

# Labourers in the Vineyard

Over the last four weeks we have witnessed the death of Pope John Paul II and welcomed Pope Benedict XVI as his successor. For Catholics and many other Christians these have been tumultuous times. On the day of his election Pope Benedict referred to himself as a humble labourer in the vineyard.

I well remember in my first parish as a deacon, my training vicar, Father Henry, used to say that both he and I were simple gospel ministers. Human weakness can affect clergy as much as anyone else and there have always been those clergy who have aspired to the greater positions in the Church.

I wonder how many Christians are deeply indebted to those clergy who have supported and encouraged them in their spiritual lives. I shall always be grateful to my vicar, Ronald, who inspired me and encouraged me as a teenager. If it hadn't been for him, who knows what I might be doing today!

Later this month we shall celebrate with John Goodwin the 60th anniversary of his ordination

as a Deacon in the Church. Over six decades he has worked in parishes here in England and in Nigeria. As vice-principal of Ripon Hall theological college he played his part in training Anglican ordinands. In the diocese of Derby he shared in the continuing training of clergy - so important if we parish priests are not to become stuck in a rut!

Since John and Millie have become part of our congregation here at St James', we have grown to appreciate John's many gifts. Who knows how many people owe so much to what John has given them in the time that they have

known him. We are greatly privileged to be able to celebrate and give thanks to God for yet another humble labourer in the vineyard. I do hope that many of us will be able to share in the celebrations on 22nd May and make it a day to remember.

As we give thanks for John's ministry let us remember all those clergy who have inspired us down the years.



A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Stephen".

# Chronicle

# Ministry of Healing

A monthly service on the first Tuesday of the month, alternating between St James and St Francis Churches



## Healing Services:

**Tuesday 3rd May 7.30 pm**

**St Francis Church**

**Tuesday 7th June 7.30 pm**

**St James Church**

The ministry of healing is available at St James' Church every Sunday during the 10 o'clock service.

## Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving to mark the Diamond Jubilee

of  
**John Goodwin's Ordination to the Ministry of Christ's Church**



**Trinity Sunday - Sunday 22nd May**  
**11.00 am in St James Church**  
*(note later starting time)*

Celebrant: The Right Revd Henry Richmond  
*formerly Bishop of Repton*  
Preacher: Canon Richard Orchard,  
*Vicar of Baslow, Derby*

Celebration Lunch to follow!!!!  
All welcome!!

## ANNUAL PAROCHIAL MEETING



### ELECTION RESULTS

At the Annual Parochial Meeting held on 21st April 7.30 pm in St James Church.

The following were elected:

*Churchwardens:\**

Gwen Ranklin                      Norah Shallow

*Cowley Deanery Synod Representatives:\**

Pat Chung                      Una Dean

Diana Pope                      Gwen Ranklin

*Parochial Church Councillors:*

Rosanne Butler                      Margaret Martin

Marlene Shreeve                      John Shreeve

June Smith                      Thelma Telling

Lesley Williams

*\* ex officio members of the PCC*

## Churches Together in Cowley and District WEEK OF PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY

9th - 15th May at 7.00 pm

*Christ the One Foundation of the Church*



Monday 9 John Bunyan Baptist Church

Tuesday 10 Temple Cowley URC

Wednesday 11 Rose Hill Methodist Church

Thursday 12 St James Church, Cowley

Friday 13 Bl Dominic Barbari Church,  
Littlemore

Saturday 14 Holy Family, Blackbird Leys

**Sunday 15 May Pentecost United Service - 5.00 pm**

We meet at 4.00 pm with picnics outside the west front of Iffley Church, where the open-air service begins at 5.00 p.m. People should bring their own chairs, picnics, everything if possible, though we will also provide some extra chairs and cups of tea

# Cowley Invades Cornwall



We set off on a grey day for our holiday in Cornwall and before we got very far it began to rain in earnest.

The hotel was just across the road from the sea, we could hear the Atlantic rolling onto the beaches - super. Next morning the sun shone, as it does on the righteous, and although there was a chill in the wind it was a glorious day as was every day thereafter.

