
CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

December 2017 — January 2018

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**Pumpkins ready for carving and carving
in progress at the Pumpkin Picnic**

See page 4 for report and more pictures

Words from the Vicarage

You better watch out, You better not cry, You better not pout, I'm telling you why: Santa Claus is coming to town. Perhaps I'm being fussy but I always feel a little perturbed by this particular Christmas song. It doesn't conjure up an image of the sort of Santa I would like to believe in, probably because these lyrics carry something of a threat in them; they sound more like a parent who is trying to bargain with a child to behave rather than telling a story of a benevolent old chap who wants to bring gifts to the children of the world.

He's making a list, Checking it twice; Gonna find out who's naughty or nice., Santa Claus is coming to town. Or to put it another way: "All potential recipients must be able to prove that they are fully entitled to their gift and must have made every effort to have been good in the previous 12 month period". Santa sounds more like the sort of official you might expect to meet when claiming Jobseeker's Allowance.

He sees you when you're sleeping, He knows when you're awake, He knows if you've been bad or good So be good for goodness sake. This suggestion of an omnipotent Santa reminds me of the way adults used to tell children about God – "Be good because God is everywhere and is always watching how you behave!" This 'fear of God' theology now seems very dated to most Christians...at least I hope so.

Perhaps I am taking this light-hearted song about Christmas too seriously but when I hear

news of welfare cutbacks and tougher regulations about claiming benefits, I start to wonder if some politicians have taken the sentiment of *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town* too seriously. The policies that are being suggested by some parties imply that everyone should pay in before they receive; that they should prove their need; that they must be willing to work hard before they get any support. As a Christian I find that hard to accept, because I believe in a God who gives first, and then gives again. I might be naïve but I prefer that to be at the core of a caring community.

Our society has moved so far away from the notion of providing assistance to those in need to a 'make them earn it first' culture that I fear the day will come when all welfare support will be withdrawn.

And that's why I dislike *Santa Claus is Coming to Town* so much. By listening to the words of the song where Santa Claus behaves like an over-officious judge who is keeping a record of who is and isn't deserving, I'm reminded of how mean-spirited and suspicious we have become as a nation. Christmas is a chance to turn away from the bad habits of judging others and blaming people for being poor. It is a chance to give to one another and it's a chance to receive the free gift of God's love - with no terms and conditions. Merry Christmas and a happy new year!

Revd Steven Rothwell

s.rothwell3@btinternet.com

Winter Fair

St James' Winter Fair was held on 18th November. During a busy two hours £1220 was raised for church funds through entrance fees and sales of toys, books, cakes (some shown right), preserves, raffles, light lunches and much else besides.

The first raffle prize of £50 cash remains unclaimed at the time of writing. It was won by an orange ticket with number 211. Please get in touch with the church office (details on p11) if you have this ticket.



Cambridge Churches Homelessness Project

The first guest preacher at St James' this autumn was Revd Jon Canessa, who is based at St Paul's Cambridge as an Associate Priest and the Bishop's Adviser on Homelessness. He spoke about the increasing challenge of homelessness in Cambridge and the efforts of the Cambridge Churches Homelessness Project to meet some of this challenge.

Since 2014 the project has provided a hot meal and safe place to sleep for up to 15 homeless guests each night from December to February or March. Each night a different city-centre church, synagogue or community centre hosts the project. A large team of volunteers cooks and serves a meal and some stay overnight with the guests. Jon spoke of the positive impact of the simple but consistent hospitality provided by the project for some of the regular guests,

with possibilities for building relationships and accessing longer-term help.

The volunteer training workshop dates for this winter have now passed, but do consider whether you would be interested in getting involved next year. More information, including details of how to support the project financially, can be found online at cchp.org.uk.



St James' Ceilidh 2017

St James' ceilidh was held on 7th October, with live music from StrathCam and over 50 enthusiastic dancers from the congregation and wider community, of a wide range of ages. It was a fun and inclusive evening which raised £300 for church funds.

