

New Prospect



The Parish Magazine of St Mary Stoke Newington

May 2010

50p

The North Transept Window - 50 Years on!

Sunday 20 June at 8 pm - a Celebration



"I have been trying to say 'no' to more invitations - but this one sounds too good to miss! What a wonderful window." The Revd Professor Michael Reiss

Here's a question for younger children. If you look at the big north window (facing Church Street) can you see a worm, a ladybird, a butterfly, and a mosquito? Older youngsters, parents and others could look for a chameleon, a prehistoric mammal, an amoeba, a crystal, a coelacanth, an astrolabe, Hercules, Pisces, and a Beryllium atom!

On Pentecost Sunday this year, it will be 50 years since this truly amazing window was dedicated. So on **Sunday 20 June at 8 pm** we shall be celebrating this Golden Jubilee with a lecture by Michael Reiss on "**The Bible, Creation and Evolution**". Michael Reiss is a distinguished science teacher, trained in evolutionary biology. He is at present professor of science education in the Institute of Education, London University. He is also an Anglican priest. There will be an opportunity for questions, and afterwards a glass of wine in the New Church Rooms.

This is our **3rd annual lecture**, following those on Anna Barbauld (2008) and James Stephen (2009).

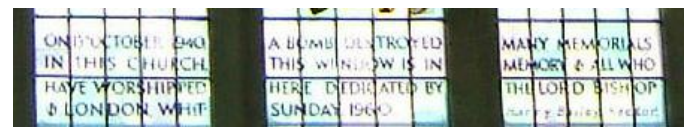
Here's a brief description of the window for those not yet familiar with it: *In the centre is the figure of the Risen Christ, whose right hand is raised in blessing. Various well known saints are depicted in the centre of the window. At the feet of Christ the theme of God's Creation is explored. Primary elements like hydrogen and helium atoms and various constellations of stars are depicted. Also you can see Greenwich Observatory, and the Radio Telescope at Jodrell Bank. Eight British scientists, doctors and engineers are represented together with various items associated with their discoveries and inventions. And there is much else.*

The window was designed and made by W.T. Carter Shapland, and dedicated by the Bishop of London.

Do try to make this event known among your friends. Admission by ticket: 5 pounds (no concessions).

Would anyone like to help to advertise this event outside St Mary's? If so, please contact me.

Graeme Watson



The Night Shelter

Night Shelter is over for another season. Thank you for your work and support. Here's what the final Stats say – HWNS (Hackney Winter Night Shelter) "provided 2108 beds to 130 different Guests. - Housing solutions have been found in 81 cases, only 7 of them of a temporary nature. Better options were found for guests than last year - right sort of hostel, with right sort of support. There were slightly fewer guests this year but with more complex needs, in part due to Cold Weather provision, and the Government strategy to End Rough Sleeping by 2010 which settled people with simple needs." Does that mean that the government did something right? That sounds very suspect – especially just before an election.

Highlights this year include a big article in Hello Magazine. They picked up the photo's and story from Crisis who had sponsored Jeff Hubbard - a former homeless man and a client of HWNS, to photograph Prince William and visa versa. Have a look at the photos and read all about it on <http://www.crisis.org.uk/news.php?id=85> Jeff came down and photographed St Mary's night shelter on the last night and hopefully its one of his photo's right here on this page. There was a big hoo-ha about his photo's of Prince William, as some people accused him of giving the prince more hair (on his head) which caused a stir as far as Australia. (He didn't) If you Google Jeff Hubbard and Prince William you will not find out about homelessness, crisis or HWNS you will see all the links discussing the Prince's different hairstyles – ho hum – that's what I have just done too, I suppose.

Jeff is on our core group and has been helping HWNS since he got himself back on his feet. I found an article about him from the Hackney Citizen in 2008 (Google is great – isn't it?)

"One person who benefited from the service (HWNS) in 2007 was Jeff Hubbard – now off the streets and on the organizing committee for the shelter: "I personally was incredibly grateful for it – I don't know how I would have survived without that shelter for a couple of months.""