One late afternoon some of us walked across to the next bay where two brave souls froze their toes in the ocean. There was a refreshment kiosk on 'our' beach and we went in for a cup of tea. There was a big notice saying those who wished to buy alcohol had to produce ID to show they were over 18. One of our mature white haired ladies asked the waitress if she would have to produce ID, 'Yes' came the reply. 'Really?' 'Yes, you look far too young.'

We went to Nooky, sorry, Newquay and Padstow, Falmouth itself of course. We had a number of serious shopaholics on board. At a brief stop in Truro we thought we would go into M & S for a cup of tea, we all went in together and by the time we reached the bottom of the escalator one of us had six garments draped over her arm.

Every stop saw more shopping brought on board - shirts and shoes, bags and blouses - and one fleece cape which will be visiting church in the Winter.

We visited the Eden project. Two of our number saw a recipe in the tropical section for fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches. They debated various ways of frying peanut butter, consulted other members of the group and it was two hours before someone enlightened them. The sandwich had to be fried not the peanut butter.

We visited Land's End, withstood the wind and consumed genuine Cornish pasties, hot from the oven. We tried various attractions, some of us driving helicopter simulators some frightening themselves in realistic storms.

One evening early on a lady who shall be nameless acquired a second key card for her room because her husband tended to retire early whereas she enjoyed the hilarious games and quizzes that went on in the evenings. She forgot her room number, had a reasonable guess and tried her new key card. It did not work. She called and knocked hoping to wake her sleeping spouse. An alarmed male voice told her to go away and leave him alone. She asked at reception for her room number. The key did not work and she had to wake her poor husband.

Next morning one of our elderly single gentlemen told of the adventure of the night before. A lady had beaten on his door and demanded admission.

We had a wonderful holiday, good friends and a happy atmosphere. Thanks to our driver, Jim, and to Barbara, backed by Brian, for organising us.



# Rosanne takes time off in South Africa

Situated on the dockside of Cape Town's vibrant Victoria and Alfred Waterfront is a modern, striking building. Whereas the nearby bars, shops and historic clock tower are housed in typical dockside architecture, the Nelson Mandela Gateway to Robben Island stands square, imposing and uncompromising. Its façade is faced in shiny grey granite and it looks out across the water towards the island whose name it bears. My first reaction towards the big letters which stand out in 3D, spelling its name was, 'yes, well, I know the man and I think I know about the island, but do I want to go through and take a boat to a place like that?' I hope that doesn't let me down but I can only explain my feelings in the light of the sunshine, carefree atmosphere and easy relaxed bustle of life going on around me at the time. However after a couple of weeks in Cape Town and several more visits to the V and A Waterfront, I knew I couldn't come home to the U.K. without finding out about Robben Island. I'm glad I did and I want to tell you about it.

A pilgrimage, a 'must do', a rather sad experience, those were some of the comments made to me about going there. So it was with some doubts that I set out from the Gateway Centre, for the half hour journey by catamaran. I tried to imagine how the hundreds of young men who were taken there as political prisoners,

shackled and guarded by the heavy brigade of apartheid, must have felt as they watched Table Mountain fade in to the sea mist. I'm afraid I failed.

We were greeted in the harbour by fur seals waving their tail fins above the water (Robben Island means Seal Island in Afrikaans). The small quayside where the boats tie up is a simple place, not 'prettied up' at all. The whole experience is very straightforward and honest. I liked that. We walked along the quayside for about 80 yards, to buses waiting to take us on a tour of part of the island.

The experience is divided into two parts, first the tour and then a visit to the prison. Our guide on the bus was an educated, witty man who helped us to understand the history and wild life of the island. It has always been a dumping ground for the socially marginalized. In the nineteenth century the British used it for deserters, criminals and political prisoners. Gradually the detainees incorporated vagrants, lunatics, prostitutes and even the chronically ill. Between 1890 and 1930 it housed a leper colony. But, of course, it gained its greatest notoriety from 1961 until ten years ago, when it was the South African government's prison for anti-apartheid protestors. By 1963 when Nelson Mandela was taken there it was a maximum-security prison, where the warders, though none of the

prisoners, were all white. One letter every six months was allowed and conditions were harsh. Beatings and forced hard labour were commonplace. Inadequate clothing was deliberately issued and food was meagre.