Pictures: (below) the band in action with harvest festival flowers behind, left to right: Barnaby, Stelios and Christina. (right) dancers getting ready for the Dashing White Sergeant



Pumpkin Picnic 2017

Someone counted – something like 60 children and 40 adults or so, including helpers. Lots of children, digging out the orange flesh of the Sustainable Cambridge's pumpkins with help, lining them up, their lids in place. The carved faces grimaced or smiled over dark shadows in startling sunshine, the kind of warmth and light we have probably seen the last of till late spring in 2018.

This kind of event does not begin that very morning. Pam had been planning and ringing up and cajoling for weeks. It got under way with publicity and shopping and considering how to make pumpkin soup tasty. Then the day before we hauled out the faithful, tough, tables from the cupboard – mind your fingers! - and put them in the church, moving all those red-seated chairs to the side. Then, given a bonus last day of summer, most tables were placed on the grass while, with the usual anxiety, we waited to see if someone actually came. Games and craft were there - and were used it seems, from Jacqui's photographs. Caroline made tea and coffee in the front kitchen and people were welcomed. Painted faces and tiny painted pumpkins appeared, a vegetable treasure hunt helped to identify pink potatoes and yellow carrots, the thing-from-outer-space kohlrabi stem that makes lovely coleslaw.....

All this we missed, working together with the stove and the slow cooker to manufacture cauldrons of not witches' brew but soup. No-one outside saw us till later. There we were hidden in the kitchen. There was Sue, our diligent and willing visitor from the allotment society, and Judy from the church, starting the pumpkins into their new short life, scooping out their insides



and chopping chunks so children could have a head-start as they start their heads and the soup can be made. In a team of three

we slowly built pumpkin soup on an onion and potato and spice base JUST in time to serve out.

Outside Rebecca's magic apple peeler and corer was being demonstrated and tried till we ran out of apples. Rebecca, who has many other local roles from involvement in the Nightingale Community Gardens to caring for the planters in front of the shops along the road, showed people strange pumpkin-related squashes. There was a rainbow parachute to play under and giant snakes and ladders to try out and more - all making for 'not a moment to be bored'.

Just after one o'clock, we three cooks, with our individual ladles and containers carried out our hot soup from the sunless kitchen into the blinding low light of an October late lunchtime and found a mass of people queuing ready to eat, Judy bringing her own gently gingered butternut silky soup from home and Sue with her own pumpkin bread. There was more bread and fruit and all kinds of other food. This was a 'bring and share' and people did just that, filling the tables with extras as the surfaces began to empty, even to the last minute when puddings were running out and someone appeared with little jewelled cakes to fill the last spaces on tables and in tummies.

We packed up, sat down and drank tea, and congratulated ourselves on a good day – friendships formed in working together as the pumpkins are shaped. Almost no waste – someone ate *all* that soup. (Maybe more next year?) The pumpkins will end up in a compost heap. The seeds will be used by the children again like this year, the red ones dyed in the skins of the onions we put in the soup.

And people did come: not quite 5000. We think we did not run out of soup till the last children came to try it. We are sorry if you did not get any. Make sure you do next year. We have to thank everyone who helped with *everything*, including the Co-op who supplied some lovely food and everyone who came to do and to be and who feels growing, especially in a community, is so very worthwhile.

Mary Smale



Pictures clockwise from top left: Pumpkins ready for carving; Foyer display; pumpkin bread and scones; products of the picnic; everything in full swing in the sunshine; mini pumpkin and persimmon "noughts and crosses"; face painting; a carved pumpkin face; carving in progress; exotic squashes; apple peeling machine.

David Briggs 100th Birthday

David Briggs, who celebrated his 100th birthday in November, is now the only survivor of the choristers who sang in the very first BBC radio broadcast of the Christmas Eve carol service from King's College Chapel in 1928. He continued worshipping in the magnificent Chapel as a choral scholar and during his days as headmaster of the King's College Choir School. On his retirement in 1977 he and his wife Mary moved to Beaumont Road. They then spent the next 30 or so years at the modern(ish) box of St James', where David sang in the choir and generally entered energetically into the life of the parish.

Those of us who were there during David's active years remember especially how he got together groups of teenagers and put on plays. And what plays! Nothing popular to draw in the masses, but such things as the mediaeval mystery plays or the late 15th century morality play "Everyman". And yet they were inspiring and the young people took on the challenge to great acclaim from the audiences. Modern technology did have a role though, such as the nativity star which moved its shining light on a wire across the stage. During this time we marked the end of Revd David Ford's time with us and the retirement of the headmaster of Netherhall, David Scarisbrick, with three performances of Benjamin Britten's "Noye's Fludde". This was a joint project by St James', Netherhall and Queen Edith's, and the star of the show was Noah, played by David Briggs.