Another Highlight is that the Mayor came and visited St Michael's on one Sunday night.

But no one took any photos nor did anything with his hair, which is a great pity.

I know that some of you will be concerned about what happens now for the people that we have helped. Just to let you know there is now a full time employee - Paul. He will continue to work for Hackney Night Shelter during the year. HWNS have moved from just providing emergency shelter to trying to help guests into accommodation.. "if all goes well we will open the shelter next winter with the Mentoring and Befriending and Rent Deposit schemes in place. These will enable us to continue to support our guests beyond the shelter to improve their chances of remaining settled in their new homes." (In a message from the Core Group)

This means throughout the year, Paul will support those who been through detox, those trying to find a job or better place to live and those who have managed to get into accommodation, as somewhere to live may not be their only problem. He'll also keep us up-to-date with what the government and other agencies are doing to help the homeless.

Hackney Night Shelter relies on its volunteers. If you were thinking of volunteering why not have a look at the website <http://www.hwns.org.uk/> or email wednesday@hwns.org.uk. You can start off just popping in from 7 – 9.30pm washing up and chatting to volunteers and guests and eating a lovely meal.

Janice Phayre.

Opposite page – clockwise from top left:-

Supper at St Michael and All Angels; London Fields. Paul, Julie and Caroline at St Michael. Guests at Our Lady of Good Counsel. Tiggie and guest at St Michael. Candles at the night shelter service, St Anne's; Hoxton. Supper at St Anne's. St Mary's – Alison, Gladys and Jane have just finished the washing up!

Apart from "candles", the photographs are all taken from the Jeff Hubbard collection.

Eds



Another Take on St Mary the Virgin



I hadn't intended to be in Seville on a Sunday morning, but a volcano in Iceland had other ideas. So, where to go to church? To say I was spoiled for choice would be an understatement.

Virtually every square or street corner in Seville has a church on it. Some are ancient, with *mudejar*, or Moorish architecture. Some are monumental baroque piles. Some are modern. The cathedral is the largest Gothic building in the world (and its belltower was once the minaret of a mosque).

Maybe the cathedral? But it was two miles' walk and, although we had got the hang of the bus system by then, none of the local buses actually went to it. I needed something more local.

As it happened, the second most famous church in Seville was just round the corner from the hotel. La Macarena it would be.

The Church of the Macarena (which is also the name of a district of the city) is not, itself, especially distinguished. It is a neo-gothic edifice (I suppose you could say the same about St Mary's), but dating only from 1949. But despite this, it is on all the tourist routes. It is famous for one reason only – a statue. The statue of Our Lady of Hope, which is the most revered image in Seville.

Originally, the statue was housed in the adjacent, 14th century church of San Gil, but the new basilica was built for her after the old church was damaged by fire. The statue is housed above the main altar, in a niche dripping with gold and silver. The statue has an extensive wardrobe of elaborate gowns, some of them made from the suits of bullfighters, of whom she is the patron. When a particularly famous bullfighter, who had donated four emeralds for her costume, died in 1920, the statue was dressed in mourning for a month.

So why is the statue, and therefore the church, so important? It is, of its kind, a beautiful statue. But it is just that – a

seventeenth century statue of a young woman with tear drops on her face. But it is the centrepiece of the most characteristic religious celebration in Seville – the processions of Holy Week.

Each year, in Holy Week, churches and guilds across the city compete in the processing of images through the streets. These statues are lavishly dressed, in real clothes and jewels, and are carried by teams of young men on enormous wrought metal chariots, surrounded by flowers and candles. They are followed by teams of 'penitents' dressed like members of the Ku Klux Klan, in long robes and pointed hoods which cover their faces except for the eyes. And as these immensely unwieldy objects are carried through the streets to the cathedral, at various points on their route they stop while the image is serenaded by the singing of a lament. These were originally spontaneous outpourings of devotion, although these days the whole thing is much more stage managed and the singers professionals. Many years ago, I was in Seville for Holy Week and I saw the Macarena setting out on her journey. It was a truly bizarre combination of the extremely devout and a football crowd.