One of the stops on our tour was in the limestone quarry where Mandela and hundreds of others were forced to work from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon, with little food or water. When we arrived the sun was high and its rays bounced off the almost white rock faces. I was a very glad of my sunglasses. We were told that dark glasses were not allowed for the prisoners who were submitted, hour after hour, day after day to the blinding light and heat. But also the fine dust, which crept behind the eyeballs, rendered many men blind or partially sighted. Have a look at Nelson Mandela's eyes next time you see him on T.V. and realise the effect. And yet---- in amongst all that deprivation and sadness a wonderful resurgence of human spirit occurred. Let me explain.

Many of the prisoners were



highly educated men. Some were still students, teenagers, young people taken away from their homes and studies and so a clandestine university began. Often lessons were written on paper or canvas sacks and taught secretly, shoulder to shoulder in the quarry. When a guard patrolling the cliff above became suspicious the 'books' would be hidden under rock piles. If they were found they were burned. What moved me very much was the fact that before long the 'teachers' realised that their prisoner pupils were becoming more educated than their guards and offered to teach them too. After a while, a raft of learning lightened the long hard days. The prisoner's families sent real books to the island and finally examination papers were sent over too. Degrees and all sorts of qualifications were acquired.

A former political prisoner escorted us round the bleak prison. First we were taken to one of the dormitory cells, where 60 to 70 prisoners ate their evening meals and slept in a room about the size of St Francis Church. Their beds were inch thick pads of felt laid on concrete with two rough blankets. Their food consisted

mainly of soup, bread and 'mealie' porridge. And yet----- they wrote their letters home, studied their daily lessons and formed the strongest bonds of friendship imaginable with their colleagues.

On the walls of the Gateway building through which we passed to join the ferry were two huge, grainy black and white photographs. One is of present-day young South Africans, happy and free. The other shows an exercise yard with the single cell prisoners seated about two yards apart, forbidden to speak to each other, sewing mailbags by way of recreation. A bleaker picture it would be hard to find. At the prison we were taken to that same yard and there in the corner was a lovely garden full of the exotic plants, which abound in that beautiful country. Nelson Mandela, a man who suffered seventeen years in that place, asked for permission to make this symbol of hope.

Finally we spent some time in the single celblock, the place where the most reactionary and politically influential men were kept. The pathetically tiny living spaces each with a stool, a bucket and a semblance of a bed

were amazing. On the wall of each cell was a photograph of an inmate who had lived there. At the push of a button his recorded voice told of his time in prison. Incredibly they were not bitter or even grudging. There were even amusing little anecdotes. On the walls of the corridors were naïve but colourful murals of hope. One, which brought tears to my eyes, depicted mountains, a forest, a waterfall with deer drinking. I photographed it.

Stepping out into the bright sunlight I couldn't feel depressed, quite the reverse. I was elated by the resilience of the human spirit, which is almost tangible there. When Nelson Mandela was released from prison and made his reconciliation speech from the balcony of Cape Town's city hall, he was asked if there was any bitterness in his heart. He told his audience if there was his jailers would still be holding him prisoner. As it was the spirit of reconciliation made him and all his fellow prisoners free. The rainbow state of South Africa has come a long way since then and it is a joy to behold.

## For the Seven Gifts of the Spirit

Lord Jesus, as God's Spirit came down and rested upon you, may the same Spirit rest upon us, bestowing his sevenfold gifts.

First, grant us the gift of understanding, by which your precepts may enlighten our minds.

Second, grant us counsel, by which we may follow in your footsteps on the path of righteousness.

Third, grant us courage, by which we may ward off the Enemy's attacks.

Fourth, grant us knowledge, by which we can distinguish good from evil.

Fifth, grant us piety, by which we may acquire compassionate hearts.

Sixth, grant us fear, by which we may draw back from evil and submit to what is good.

Seventh, grant us wisdom, that we may taste fully the life-giving sweetness of your love.



## Eternal Triangle

Father God, here I am.  
Father God, here I am.  
Father God, here I am.