During his years in the choir, his long practised musical skills meant he could sight-read anything and was willing to have a go at any period or style of music, often as the only bass.

As David grew older and Mary's health declined, they moved to Bedford to live with his

younger daughter Anne. Mary died there quite soon after, and David was grief-stricken, but he continued to lead a life which held meaning for him. It was typical of David that, once settled into his life in Bedford, he did not let the grass grow under his feet and joined the local church choir. However, he retained links with St James', returning to join the choir on the Sundays when there was no choir at the Bedford church. Many of us held our breath as he drove himself in some battered old banger from Bedford to Cambridge, crossing the A1 on the way. His last trip of this nature was on the occasion in 2015 when he drove over to the community tea at St James' after the beating of the bounds.

David reached his century on 7 December 2017, and his daughter Anne hosted a party in his honour at their home in Bedford on Sunday 5 November. David had unfortunately broken his femur some weeks before and was in hospital for rehabilitation, but he was allowed out in a wheelchair for the day. Eleven of us from St James', mostly choir members, were delighted to be there. And what an occasion! Only Anne could have imagined that she could serve roast beef and Yorkshire pudding (or a vegetarian option) to about a hundred people outdoors in the garden in November. We had been warned to dress warmly, and there were some firepits blazing here and there. The weather was good (for November) but I don't think a wet weather/snow/fog option had even been considered.

Between the courses there was music and we all squeezed into the house for this. There were many professional and amateur musicians to hand, but it was all about fun. First there was a highly entertaining, under-rehearsed and yet thoroughly enjoyable performance of Haydn's "Toy Symphony", with a noticeably out of tune toy trumpet and a temperamental nightingale (the toy bird call improved by being filled with wine instead of water). Then those of us who could read music were hustled into groups to sight-read a setting of "Happy Birthday to you", followed by a Vaughan Williams folksong arrangement with David himself singing the solo line. All in all it was a very joyful occasion with music of a

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questionable standard and much laughter. David is held in such affection by everyone and we stood round while he opened his birthday congratulations from the Queen, and admired the birthday cake, appropriately a model of King's

College Chapel.

Jennifer Day

Photo of David Briggs used by kind permission of Simon Churchill.

Family Tribute to Joan Robertson (1927 – 2017)

Delivered at the Thanksgiving service for Joan's life, on Monday 30th October 2017, at St James' Church, Cambridge. A picture of Joan with her Christmas Fair jam stall was included in the previous issue of Crosspiece, available from the St James' website.

Joan was a woman of her time, and like many women of the age she grew up in, went unrecognised for the contribution she made. It was no great intellectual contribution; she received no plaudits, certificates or medals, but for a huge number of people, their lives would have been poorer for not meeting her.

She was born on 17th July 1927, in Mill Road Hospital, the only child of Margaret and Albert. Some of their roots lay in the Fens and Joan always had a particular affection for the black soil and big skies that characterise that area. But Cambridge was where she was born and where she stayed.

She detested school. The only thing that caught her imagination was History, which remained a life-long interest and fascination. She left school at 14 years old, and went to work as an apprentice shop assistant at Eaden Lilley, in the haberdashery department. At the age of 17 she transferred to the photography department, where she stayed until her retirement at the age of 70, not retiring until she had to. After all, as she openly said, she was paid to work in the shop, but making tea for Stan was an unpaid occupation!

Joan and Stan met through photography. Stan worked for a friendly rival of Eaden Lilley - "Stearns" in Bridge Street. They married in 1950, at St John's Church on Hills Road, and lived originally at 73, Glebe Road, before moving to 55, Queen Edith's Way, on May 31 1954, where they lived for the rest of their lives.

