



BIG MONEY FOR ST MARY'S QUIET GARDEN



to (something like) this. (This is a quiet garden in Staffordshire, but you get the idea).

From this

A group of people, from St Mary's Church and from the wider community in Stoke Newington, have been thinking for a while about how we can add to our community spaces. We already have the large, busy and wonderful Clissold Park. We thought that the area might also need a quiet garden, and this plan is to create one, for the whole community, in the east and north eastern garden area of St Mary's New Church. It will be a safe place for reflection, reading and contemplation, and for small groups of people to meet together. It will also be designed to increase the diversity of wildlife in our area. The space we would like to make into a quiet garden is currently underused and untended. We hope that this project will open it up as a gift to the people of Stoke Newington, giving them, and especially those who have no garden of their own, a place to enjoy.

The good news is that we have been awarded over £97,000 from the Big Lottery Fund's Community Spaces programme in order to make this idea a reality. Over the next few months, you'll see a lot of things starting to happen – among them

- relaying the stone path up to the church, re-surfacing the tarmac path that runs around the back and repairing the original railings
- making the whole area wheelchair accessible
- replanting to provide all year round interest, scent and colour
- putting in new seating, lighting, and other garden furniture
- putting in recycling facilities to make the garden as sustainable as possible.

Fr Jonathan

St. Pancras – Station or Martyr?



Most people have heard that Eurostar trains now run from St. Pancras Station instead of Waterloo – a fact, since November 2007, when the refurbished terminus was reopened by H.M. the Queen.

But how many people actually consider the implication of the name – St. Pancras? Is it an underground station, as in 'Kings Cross St. Pancras', or St. Pancras International station? Or is it something else?

St. Pancras is a parish of London, now part of the Borough of Camden. It takes the name from a fourteen year-old boy, Pancratius (Pancras), who was martyred on being 'put to the sword' on the orders of the Roman Emperor Diocletian or Valerian, on the Via Aurelia about the year 304, for refusing to denounce Christ.

Eight years later in the year 312, the successor to Diocletian, Emperor Constantine, was converted to Christianity. The remains of many martyrs were given a Christian burial. A church dedicated to St. Pancras was built to accommodate his remains.

The first Church dedicated to St. Pancras in Britain was erected in the year 314. The church now on that site and which lends its name to the parish, dates from around the thirteenth century, although the altar stone is from the much earlier sixth century.

So what has this to do with St. Mary's? Well, I started to study St. Pancras Station and the beautiful gothic revival building above it in 1996. My interest was enlivened by the coincidence that the architect of what is now know as St. Pancras Chambers was George Gilbert Scott – the same architect of our fine church.

Scott designed what was originally The Midland Grand Hotel in 1865, after St. Mary's

was built. He was the most eminent architect in Britain at that time and the most prolific, having designed, altered, surveyed or been involved with over 800 buildings, very many of which were ecclesiastical. He was born into the clergy; his father, the Reverend Thomas Scott ran Holy Trinity Church and the School in Gawcott, Buckinghamshire. His grandfather, also the Reverend Thomas Scott was a noted outspoken social commentator. Three of George's brothers became clergymen.

Scott left home in 1827 at the age of sixteen to be articled to James Edmeston of Homerton, under whom he learnt his skills. Amazingly, Edmeston is more noted for his prolific hymn writing '*Lead us heavenly father*' being one of them. Over the next few issues I hope to contribute further articles concerning St. Pancras Station refurbishment and also my recent visit to the stunning Chartres Cathedral in France.



Royden Stock.

Pilgrimage



“When that April with his showers sweet the drought of March hath pierced to the root, and bathed every vein in that liquor of which virtue engendered is the flower, ... then long folk to go on pilgrimages, and palmers for to seek strange strands”. These words are from the prologue to Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*. And although it isn’t April, there are two reasons why I thought that an article about pilgrimage would be appropriate for this month. First, because a group of us have just been on pilgrimage to St Albans. And second, because this is a Jubilee year for Santiago of Compostella, when the feast day of St James (25 July) falls on a Sunday and there will be extra special celebrations (and, for those who believe in such things, extra credit for doing the pilgrimage).