Dad – am I where you want me to be?

Brother Jesus – you said follow me – and I did –  
or thought I did – didn't I?

Ghostly Spirit – you surround me always.  
Sometimes you rejoice with me –  
too often you are exasperated with me.

You Three – the real Eternal Triangle

Solid, Translucent, Transparent, Ethereal

Here, and not here,  
There, and not there,

Surround me, and those whom I know, and whom I love,  
with your sixfold arms of love and power, compassion  
and forgiveness, understanding and gentleness.

Keep us as the apples of your eye,  
secure in the cradle of your arms,  
now and always.

*Eric Uren*

Trinity Sunday is the last major feast of the Christian year. It celebrates the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, in which God is understood to be revealed as Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Liturgically, the remainder of the year is reckoned in terms as 'Sundays after Trinity' until the cycle resumes again on Advent Sunday.

No one has ever pretended that the doctrine of the Trinity is easy to understand. In fact, it is unquestionably one of the most perplexing aspects of Christian theology.

The casual reader of the

Scriptures will find only two verses in the entire Bible that seem, at first glance, to be capable of a full Trinitarian interpretation: Matthew 28.19 and 2 Corinthians 13.14.

'Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit...'

'May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all...'

But of course the doctrine is not based on just these two verses! Instead, its foundations

are built on the pattern of divine activity found throughout the Bible, especially the New Testament

Time after time, New Testament verses link together the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. What emerges is that the Father is revealed in Christ through the Spirit. It seems as if God's saving presence and power can only be expressed by involving all three elements. (For example, see 1 Corinthians 12: 4 – 6; 2 Corinthians 1: 21; Galatians 4.6; Ephesians 2: 20 –2; 2 Thessalonians 2: 13 – 14; Titus 3: 4 – 6 and 1 Peter 1.2.)

The one who is arguably responsible for the development of distinctive Trinitarian terminology is Tertullian, born about 160 AD, and the first theologian to write in Latin. He invented the word trinity – or trinitas. And such was his influence on Christian theology, that his term became normative within the western church.

Some Christians down the centuries have explained the doctrine of the Trinity by using the simple model of the sun (Father) in the heavens, which has both light coming from it (Jesus) and heat (the Holy Spirit). All one, all one source, but still three.

Some theologians prefer to speak of 'Creator, Redeemer, and Sustainer' rather than the traditional 'Father, Son and Holy Spirit'.

**WHAT WE THINK OF OUR MINISTER**

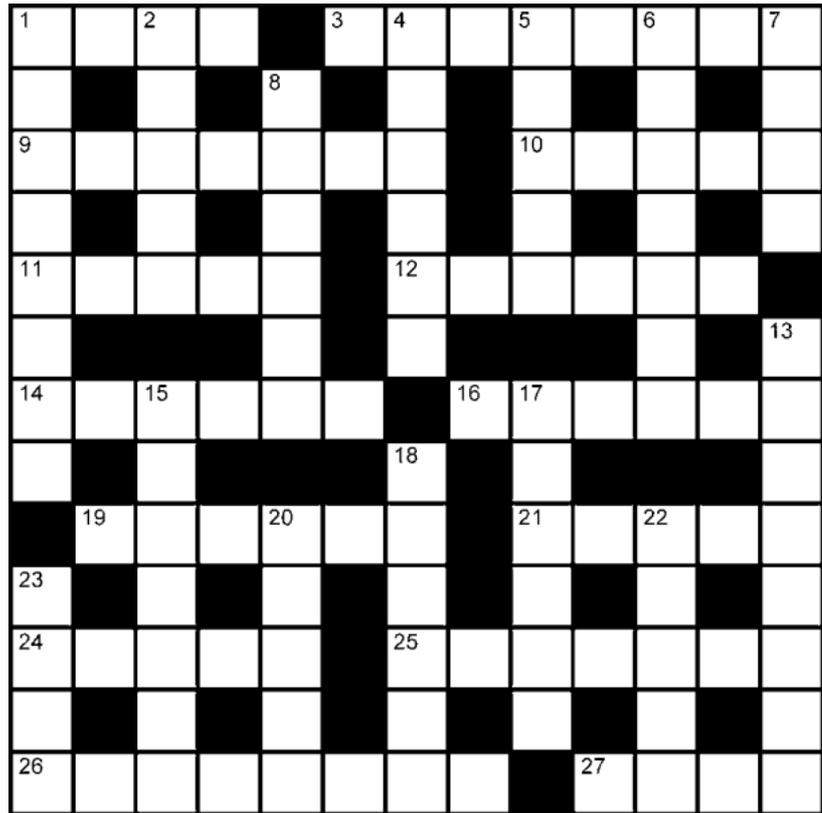
If he visits his flock, he's nosey;  
 If he doesn't, he's a snob.  
 If he preaches for longer than 10 minutes - it's too long;  
 If he preaches less than 10 minutes, he hasn't prepared his sermon.  
 If he runs a car he's worldly;  
 If he doesn't, he is always late for appointments.  
 If he tells a joke he's flippant;  
 If he doesn't, he's far too serious.  
 If he starts the service on time his watch must be fast;  
 If he's a minute late, he's keeping the congregation waiting.  
 If he takes a holiday he's never in the parish;  
 If he doesn't, he should get out more.  
 If he runs a gala or bazaar he's money mad;  
 If he doesn't, there's no social life in the parish.  
 If he has the church painted and redecorated he's extravagant;  
 If he doesn't, the church is shabby.  
 If he's young he's inexperienced;  
 If he's getting old, he ought to retire.  
 But –  
 When he finally goes mad or dies of exhaustion;  
 There's never been anyone like him!