The Macarena, and some of the other churches, are supported by a permanent guild who not only look after the church and the statue, but carry out social work among its members. The Hermandad de la Macarena was founded in 1595 in the convent of Saint Basil as a hospitable congregation whose aim was to attend the sick, carry out charitable acts among its members and to practise the penance. It was for them that the statue was created.

And what of the service? Was there anything special about it? Frankly, no. It was said Mass – said very quickly - and the church was by no means full. I'm not sure how many members of the Hermandad were present since, as in most such cases, the women outnumbered the men in the congregation by about 10 to 1. But it did give me the opportunity to see la Macarena *in situ*, as well as two other statues housed in the church.

Judith Simpson

Book Review

Address Unknown, by Kressmann Taylor, published by Souvenir Press (2009) price £7.99

During my 1950s childhood my parents subscribed to a short story magazine called "Argosy" and it was there that I first discovered writers such as Christopher Isherwood, James Thurber and J B Priestley. The format of the short story requires the particular discipline of a believable background, fully rounded characters moving within a well-paced narrative and a conclusion which satisfies or surprises, all within the confines of around 50 pages.

As a literary genre in its own right the short story has gone out of favour in recent years (so last century!) but it was popular in Victorian times and its popularity continued into the second half of the 20th century. Ernest Hemingway and F Scott Fitzgerald, among many others, earned a living in this way while their novels were in progress. "Address Unknown" first appeared as a short story in just such a magazine as "Argosy" and was later published in "Reader's Digest."

The narrative unfolds as a correspondence between Max Eisenstein, who is Jewish, and Martin Schulse, who is not, German friends in business together in America in the 1920s. Martin returns to Germany with his wife and family in 1932, wishing his sons to grow up in their homeland as true German citizens. Meanwhile, Max remains in California. Martin finds that his American dollars are able to acquire for him a mansion with 30 rooms and many acres of land, this in a Germany suffused with poverty and hyperinflation, where quality food is expensive and, by implication, beyond the reach of most of the population. As a wealthy landowner, he is courted by those with influence in the district, but when Hitler comes to power, those same people become National Socialists and he is drawn into the movement by the sense of confidence and renewed self-esteem which Hitler restores in a German nation cowed and downtrodden by its relentless casting as the vanquished under the 1919 Treaty of Versailles.

Max learns from an acquaintance returning from Germany of the persecution of the Jews

and mentions this to Martin in a letter. Martin's smugly arrogant acquiescence in and justification for this persecution causes their correspondence to take a slightly acrimonious turn. Nevertheless, Max is prepared to overlook this in the continued belief that underneath the swagger, Martin remains the sound liberal he has always been. Max asks Martin to act as mentor for his sister, an actress performing in a play in Vienna, but in the political climate following Krystalnacht, and after Griselle has proclaimed her Jewishness from on stage, Martin finds it impossible to extend his friendship and hospitality towards her for fear of reprisals, a situation experienced by many Germans, and Max begins to understand the moral turpitude and pervading evil into which Germany has rapidly sunk under the leadership of Hitler. The last few pages of the story intrigue until it ends with the same startlingly poignant abruptness with which the cast of Blackadder leave the trench to go "over the top" in the final episode.

The themes of friendship, betrayal and revenge are common in drama and literature, but the discovery that this was written in 1938 sets this betrayal against the backdrop of the much larger one and the events convulsing the continent of Europe. We are, of course, reading it with the wisdom of hindsight and in the knowledge that this was only one of many such stories, taking place in and around 1930s Germany.

At the time of its publication, the story was a sell-out. How tragic, then, that this piece of "faction" and other rumours and accounts coming out of Germany were not acted upon and used to mobilise an anti-Hitler movement powerful enough to stop the juggernaut of evil which became the Nazi invasion of Europe.