Why do people go on pilgrimage? Chaucer goes on to say that his Canterbury pilgrims were going to seek the ‘holy blissful martyr’ to ask him for his help. But it was clearly, for that lively crowd, an excuse for a jolly good holiday – and this mixed motive has really lasted through the centuries. Many people went to seek the saint’s help, or as a penance for some sin. In particular, people went to pray for healing from some disease. But others went because they had the time and leisure and wanted to enjoy a good holiday.

Places which were popular pilgrimage destinations tended to fall into two kinds. There were those where the saint in question had lived and worked, and those where the saints’ relics had ended up – sometimes by rather

questionable means. The Holy Land was the obvious destination for the first, where the pilgrims could walk in the footsteps not only of saints, but of Christ himself. One of the very first accounts of pilgrimage, that by a Spanish lady called Etheria at the end of the fourth century, told of her travels in the Holy Land and the rest of what we now call the Middle East. But Palestine was a long and difficult journey if you were starting from western Europe – involving several mountain ranges or hazardous sea crossings and going into politically hostile territory once the Roman Empire had collapsed. A bit more accessible was Rome, where Peter and Paul were both supposed to have been martyred and where the Pope lived. But even that would involve, for many, the crossing of the Alps or having to take a boat from the south of France.

Pilgrimages were big business, hence the ruthlessness with which Church authorities would collect, or even invent, relics with reputed miraculous properties. Many people wanted a pilgrimage site that was – if not easy to get to, because you had to put at least some effort in to get the benefits – at least not positively dangerous to travel to. So there was also a considerable market for new sites. Canterbury, following the martyrdom of Thomas Becket, was the primary pilgrimage site in England – right in the east end of Kent. Walsingham, in a remote corner of Norfolk (although remember that Norfolk in the middle ages was one of the most densely populated parts of the country and Norwich its second or third largest city) was another that attracted huge numbers. The reasons were different. Canterbury genuinely was the site of a martyrdom, although one with strong political overtones. Walsingham had developed out of a vision by a Saxon noblewoman, Richeldis, of the ‘Holy House’ at Nazareth.

Many of the pilgrimage sites of Europe were associated with visions or statues of the Virgin Mary. There was, for example, Notre Dame de Rocamadour, perched on the side of a steep cliff in the Lot area of France (Amadour was traditionally another name for Zaccheus, the tax collector whom Jesus called down from a tree he had climbed because he was too short to see Jesus otherwise). There was Notre Dame de Puy, another ‘black madonna’

located in a mountainous region of central France. And all these places had their separate cults – it was as though the different ‘Our Ladies’ were actually different people. Even in modern times, new pilgrimage sites spring up most often around visions of the Virgin – think of Lourdes, Fatima, Medujorge, or Knock in Ireland.

The pilgrimage that really captured the mediaeval imagination was the pilgrimage to Santiago. Santiago de Compostella – St James of the Field of the Star – is a small town in the very far north-western corner of Spain. The legend was that the coffin of the Apostle James washed up there after he was martyred in Jerusalem in the first century. It was ‘discovered’ in the tenth century. The pilgrimage cult was established soon afterwards, helped by the defeat of the Moors who ruled much of Spain at that time and the restoration of peaceful Christian rule in the northern part of the country. The then king of Castile made it his business to make the route passable. You will find, all over Europe, streets with names like the Rue St Jacques, the Jabobsweg, even St James in London. They were the starting points, or transit points, for the pilgrimage route. You can find maps showing the traditional routes. A network of hostels grew up along them. Other cities on the route developed their own cults to cash in on the pilgrims as they passed through. By the thirteenth century, there was a detailed guidebook. The advantage which Santiago had over both Rome and Jerusalem was, paradoxically, that there was no other reason to go there. If you went there at all, you went as a pilgrim.

In the last thirty years or so, there has been a renewed explosion of interest in the pilgrimage to Santiago. There is once again an ‘industry’ of people making the journey, on foot, by bike, on horseback. All over Europe, but particularly in France and Spain, you can come across blue and yellow signs pointing down footpaths, showing a stylised scallop shell with rays of sun coming out of it. These mark the official route. And although many of those who are walking the route may be doing it for religious reasons, many more are not. They are doing it for all sorts of other reasons. For them, it is the journey, not the destination, which matters. In mediaeval times, all but the

most wealthy had no choice but to walk. But nowadays, to walk is itself to make a statement. So people go because their imagination has been captured by the history and traditions of the route. They go because they like walking and to have a destination adds to the pleasure. They go because they are facing some life crisis (redundancy, bereavement, the breakdown of a relationship) and the 6 to 8 weeks it will take them to walk if they do the whole thing from one of the official starting points in France gives them time to sort themselves out. It is hard work – you have to cross the Pyrenees, the burning hot *meseta* or high plateau of Castile, and two more mountain ranges in western Spain. Getting across the mountain ranges in good weather without being caught by high summer in the *meseta* is tricky to organise. So some go because to complete the walk will give them a sense of achievement which will last the rest of their lives.

