
CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

August—September 2017

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Artichoke flowers and a decorative home for insects in the Nightingale Community Garden, a space enjoyed during the Summer Celebration day.

Words from the Vicarage

Dear Readers,

The adjustment from summer to autumn is not only marked by a change in temperature and daylight, but by dramatic changes in routine. During the summer many of the regular things that occupy our daily lives are interrupted by holidays, by people coming to visit, by special events. Just walking around Cambridge during summertime you'll notice things seem different: traffic levels alter, large groups of overseas visitors wander around the city centre and the people you normally see aren't around anymore.

Then we all re-adjust for September. Then it's back to school, back to work, back to what feels like normality. The regular routines are once more in place. But are we the same people? Has anything changed during the weeks of summer rest, holiday or whatever it is we did between July and August?

For many life will not be the same because the summer period was the changeover from one part of their life to another. Many children would have left one school to begin a new life at a different school. Some will be going from pre-school to 'big' school, some from school to college. Most children will be in a new year and a new class. It's not just children; many

couples would have got married over the summer. Life for them certainly will not be the same again.

What about those who feel that nothing changes? Many people in our community may not have had the chance to rest and recuperate; some don't get the opportunity to go away. Whilst September brings with it the feeling of a beginning of a new year for many, for others it offers little more than it did last year and the year before that. For many, life may have lost its hopefulness.

Losing hope and expectation is not a modern phenomenon – it's there in the Bible, in the early stories of the Old Testament, for example. But there is always something waiting round the corner. People who believe in God hope that even in the most hopeless of circumstances God is trying to break through. In fact it might be harder to keep God out than to invite God in. God may not wait for an invitation. But in those times when God seems to be missing, a faithful community starts to write the invitations – by praying, by worshipping and by invoking God in how they share care and fellowship.

Revd Steven Rothwell



Just one of the summer highlights: the summer community celebration.

During a day of cool changeable weather some of the tennis spectators took a tea break in the Nightingale Community Garden

Confirmation at Little St Mary's May 25 by Bishop David

Adults: Simon Tuck, Ann Lombardi.

Children: Joanna and Daniel Barrett, Isaac Rothwell, Talia Stocker, Sebastian Brown, Shaun Abraham.

Simon Tuck writes about what the occasion meant for him

I was Baptised as a baby, Simon Paul Tuck, on 22 July 1979 in my home town of Croydon. The Church was St Mary Magdalene in Addiscombe. An interesting fact for you, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor apparently sang there in the 1890's whilst he studied at The Royal College of Music. The Church has also had a Female Vicar since 2010, which is interesting because a female that's training to be a Vicar is the reason I moved to Cambridge last year. My wife Rebecca is an Ordinand at Ridley Hall.

Apart from a few Sunday School visits that I vaguely remember and a few visits for weddings and funerals, I didn't really start visiting church voluntarily until far more recently. I even managed to avoid getting married in a church, twice!

Whilst Rebecca was on an extended maternity leave she came to faith and started getting quite involved with our local Church in Chigwell. This eventually led to her talking to me about the possibility of her training to be a Vicar. Whilst she was worried I might be against such a ridiculous notion, I was of course aware that she'd been preaching and doing slightly vicar-y stuff. I wasn't as surprised as she'd thought I might be, and I certainly wasn't about to go against something that she seemed to feel so strongly about. I gave her my support and our journey into life as a Clergy family started, but also my journey to explore my faith started.

In the space of what was just under 2 years but felt a lot shorter, Rebecca had been approved for training and we'd even had a Bishop pray for us in his living room. All of the things we worried about along the way seemed to become easier than we'd expected. Obsta-

cles dissolved in front of us. The decision on where to train was almost decided for us in a strange twist of fate, we found somewhere to stay in Cambridge and we found tenants for our house in Chigwell and all was well. It was like it was meant to be. How could I not wonder if this was God's work?

