
CROSSPIECE



The Parish Magazine of St James's Church, Cambridge

October—November 2019

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Harvest bounty

Words from our curate

Dear Readers,

I'm writing this on the day that Parliament resumed sitting, having learned that it hadn't been prorogued after all. By the time you read this the direction our country is heading in may be clearer than it is at the moment, but whatever the outcome, the anger, resentment and division are sure to remain with us for some time to come. How can we respond?

Someone pointed me to a recent sermon by Lucy Winkett, the Rector of another St James's (Piccadilly). In it she talks about two of Jesus's closest followers, people he sought out and invited to be members of the Twelve: the inner circle we know as the Apostles. One was Matthew, the tax collector. We can sometimes misunderstand the nature of his work. Matthew's job was quite different from that done by modern tax officers. At his booth in the street, he collected money for an oppressive, occupying force - the Romans. In other words he was a collaborator.

We know less about another Apostle, Simon the Zealot. His name, and nothing more, is mentioned four times in the New Testament. The name itself gives the clue to his identity though, since the Zealots were a group thought to be fanatical by other sources. The Zealots eventually sought the violent overthrow of the Romans.

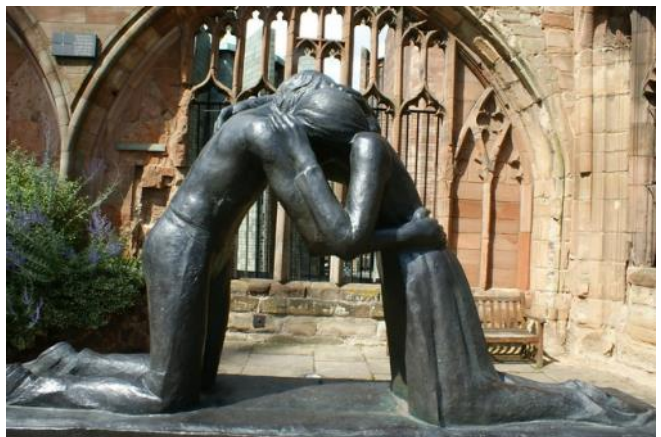
In political terms these are two people far further apart than Brexiteers and Remainers! Yet Jesus invited them both into his inner circle. In Him they came together, reconciled and living for a deeper purpose than politics. After Pentecost we have a snapshot of the life of Jesus's followers as they shared what they had, looked after those among them in need and spread the message of God's promise of new life in Jesus Christ. Matthew and Simon

the Zealot, as Apostles, must have been right at the heart of this.

Reconciliation, generosity, loving relationships inspired by the Holy Spirit. That inspiration is at work now as it was then, and in my brief time at St James's I recognise some of the ways we are being inspired to connect with God's purposes in our neighbourhood. It might be through pastoral work and prayer or through the Partnership for Missional Church programme that's about to begin its second year. Or it might be in so many other things that I've not yet had a chance to experience.

With events like the Pumpkin Picnic and the Holiday Lunch Club coming up at half term I'm looking forward to meeting more people, and finding out what God is already doing in their lives irrespective of whether they voted to leave the EU or not, or didn't vote at all. Hopefully, I'll be invited to join in!

Revd Anne Strauss



This sculpture "Reconciliation" by Josefin de Vasconcellos is seen here at Coventry Cathedral. There are others outside the Stormont Parliament, in Hiroshima and in Berlin.

My work as a Police Chaplain

In June Revd Helen Arnold presided at a Sunday 10am Eucharist at St James'. She included in her sermon an account of her work as a Police Chaplain. Not long after, however, the shocking murder of PC Andrew Harper touched the nation, and Helen has been deeply involved in the aftermath of this. It is important to remember her in our prayers as she stands beside the bereaved (family, friends and colleagues) at this time.

Here, however we print most of her sermon from that June day.

Jesus says, 'Follow me' That sounds familiar doesn't it?