Her focus was almost entirely on the family. She was the mainstay in keeping the family together through what were some challenging times. At least once a year she was tested to her limits by the visit of her mother-in-law, who had diametrically opposed views on how to bring up a family – freedom of thought and independence were not ideas that were

readily accepted by our grandmother. In his forties Stan suffered with a number of mental issues, and it was Joan who held things together. In the last years of his life, Joan looked after Stan impeccably, often at the expense of her own health and sanity.

As children, we were taught to be polite and respectful, but to respect the person and not any position they happened to have in life. We were told that we were as good as anyone else, and if we worked hard there were no limits to what we could achieve. Joan was particularly active in the everyday support of Leslie's children, Tim, Ben and Hannah, and was a positive influence on Steven's children, Tom and Abby. However she stood up for us all, husband, sons, daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She encouraged us, and importantly loved us despite our failings. We Robertsons regard ourselves as being strong on family, and we learnt from Joan, the mainstay.

But she also had time for others. If someone needed some help, whether it was a little practical help, something more prolonged or just some "tea and sympathy", then Joan was your woman. But you had to be genuine – fraudsters were not allowed. We know there are some, if not many, here today who will testify to her help and kindness.

Also central to her life was the church – this church. Joan was one of "the few" that met before this building was built and participated in its growth. In her younger years she took responsibility for some of the gardens, and until recently cleaned the silver, whether it needed it or not. However it was the jam stall at the Christmas Fair that was the main event, taking over her life, (and the life of others) in the preceding weeks. When it came to making and selling jam, Joan was a force to be reckoned with. But this is to gloss over the many friends she made, and these were far more important. In terms of her faith, she was not one for ceremony, bells and smells, but had a simple faith and didn't need anything or anyone getting in the way of the direct line she had with her friend.

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Her last months were not as she wanted. She always avowed that she wanted to “wear out rather than rust away”, and the loss of her mobility was a cruel blow to her. In her mind she could do all the things she loved; digging the garden, making jam and chutney and cleaning the church silver. She bore her setback, in the main, with some fortitude, a bit of good humour and a fair sprinkling of bad grace. Our thanks go to everyone who helped her through the difficult transition in Spring of this year, and continued to



visit her and keep in contact by whatever way they found possible. The visits, phone calls, cards, flowers and sweets were, and are, all appreciated.

What stood out for us during this time was her determination to stay in control of her own destiny. In her last days she was notably assertive

as to what treatments she would allow and what she wouldn't, and we respected her wishes. A major theme of her life was her fight for self-determination and independence and so it was at the end. A remarkable woman and already sorely missed.

And so we are left with memories. But what memories. Croft sherry, (well actually any type as long as it was sweet), “sweet wine for Mama”, the fall in the raspberry patch, the fall in the bath (but don't tell Dad), playing cards, inappropriate comments said with a twinkle, creosoting the fence in an inappropriate T-shirt, collecting shells (her treasures) on the beach at Hunstanton, ruthlessly selling her jam, culinary triumphs and disasters; the list goes on.

And finally, it has been written, “Do you not know that a man is not dead while his name is still spoken?” So please come and have a glass of sherry or wine, not necessarily sweet, and celebrate her life, and when you leave, keep her alive.

Cursillo

Many of you have heard me talk about Cursillo, so having recently returned from a Cursillo weekend at Bishop Woodford House I thought I would tell you a bit more about it. Pronounced kur-see-yo, Cursillo is Spanish for a short course. Cursillo originated in the Roman Catholic church in Mallorca. In post-war Spain a group of laymen wanted to find a way to help active lay people bring Christianity from the church into their everyday environments. Under the leadership of their bishop they began with small group meetings, and over time developed weekend retreats as training sessions (Cursillos). The weekend focuses on what is fundamental for being a Christian and emphasises the practical aspects of witness. The aim is to take what you have learnt back into your everyday life to help share Christianity with others.

In Ely diocese Cursillo has run since 1999, now with two courses each year. The course is residential and runs from Thursday evening to Sunday afternoon. The structure is based around daily Eucharist, 5 meditations, and 15 short talks. In Ely each talk is followed by time for small group discussion and there are regular breaks for more

informal discussions. The days conclude with a time of prayer and reflection, generally followed by social time. In keeping with the origins of Cursillo, the weekend is run predominantly by lay people, however there is support from two members of clergy who lead the Eucharists, undertake some of the talks and meditations, and are available for spiritual counsel if required.

