

WINTER 2009

# Christ Church

WEST WIMBLEDON



1859



2009

## *Parish Magazine*

*Celebrating  
150 years*



Welcome Letter	<b>2</b>	Sunday School remembered	<b>9</b>	Which translation?	<b>15</b>
1859, What a year!	<b>3</b>	Another 150th Anniversary	<b>10</b>	Celebration poem	<b>16</b>
Charity Update	<b>4</b>	Getting the date right	<b>11</b>	The tale of two "Greenies"	<b>16</b>
Vic Read	<b>5</b>	View from the pews	<b>12</b>	Food of celebration	<b>18</b>
My Christ Church	<b>6</b>	Wide Angle Lens	<b>14</b>	Festive Fare	<b>20</b>



# Welcome...

**I**n our quiet corner of Wimbledon and Raynes Park we rarely experience the ructions that seem to be churning the national life of our church. We say our prayers, gather for worship, pay attention to one another and seek to do service in our local community.

Not very dramatic; not, apparently, terribly engaged with the big issues. But, of course, we do think about them. I, for one, certainly have views. I will not be accepting the Pope's kind offer to go and be part of a sub denomination within the Catholic corral,

I will not be seeking alternative Episcopal oversight from the Bishop of New Jersey if the Synod of the Church of England is stupid enough to prevaricate further over women bishops, and I will not be seeking to take legal possession of our church building so I can exercise an aggressive brand of evangelical self-righteousness.

No. Instead, I will invite the parish to Christmas services, encourage more of us to find time for stillness and reflection, go on reminding people that God is close to them and loves them, look for ways to develop our links with our brothers and sisters in Zimbabwe after the visit of Bishop Cleophas, think about whether the church hall is up to the job we want to do with our buildings, and hope at the end of it all that the Church of England hasn't blown my pension on a shopping centre in Reykjavik.

In so doing I don't think that I'm being an ostrich. I'm not running away from important issues. I think I'm just getting better at identifying what the important issues are. I'm pretty sure these days that it really doesn't matter whether my vicar is gay or straight; whether my Bishop is Brian or Margaret; whether I think the first chapters of the gospel of Luke might have been added into the text later than the rest of it; or whether we have 'Shine Jesus Shine' or 'The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended' for the collection hymn.

It does, I think, matter very much whether or not my vicar is bothered about the people he or she is called to serve. By which, I would generally mean, the poorest in our society, the alienated, persecuted and marginalised. I do think it matters if my male or female bishop is boring, self-serving or forgetting to be Christ-like. I do think it matters if we forget

who Jesus was and what he did. I do think it matters if what we do in church puts people off or treats them as if they were stupid.

Are the Anglo-Catholic boys club brigade hurt? Well, off you go to papa then. Are the evangelicals cross because we don't use the bible like a rule-book? Well feel free to be cross: it seems to be what you do best. Are the liberals chewing the carpet because the church is so paralysed with fear and anxiety? And, let's face it, we liberals ARE exasperated. Well we should get a sense of perspective and start to play the long game God does.

As another year turns, three cheers for those bits of the church that just gets on with it. The big issues that really matter are the homeless down on Kingston Road, the trapped old ladies in their flats on Edge Hill, the children who go home to loveless, cold homes and the struggling families flattened by mortgage payments and uncertain job prospects. Too many of those engaged in 'church-wars' have forgotten who and what they are in the church for. We need to remember. Once we come back to the way Jesus did things then we will have remembered what it means to be the church for England and will be much more likely to be a positive force in the world.