Since moving to Cambridge and being given the gift of spending more time with my family, I've also had more time to go to Church. In fact I often found myself at a service at Ridley on a Thursday evening and then St James on a Sunday. I've been able to encounter different ways of worshipping due to both these services and through workshops and lectures provided for Ridley spouses. It's helped in some ways and in other ways opened the way for even more questions. I felt that I wanted to be a proper part of this though, and even though I dutifully stayed back when others went for Communion on these two days a week, I started to feel a bit left out. I felt like I was missing out on something. As a Christian your actions bring you closer to Christ, but there's nothing quite like Communion to help you feel closer to Christ. When Vicar Steven offered me Confirmation classes I had no hesitation, it was the right time.

The classes covered why we do things in certain ways, what is expected of us as Christians, and covered in more detail some subjects chosen by the participants. The actual Confirmation was quite an occasion. Held at Little St Mary's Church in Cambridge, the Confirmation service was the most spectacular service I've experienced. I've heard mention of 'bells and smells' but had only a vague notion of what it referred to until now. I couldn't have asked for

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something more suiting to mark such a special day, and my first Communion.

So what now? Now I can go up to the rail and accept Communion. Now I am a 'proper' part of God's Family. I feel more confident to say I am a Christian. Although in some ways I'm still quite a reluctant disciple. I'm still a bit confused what sort of worship I prefer, I like the order of liturgy but I like the energy of the Evangelical. It's sometimes easier when there isn't a choice. I still have lots of questions too. There are so many things that I have to be

thankful for though. Looking back there's been so many wrong turns in my life which have been righted, many times I could have wandered off the path and was guided back on. It's starting to make sense, God obviously didn't want to lose me, he had a plan. I look forward to another year in Cambridge spending time with my family and my Christian brothers and sisters at Ridley and St James'. I look forward to the future and what adventures He will bring us once Rebecca goes into Ministry.



Bishop David of Huntingdon with Isaac at the post-confirmation party

'Moving on: a note of thanks & blessing' – The Revd Debbie Ford

Debbie and David (holding the card the children at St James made to bless us on our way!)

It seems hard to believe that it was nearly 5 years ago that I was licensed as an associate Priest at St James' – so much has happened since. But at that time, Jutta Brueck (the priest in charge before Steve), was struggling, and keen to develop more of a team of clergy to enable the huge potential and vision here.

So I (with David) came to join Jutta and Geoffrey... and then came Peter Judd (with Judith)... then (mercifully, just in time for the interregnum!), Ally Barrett (with Sam, Joanna and Daniel) and then Steve and Emma (with Isaac and Leo)! Little did Jutta imagine God might provide in such abundance!

It has been an incredible time of growth and flourishing – not just in clergy or the size of the congregation (although that has happened, too - new faces of all ages, backgrounds and walks) – but in *depth*. I no longer wonder whether people will be able to hear if God speaks very quietly.... I no longer wonder whether people feel safe enough to weep and be vulnerable together. It has been a huge privilege to be part of what God is doing here at St James and we had imagined being part of it carrying on.

So it came as a surprise to us both to

realise that God seemed to be nudging and calling us on: and to redistribute some of the rich resources here within the wider area and 'cluster' of which St James is part, with St Andrew's (Cherry Hinton) and St John's (Hills Rd). It is an unusual moment in time, with 3 new priests-in-charge of each of the churches starting within the past year, with real vision and openness for how we might share and grow together in new ways.

It has seemed very strange not to turn down Wulfstan Way to St James when we've travelled to church these past few weeks...and to keep going to St Andrew's (even further away from where we live!) But it is a good time to think and pray for you all, which we do full of rich and very varied memories: thank you all.

We miss you – and yet still feel very much connected as part of the wider body of Christ – and we look forward (I hope) to our paths overlapping again in various places and ways. Please pray for us.

With love and may God continue to bless you and shine his face on you all.

Debbie and David

My faith journey by Kristina Kobes

This is the last of the faith stories which we heard during Lent. Thanks to all our contributors for sharing such personal insights. They have given us much to reflect upon.

I recently listened to a tape about Buddha and Christ, a dialogue between Laurence Freeman, a Christian monk, and the Dalai Lama. It brought a lot of memories from my past.....