*Adopted from Beda Review, via the Catholic Herald.*

**April's Solution**



**May's Crossword**



**CLUES**

**Clues Across**

- 5 Approximately (5)
- 6 Accidental (6)
- 8 The sacred writings of Christianity (4)
- 9 Dear fellow-servant of Paul (8)
- 10 Poisonous fern-like herb (7)
- 12 Young cattle (4)
- 14 Implement (4)
- 15 The scene of Jesus's ministry (7)
- 18 Consecrate (8)
- 19 Innkeeper (4)
- 20 Begrudge (6)
- 21 Sound of any kind (5)

**Clues Down**

- 1 The wife of Zebedee and mother of James and John (6)
- 2 Recounted (4)
- 3 Elongate (7)
- 4 The fifth son of Jacob (8)
- 6 Soft wet earth (4)
- 7 The refuse of winnowed corn (5)
- 11 City in Asia Minor, an early seat of Christianity (8)
- 13 Inns (7)
- 14 More than one of this (5)
- 16 Celebration of the Resurrection of Christ (6)
- 17 Wagon (4)
- 19 Successor (4)

# Sunday Services

## ST JAMES' CHURCH, BEAUCHAMP LANE

8.00 am	Holy Communion
10.00 am	Sung Eucharist ( <i>exc 2nd Sunday</i> ) All Age Eucharist ( <i>2nd Sunday</i> )
1.00 pm	Cowley Asian Christian Fellowship

## ST FRANCIS' CHURCH, HOLLOW WAY

10.30 am	Parish Eucharist <i>[Family Eucharist - 2nd Sunday of the month]</i>
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## Mid-Week Services & Meetings

Monday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	10.00 am	Toddler Group – <i>St Francis</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Tuesday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	10.00 am	Toddler Service – <i>St Francis</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Wednesday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	12.00 pm	St James Prayer Group – <i>13 Clive Road</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Thursday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	9.30 am	Eucharist - followed by coffee – <i>St James</i>
	11.00 am	St Francis Prayer Group
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	7.00 pm	Eucharist - <i>St Francis</i>
Friday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	7.00 pm	Friday Club – <i>alt Fridays at St Francis</i>
Saturday	9.15 am	Morning Prayer & Breakfast - <i>St Francis</i>

Arrangements for Baptisms, Banns of Marriage, Weddings, Confessions and Home Communion can be made with any of the clergy.

### Day Off

Stephen has Friday off; Except in emergency, please try and respect this day of rest. Lorne can be contacted in the evenings and at weekends.

## PARISH DIRECTORY

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### LICENSED LAY

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