Revd Richard Lane, 16 Copse Hill, Wimbledon, London SW20 0HG. Tel 020 8946 4491  
ccparishoffice@yahoo.co.uk

# 1859 What a year!

*It was the year that Christ Church was founded.  
It was also the year that...*

\* **Joseph Bazalgette, the engineer, began his project of building sewers to discharge London's effluent into the Thames at a safer distance downstream.**

\* **Big Ben first chimed on 31 May.**

\* **Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the outstanding Victorian engineer died during the year. Known for building three great ships, constructing the railway line from Paddington to Bristol and completing the water tunnel under the Thames – now used by London underground.**

\* **Arthur Conan Doyle the creator of Sherlock Homes was born.**

\* **Charles Darwin published his book the 'Origin of Species by Natural Selection'.**

\* **The 'Tale of Two Cities' by Charles Dickens was published.**

\* **A general Election was held in June – the Liberals won 357 seats and the Conservatives 297. The principal figures were Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister and William Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer.**





# Charitable Giving Update

**Pat Spencer** on the causes Christ Church supports

**A**mber is 14 years old and has already been in trouble with the police and had an abortion. She lives in Coventry with her mother and brother. Her mother works full-time, her father is absent having been in and out of prison since she was born. She has run away from home several times and has missed a lot of school.

But she is bright and could make something of her life. Beth from the Children's Society is now trying to help her get her life back on track. Beth is part of Safe In The City Coventry which, with similar initiatives in Manchester and Birmingham, works with youngsters who run away.

Founded in 1881 under the auspices of the Church of England, the Children's Society aims to support families in Britain, to give more children the opportunity of a good childhood. In the past it ran children's homes and was much involved in fostering and adoption but today concentrates on initiatives like Safe In The City and supporting vulnerable children with nursery provision and places to meet and play.

Much of its work is done in partnership with local

organisations. The Diocese of London has just started a 3 year partnership to work with youth in the poorer parts of the city.

A major source of funds is the money raised at Christingle services throughout the country - £1.2 million was donated in 2008. At Christ Church we hold the service each year at 4pm on a Sunday in early December (this year on Sunday 6th December).

Christingles, which are decorated oranges with candles, are presented to each child and many of the adults, and the resultant circle of light is magical. We hope to donate £600 this year.

You can learn more about the Children's Society on their website [www.childrenssociety.org.uk](http://www.childrenssociety.org.uk).



Church Christingle ceremonies raised over £1 million last year.

# 50 years on!

The parish's former vicar **Vic Read** looks back on his long association with Christ Church

**H**aving ministered at Christ Church twice, from 1958 to 1961 as Assistant Curate and then from 1973 to 1994 as Vicar I have countless memories, both sad and glad, to treasure and recall in retirement.

Appropriately, at this time celebrating the 150th anniversary of the consecration of our church, my thoughts go back 50 years to the Centenary in 1959. I was in my first year of curacy here, and then (as now) it was a time of remembering. As a member of the Committee planning the 100th birthday, I found it was an occasion which brought together the whole church membership (which was considerable in those days!) and stimulated a deeper sense of fellowship and dedication.

At that time Christ Church was still a daughter church of St. Mary's, but events were steadily moving us towards separation and the establishment of a new independent parish came in 1961, just as I was leaving to become Priest-in-charge of

Christchurch, Flackwell Heath. Little did I imagine then that only 12 years later I would be called back here to 21 years of happy ministry amongst friends old and new!

Finally, I thank God for His many blessings vouchsafed in and through Christ Church during all these years and still continuing today. Laus Deo!



This 1959 drawing shows Vic in action at the pulpit.

# My Christ Church

Five parishioners tell us about their time at Christ Church and what their parish means to them...



**Brenda Clark started coming to Christ Church with her husband in 1998. She writes...**

From the very beginning of our time here, we were made to feel most welcome by everyone, particularly the stewards and churchwardens. This friendly atmosphere is still very much present today, particularly when new people come into the church who may not be familiar with the format of a church service.

The church building and grounds are well maintained both inside and out by a small team of hard-working people, and I believe this sends out an important message to the people of the parish.

I believe it is our mission to show love and compassion to our neighbours in the spirit of Christ. It would be good to have the church open during the week, but this presents obvious difficulties. We need to raise awareness in the parish of what Christ Church has to offer and it's good that we distribute regular newsletters.