I was born in Germany. My family had the Lutheran faith into which I was baptized and later confirmed. My parents were not churchgoers but they both had a deep faith and I remember hearing stories from the Bible throughout my early childhood, especially about Jesus and his ministry. During my childhood I was drawn to religion and philosophy but when I became a rather rebellious teenager I had serious doubts and could not reconcile an apparently loving God with starving children in Africa or other injustices in the world.

After high school I set out to explore the world—my aim being to reach New Zealand and live in a rural community in harmony with nature for ever after. It was an overland trip that led me from Germany over Greece, Turkey, Iran and Pakistan to India and Nepal. There in the high mountains of the Himalaya I encountered Buddhism, more precisely Tibetan Buddhism. I spent one month in a Tibetan monastery close to Kathmandu that housed (aside from a lot of mischievous and joyous little monks) a remnant of a group of westerners who had just completed a course in Tibetan Buddhism for westerners.

They welcomed me warmly. I sat with them during Pujas (worship) and listened to mantras (holy repetitive words), and I observed prostrations, which seemed an unusual form of exercise for me and I had really no idea what I was meant to do. The only thing I knew was that I felt exceedingly happy inside and somehow as if I had come home. I had never heard of Buddhism before nor had I actively sought out any new religious enlightenment, but being somewhat disgruntled with my Christian beliefs I was open to hear about karma, the law of cause and

effect, reincarnation, the spiritual path... a path to the end of suffering. A lot made a lot of sense to me (some parts did not).

However, what struck me most about the people I met was their kindness, their openness, their perceived integrity and - when it came to the lamas - their being, as they seemed to emanate something that I could not put into words, but attracted something inside me deeply. In order for me to learn about meditation properly, someone in the monastery suggested if I wanted I could do a ten-day silent meditation course in a small place in India called Bodh Gaya. So I found myself in a beautiful Thai temple in Bodh Gaya (the place Buddha got enlightenment) doing a meditation retreat run by an English Buddhist group called Gaya House.

Ten days of no talking was something that deeply touched me and introduced me to the concept of meditation and contemplation. It also introduced me to yoga. When the course had finished I stepped outside and the whole tiny Indian village with all its different temples (Thai, Nepalese, Burmese, Japanese, etc) had metamorphosed. The Dalai Lama had arrived with hundreds and thousands of Tibetans to see him. I listened to his teaching for the following month.

I travelled on being filled with wonder. After six months in India, where I absorbed some of the Hindu culture and beliefs as well, I was led to a forest monastery in Thailand (What Suan Mok), where I spent three months in a Buddhist retreat in the Terevada tradition of Thai Buddhism. This included 4am rising with regular meditation and yoga sessions in the forest, fighting mosquitos, encountering scorpions and snakes and trying to tame a mind that seemed untameable.

Continuing my travels I seemed to continue my

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spiritual search and spent five months in a yoga centre in New Zealand (my nature community), which stressed the more physical way to reach enlightenment.

I returned home after two and a half years of travel. I had not found the way! I felt confused if not overwhelmed by the variety of my spiritual/religious encounters and was luckily helped by a very kind Japanese lady to find my feet again in the west.

I decided to study medicine. I continued with my Buddhist meditations and followed a teacher (Tibetan lama) from England for a number of

years. However, something was missing. I decided I did not want a Guru or a Lama to rely on any more, and so it happened that I slowly turned back to my Christian roots. Jesus felt closer to my heart than Buddha. I started asking Jesus into my prayers and meditation and it stabilized me, it centred me and it has brought me joy.

Looking back, I feel that my Buddhism has brought my own faith to a much deeper level and for this I am grateful. Buddhism taught me to look for God in the silence of my own being, my own heart.

Notting Hill

*Garden like a cauldron
Petite clouds pinned to the sky
The birds are bushed
Flopped out in their nests watching TV*

*The news is bad
The sun follows the outrage
Concentrating the heat like a votive
candle
Soaking up anger.*

*Giving back heat
Yesterday there was a cool wind
Today is absolutely still
Not even a stirring in the grass
Lunch time passes*

Linda Appleby



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MOMENTS FROM THE ST JAMES' COMMUNITY SUMMER CELEBRATION JULY 15TH

MORNING IN NIGHTINGALE PARK



Grae and Steve

Evenly

Matched!