And why did a group of us decide that we wanted to walk to St Albans a few weeks ago? Probably for a mixture of all the reasons I have suggested above. It was only one day, the weather was very suitable, there were no mountains to climb. But it was still something which gave a sense of achievement. And companionship (which of course means breaking bread together). It gave us an opportunity to receive hospitality from the church in London Colney who put us up overnight. Like on a silent retreat, the simple act of spending the concentrated time together meant we knew each other better when we had finished than when we started, even if we didn’t talk to a particular person. We probably found we knew ourselves a little better as well. Certainly, speaking for myself, I found the service in St Albans Abbey much more meaningful, having walked, than the service on other pilgrimages when we have had to go by coach.

Judith Simpson

Opposite page - Jonathan Gebbie kindly sent us these photographs of our intrepid St Mary’s pilgrims.



Retracing our steps - when we got a bit lost but it was in a nice place.



Outside St Peter's, London Colney



Lunch in a field.



St Albans festival



Checking maps - Judith and Fiona studying the route.

St Mary's Book Group

Lucyann has suggested forming a book group with members from the congregation and any others who might be interested. Eona Bell and John Fletcher have agreed to be the contact persons to initiate it.

In order to get it started before many people go away in August, the first meeting is proposed for the last Sunday in July (the 25th) at 8pm to allow time for those attending evensong to participate.

We would like to begin with a book that has a link to St Mary's - our own Rector's very readable book published in 2008, *The Republic of Heaven*.

In Loving Memory of Pauline Hensman (1922-2010)



All Pauline's pupils to whom she taught senior English and English Literature at Bishop's College, Colombo, knew her as a remarkable teacher to whom they owed not only their success in these subjects at university level but also, to a great extent, the formation of their characters and serious interests, by following her example, and the standards and principles she maintained.

Her prowess as a teacher was only one aspect of her greatness as a human being. We are accustomed to accepting known historical figures who have come down through the ages in various spheres of human endeavour as great, but we very seldom look closer to home at people in our own lives and realize on reflection that this same accolade can be bestowed on them. Pauline was one of these.

Reflecting on Pauline's life and achievements in many fields, several of the latter being hidden by her reserve, natural modesty and lack of self-praise, it becomes clear that those whose lives she touched were indeed fortunate to experience and benefit from the ground-breaking studies she made in theology.

She was a Christian and a dedicated member of the Anglican Church, but this did not prevent her from studying and becoming deeply aware of the spirituality and substance of the other religions in multi-cultural and multi-religious Sri Lanka. She was particularly well versed in Buddhism having delved into the 'Mahavamsa' and the teachings of the Buddha, apart from knowing the major events of his life

in considerable detail and the history of the arrival of Buddhism in Sri Lanka.

She was a passionate believer in, and defender of the rights of women, the equality of women with men and their God given right to work as equal partners. She found the theological foundation of this belief in the equal treatment given by Jesus Christ to his women disciples and women in general, particularly those scorned by the Jews as belonging to inferior communities like the Samaritans. This acceptance of women contradicted all the established patterns of relationship in the patriarchal Jewish society of his era, two millennia ago.

The solid basis of her contribution to theology was a penetrating study of the Bible to which she brought her brilliant personal gifts of a searchingly analytical mind and a profoundly serious interest in pursuing truth and learning. Also, as she herself said, she applied the rules of Practical Criticism to Bible studies and social transformation.

These rules which she taught to her students of English and English Literature as essential to their successful study and practice of the discipline, were discovered by them in later life as applicable to many aspects of actual experience: to separate truth from falsehood, fact from fiction and reality from illusion. They often went to the heart of the matter in practical life as well as emotional life, by critically analyzing the use of words which are a crucial means of communication between human beings.