The weekend is not considered an end in itself, but the beginning of the rest of your life in Christ. Cursillo's aim is to empower you to live your Christian life as God would have you do. You are encouraged to go out on your fourth day taking what you have learnt and experienced over the weekend to help you continue building your life in Christ and sharing it with others.

I took part in my initial Cursillo weekend in 2008. At the time I was a very different person, lacking confidence, emotionally insecure and feeling that I did not have anything to offer others. However the environment was safe, non-judgemental and encouraged me to join in the small group discussion and social times.

Over the weekend there was a lot to take in, but in balance with the deep and meaningful, there was much joy and laughter – much more than I had probably experienced in the whole of my previous 20 years of church life.

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During the weekend the importance of prayer became more visible, and we were made aware that Cursillo is underpinned with prayer before, during and after the weekend. We received many prayer cards – some personalised and others to the whole group, it was incredible to think so many people were praying for a group of already proclaimed Christians to ensure that they encountered the Holy Spirit and would truly know God.

As a Christian I had had previous encounters with God and the Holy Spirit and knew that I could not live my life without God, but Cursillo brought me to a new level of knowing God and God's love for me. The weekend was for me a spiritual high, filled with love, acceptance and genuine care such as I had not encountered before. It gave me an opportunity to share my faith with like-minded people and talk about things that were important to me. It taught me that I (not my vicar!) was responsible for my faith, and showed me that I had something to offer others.

As with all 'feel good' experiences, after the weekend real life kicked back in and I had to come down from the high, but this time it was different. I carried the experience of the weekend into my daily life and Cursillo became the basis for me to grow into the person I now am, it gave me tools to help me on my journey, which alongside the weekend experience have taught me to feel loved, secure and confident as a child of God.

Following my weekend I went back to my previous routines of church, housegroup, and my own study and prayer life. In addition to this I wanted to keep growing beyond the boundaries of our local church and experience more of Christ in the world. Cursillo had given me a new outlook on my faith and I wanted to keep this alive. I therefore joined with a small group of other cursillestas (people who have done Cursillo) to meet every few weeks to give account of my life in Christ – we each give examples of what has nourished our Christian journey since the previous meeting, what we have studied and any action we have been involved in or plan to do as witness to others. This group helps to keep me accountable for my faith and look at the whole of my life in relation to God. It gives me opportunity to see where and how God is working in both mine and others' lives. It gives me a safe

place to share the challenges of this life, and the sharing reminds us all that we are not alone with the difficulties we face in this world. It is a privilege to share in a group that is fully confidential, where prayer is given and received and where we truly aim to build one another up in the love of God.

Another aspect of Cursillo that I enjoy is diocesan group meetings which occur every couple of months. Anyone is welcome to these meetings. They include informal worship, prayer, witness talks and small group time. Again for me they are a time of spiritual nourishment.

Although I did not know it at the time of agreeing to go on the initial weekend, Cursillo was to be the beginning of much nurturing that would grow me as a person and as a Christian and has given me the resources to get through some very difficult times. It led me to seeking a spiritual director (a resource of which I was previously unaware) and has given me a safe community for prayer. Cursillo and spiritual direction have helped me find my way through the particularly difficult times of miscarriage, losing my job and just wondering where God has gone at times over the last few years.

In short, Cursillo is a movement of the Anglican church providing a method by which Christians are empowered to grow through prayer, study and action and are enabled and empowered to share God's love with everyone.. I wonder what resources might help you on your spiritual journey and whether you feel there is a place for Cursillo in your life?

If you are interested in finding out more why not have a look at Ely Cursillo website (elycursillo.co.uk) or the national website (anglicancursillo.co.uk). If you would like to experience a small group session, local meeting or attend a weekend please speak to myself or Steven Ridley.