Nowadays we would refer to this style of writing as a "novella" or turn it into a Radio 4 drama, as indeed it has been. However, this beautifully crafted "novella" will, I guarantee, intrigue and set you on a train of thought leading – well, who knows where? – for a long time to come.

Pat Keniston

A Whitsun Wedding

The story so far ...

St Joseph's and St Anne's, two churches at opposite ends of the spectrum, had a dance evening, to try to build closer relations. The event had to be a compromise – barn dance in the first half, disco in the second – but it had generated some interesting happenings. Father Lawrence and Mrs Laetitia Fortescue-Smythe from St Joseph's had announced their engagement!



Father Lawrence and Laetitia were talking about arrangements for their forthcoming wedding. Having got engaged at the Valentine's Day dance, they had decided to move swiftly to get married at Whitsun. Now they were debating, among other things, what role to ask their neighbours from St Anne's to play. Until recently, the two churches had been at daggers drawn. But as Laetitia reminded Lawrence, "If it hadn't been for the joint dance, you might not have got round to popping the question yet, Lawrence". "Oh, I don't know. I was just waiting for the right moment. It wasn't all down to the dance." But they both knew it was.

Father Lawrence didn't think it would be right to be married by the evangelical vicar of St Anne's, "the Rev" Wayne. He asked a long-standing and like-minded Anglo-Catholic, Father John, from a nearby parish to do the job. But Laetitia suggested they should ask Wayne to give an address. Lawrence paused: "Are you sure, dear? Who knows what he might say." "I'm sure he'll keep it entirely appropriate." "Very good, dear. I'm sure you're right."

Lawrence reflected that it had been difficult to disagree with Laetitia when she was just Secretary of the PCC, and that it wasn't going to get any easier. But he was happier than he'd been for years.

The great day came. St Joseph's was decked out splendidly – Mrs Jones, who did the flowers on special occasions, surpassed herself. Laetitia was given away by Frank, who had played a part in organising the events that had brought them together. Father John performed the marriage ceremony with

practised aplomb and Lawrence and Laetitia were husband and wife.

The time came for Wayne's address. Happy as they were, Father Lawrence felt somewhat nervous, and even Laetitia had a pang of concern about what would come next. What they didn't know was that Wayne was feeling nervous too. The last thing he wanted to do was to spoil their day in any way. So he kept it very simple – starting by dressing in a formal suit and surplice with dog collar rather than his usual sports jacket.

"Very good," thought Laetitia.

"Thank God for that", thought Lawrence.

The service was completed. Lawrence and Laetitia had often stood at the back of the church together – never had they felt happier than in greeting their shared guests.

Andrew Hudson



Baptisms on 25th April

**Freddy Albany Blight
Diggory Fenwick Courteen Cox
Carmen Beema Kannu
Johan Baxter Bueno Horspool
Gabriel Elvis Skye Harry Harrison
Jasmine May Tiger Avril Harrison**



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

Stephen Leacock



My father was a huge fan of the Canadian humorous writer Stephen Leacock (1869 – 1944), and would often refer to Melpomenus Jones. I think he felt a sort of affinity with the poor young man – and in his later life I often had to help him wind up telephone calls.

Some of Leacock's writings are still in print – they are very funny, and well worth seeking out. The following (very) short story might tempt you.

Jane Pryce

The Awful Fate of Melpomenus Jones

Some people – not you or I, because we are so awfully self-possessed – but some people, find great difficulty in saying good-bye when making a call or spending the evening. As the moment draws near when the visitor feels that he is fairly entitled to go away he rises and says abruptly, "Well, I think I ...". Then the people say, "Oh, must you go now? Surely it's early yet!" and a pitiful struggle ensues.

I think the saddest case of this kind that I ever knew was that of my dear friend Melpomenus Jones, a curate – such a dear young man, and only twenty three! He simply couldn't get away from people. He was too modest to tell a lie, and too religious to wish to appear rude.