It was inevitable that her firm beliefs as a Christian strongly undergirded by her examination of Hebrew and Greek concepts and words which were significant in the translation of the original Bible, combined together with her reading of the works of other recognized Biblical experts, drew her to examine all political, economic, social and religious life from this total perspective. In this way she uncovered universally applicable principles and extended these to an in-depth study of life and institutions in Sri Lanka and other Third World countries.

Her major concerns became the flaws and injustice of rampant capitalism, the exploitation of the poor, the weak, and the marginalized, the ruthless pursuit of power of those in control of a country's resources which rendered so

many powerless, unable to direct their own lives in ways that would benefit families, communities and the country itself, the erection of barriers relating to superiority and subordination of different nations, ethnicities and skin colour, classes and castes, religions, cultures, languages and so on.

Having also taught children, and remedial teaching for children with learning difficulties in certain English schools, she became aware of the psychological and human needs of children from infancy which meant providing orphans (and even children with indifferent parents in homes) with much more than food, shelter and clothing. Above all, she traced the importance of love (which was usually not forthcoming) in order that these children grow to be well rounded adults.

Where poor children in Sri Lanka were concerned, she searched out all the statistics which showed that their nutrition was insufficient to enable them to develop properly at the most important stage of their growth. In other words, a great majority were malnourished.

She did not merely research and theorize but urged individuals, concerned groups and institutions to take initiatives to change these situations by implementing practical solutions which would effect social transformation.

From the mid-seventies to the late eighties, Pauline Hensman became a sought after leader and presenter at international and national seminars, conferences and church-based discussions on all these and related issues. Some of her presentations were:

Children with and without a Future (written for International Children's Day)

Published in *Broadsheet*, June 1976

World Food Day

Prepared for *The Women's Theological Fellowship*, 1984

A Biblical Reflection on the National Situation
Report to the *EATWOT Asian Women's Consultation*, Manila, November 1985

Let my people go – the Theology of Resistance
Presented at Workshop on the Theology of Race: '*Racism, Resistance and Reconciliation*', Colombo, July 1987

Violence against Women: A Sri Lankan Christian Perspective

Based on a talk given at the Women's Workshop on '*Violence against Women and against Nature*', in Lewella, March 1993

The Bible and Woman

Talk at Interfaith SAARC Seminar, '*Issues of Women*', Sri Lanka 22-27 April 1991

I will always remember Pauline as a great humanist, teacher and friend. She was the strongest and most disciplined woman I have ever met for she practiced what she preached. Her works are still available to those who wish to read and benefit from them and I will leave the last word to her:

"I passionately believe in the causes I have been espousing, and perhaps this book will be at work when I no longer am."

These words are in the Preface to her book, *To Mercy, Peace and Love* published in 1993 in Sri Lanka.

Shelagh Goonewardene

Lucy Fenton and Aubrey Rouse

We are sorry to record the deaths during June of Lucy and Aubrey and their obituaries will appear in our next issue.

Baptisms

30th May 2010

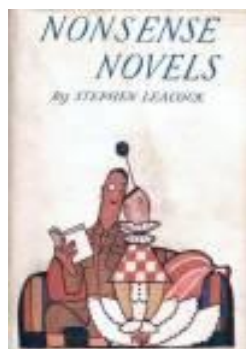


Elizabeth Amy Oliver-Smith
Samuel Griffin
Robert Vaughan.

**We welcome you into the fellowship of
faith;
we are children of the same heavenly
Father;
we welcome you.**

Book Review

Nonsense Novels, by Stephen Leacock, published by Dodo Press, 2010



Those of us who are of the “Monty Python” generation often imagine that we invented this form of satire: we did not. All that we invented was the appreciation of televised satire.

The Nonsense Novels of Stephen Leacock (1869-1944) have a distinctly Pythonesque flavour; it is not difficult to visualise them as a series of sketches not unlike, for instance, the “Spanish Inquisition” or the film, “Monty Python and the Holy Grail”. They are, in fact, short stories, and were written to supplement Leacock’s regular income from his work as an economist and serious writer on subjects connected with his own field of study.

Each story is a “nonsense” echo of a particular type of story and you may sense echoes in the first one of Georges Simenon’s Maigret and John Buchan’s Richard Hannay novels, greatly condensed, of course.