As a church we have to look at areas which need changing or developing in the future, but meanwhile, let us thank God for the fellowship and communion which we have at Christ Church today.



**Bill Petch, our "odd job man" has been attending Christ Church since he was still in short trousers!**

I first went to Christ Church as a pupil at King's College Junior School. We would form a long red crocodile and march off to Christ Church for a service at the beginning of every term. When I progressed into the Senior School, Christ Church vanished from my ken as there was not enough room to accommodate all of us.

Over the intervening years my attendance at Christ Church really resembled Halley's Comet, i.e regular but infrequent. I would attend events such as christenings, confirmations, weddings and, of course, the inevitable funerals.

Since we moved to the area I have become a more regular member of the congregation and am now the "odd job man" and grass mower.

It is still the same church, with, to quote Peter Fleming in his book, "a powerful composition". It has, and will always have, many memories for me and I am very pleased it is our local parish church.

A Happy Birthday Christ Church. Here is to your next 150 years standing solid and strong on the top of the hill.



**Mike Hammond, who has been a Chalice Assistant for many years, reveals the tricks of the trade!**

I became a Christian during the Billy Graham crusades in the fifties whilst I was in the senior scouts. We were affiliated to a church called St Matthias at the top of Brixton Hill in Upper Tulse Hill, and the scoutmaster suggested the senior scouts went to one of the meetings held at Wembley, as there was so much publicity about the crusades. I was moved to go forward and the rest, as they say, is history.

I began attending services at Christ Church after we moved to this area. Then, one Sunday, Monica Brown approached me and asked if I would like to become a Chalice Assistant as they were one person short. How could I refuse?

Suddenly I was more involved. I needed to choose which robe to wear, as they are of varying lengths and size and it soon became obvious that tripping up could be a major hazard! I chose one that I share with Paul Brazier. Occasionally we take it home to wash it!

The training was easy, I was told to say to each participant "The Blood of Christ" and wipe the lip of the chalice and move onto the next but one person. That can sometimes prove more challenging than it would at first appear. Remember, we work in pairs and you are either first with the chalice or you follow. Sometimes you move forward to the next but one person and they put their hands down at the last mo-



ment showing they don't want to receive communion, then you move on to the next person and you have left two people for the following assistant to dispense wine to, which can be confusing. The trick is to look ahead and observe what's going on ahead of you. Sometimes the next person may be a youngster who may or may not want to sip the wine. Some communicants don't want to touch the chalice so you offer it to their lips, being careful not to drown them or pour it down them! Some simply dip the wafer into the wine; some take minute sips; some a mouthful. Sometimes you run short and need to share some of the other assistant's wine. I have often been amazed how many can sip from a tablespoon of wine!

However, all the foibles apart, it is great to be involved in the life of a great Church and I recommend anyone who would like to become a Chalice assistant to take courage and ask Richard or one of the Wardens if you can be considered. ▶

# My Christ Church



**Elizabeth Fleming started coming to Christ Church in 1955 as a young mother of four...**

The main service on Sundays in those days was at 11am so there was just enough time for my husband to take our three boys to the inspired Mr Harold Smith-Boyes' 9.30am Crusader class in Coombe Lane beforehand. And soon a Crusader class for girls opened up on the Ridgway so our daughter was able to join in too. We always made it to church however and there our children joined 'Young Church' run then by two of the Misses West, all three of them being so nice.

A substantial choir of men and boys sat in the chancel and all wore black cassocks covered over with white surplices. But, the boys would push the points of pencils through their white surplices as a quiet diversion to the service. I only discovered this habit when checking the clothes in the vestry for any needing mending! Eventually the black cassocks became so worn that even patching proved insufficient and this was when the marvellous blue cassocks were bought.

I joined the cleaning team run by Cynthia Aird in a most able and efficient way. She moved with amazing vigour yet never failed to praise the efforts of the rest of us by saying at the end "how lovely it looks, how nice it smells!"

