

Remember

The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month had a great impact on a boy growing up in the 1920s and 1930s – Armistice Day and Remembrance Day. Exactly on the eleventh hour, the ‘guns’ in the granite quarry overlooking the sea boomed out around Mount’s Bay and the world seemed to stop still. All traffic halted, the driver and passengers got out and stood by their vehicles – the people in the shops came out and stood silently on the pavement – the children in school stood by their desks – walking stopped – talking stopped – and it seemed as if nature herself was holding her breath. Two minutes later the quarry ‘guns’ boomed out again, the world shook itself and started again.

At that time the two minutes silence was a very poignant reminder; almost every family in the country had lost at least one member, either dead or wounded in body or mind.

Most of the people who fought in World War One thought that they were fighting for their country, but were very hazy about what had caused the war. World War Two was less of a problem, the real cause was a canker of evil which had seized part of the world and was spreading to the rest. That canker had to be cut out, and it was; although there are

still parts of the world where it exists – often under another name. That evil basically consisted of considering only SOME people as worthwhile. Others, because of their appearance, or their race, or religious beliefs, or just because they happened to be in the way, were considered not worthwhile – to be exploited, or evicted, or eliminated; and we can still see this evil in different forms around the world today. If World War Two had not been fought and won, I and most of my generation would not be here now – but it was, because there were great numbers of men and women who were willing to fight and possibly die to combat that evil.

Blessed are the peacemakers. YES – of course; but also remember the members of the armed forces who put their lives on the line to try to bring safety and quietness in many areas of the world. Remember the police and members of the fire service who risk their lives for the fellows’ good. Remember the thousands of people who are willing to put themselves into dangerous positions to bring comfort to their fellow man.

REMEMBER and wear your red poppy with pride and humility.

Eric Uren

Chronicle



From the Registers

Funerals

Mr Organ
Patricia Godfrey

Baptism:

Holly Eleanor Rebecca Steel

Wedding:

Jonathan Scott and Alycia Novotny

Confirmation:

There will be a confirmation on the 18th of February next calendar year. Please talk to Lorne or Beth if you are interested in being confirmed.

Harvest Festival

Thank you to everyone who contributed to the Harvest Festival this year. A delicious supper at the church centre, displays of produce in the churches and tea and evensong at St Francis, made it a very full celebration. There was an excellent response in bringing food items for The Porch in East Oxford. The manager sent a thank you note, saying that they are very dependent on the generosity of churches at this time of year in order to maintain the service they provide to homeless and vulnerably housed people. *Beth*

A Harvest Prayer

by the 5 and 6 year olds of St Christopher's School

Happy harvest is a time for giving

Apples make crumble to fill our tums!

Radishes, carrots and potatoes growing in the ground,

Vegetable eating makes you big and strong,

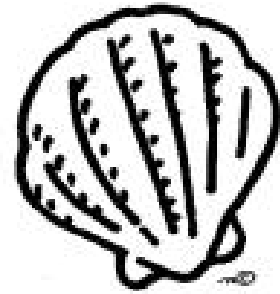
Every morning we have comforting Ready Brek,

Summer ends and autumn comes,

Thank you for this food God and all that you have made.

Seashells

Tuesday mornings are a busy time at the Church Centre. The kitchen is a 'hive of activity'. Preparations for lunch club start early in one area while refreshments for Seashells visitors are set out by the hatch. The hall is transformed with chairs for adults grouped around a range of play areas ... the kitchen role play is always popular. There is an area for babies, a book area, a puzzle table, a road mat and lots more.



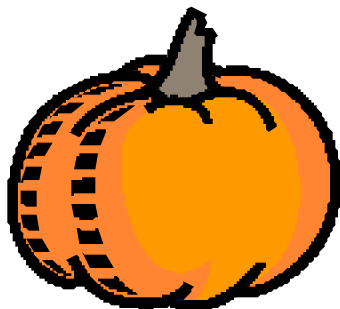
By 10.00 am adults and children are arriving and the hall quickly becomes full of children happily enjoying the toys and activities. Adults watch, chat and join in. The refreshments seem to be enjoyed by all. New faces arrive each week and the group really seems to be flourishing.

Do you have any time to spare between 9.30 am and 11.30 am on Tuesdays? More help would be very welcome and you would probably find yourself enjoying all the action! Help could be used for setting up and tidying away, welcoming on the door, refreshments, maintaining toys and play areas, playing, chatting and supervising creative activities. Please speak to Beth, Chris Hurdley or Lorna Hind – or to our superlative catering team, Rosanne and Frank – if you would like to find out more, or pop in and take a look one Tuesday morning!

Chris Hurdley

Are you a pumpkin?