“*Maddened by Mystery*” or “*The Great Detective*” This novel is a detective story where an “Inspector Clouseau,” a master of disguise, attempts to solve the mystery of a missing European aristocrat. “Three or four pairs of false whiskers hung on a whisker stand beside him - he could completely disguise himself at a moment’s notice.” I have to confess to being not a little startled by its sheer silliness - have we become too serious and sophisticated in our humour lately? - but it really is giggle-inducing and belly-laughingly ridiculous. Many characters appear in different guises and disguises as the fear of a Diplomatic incident escalates, but life rapidly returns to normal when the aristocrat turns out to be not human but animal. Later the detective masters the most elaborate disguise of all. “The great detective might have been seen on the deck of a packet boat; he was on his hands and knees in a long black cloak and his secretary had him on a short chain.”

Then we have a spoof “King Arthur” story of two lovers in mediaeval times pining for each

other, the girl gazing longingly from the battlements of her father’s castle as she awaits the arrival of her lover. Meanwhile, he has resolved to storm the castle and carry her off (presumably to live happily ever after). Cue coconut shells. Unfortunately, the lovers have never actually met but only known one another from images possessed by both of them, and when they eventually do meet, just as the girl’s father is about to be put to the sword, they find that neither is the face on the long-cherished image and they have made a terrible mistake - the destruction has all been for nothing. The castle of Buggensberg is no more, as indeed are Tancred the Tenspot the chosen fiancé, and other courtiers such as Hubert the Husky, Edward the Earwig and Rollo the Rumbottle.

Now for something completely different.....a spoof M R James story with two Victorian gentlemen in discussion of a mystery, with a ghost demanding money which the guest provides, but which needless to say is not returned: and the story teller is subsequently found to have disappeared, owing a large amount of rent. “When I first knew Q he lived in a town called X and was betrothed to a girl called M. I began to suspect that these were not their real names but were two letters of the alphabet selected at random to disguise the names of his friends” And further on: “That Z should have followed Q out of X was understandable.” It is not difficult to imagine this story being dramatised with lifeseize letters of the alphabet.

A spoof “Treasure Island” where the narrator finds the treasure but is marooned forever in situ, and stories of naïve and innocent maidens giving their all (that is, their monetary all) to a handsome stranger, one in a sort of Russian Middle Earth and the other set on a Scottish island with the heroine unwittingly fuelling the flames of a clan feud. The Middle Earth heroine, Marie Mushenough, pining for a lover she has never seen, encounters A MAN on a meadow walk, painting on a canvas. “Is it the heavenly child?” she asks. “No, he said, “it is a cow” The feud on the Scottish island has arisen when Shamus McShawn had struck Whimper McWhinus across the temple with an oatcake and killed him

“*Gertrude the Governess*” paints a picture of life in an English country house (“Knotacentinum Towers, pronounced

“Nosham” Towers), the seat of Lord Knotacent (pronounced “Nosh”), awarded a first in Needlework at Cambridge. As with Monty Python and also the Carry-On films, the jokes come so thick and fast that it is often only after the third or fourth reading that we “get” all of them. Lord Knotacent’s son Ronald is seen to have “flung himself upon his horse and ridden madly off in all directions”

“A Hero in Homespun or The Life Struggle of Hezekiah Hayloft.” He cannot tell a lie. “I wish to shoot your master and take his money” He becomes a hero in the sinful city of New York after shooting at random, killing a number of people and setting fire to an hotel – just the activities to turn him into a hero in this city of reversed morality.

The final Nonsense Novel is a sci-fi tale set in the future (shades of Huxley and Orwell) and, as often happens with satire, the jokes begin to fade into an uneasy glimpse of a rather unsettling truth. A man from a much later era who has somehow strayed into the early 20th century describes a grey and drab future where food, fashion, fun and freedom of expression have been eliminated in the interests of alleviating stress from the lives of the populace. Nourishment is taken in the form of pills, and clothes made from newspaper are worn, to avoid the stresses of preparing food, weaving cloth and making it into clothes, and other stresses of life. Not quite Room 101, but.....

All of these stories are exquisite in their absurdity, with wonderful descriptions evoking theatrical images and conjuring up the pantomime dame and slapstick comedy alongside the more learned and scholarly humour of puns, linguistic and literary jokes. A delightful form of escapism.