What does following Jesus mean? Jesus calls his disciples to follow him, **to do things in a new way**, don't look back but look ahead. It won't be easy, like pushing the plough through the rough ground, but he wants us to follow him and pursue a new furrow.

Paul's letter to the Galatians reminds them, and reminds us: *For you were called to freedom, brothers and sisters; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for self-indulgence, but through love become slaves to one another. For the whole law is summed up in a single commandment, 'You shall love your neighbour as yourself.'*

It is in service to one another that we become the people that Jesus want us to be, as his followers. In so doing we enter heaven with him and our earthly lives are transformed into a new kind of joy and freedom, because it's **not all about us**. In talking about a calling, a life of giving service to others, I want to talk to you about my other work. I am now Lead Chaplain of Thames Valley Police. So I spend my time near Oxford during the week. I am chaplain to the officers and staff of the police, supporting them in their duties, giving pastoral care and listening

when they are in need.

One young woman who has been off work for a long time and contemplating her future, told me, "I love being able to say I am a police officer." She had always wanted to be a police officer, worked her way up from the bottom, and couldn't see herself doing anything else. If she had to give up, she said, she wouldn't be her real self any more, she would be unfulfilled, as this was what she felt she had to be. In my words, I would say to her, '**this is your calling** your vocation, something you are called to be', but it was not the kind of language that she would use. She, like many of the police I have come to know, come to the job to serve others, because they want to make a difference. They want to do a job that's worthwhile, and improve life for the community, make the world a slightly better place.

That's not often a description that we imagine of the police. So much of the publicity we hear and read is about the police being criticized when things go wrong. But my experience is very different, and it has surprised me. But the more I work among them, the more I realise that what they do is a calling to serve others.

They put themselves at risk everyday, and sometimes pay the ultimate sacrifice to keep us safe. Following Jesus' way can be risky at times. They are living out the gospel, although they probably wouldn't describe it that way. They are putting themselves at risk, going after criminals with weapons, fighting knife crime, following drug dealers across county lines, out on the roads picking up pieces, and sometimes facing up to dangerous drivers.

One video on You Tube shows two police officers in a car, corralling the traffic on the M40, slowing it down behind them, as they knew that up ahead was a car driving the wrong way down

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the motorway. As this car approached, the police car eventually took off towards it, and in a highly skilled and practised manoeuvre, drove head on, and at the last minute clipped the edge of the oncoming car so that it spun and ground to a halt avoiding the impact with all of the oncoming motorway traffic. All lives were saved, through their selfless courageous act.

At the same time the neighbourhood police pick up the homeless, trying to get the right services for those with mental illness who increasingly are landing at the door of the police, as other community services have been cut back. I see examples of endless patience, with police increasingly acting like social workers, meeting all the needs of the poor, the vulnerable, the addicts, the dementia sufferer, or the young person who has gone missing: the victims. There is no time when *they* get to say, 'sorry can't do that now, I have something else to do.'

They frequently lose their rest days, to cover for colleagues or when staff numbers are stretched (much too frequently in the current times of shortages) There is an embargo on any annual leave when there is a major event to police, such as the visit of Donald Trump. They see it as their duty, the job they signed up to do. They are not in a position to say, "I can't come on that shift, I've got to go and see to my family", and more often than not their family and relationships suffer.

Theirs is not an easy job either. As Jesus warned his disciples, any job that involves challenging the status quo, is likely to involve persecution. The police deserve our utmost respect as they work in the most challenging of circumstances, in these most difficult times. It was reported recently, that *"In the first major survey of its kind, the Police Federation of England and Wales discovered around 2 million unarmed assaults in a year. The figure means a police officer is attacked somewhere in the country every 4 minutes."* They themselves are the persecuted.

And how vulnerable they can be at times:

There is a police suicide every 23 days. That is just too many lives: fathers, sons, mothers, wives or husband. Paying the ultimate sacrifice when the job becomes too much.