**Sarah Alexandra How, one of Christ Church's team of Readers, was confirmed at Christ Church in her early 30s. She writes...**

Since my confirmation I have been blessed in that my son (an environmentalist) and my daughter (a milliner), who willingly give their time and take pride in their work, are both caring, valuable members of society. This is the most wonderful gift and I treasure this with all my heart.

It is because of this personal sense of gratitude that I feel encouraged to take up the challenge and join the team of Readers within the church here. I'm grateful to you all, for your warm friendly welcome, and I love doing the reading, it makes me feel special.

However, we need to do all we can for the young ones, who will face great changes, so I am including the following prayer, for your celebration edition.

*Almighty God; Creator, Sustainer hear my plea. O Jesus come and deliver my soul. Save this body from despair and guard this heart from crying.*

*Let loud praises rise up to the vast heavenly hosts who send grace and blessing for eternal growth. Set us on a spiritual path to follow Christ and give us strength for today and great hope for tomorrow.*

*Amen*

# Sunday School remembered

**Cynthia Aird reminisces about Sunday School in the 1930's in Wimbledon...**

I started Sunday School when I was about 8-years-old. It was held at 3pm on a Sunday afternoon and lasted about an hour. The attendance must have been in the region of 80-100 children. No doubt many parents were happy to be free of their children for the afternoon! In those days most men were working five and a half, or even six, days a week and Sunday was their only chance of a rest.

My Sunday School was held at Effra Rd School. Once a month we had a service at Holy Trinity Church. The Vicar at that time was the Rev John Cawley, a terrifying figure. He was an ex-army chaplain, and had also been chaplain of Dartmoor prison, so was not to be upset!

Except for the well-known children's hymns, these services were incomprehensible to me. But the other three Sundays were enjoyable. Our teacher must have been only in her teens! She practiced her shorthand by taking down the Vicar's sermons.

When I got to senior age our Superintendent thought we should learn about the work of the PCC. So we took part as Churchwardens, or Treasurer etc and wrote reports of



our meetings. Our ideas were sent to the actual PCC, but we heard nothing back!

By the age of 12 I was accompanying the hymns on the piano. The first time I did it, I played "The story of Samuel"... *Hushed was the evening*

*hymn, the temple courts were dark...* but I was stopped and told it was so slow they couldn't sing!

During the war the annual days out to Bognor or Littlehampton stopped. Instead, we had tea parties in the vicarage garden. Two elderly gentlemen kept the Sunday School going, and occasionally showed us slides as a treat.

If you had full attendance for a year, you were presented with a bible with your name on it. This was a much prized item, presented at a special ceremony. Unfortunately the print was so small it was rather off-putting for a child.

We had Sunday School concerts once a year at Holy Trinity Hall (now the Polka Theatre). These were grand affairs – a programme of at least two hours – with a large audience. Rehearsals finished by 5.30 to enable us to get home before the air raids started!

# Another 150th Anniversary!



**John Barrett, a former trustee of the Drinking Fountain Association on our local cattle trough.**

Some members of the congregation may remember there used to be a cattle trough outside Christ Church in Cottenham Park Road, where the bus stop is now situated. Well, that trough was erected by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association (or to give it its shorter name the Drinking Fountain Association). The trough was taken away a few years ago, and is now

with the Museum of London.

The Association, like Christ Church, was founded in 1859 and is still operating. It was set up against a background of a filthy River Thames full of untreated sewage, rubbish and effluence from factories, inadequate water for the poor and water-borne cholera, but with some improvements in the offing.

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 12 April 1859 with the meeting being chaired by the Earl of Carlisle. Early vice-presidents included the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquess of Westminster. Prince Albert also wrote conveying his deep interest in the objects of the Association.

A few days later the first drinking fountain was unveiled against the wall of Holy Sepulchre Church, just a few yards from what was then Newgate prison, and within a short time it was being used each day by over 7,000 people. The water had been passed through filters approved by the Association.