Pat Keniston

A Cheeky Young Fellow From Highbury

An innovative bishop from France,
Who wanted the faith to advance,
Held a mass in the bar
And said “Ooh la la!”
And took them all off for a dance.

When asked about the new verger
The curate said “I wish I could urge her,
To give up her keys
And agree to my pleas
To turn friendship into a merger.

The rector’s pre-dinner grace
Was often delivered at pace:
He was always the first
To see off his thirst,
With a very big smile on his face.

A comely young lady called Mary
Spent some time at a new seminary.
“A group of young vicars
Tried to get in my good books
But my constancy still didn’t vary”.

Andrew Hudson

We think Andrew could have started something here! Send in your own limericks – we might even consider awarding prizes!

Eds.

Introducing our very own cartoonist!

Paul Francis is married to a member of the congregation and is becoming a professional cartoonist. We very much hope that he will send us more of his work



“And what leads you to suspect your son may be an Anglo-Catholic, Mrs Higgins?”

Win this Super Prize!

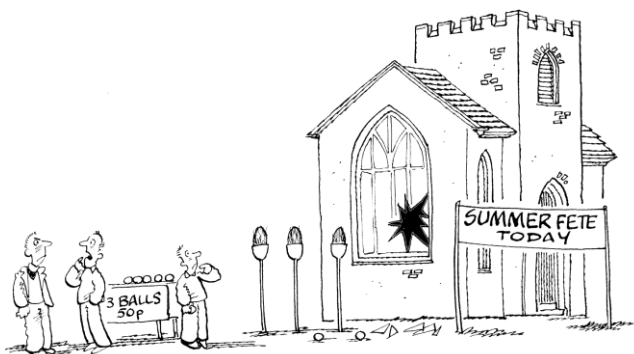


This summer's prize is beyond compare, with this Deluxe Miracle Jesus Action figure! Resplendent in a hand woven puce gown of Versace quality, Jesus comes with 5 loaves, 3 fishes and a ewer which of course turns water into wine! Although the loaves are so small they resemble rabbit droppings rather than freshly baked ciabatta, the fish are directly modeled on the barbel piranha from the pond at the end of my garden, and the ewer is based on a remnant from where the builders chucked out a lot of stuff after refurbishing the flat!

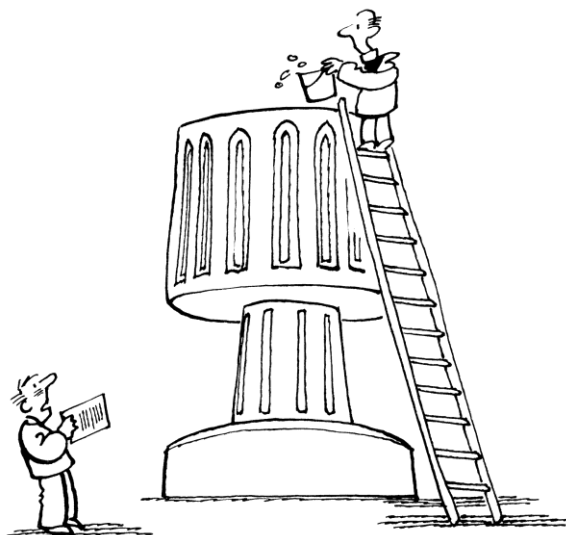
Having said this, Jesus has glow in the dark hands, so he can guide you through the darkness, when you are stumbling around looking for direction in your life!

Of the 35 miracles mentioned in the Bible, these two can be re-enacted with the accompanying accoutrements! The real miracle here is how can you afford NOT to enter the competition this time?...over 5,000 of you must get going on this to have any real validity!

Mark Perrett



Er..., now you come to mention it - p'raps it wasn't the best site for the coconut shy!



...er, Vicar, when I said 'It would help in our church publicity if we used a larger font..!...



With careful tidying each Friday, Rose managed to make the altar flowers last a full two months – if no-one moved near them.

If

If you can start the day without caffeine,
 If you can always be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains,
 If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles,
 If you can eat the same food every day and be grateful for it,
 If you can understand when your loved ones are too busy to give you any time,
 If you can take criticism and blame without resentment ,
 If you can conquer tension without medical help,
 If you can relax without alcohol,
 If you can sleep without the aid of drugs,
then you are probably the family dog.