As a police Chaplain, it is my job to support them when they are down, to encourage those who feel persecuted, those who are ill, those who suffer loss. In short, as a chaplain, I am there to serve them. But more often I find that it is their example of unwavering service and sense of duty, their loyalty to the police family, to each other, and to the community, that inspires me. When I talk about the gospel of Jesus, it is about how we can best love one another. In serving the police I have seen ways to do it, in following their example of selflessness, courage, compassion, sense of duty and a care for others, especially the victims and the vulnerable. I have seen God's love in action.

As Christians, how do we measure up? Are we fit to wear the uniform, willing to wear it? Do we give up our time, make sacrifices for the job that God wants us to do, caring for others as much as we care for our own, or loving our neighbour whom we don't even know? There are many in our society that do. Perhaps we should remember that, with gratitude.

We have a police service that is the best in the world. I don't doubt it, and I am proud to be alongside those who serve and sometimes even lay down their lives for our sake.

Revd Helen Arnold

Lead Chaplain, Thames Valley Police

ST JAMES' CHURCH invites you to their

Harvest Festival

Sunday 6 October

10.00 am



Donations of produce (tins and packets preferred please) will be donated to Cambridge City Foodbank to help individuals and families in crisis

Everyone welcome

<http://stjamescambridge.org.uk/> St James' Church, Wulfstan Way, Cambridge CB1 8QJ

Harvest Song

*the rose breaks forth in a second issue
the sun finds a more secure place in the
heaven
crinkled orange blooms are like wrinkled tis-
sue
and butterflies oscillate about the bush
the fields enlivened
by a wind that rejoices with the flickering
sun
sending the thistles in a horizontal whisper*

*the harvest has begun
tracing parallel furrows drawn across
the horizon's unmarked writing paper*

Linda Appleby

Pumpkin Picnic

at St James' Church, Wulfstan Way

Tuesday 22nd October
12 - 2.00 pm

Craft Activities
Pumpkin Carvings
Games

Bring and Share Lunch



This year we are asking everyone to bring some food to share for lunch

A donation towards the cost of the event would be most welcome

My time at the Taizé Community

Last Summer I visited The Taizé Community in Eastern France. It is a monastery that opens itself up to people from all religions from all around the world. The week I went was for young people from all around Europe but there were also families there as well. It is so accepting of all: any religion, gender or ethnicity can come and worship together. I thought that this was quite inspiring for a model for all churches around the world.

There are three services per day in Taizé, each one with silent prayers for reflection, readings read in a different language at each service, and of course Taizé chants. It is quite remarkable to hear about a thousand people singing together. In addition to the chants, the young people in Taizé had interesting talks led by a brother, and smaller groups where you could talk about the readings from church or

anything about your own spiritual life.

Whilst you are in Taizé, you are also expected to chip in every other day to help with chores like cleaning, washing up etc. It is supposed to teach us about humbling ourselves and helping others above ourselves.

Taizé offers a chance to escape ordinary life and spend time relaxing and focusing on time with God. Whilst you are in Taizé, you realise the things that really matter in life and how simply you can live. The food took a little bit of getting used to, but it made me realise how lucky I was to have the food that I have!

In Taizé, you can meet so many people your own age, from your own country and from other countries as well, which was great

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practice for my French and German. In the evenings after evening prayer and supper, you can socialise at a place called the OYAK. You can buy crepes and ice creams and listen to people play their instruments around a fire. I have so many nice memories from the evenings, and I am still in contact with some of the people I met there!

I really recommend Taizé, I can guarantee it will be fun for anyone who goes there. I know I am definitely going back there next year!

Joanna Barrett



A visit to Ribe – the oldest town in Denmark

During our visit this Summer to our daughter Rachel's family in Flensburg, North Germany, we were privileged to spend a day in Ribe as guests of Hanne, the mother of Rachel's friend and neighbour, Gertruide. Gertruide was born and brought up in Ribe, where her mother and sister still live. She very kindly invited us to join her in a visit, and drove us the 80 km to Ribe, where Hanne welcomed us all with a delicious *smørrebrød* lunch in her small but elegant home. Hanne is an official tourist guide, and after lunch she took us on a tour of the town, including the mediaeval Town Hall and the Cathedral.