Dawn Ridley



BRITISH ANGLICAN CURSILLO COUNCIL

Christmas services

Carol Service <i>Followed by mulled wine and mince pies</i>	Sunday 17th December	6.30 pm
Christmas Eve morning Eucharist	Christmas Eve	8.00 am
Children's Service	Christmas Eve	5.00 pm
Midnight Mass	Christmas Eve	11.00 pm
All Age Eucharist	Christmas Day	10.00 am

Image from christmasstockimages.com

Poems by Linda Appleby

A Christmas Carol

If trees could talk, what would they say?
They'd show men where the children play

And what occurs beyond the hill
What the wind does when it is still

And what goes on when Jesus comes
We'll welcome him with trumpets and drums

And praise the trees with all their height
And love the Lord with all your might

Photo: Nichole Renee (creative commons)



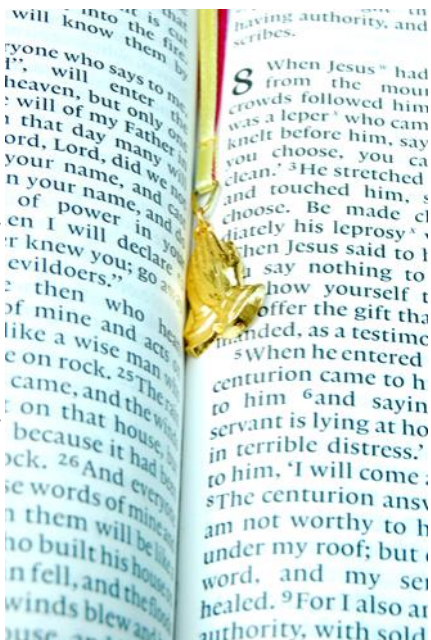
The Carpenter's Son

The poetry of prophecy
The gift of knowing what comes next
Think outside the box
Write your own text

The best is yet to come
I can see it with my crystal ball
Keep up the fight
For great and small

Who said it wouldn't be hard?
It is the culmination of the ages
Give me the book, I'll read between the lines
And we can turn the pages

Photo: Clare Black (creative commons)



Contacts at St James's Church

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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.
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

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 FEBRUARY-
MARCH 2017
ISSUE of *CROSSPIECE***

Friday 19th January

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 December 2017— January 2018

A warm welcome is extended to everyone to join us for our Christmas services – details below.
Morning Prayer is said on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 9.30 am. Everyone is welcome.

December 2017

1 st	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
3rd	1st SUNDAY OF ADVENT	
	8.00 am	Eucharist (BCP)
	8.45 am	Advent breakfast
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
		<i>The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services</i>
5 th	7.30 pm	Home Group at 27 Topcliffe Way
6 th	10.15 am	Carol Service at Dunstan Court
8 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
9 th	2.00 pm - 5.00 pm	Queen Edith's Christmas Festival at QE Chapel
10th	2nd SUNDAY OF ADVENT	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	8.45 am	Advent breakfast
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
11 th	2.30 pm	Carol Service at Cherry Hinton Care Home
13 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
	2.30 pm	Carol Service at Hinton Grange Care Home
15 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
17th	3rd SUNDAY OF ADVENT	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	8.45 am	Advent breakfast
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist
	6.30 pm	<i>Carol Service followed by mulled wine and mince pies</i>
19 th	7.30 pm	Home Group at 27 Topcliffe Way
20 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
24th	CHRISTMAS EVE	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	(No 10.00 am Eucharist)	
	5.00 pm	Crib Service
	11.00 pm	Midnight Mass
25th	CHRISTMAS DAY	
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
27 th	No mid week Eucharist	

31st The 1st SUNDAY OF CHRISTMAS

8.00 am	Eucharist
10.00 am	Sung Eucharist

January 2018

We wish everyone a Happy New Year

3 rd	10.15 am	Eucharist at Dunstan Court
4 th	9.30 am	Joint morning prayer with St Andrew's and St John's, held at St James'
5 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
7th	EPIPHANY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist (BCP)
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
		<i>The Traidcraft stall will be open after both services</i>
10 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
12 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
14th	2nd SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
17 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
	8.00 pm	PCC Meeting
18 th	2.30 pm	Hymn service at Hinton Grange Care Home
19 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
21st	3rd SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
24 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
26 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
27 th	10.00 am	Bring & Buy Coffee Morning
28th	4th SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
31 st	10.15 am	Eucharist
February		
2 nd	1.30 pm	Meditation Group

Further Ahead: St James' Church will welcome the Bishop of Ely, the Right Revd Stephen Conway, to church on Sunday 25th February. There will be one service that morning at 10 am.