June Caption Competition



Here's the picture to remind you. Our adjudicator had a difficult task, but eventually chose no.1 as the overall winner. Thank you all for taking part.

The bathers were oblivious to the submarine as it began to surface in the middle of the lido.

Baptisms at St Mary's had always been socially desirable, but the PCC felt that things were getting out of hand

From the loudspeaker: "Would Little Johnny stop picking his nose....your mother is watching you!

Margate's attempt at one of those new-fangled wind- turbines had little effect on cooling down the kiddies from St.Botolph's Primary!

Andrea was a bit disappointed that when Fred said he had a horn in the morn, he meant a loudspeaker.

Getting ready for the opening ceremony of the 2012 Olympics

The loud speaker announcement that the "All Ages Service" was just about to start at St. Mary's was on the whole ignored!

Everyone was having such fun in the pool that no one noticed the alien spacecraft touching down in the park.

They kept their vuvuzelas well hidden until the first race...

Standards were so high in the synchronised swimming that children had to start before they could swim.

Brian liked swimming, but he would rather have been playing on the bouncy castle.

Calisthenics in the paddling pool in Clissold Park. The new lottery granted town hall can be seen in the background.

The dalek was not a little miffed when it realised that nobody seemed to be scared.

Contrary to all expectations, the extension of New River in Clissold Park proved to be a huge success.

July/August Caption Competition



Your caption goes here. We thought that we'd continue with the "seaside" theme. You have until August 20th to get your entries in.

The editors would like to thank all contributors for the articles, pictures and competition entries. Thank you also to our readers for your continued support.

We now have a month off – copy date for September New Prospect is 20th August. Enjoy a good summer!

Our calling is to share the loving hospitality of God, seeing Christ in the face of the stranger

Ministry Team for St Mary's & St John's

Rector: The Revd Jonathan Clark, The Rectory, Stoke Newington Church Street, London N16 9ES (020 7254 6072 rectorofstokey@btinternet.com)

Vicar: The Revd Martyn Hawkes, St John's Vicarage, 2a Gloucester Drive, London N4 2LW (020 8809 6111 mj_hawkes@yahoo.co.uk)

Curate: The Revd Lucyann Ashdown (0207 7254 6072 lucyann.ashdown@googlemail.com)

Honorary Assistant Priest: The Revd Graeme Watson (020 7249 8701 gchwatson@blueyonder.co.uk)

Pastoral Assistant: Melissa Martin (020 7254 6072)

Readers: Alan Murray, Jonathan Gebbie

Parish Information for St Mary's

Parish Administrator: Mark Perrett (020 7254 6072 stmarystokenewington@btinternet.com)

Church Wardens: Andrew Jackson and Sandra Roth

Organist and Director of Music: Nigel Williams

PCC Secretary: Jean Guest (020 8802 4921).

PCC Treasurer, Michael Johnson

Recorder of Stewardship: Rosaline Nwagboso

Sunday School: Lucy Barnes

Website: Graham Robson robsonq21@yahoo.co.uk

Parish Information for St John's

Church Wardens: Joyce George & Irene Fergus

Parish Office: 020 8809 6111

Services

Sunday

Holy Communion 8.00 am Matins 9.00 am (Old Church) Family Eucharist (St Mary's) 9.30 am

Sung Eucharist (St Mary's) 11.00 am Parish Eucharist (St John's) 11 am

Evening worship 6.30 pm (Old Church)

Weekdays (All at St Mary's except Thursdays)

	Morning Prayer	Mass	Evening Prayer
Monday	8:30 am,		5 pm
Tuesday	8:30 am	8:45 am	5 pm
Wednesday	8:30 am	7.30 pm	5 pm
Thursday	8:30 am		5 pm
Friday	8:30 am		5 pm

The Editorial Team (*"Nemo primus inter pares"*)

John Keniston (020 8809 1479, jgkeniston@lineone.net), Jane Pryce (020 7359 1224, janepryce729@btinternet.com), Mark Perrett (markperrett@btopenworld.com)

Brownies. Fridays 6.30 pm. Enquire at Church Office

Booking enquiries for the Community Centre: see Parish Administrator

Arrangements for baptisms, weddings etc: ring the Parish Administrator for an appointment.

St Mary's has a Church School: St Mary's School, Lordship Rd, London, N16. 020 8800 2645