Ribe traces its origins back to 710 AD (and celebrated its 1300th anniversary in 2010) making it not only the oldest town in Denmark, but in the whole of Scandinavia. Our walking tour took us first to the river, *Riberflus*, now much silted up and diminished in size, but in the Middle Ages a significant waterway. Boats from Ribe traded with ports in the Netherlands and Northern Germany, bringing many rich and

varied goods back to Denmark.

By the 17th century Ribe was a considerable trading town, with a strongly Dutch and Flemish-influenced culture. Then the wars against Sweden in the 17th and 18th centuries, and the silting up of the river led to a decline in prosperity, and the development later of the large port of Esbjerg to the north, together with the redrawing of the border with Germany, meant that Ribe was for a while no longer Danish, which led to stagnation and neglect. Fortunately, this also meant the survival of the old cobbled streets, the half-timbered houses and older buildings, so that in the 21st century Ribe has become a noted tourist destination.

We next visited the main street, where a cold wind was blowing across the marshes from the North Sea, six km to the West. We walked through a beautifully laid out park, with streams, pools and bridges, and thence to the 15th century Town Hall, built originally as two

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separate houses. There we saw the Assembly Hall, where civil weddings are performed, the former debtors' prison - now housing the town archives and other items of interest - and the twin-town room, where we noticed brochures about Ely and its cathedral, for Ely and Ribe are twinned.

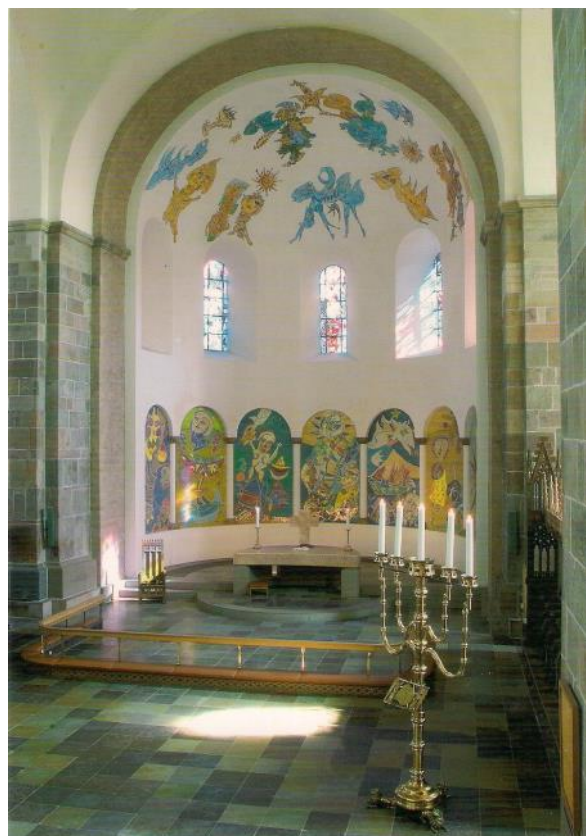
We finished our tour at the Cathedral church of Our Lady, which as the guidebook says "rises like a mighty stone colossus dominating the roofs of the town and the expanses of the surrounding marshlands." St Ansgar obtained permission to erect the first church in Ribe in the year 850 AD, when he was archbishop of the northern province, headquartered in Hamburg, Germany. The earliest churches were timber built. The first stone cathedral was built in the early 12th century by bishop Thure, who died in 1134. Rhenish tuffstone, a porous volcanic limestone, was imported from the Eiffel hills south of Cologne as West Jutland is lacking in stone for building.