Members of the Association realised the plight of animals was equal to that of humans, and by 1870, eleven years after the Association had been founded, 153 drinking troughs had been erected. By 1885 it was estimated that over 50,000 horses were drinking daily from the troughs, and their drivers were carrying maps showing where the troughs were located. Then by the end of the 19th century there was a financial change which benefited the Association: for the first time, local authorities agreed to undertake all maintenance work on troughs and fountains, and pay the appropriate water rates.

However, by the 1930s the Association was aware of the long-term decline of the importance of cattle troughs with the coming of motor vehicles. So, today, there are very few troughs operating, although there is still one in Hyde Park, in memory of the horses of the Household Cavalry killed and injured by a terrorist bomb in 1982. Most remaining troughs, like the one at the junction of Cottenham Park Road and Coombe Lane, are filled with earth and planted with flowers!

Anyway, like Christ Church, the Association is still operating very successfully 150 years after its foundation. Its main priorities today are supplying drinking fountains to schools in the UK, helping to fund water wells in Third World countries and restoring fountains in the UK wherever they are likely to be used.

## Which date?

*Pat Spencer's detective work uncovers something surprising!*

When I agreed to co-ordinate the exhibition for the 150th anniversary of Christ Church's consecration I had no idea that there was any doubt about the date the Bishop of London came in 1859

Both the brief histories state that it was Monday 5th August, but point out that surviving written records are pretty scarce. My doubt was first raised one hot July day in Morden library when I saw the date 15th August 1859 ascribed to the church silver in an inventory. How odd I thought that this plate, which had pretty certainly been bought for the consecration, should be dated 10 days after the event!

My doubts were strengthened when I read a letter sent to the church's Trustees in the 1920s giving the date of 15th August 1859 for its consecration. I decided to try and discover from the London Metropolitan Archives what date they had for the visit of the Bishop of London to dedicate the church.

They responded on 4th August, the day before our tea party, that it was indeed 15th August! We decided to make no public mention of this on 5th August but the correct date was given in the exhibition timeline in September.

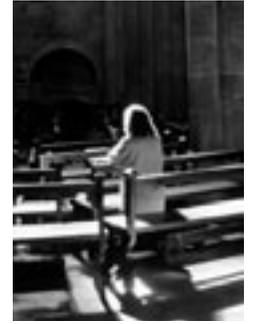
I can only conclude that somewhere a "1" had dropped off the records. As early as the 1930s a newspaper article about Christ Church gave the date as 5th August.

So, I'm setting the records straight for the future... The consecration was 15th August 1859! Curiously, one piece of memorabilia does have the correct date – the service sheet for the 125th anniversary in 1984!



The parish cattle trough in its original location outside the church.

# Searching the scriptures



## View from the Pews



At the end of an enthralling Christ Church visit to Westminster Abbey I sneaked into the Jerusalem Chamber to pay

my respects to an even more important centenary celebration.

There, 400 years ago, the best scholars of the age were putting the last touches to the translation of the Bible that would command and shape the religious and cultural life of the English-speaking world: the Authorised or King James Version. It was itself a revision, based on a balance between Puritan and Roman predecessors and drawing hugely on the mellifluous language of William Tyndale. A classic and inspired Anglican compromise, a common text upon which varied but authoritative exegesis might be based, it soon won universal acceptance. Yet in its many bindings, sizes and colours it sits on the shelf in many homes, respected but for the most part unread.

Why should this be? First and foremost it is regrettably outdated as a translation. Scholars know far more about the Hebrew and Greek

original texts and the cultures in which they were written and took root. Modern translations are much more accurate in their rendering of what the author wrote, and recent paraphrases more true to the writer's intention. Contrary to backwoods conviction, the Bible was not written in 1611 nor dictated in English in heaven. Although the language of the AV is integral to our spiritual and intellectual heritage, it can no longer serve as the best source for Christian teaching. Better texts of Holy Scripture will bring us closer to the Word of God.