Now it happened that he went to call on some friends of his on the very first afternoon of his summer vacation. The next six weeks were entirely his own – absolutely nothing to do. He chatted awhile, drank two cups of tea, then braced himself for the effort and said suddenly "Well, I think I ...". But the lady of the house said, "Oh no! Mr Jones, can't you really stay a little longer?" Jones was always truthful.

"Oh, yes," he said, "of course I – er – can stay." "Then please don't go."

He stayed. He drank eleven cups of tea. Night was falling. He rose again. "Well now," he said shyly, "I think really ..." "You must go?" said the lady politely. "I thought perhaps you could have stayed to dinner ..." "Oh well, so I could you know," Jones said, "if ..." "Then please stay, I'm sure my husband will be delighted." "All right," he said feebly, "I'll stay," and he sank back into his chair, just full of tea, and miserable.

Papa came home. They had dinner. All through the meal Jones sat planning to leave at eight-thirty. All the family wondered whether Mr Jones was stupid and sulky, or only stupid.

After dinner mamma undertook to "draw him out," and showed him photographs. She showed him all the family museum, several gross of them – photos of papa's uncle and his wife, and mamma's brother and his little boy, an awfully interesting photo of papa's uncle's friend in his Bengal uniform, an awfully well-taken photo of papa's grandfather's partner's dog, and an awfully wicked one of papa as the devil for a fancy-dress ball. At eight-thirty Jones had examined seventy-one photographs. There were about sixty-nine more that he hadn't. Jones rose. "I must say good night now," he pleaded. "Say good night!" they said, "why it's only half-past eight! Have you anything to do?" "Nothing," he admitted, and muttered something about staying six weeks, and then laughed miserably.

Just then it turned out that the favourite child of the family, such a dear little romp, had hidden Mr Jones's hat; so papa said that he must stay, and invited him to a pipe and a chat. Papa had the pipe and gave Jones the chat, and still he stayed. Every moment he meant to take the plunge, but couldn't. Then papa began to get very tired of Jones, and fidgeted and finally said, with jocular irony, that Jones had better stay all night, they could give him a shake-down. Jones mistook his meaning and thanked him with tears in his eyes, and papa put him to bed in the spare room and cursed him heartily.

After breakfast next day, papa went off to work in the City, and left Jones playing with the baby, broken-hearted. His nerve was utterly gone. He was meaning to leave all day, but the thing had got on his mind and he simply

couldn't. When papa came home in the evening he was surprised and chagrined to find Jones still there. He thought to jockey him out with a jest, and said he thought he'd have to charge him board, he! he! The unhappy young man stared wildly for a moment, then wrung papa's hand, paid him a month's board in advance, and broke down and sobbed like a child.

In the days that followed he was moody and unapproachable. He lived, of course, entirely in the drawing room, and lack of air and exercise began to tell sadly on his health. He passed his time in drinking tea and looking at the photographs. He would stand for hours gazing at the photographs of papa's uncle's friend in his Bengal uniform – talking to it, sometimes swearing bitterly at it. His mind was visibly failing.

At length the crash came. They carried him upstairs in a raging delirium of fever. The illness that followed was terrible. He recognised no one, not even papa's uncle's friend in his Bengal uniform. At times he would start up from his bed and shriek, "Well I think I ..." and then fall back upon his pillow with a horrible laugh. Then, again, he would leap up and cry, "Another cup of tea and more photographs! More photographs! Har! Har!"

At length, after a month of agony, on the last day of his vacation, he passed away. They say that when the last moment came, he sat up in bed with a beautiful smile of confidence playing upon his face, and said, "Well – the angels are calling me; I'm afraid I really must go now. Good afternoon."

And the rushing of his spirit from its prison-house was as rapid as a hunted cat passing over a garden fence.

Watch This Space!

Pat Keniston will be reviewing a book of Stephen Leacock's short stories in our June issue. Make sure to pick up your copy!