The present cathedral was built and added to in the 12th and 13th centuries in the



Ribe Cathedral

Romanesque style, with a cupola over the transept crossing, and towers at east and west ends. In the late 19th century there was a comprehensive restoration programme to stabilise the heavy arcade walls by unobtrusive flying buttresses. The apse was redecorated with modern stained glass, paintings and mosaics at the end of the 20th century.



East end with the altar

Ribe is a delightful, unspoilt little town, nestling on the banks of the Riberflus, and like Ely, its twin city, dominated by its disproportionately large stone cathedral. We can thoroughly recommend a visit, but do wrap up warm as the wind off the North Sea can be very cold, even in July.

Mary Calladine

(pictures from creative commons)

Morning rituals

I am a ritualist. Don't get me wrong. I don't go in for bells and smells, although I have no objection to such exotics. No, I mean that I have fixed, rather obsessive ways of doing things. Getting dressed for instance. To put my socks on before my shirt is unthinkable. Dressing is always preceded by a cup of tea. In my case Sainsbury's loose leaf Assam, which produces a strong, bitter reddish-black brew. And after my cuppa has shocked me into consciousness, I read a page or two of Ronald Blythe's *Wormword Diaries*, a collection (and don't be put off by this) of the end-pieces he wrote weekly for *The Church Times*.

If you have not discovered Blythe and his diaries, my heart goes out to you. He is a rich man: rich in imagination, rich in experience, rich in his reading, rich in his friends, rich in his Anglican faith. Also rich in the possession of a 17th century farmhouse, which he inherited many years ago from his friend, the painter John Nash.

Bottengam's Farm figures prominently in the diaries. I frequently feel I know the place as well as the one who had lived there for decades, but then I open a fresh volume of the diaries and discover I scarcely know half of it. For Blythe the farm and its garden are an endless source of inspiration. As are the meadows and lands surrounding it, for he is an expert on wild flowers, discovering in some nondescript weed, although no plant is nondescript to him, glories to which most of us are blind. It's not surprising, therefore that, among the many poets he is immersed in, his favourite is poor, despairing John Clare, the 18th century Northamptonshire nature poet and Blythe is president of *The John Clare Society*.

Whenever I open the diaries I find something new. Only today I discovered that *journey* and *journal* have something in common (you probably already know): both are derived from the French *jour* (day). A journal is a daily record, a journey was how far you could travel in a day.

He gets his esoteric information from his

vast, constant reading. Bottengam's Farm must be bursting at the seams with books. Is there anything he hasn't read? Which creates the mystery of where he finds the time, and now he's over ninety, not only to read but to write, to garden, to preach most Sundays and to take funerals at the village church. He is a lay reader and the outlines of his sermons that find their way into the diaries reveal someone soaked in the English mystics, the saints, hymn writers and the King James Bible. Do the villagers know they have such a treasure in their pulpit?

And one mustn't forget his myriad friends whom he seems to be constantly entertaining to delicious, home-cooked meals. Many of them are local villagers, others eminent in literature, music, art and the Church. One of his recent books is about the beginnings of the Aldeburgh Festival, in which he was much involved, and his friendship with Imogen Holst, Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten.

Reading Blythe's diaries I am constantly reminded of two other writers, very different from each and both different from Blythe. Whenever I read or listened to Alastair Cooke's *Letter from America*, and whenever I reread Sebald's *Rings of Saturn* I invariably ask myself, "How does he get from there to here?" You open both writers thinking you know where you are going to finish up, and they fool you every time. Like them Blythe is an inspired meanderer. What you read seems seamless when you are reading it, but on reflection you realise you have been on a ramble that has taken you all over the place, and every place is fascinating.

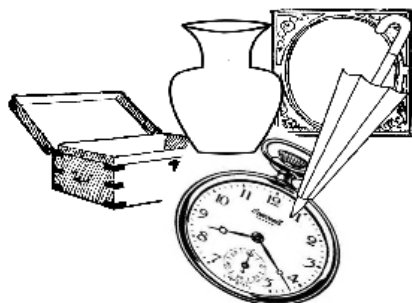
A cup of my favourite brew in one hand and Blythe and his diary in the other. What a way to start the day! No wonder, if you eavesdropped, you would hear me exclaiming "This is the day which the Lord hath made. I will rejoice and be glad in it."