Secondly, in an age of moral relativism, we sit less readily under any banner of authority, not least the authority of the Bible. Branches of the Christian Church have themselves hastened this decline. Prodding fingers at the big black book of proof texts and the incense-soaked elevation of the gospel above comment and contradiction have not encouraged the committed reader, let alone the genuine inquirer. Moreover, academic study of the Bible, particularly in older forms of biblical criticism, has had a negative affect on both public preaching and private reading. As a result we fight shy of biblical exposition, study and

meditation, because we have lost confidence in their validity. There is a curious time-lag here. Today many scholars, tiring of historic form and literary criticism, are increasingly arguing that biblical studies require a Christian theory of interpretation, namely that we should read the Bible to hear what the authors intended and thus what God, through the witness of his servants, wants us to hear. The reliability of those early sources has been brilliantly championed by Richard Bauckham in his prizewinning book, *Jesus And The Eyewitnesses*.

Interpretation of scripture will and should continue to vary, as it did from the first days of the church, but they all believed in the testimony handed down to them.

“All scripture is inspired by God and can profitably be used for teaching, for refuting error, for guiding people's lives and teaching them to be holy.” (2 Tim.3.16)

From Pentecost onwards, when the infant church met to break bread, they searched the scriptures and prayed together. This pattern and its practice have ebbed and flowed over the centuries. Although the renaissance of learning in the 15th and 16th centuries notably

revived bible study, the church has never forgotten that its doctrine should be based on the plain statements of scripture. The Second Vatican Council concluded its report on Divine Revelation, *Dei Verbum*, with the longing that the people of God should be committed to living by the Scriptures at every level of their lives. Protestants, whose motto has been “sola scriptura”, have always believed in the central authority of the Bible, not as a dead letter but as the living Word of God. For all Christians the Bible continues to matter.

Despite this united emphasis biblical illiteracy is growing, not just in the secular society but in the pews. Any search for a single replacement for the AV is doomed to fail in a world addicted to a multiplicity of media. Many churches are grazing where they should be feeding. Bible study should be neither a niche occupation nor a private one. History is full of examples of churches growing in faith, understanding and love by searching the scriptures together. We would do well to follow their example.

**Colin Holloway**

● *A mini-guide to modern translations of the Bible is on page 15.*



# The Anglican Communion: What price unity?

## The Wide Angle Lens

Few Archbishops of Canterbury have been dealt as harsh a hand as Rowan Williams. This brilliant, kindly and holy man has been forced to spend much of his time fire-fighting around the Anglican Communion instead of leading mission in the increasingly de-Christianised UK.

While he has spoken powerfully on the biggest issues of the age - the environmental crisis, global poverty, greed and inequality - he has had also to join in the obsessive interest shown by some of his colleagues in Africa and the USA in homosexual relationships and how gay people can be kept out of the priesthood.

This issue, of course, is a proxy for bigger conflicts about scriptural interpretation and authority in the Church. In trying to resolve these, Archbishop Rowan has displayed all the great Anglican virtues of patient listening, consensus-building and tolerance.

His problem - which could turn into his and our tragedy - is that his opponents have not returned the favour. Like the Militant Tendency in the old Labour Party, a faction

with which they have many tactics in common, many in GAFCON are not interested in a new kind of 'broad church'.

They want allegiance to their vision, a creed that claims faithfulness to Scripture but displays little of Christ's generosity of spirit and sympathy for the outcast.

The Archbishop, brokering between the liberal US Episcopalians and the GAFCONites of America, Nigeria et al, has given more ground to the latter, certainly going against his own private convictions. Why? Three reasons stand out: post-colonial guilt about the deprivations and injustices visited on Africa and Asia; his profound belief in open-minded dialogue; and desire for unity.

The problem is the cost of unity. In accommodating GAFCON, there is a risk of pandering to values at odds with liberal and moderate strands of traditional English Anglicanism and with secular society. The price of unity in the Communion could be break-up in the Church of England (as in the US Episcopal Church); this could mean a narrower C of E so estranged from

secular values that disestablishment becomes inevitable.