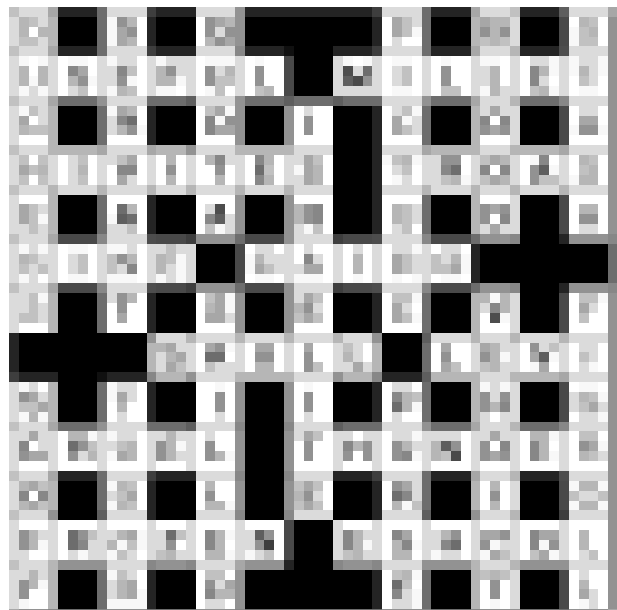
A woman was asked by a colleague 'What is it like to be a Christian?'. The woman replied, 'It is like being a pumpkin. God picks you from the patch, brings you in, and washes all the dirt off you. Then He cuts off the top and scoops out all the yucky stuff. He removes the seeds of doubt, hate and greed. Then He carves you a smiling face and puts His light inside of you to shine for all the world to see'.



Crossword

Here is the solution to last month's crossword.

No crossword this month but try your hand at our quiz on page 7.



‘At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them ...’



by **Rosanne Butler**

Towards the back of St James Church, near the glass screen, hangs the Roll of Honour for the dead of the Second World War and the war in the Falklands. It is flanked by two Royal British Legion banners, headed with a crucifix and below is a wreath of red poppies. Written at the bottom of the list of names is this:

Their sacrifice must never be forgotten.

I have to admit that, personally, I like the idea of the Roll of Honour being there, but seldom, if ever, read the names. And yet behind each one lies a human story of courage, dedication and sacrifice. In honour of each of them I have tracked down the story of one man, a Cowley man, who died in the service of his country.

Arthur Ernest Giles, a quiet, gentle-giant of a man, spent his youth enjoying the lovely ordinary things of life. He would swim in the Thames at Sandford with his mates and cycle along country lanes during the long summer days of the 1930s. On leaving school he became a qualified electrician. His home was in Chester Street where his mother owned a greengrocer’s shop. Each year the family would take a seaside holiday and during one of these, on the Isle of Wight, he met Kathleen, the girl who was to become his wife.

Kathleen’s father worked on the railways in Sheffield and received free passes to take his wife and family (all seven of them) on holidays. Thus it was that Arthur and Kathleen met and fell in love. (Who says that holiday romances don’t come to anything?)

Burrell, D.	Fryer, A. R. (R.A.C)
Bushnell, P. (R.A.F)	Fuller, E. J. (R.A.)
Cambray, B.	Garner, G.
Carter, F.	Gibbons, R.
Cato, H.	Giles, A. E. (R.A.F)
Coomber, A.	Somershall, R.
Cooper, D. (R.A.F)	Sooch, C.
Cripps, T.	Green, D.
Curtis, H.	Haynes, S.
Daultrey, L.	Hazell, C.
Dap, D.	Hibbet, L.
Earl, G.	Hicks, E.
New, J.	Wall, B. (R.A.) (F)



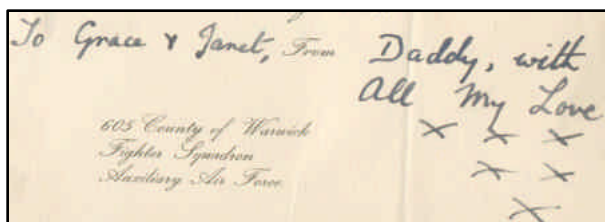
In May 1936, on Whit Saturday afternoon, this handsome couple were married in Sheffield. They smile out from their photograph with such confidence. She in her elegant silk dress with its lovely train and he in his wedding suit and real leather gloves. They bought a semi-detached house in the Grates, all smart and brand new, and set up home. It was there that, a couple of years later, their baby daughter Janet was born. Arthur was a very proud daddy. One of Janet's treasured photographs shows a happy picture of her as a small girl perched on his shoulders.



By the Autumn of 1939 the Second World War had begun and Arthur was still working and living with his little family in Cowley, but in 1941 he was called up to serve in the RAF. He was posted to the County of Warwick Fighter Squadron (605). His job was with ground crew where his skills with electrics helped to keep the aircraft fit to fly. One of Janet's most poignant keepsakes is an RAF Christmas card sent in 1941 "with all my love from Daddy" and a host of kisses.

In 1942, with Japan joining the war, 605 Squadron was sent, by troop ship, to Singapore. Arthur's last letter home was sent from Cape Town dated January 1942. As the ship neared its destination Singapore fell to the Japanese and at this point Arthur's story hits a blank. Later in 1942 Kathleen heard that her husband was missing, believed a prisoner, and so it turned out to be.

There are a number of photographs of the victory tea-party held in the Grates like so many other street parties but this particular picture had one important person missing – Kathleen. You see it was on the very day of the party that she heard from the Air Ministry confirmation that her husband had died in a prison camp on the island of Java in 1942.