Geoffrey Howard

St James' Church, Wulfstan Way

**BRING & BUY
COFFEE MORNING
with Book Sale
Saturday 26 October
10 am—12 noon**

Cakes Books Bric-a-brac Raffle



*Check our Noticeboard
and Website for other
fundraising events*

stjamescambridge.org.uk

Look out for our
CHRISTMAS
TREE FESTIVAL
& MARKET
on
14 December!

**Everyone
welcome**



**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
CAMBRIDGE BRANCH**

FISH SUPPER AND QUIZ
QUEEN EDITHS PRIMARY SCHOOL, GODWIN WAY CB1 8QP
Friday 11th OCTOBER 2019 at 7pm

Teams of up to 8
Fish and chips or veggie option to be ordered at time of purchase
Price £10

Tickets from Geoff Heathcock at 52 Queen Ediths Way CB1 8PW or phone on 244901

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DEADLINE FOR DECEMBER 2019 -
JANUARY 2020 ISSUE of **CROSSPIECE**

Thursday 21st November

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.

Safeguarding officer:

Jill Bradley 07971 013645
email: jsb_bradley@sky.com

Director of Music: Position vacant

The Music Group:

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

Crosspiece Editorial Board:

Mary Calladine, Jennifer Day, Ron Ferrari,
Christina Hood

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**ADVERTS FOR LOCAL SUPPLIERS &
SERVICES**

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Available for home appointments



St James's Church, Cambridge: Calendar for October — November 2019

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

October

1 st	2.00 pm	Friendship Café
2 nd	10.15 am	Eucharist at Dunstan Court
4 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
6 th	HARVEST FESTIVAL	
		<u>No 8 o'clock Eucharist</u>
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
	12.30 pm	Harvest Bring & Share Lunch
9 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
11 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
13 th	17th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
16 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
17 th	2.15 pm	Hymn service at Hinton Grange Care Home
	7.30 pm	Men's Beer Ministry at QE Pub
18 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
20 th	18th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	
	(School half-term week)	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist
22 nd	10.00 am	Pumpkin Picnic
23 rd	10.15 am	Eucharist
25 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
26 th	10.00 am	Bring & Buy Coffee Morning

Clocks go back!

27 th	LAST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
30 th	10.15 am	Eucharist

November

1 st	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
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3 rd	ALL SAINTS' DAY	
	8.00 am	Eucharist (BCP)
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
	4.30 pm	All Souls' Service
5 th	2.00 pm	Friendship Café
6 th	10.15 am	Eucharist at Dunstan Court
	7.45 pm	Children's Work Meeting in the Study Centre
8 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
10 th	REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY/ 3rd Sunday before Advent	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with an Act of Remembrance and Sunday School
13 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
14 th	8.00 pm	PCC Meeting
15 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
17 th	2nd Sunday before Advent	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
20 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
21 st	2.15 pm	Hymn service at Hinton Grange Care Home
	7.30 pm	Men's Beer Ministry at QE Pub
22 nd	1.30 pm	Meditation Group
24 th	CHRIST THE KING / Sunday next before Advent	
	8.00 am	Eucharist
	10.00 am	Sung Eucharist with Sunday School
25 th	2.00 pm	Staff Meeting
27 th	10.15 am	Eucharist
	11.00 am	Pastoral Team Meeting
29 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group

December

1 st	ADVENT 1	
	8.00 am	Eucharist (BCP)
	10.00 am	All Age Eucharist
3 rd	2.00 pm	Friendship Café
4 th	10.15 am	Eucharist at Dunstan Court
6 th	1.30 pm	Meditation Group