This sounds extreme. How likely is it? Much depends on the final form of the new 'Covenant' being debated in the Communion, and seen by Dr Williams as a means of securing unity, or at least a *modus vivendi*, among warring factions.

Its critics see the Covenant as a step towards a more disciplinary model of authority and doctrinal decision-making. They argue that it creates a two-track system, with liberals (i.e. those willing to grant full equality to women and gay people) on the outer circle, effectively being invited to leave. This is not at all what Dr Williams wants, but it may turn out to be the consequence of his designs.

Ironically, it could be that the Pope will help solve the problem. He has invited disaffected Anglo-Catholics to head for Rome. We don't know how many will leave, but if there is an exodus of diehards then the liberal wing of the C of E will be strengthened and alienated evangelicals, losing their Anglo-Catholic allies, will need to consider the virtues of compromise. The Pope's move - involving blatant discourtesy to Dr Williams - introduces yet another element to the interminable conflicts in the Communion. The Church moves in mysterious ways, and it is tempting to avert our gaze and concentrate on parish life. But that would be a mistake - the character of Anglicanism is at stake and there are great changes in prospect.

**Ian Christie**

## Which translation?

*Colin Holloway explains the different versions of the bible*

**D**espite its richness of phrasing and historic significance, the Authorised or King James Version is no longer sufficiently accurate as a translation of the Bible. For clarity, authenticity and accessibility we need to look elsewhere. We are spoiled for choice and our choice will depend on whether we read for study or devotion; in private or public; when young or mature; for broad brush understanding or detailed knowledge.

50 years ago the Revised Standard Version, a grandchild of the AV, set a new benchmark. Its latest update, the English Standard Version, is probably the best word-for-word translation but demanding on the reader. Its immediate predecessor, the New Revised Standard Version, is widely used as a standard text.

The New International Version is somewhat easier in style and commands the Evangelical market. The New English Bible (1961/70) was an entirely new translation, formal, scholarly, sometimes awkward in its search for precision, though brilliant in clarifying Pauline grammar and bringing to life the greyer parts of the Old Testament. The Revised NEB is more accessible.

Tighter editorial control ensured the success of the Jerusalem Bible (1966). Drawing on French Catholic scholarship, it is elegant and poetic. The Good News Bible, found in many schools, seeks to express the thrust of the text without specialist or difficult vocabulary. The Living Bible is a still freer paraphrase, originally designed for children; its update, the New Living Translation has a loyal readership among young Christians, as does J B Phillips' 60 year old Letters To Young Churches.

This wealth of choice means that there will never again be a common text, accepted by all and memorised by many. Our particular need and circumstance will shape which version we choose for each occasion. That enriches opportunity.

*In our Sesquicentennial year,  
We celebrate all we hold dear,  
That our Church  
means to everyone here.  
Faith and friendship,  
music and song,  
Through the years  
this has sped it along.  
O, could those early  
parishioners see  
Richard and flock  
singing with glee,  
Still praying and listening,  
thinking and giving.  
And, even, in church  
we have tea!*

**Myrtle Ross**

## A Tale of Two 'Greenies'

**A fable for our green-conscious  
times by Paul Brazier...**

Once upon a time there were two women. Both knew it was important to be green – that is, to be environmentally aware of the need to save energy because of the damage we are all doing to the planet. Ethel May Harris was 85 years of age and had lived in a large detached house since her marriage 68 years earlier. Her husband had died 30 years earlier and since his death she had learned to live on less and less as his pension had been fixed, frozen, since his death. Ethel May was of a generation that, regardless of how rich or poor you were, switched a light on when you entered a room, and switched it off when you left. Since she lived alone, when it was dark, only one light bulb illuminated at any one time. Symphony-Chiaroscuro lived next door (no one knew her real name - she had been renamed at a re-birthing ceremony as part of a Mexican mud bath ritual when she was on her third 'gap year' for her thirtieth birthday); she owned a chain of lifestyle therapy clinic. Five years earlier after the breakdown of her second marriage and for 'retail therapy' she had the old Edwardian five-bedroom house she lived in demolished and replaced with a concrete and steel 'modern' house with a state-of-the-art lighting

