Wrought of an itch
Leaves like marble, a sought-after product
Of a family war, a refuge
From a storm

Winter becomes a gentler season
Green starts here
Where she barely went away
Night-time frosts were all she bore
She is ready

Springtime is now and in Hunts
In winter, time stood still
But a slow, green tide pervades the trees
Counting the seconds till the leaves unfurl
Buds growing faster

Time will keep its promise
The sudden undergrowth will dry
Unimaginable summer will latch on to spring
With a few sharp ratchets
Will earth bloom

Linda Appleby

*Picture (right): window in Little Gidding church showing
the arms of the Ferrar family, taken by bazzadarambler
(licensed under creative commons)*



A Tribute to Gill Mason

In 1952 I sang at a concert given by a choir based in St Ives. The first few items were pleasant and then one of their members, a young soprano, sang a solo. Why do I remember that concert from so far in the past? Because that soprano had a remarkably fine voice – quite outstanding. Her name was Gillian Mowbray, later to become Gillian Mason. Little did I realise that our paths would cross frequently in the years to come.

About the same time Emilie Lewis, principal of the Mackenzie School of Music and Drama, by chance also heard Gill sing in a concert in St Ives, congratulated her on her fine voice and advised her to have singing lessons. The Mackenzie School was just off Mill Road in Cambridge and Gill was teaching in an infants' school just off Mill Road, so she started having lessons with Emilie. This was the beginning of a formidable partnership and long-lasting friendship.

Emilie encouraged her pupils to perform whenever possible and had formed the Mackenzie Society, where they could perform each week. Before long Gill was regularly singing ballads, operatic arias and sacred songs in a variety of venues, a habit which continued for many years. She joined the Bottisham Operatic Society, a society with a good record of very ambitious productions of extremely challenging operas. Gill was soon playing leading roles, a new development where she had to act as well as sing. It was thanks to her membership of the Bottisham group that she made friendships which were to last throughout her lifetime.

She became well known for singing oratorio, and also Gilbert and Sullivan through her membership of the Cambridge Amateur Operatic Society, taking leading parts in their shows at the Arts Theatre. When she reached the age where it was sensible to stop playing the parts of a young leading lady, she joined the Pied Pipers Musical Theatre Club in their shows at the Arts Theatre, the ADC and the Mumford, developing skills for creating a wide range of characters and showing an unexpected delight in playing comedy. Gill was in 28 Pied Pipers productions, helping in any way that was needed, not just playing leading parts. This was typical of Gill, never seeking the limelight (although it often shone on her) but being faithful to any group of which she was a member. She never looked for praise and made little of it. What really mattered to her was the satisfaction she gained from making music and from acting.

With all of her commitment to music, what else was important to Gill? Her work as a school teacher gave her great pleasure. She was an excellent teacher and used her teaching skills for many years in the St James' Sunday School. Her involvement with the church was a very important part of her life, but most important of all was her family. An accurate picture of Gill as a lady who gained most pleasure from her family and friends and the simple things of life is seen in her frequent telling an annual family event. Emilie Lewis and Emilie's sister used to invite the Mason family to have coffee with them

(Continued on page 9)



Gill Mason (2nd from left) with husband Geoffrey, their carer and Mary Calladine at the Pastoral Visiting Group community lunch.

shortly before Christmas. Their house would be well decorated including a Christmas tree with chocolates on. Christopher and Jonathan always enjoyed the visits and as they were leaving were invited to ring a large golden bell which played *Jingle Bells*. Some years later Emilie gave the bell to Gill and Geoffrey and it hung in their hall every Christmas for the grandchildren to ring before they went home.

At Gill's 80th birthday lunch I finished my contribution to the entertainment by singing a short version of a song *He's just my Bill*, which Gill often sang.

She's just our Gill, no ordinary girl

With talents and achievements she could brag about.

But Gill's not proud, doesn't shout out loud:

"I'm Gill, bow down before me, please flatter and adore me."

No, she's humble and kind, no gentler girl you'll find.

That's why we still just love her, because she's ... I don't know...

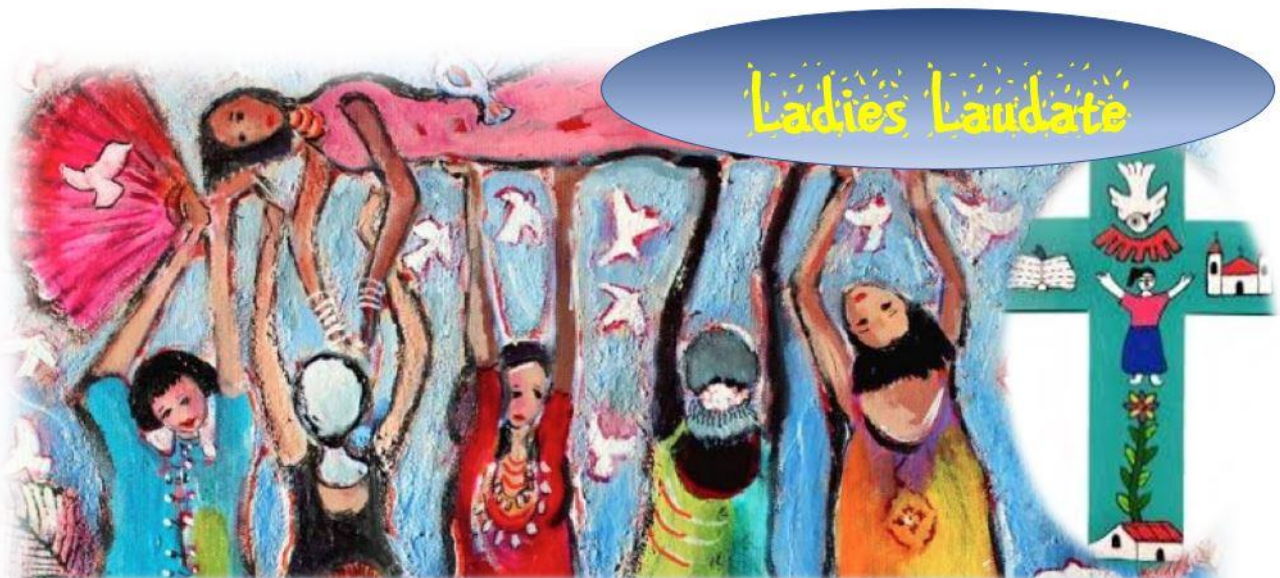
Because she's just our Gill.