AFTERNOON AT THE CHURCH: bouncy castle in the garden, watching Wimbledon on a large screen and enjoying afternoon tea.



EVENING MUSIC IN THE GARDEN



Another tribute to Gill Mason

Following on our piece about Gill in the last issue, Jackie Bartholomew offers some further thoughts and a happy photo of Gill and Geoff.



Gill and I became friends after both our families moved into Beaumont Crescent in 1960. Our children grew up together and shared many outings and parties, and Gill was especially helpful to me when my daughter was born. Later Gill took delight in sharing news of Christopher's adventures when he went to live in America, and the achievements of Johnny and her grandchildren here in Cambridge.

Gill was a very regular member of St James' Church, which influenced my decision to attend also. She contributed in many ways to the life of the church and particularly loved working with the children on craft work.

Her performances as leading lady in the operatic shows at the Arts Theatre were popular. She often rehearsed her singing at home and we were treated to her beautiful voice drifting across the neighbourhood. Gill also sang with a small group of friends called the Cameo Singers and they supported me with their performance at a charity event in King's College.

As the years passed John and I shared many happy events and anniversaries with Gill and Geoff, and it was comforting to know that Gill was very ready to offer support when life wasn't always so good. During her last years when her sight and mobility were failing, she bravely maintained her faith and spirit and was ever grateful to her sons, her carers, her friends who visited or helped her to church, and of course to Geoff, who was always by her side.

Jackie Bartholomew

Contacts at St James's Church

Priest in charge: The Revd Steve Rothwell
email: s.rothwell3@btinternet.com

Churchwardens Pam Butler, 07745 591235
email: pambutler27@hotmail.com

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: This position is vacant at present and during the summer period a rota will be in operation. For information about music matters please contact Grae Worster on mgw1@cam.ac.uk

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

Crosspiece Editorial Board:

Mary Calladine
James Day
Jennifer Day
Ron Ferrari
Christina Hood

Correspondence to:
Crosspiece Editor
St James's Church
Wulfstan Way
Cambridge CB1 8QJ

or e-mail to :

stjameschurchcambridge@yahoo.co.uk

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**DEADLINE FOR THE OCTOBER —
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Thursday 21 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.

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St James's Church, Cambridge: Calendar for August — September 2017

AUGUST

There will be no Morning Prayer (except 3 Aug) and no Wednesday Eucharist during August

3rd Prayers shared with Partnership Churches at St James'

6th Transfiguration of Our Lord
8am Said Eucharist (BCP)
10am Sung Eucharist

The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services

13th 9th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist
10am Sung Eucharist

20th 10th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist
10am Sung Eucharist

27th 11th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist
10am Sung Eucharist

31st-1st Sept: Champing at St Andrew's
(sleepover for children over 10yrs from local churches)

SEPTEMBER

2nd 9.30am-1.30pm **Community Action Morning in Wulfstan Way** organised by the Queen Edith Community Forum

3rd 12th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist (BCP)
10am Sung Eucharist with

Admission to Communion for a number of junior Sunday School children

The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services

4th *Start of new school term*

5th 9.30am Morning Prayer
6th 10.30am Eucharist at Dunstan Court
7th 9.30am Morning Prayer
8th 9.30am Morning Prayer

10th 13th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist
10am Sung Eucharist
11th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
12th 9.30 am Morning Prayer
13th 10.30am Eucharist
14th 9.30am Morning Prayer
15th 9.30am Morning Prayer

17th 14th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist
10am Sung Eucharist
18th 9.30am Morning Prayer
19th 9.30am Morning Prayer
20th 10.30am Eucharist
21st 9.30am Morning Prayer
22nd 9.30am Morning Prayer

24th 15th Sunday after Trinity
8am Said Eucharist
10am Sung Eucharist
25th 9.30am Morning Prayer
26th 9.30am Morning Prayer
27th 10.30am Eucharist
28th 9.30am Morning Prayer
29th 9.30am Morning Prayer

30th 10am onwards

BRING AND BUY SALE AND COFFEE MORNING