Continued...

Through the Royal British Legion Arthur's grave was traced and in 1986 Janet and her mother travelled out, together with other bereaved families, to the enormous so beautifully cared-for, cemetery in Jakarta where Arthur lies. It was a very moving experience to talk to Janet, who lost her father when she was only two years old, about the moment when they laid their flowers at the stone which tells that 25th August 1942 was the day he died. She has one consolation, that her father was not subjected to years and years of deprivation and disease in captivity. He died after a few months in the prison camp thus joining the thousands of young men who gave their lives in the cause of freedom.



In time of change

*Lord, change is sometimes difficult to cope with,
Bringing its own pressures ...
And yet I know that life is full of change,
And on the day when faced by coming death,
Occurs the greatest change of all—
In resurrection and in life
I thank you for the vital power
That changes everything for me,
The force of love that helps me change
To be like Christ Your Son.
I know I need to change, to be a help to others—
And rise to my capacity—open to your love,
Our world, O Lord, is ever changing,
But that is not the kind of change I seek,
Your thoughts I am seeking for my mind,
Your influence I am seeking in my heart,
Your enabling I am seeking to do Your will
That I, reflecting You, can be a means
Of introducing others to the life of Jesus,
Powerfully transforming!
Lord, I know that physically we change
As age rolls on and takes its toll:
I thank You that You do not change ...
The Absolute!*

Amen.

Robert F Hicks (provided by Clivia Philbin)

Christian Aid Flag Day

Christian Aid is making an urgent appeal for volunteers to collect money during the city of Oxford's Christmas Festival on 25th November.

You don't have to stand outside as they have permission to collect in the indoor shopping centres.

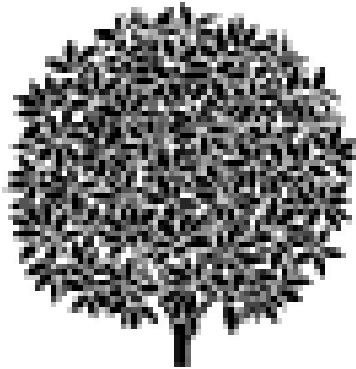
If you are willing to spare an hour or so, please contact Phil Thomas or one of the wardens.



Quiz

In which Book of the Bible or Psalm, chapter and verse do you find the following mentioned?

Answers to be left in church by 5 December. The winner will receive a small prize. Answers will appear in the December Chronicle.



Anise
Cinnamon
Rock rose
Hyssop
Pomegranates
Vines
Crocus (saffron)
Cedar of Lebanon

Olive
Orange tree
Almond tree
Flax
Coriander
Bay tree
Figs
Desire (white flower)

Gwen Ranklin



The Sunday School proved, yet again, that they couldn't be trusted with musical instruments

Notes from the September PCC meeting

The PCC heard that St James' Church had decided to take on the Seashells group as part of their outreach mission.

They approved an arrangement that the Florence Park Community Centre should rent St Francis' Church building for two days each week during the building of their new premises.

Work on the installation of a new heating system at St Francis is planned to take place in October—November.

Much of the meeting was given over to the preparation of the Parish Profile, this being an important stage in the procedure for appointing a new Team Rector.

Chronicle — *December 2006 / January 2007*

Please submit any stories, prayers or other items for the next Chronicle by 21st November. The next issue will cover both December and January.

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>)

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>
	2.30 pm	Parish Mothers' Union – <i>St James (3rd Mon)</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Tuesday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	10.00 am	Seashells
	10.00 am	Toddler Service – <i>St Francis</i>
	12.00 pm	Eucharist – <i>St James</i>
	12.30 pm	Tuesday Lunch Club – <i>St James</i>
	2.30 pm	Friends of <i>St Francis</i> – <i>St Francis (2nd & 4th)</i>
5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>	
Wednesday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <i>St James</i>
	2.30 pm	Tea Break – <i>St Francis (1st Wed)</i>
	5.00 pm	Evening Prayer – <i>St James</i>
Thursday	9.00 am	Morning Prayer – <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>
Saturday	9.15 am	Morning Prayer & Breakfast – <i>St Francis</i>

Day Off

Lorne and Michael can be contacted in the evenings and at weekends. Beth can be contacted during the day as well.

PARISH DIRECTORY

TEAM RECTOR:

Vacant

TEAM CURATES:

The Revd Lorne Denny

35 Stapleton Road

Headington

Tel: 768009

email: lrdenny

@btinternet.com

The Revd Beth Spence,

45 Mill Lane, Marston

Tel: 249665

email: beth.spence

@ntlworld.com

The Revd Dr Michael

Spence,

45 Mill Lane, Marston

Tel: 249665

michael.spence

@law.ox.ac.uk

LICENSED LAY

MINISTER:

Eric Uren

Tel: 770696

CHURCHWARDENS:

Alan Howell

Tel: 773244

Norah Shallow

Tel: 765199

DEPUTY WARDENS:

Margaret Martin

Tel: 718532

Pat Chung

Tel: 773792