Rex Freeman

Postscript by James and Jennifer Day

When Revd David Ford left St James' Church and moved to be a canon of Ripon Cathedral, his leaving coincided with the retirement of the headmaster of Netherhall. A collaboration of the talents of St James' Church, Netherhall and Queen Edith's marked the occasion with 3 performances of Benjamin Britten's *Noye's Fludde*. This was quite an ambitious undertaking. Gill Mason sang the role of Mrs Noah (combining her sense of comedy with her musicianship) and David Briggs was Mr Noah. She taught the reception class at Queen Edith's, which included our son William, who was one of the chorus of many small animals. Anneke Heslam designed and made most of the animal masks worn by the children.

Ladies Laudate



A meeting for friendship and developing a deeper understanding of one another!
Fun, laughter, tears, joy and good conversation

You are welcome to join us on:

23rd May at 7.45pm in Queen Edith's Pub

13th June at 7.45pm in Queen Edith's Pub

For more information contact: stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk |

Beechwoods in Sunshine

Photographs within and looking out of the Beechwoods nature reserve taken by Ron Ferrari in spring sunshine on 20th May 2017.



Community Lunch at St James'

Members of the St James' congregation and wider community enjoying the Pastoral Visiting Group Community lunch held on 23rd April 2017



Contacts at St James's Church

Priest in charge: The Revd Steve Rothwell
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Edward Westrip, 240596
email: edward.westrip@btinternet.com

Pastoral Assistants: Mary Calladine 246742
Rosemary Monk 246421

Church Office 246419, Mon, Wed & Thur
9.15 am - 1.15 pm

e-mail: stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk

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

Director of Music: Ethan McGrath

Church & Community Activities

Choir practice: (Mon) Juniors 6.30pm
Whole choir 7pm

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

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DEADLINE FOR THE AUGUST -
SEPTEMBER 2017
ISSUE of **CROSSPIECE**

Thursday 20 July

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.

St James's Church, Cambridge: Calendar for June - July 2017

Morning Prayer is said on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 9.30 am. Everyone is welcome.

June

4th PENTECOST

8.00 am Eucharist (BCP)
10.00 am All Age Eucharist
The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services

7th 10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court
8.00 pm Home Group

8th CHURCH IN USE FOR POLLING PURPOSES (No Morning Prayer)

9th 12.30 pm Meditation Group

11th TRINITY SUNDAY

8.00 am Eucharist
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

14th 10.15 am Eucharist

16th 12.30 pm Meditation Group

18th 1st SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

8.00 am Eucharist
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

21st 10.15 am Eucharist

23rd 12.30 pm Meditation Group

24th 10.00 am Bring & Buy with Coffee Morning

25th 2nd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

8.00 am Eucharist
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

28th 10.15 am Eucharist

30th 12.30 pm Meditation Group

July

2nd 3rd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

8.00 am Eucharist (BCP)
10.00 am All Age Eucharist
The Traidcraft Stall will be open after both services

5th 10.15 am Eucharist at Dunstan Court

7th 12.30 pm Meditation Group

9th 4th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

8.00 am Eucharist
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

12th 10.15 am Eucharist

14th 12.30 pm Meditation Group

15th 11.00 am St James' Community Summer Celebration (see p7 for details)

16th 5th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

8.00 am Eucharist
10.00 am Sung Eucharist with Sunday School

19th 10.15 am Eucharist

21st 12.30 pm Meditation Group

23rd ST JAMES' DAY Patronal Festival

no 8 am Eucharist
10.00 am Festival Eucharist
12.30 pm Bring and Share lunch in the St. James' garden

26th 10.15 am Eucharist

28th No Meditation Group

30th 7th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

8.00 am Eucharist
10.00 am Sung Eucharist

Events further ahead

Following the highly successful "Sing Messiah", which raised over £500 for St James', two further musical and social fundraising events are planned for the autumn.

Look out for details of a piano recital by Patrick Hemmerlé to be held in September.

On the evening of 7th October St James' will host a harvest festival ceilidh with music from StrathCam and friends - invite your friends, put on your dancing shoes and come along to dance and support St James'.