The Gardening Column



The other day a friend mentioned to me that she had seen Herb Robert for sale in a local garden centre. It's a plant with rather pretty little pink flowers that we have both been cheerfully pulling up as weeds for years.

I consulted my Culpepper's Herbal and discovered that Herb Robert is "*under the domination of Venus*" and "*is commended not only against the stone, but to stay blood, where or howsoever flowing; it speedily heals all green wounds, and is effectual in old ulcers in the privy parts, or elsewhere*". It is also "*held in great estimation by farmers, who use it in diseases of their cattle*". Well!

Anyway, here's the thing; if anyone has any ailing cattle they are welcome to come and help themselves to the curative herb from my garden – free. My friend says that she would also be happy to offer her crop on a "pick your own" basis.

Jane Pryce

The Great Beard Debate



There has always been a bit of a marmite view about beards, you love them or hate them. As no doubt, the more observant amongst you will have noticed, my beard has been given a free reign to grow over the last 6 months and has now reached biblical proportions. Time has now come to either trim it, or shave it completely. I am giving all those of you with strong opinions to decide if it should be shaved off or trimmed, all in aid of church funds.

There will be two collection pots on the table at the back of church for the 9.30 am and 11 am services. Whichever pot has the most money in it at the end of Sunday 16th May will determine the fate of my facial hair.

Andrew Wildridge

Win this Super Prize!



No laughing matter! This prayer card for times of economic hardship sets out the various party plans for getting the economy going again with an overhaul of the current system.

By now you are probably bleary-eyed and relieved that the general election is all over, that the results are in, and that the

Monster Raving Loony Party has gained a majority against all odds! And all those promises should be easy to keep with a manifesto that was clearly just a few ideas scribbled on the back of this cigarette - packet sized image! Well, we'll see.

The picture of Christ in a very fetching off-the-shoulder purple robe and accessory cute sheep does nothing, however, to suggest to us ordinary mortals that shopping at Dickens and Jones is not the norm. And, changing the subject somewhat, the depiction Jesus' head in a bubble rather suggests that he was probably the first astronaut.

However, as tough as times are, you should congratulate yourself for having bought our very reasonably priced magazine - and enter our caption competition. You know it makes sense. So get entering or else! Remember, we know where you live!

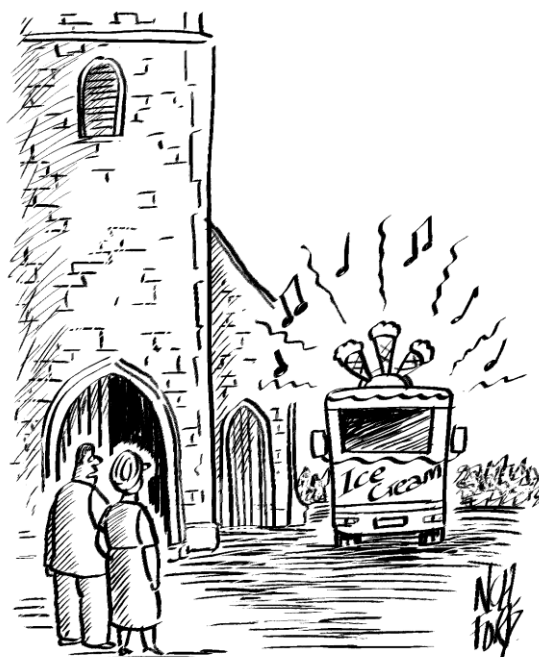
Mark Perrett



“That’s the trouble with these cheap cruises, Amanda darling. They treat you like cattle.”



Relax! I'm not the prison chaplain - I've just been given three months for wearing a crucifix in public!



"It was the best we could do whilst the churchbells are being replaced – and O Sole Mio is quite a nice tune."

A good likeness

An infants teacher was observing her classroom of children while they drew. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's artwork. As she came to one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was. The girl replied, "I'm drawing God." The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like." Without missing a beat, or looking up from her drawing the girl replied, . . . "They will in a minute."

April Caption Competition



Here is the picture to remind you. Some common threads run through many of this month's entries – which made us wonder about some of you! Our adjudicator had a difficult task, but chose no.1 as the overall winner. Thank you all for taking part.

Buried alive, stake through the heart, that's the last 3 1/2 hour sermon the curate was ever going to give.

The PCC decision to drill for oil to heat the church, in the cold daylight, seemed ambitious given the lack of funds for buying any drilling equipment

Realisation dawned on the parish elders, that this church planting lark was a lot more involved than they first thought

The PCC realised the rector was serious that the Old Church Project would go ahead despite the failure of the stewardship campaign

Ding Dong the Rector's Dead...

Clissold Park was bigger in the days when the building of St Mary's was started.

Exhausted by unending fund-raising for the church roof, they decided searching for oil would be easier.

They found the ideal site for the crèche, only 5 miles from the church.

Are you sure that this is the crossroads where they buried him?"

Discovering that a vampire had been buried in the Church grounds had led to unexpected consequences for the gardening working party.

"If we find oil under here, then perhaps stewardship campaign won't be needed!" shouted Bill to his fellow parishioners.

Somehow there were a few doubts that Dracula would be found buried in a small field near Chingford!

It was generous of the rector to offer the use of his garden to the allotment club.

May Caption Competition



Now, how about resting those tired muscles and having a go at competing for our fabulous prize as featured on page 9. You have until May 20th to get your captions in – so do what Mark said, and get entering!



English asparagus is just beginning to appear in the shops. It's expensive at the moment, but prices will soon drop. Personally I'm prepared to ignore the imported stuff – and then gorge myself during the all too short English season. I start off by simply steaming it and serving it with melted butter or hollandaise

sauce. Then I start making quiches and soup. Here is another delicious asparagus recipe for later in the season.

Asparagus Risotto

Serves 4

2 lb of asparagus (or less if you are economising)

1 medium onion, finely chopped.

Italian rice measured to 12 fl oz (350 ml) in a measuring jug.

4 oz butter.

Approx 2 pints boiling water.

5 tbs dry white wine.

4 tbs freshly grated parmesan cheese.

Salt and pepper.

Snap off the woody ends from the asparagus stalks and discard.

Cut off the tips and blanch in boiling water, then remove with a slotted spoon and set aside.

Roughly chop the rest of the stalks and cook in the same water until tender, and then put through a blender or food processor with the cooking water to make a thick stock. Add dry white wine, and simmer over a low heat.

In a heavy pan, melt half of the butter and cook the onion until softened. Add the rice and let it begin to absorb the butter before adding a ladle of the asparagus stock. Keep stirring until it is absorbed. Continue adding the stock, one ladle at a time, making certain not to drown the rice and stirring as necessary, until the rice is *al dente* (takes about 15-20 minutes).

When the rice is cooked, stir in the remaining butter and the parmesan. Add the asparagus tips and season as required.

Serve with some good crusty bread to mop up any escaping deliciousness - and enjoy!

Jane Pryce

Trackword

Move from one square to the next; going up, down, sideways, backwards, forwards or diagonally.

N	E	C
N	S	S
O	I	A

Sudoku

7				3			
2			5	4			
		6				2	
1	3		6				
	5	4		7		6	1
				2		5	
		3				8	
			1	9			7
			4				6

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Funny you should ask....

One day a middle-aged Jewish man heard from his son at university. "I've decided to become a Christian, Dad." The father panicked. "What do I do?" he asked himself. The only thing he could think to do was call his rabbi for advice.

"Funny you should come to me with this problem," said the rabbi. "Not two years ago MY son came to me with the same speech. I had no idea what to do. I panicked, and the only thing I could think to do was go to God."

"Goodness! And what message do you think you got from God?" asked the father nervously. The rabbi laughed. "God said to me, 'funny you should come to me with this problem' ..."

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 robsong21@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"*)

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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