system designed by a fashionable design studio. The hall was lit by 40 tiny energy saving LED bulbs. There were 7 different programmes for different lighting circuits throughout the house to give different effects to reflect her different moods. All the bulbs were energy saving – but in total they would have drawn over 4000 watts of electricity (if Ethel May's old fashioned light bulbs were all illuminated at once they would have drawn only 800 watts). When the house was empty – Symphony-Chiaroscuro lived alone – the curtains and blinds were all open at night so as to show the local people her different lighting effects.

Symphony had installed expensive energy guzzling giant plasma TVs (though she called them "screens"! ) in every room, along with every possible form of electrical entertainment for her guests. Symphony-Chiaroscuro had sent energy saving light bulbs off to people in Africa and South America (who lived in villages with no electricity!) and had 'purchased' the carbon allowance of over 100 people living in the Third World – they could not travel or use electrical equipment so she used their carbon allowance (what she did not realize was that if she took this seriously then it was a form of colonialism, a form of slavery – she owned part of the lives of these people and they could not travel, or consume energy, because she owned their right). Symphony used more energy in one year than Ethel May had used all her life. But Symphony had a very carefully cultivated 'Green' image.

Symphony flew all over the world spreading the gospel of lifestyle therapy and seeking out ideas, and all the time buying up other people's right to travel to 'offset' her use of energy. Ethel May had never flown in her life, nor had her husband (they used to holiday once a year by renting a seaside cottage in Scotland, travelling there by train), and they had never owned a car. Ethel May used very little energy – she could not afford to! While Ethel May's carbon footprint was like the impression left by a two-year-old child's velvet slipper, Symphony's was like a size 12 jackboot!

Ethel May knocked on Symphony's door one day – the light bulb on her landing had burned-out. She could not get to the shops so could she be so kind as to get her one. Great, thought Symphony, she has those horrible old fashioned energy guzzling light bulbs so I'll get her an energy saving bulb! She gave her one from her store – Symphony even got one of her work colleagues to fit the bulb. Ethel May hated this new bulb because it took so long to light up and would not stop flickering – even when it had been on for some time.

Early one morning in mid-winter Ethel May switched on the landing light but in the flickering, dim, half-light stumbled on the stairs, fell, and broke her neck. Six weeks later when the postman noticed a smell, Ethel May's body was discovered.

And the moral of this tale? – it's not how much energy you think you are saving that is important but how much you are using in the first place that matters.

### Social & Fund-Raising Activities What Do You Want to Do?

The Social & Fund-Raising Committee is busy planning activities for 2010 and beyond. While we have ideas of our own, we would also like to hear from you about what you would like to see in terms and activities and events...

● **Please email your suggestions to the committee chairman at [martin.evans@hktcd.org](mailto:martin.evans@hktcd.org) or jot down your ideas on the form at the back of church. We look forward to hearing from you.**

# Food of celebration



**On the 15th June 120 parishioners and friends gathered at Blossom Hill School to celebrate the 150 Anniversary and to tuck into a sumptuous dinner prepared by Celia Berwick and her team. Here Celia shares her recipes...**

## Salmon On The Mount

**served with Crème Fraiche & Chive Sauce**

Makes 8-10

- 250g smoked salmon
- 350g salmon
- 150ml mayonnaise
- 1 tbsp gelatine dissolved in 3 tbsp light stock or water
- 2 tbsp cream
- 1 egg white
- 1 jar of lumpfish roe

### For the Bechamel Sauce

- 20g butter
- 20g flour
- 300ml milk (heated with 1 small sliced onion, 1 carrot, blade of mace, bouquet garni)

### Sauce

- approx 300ml half-fat crème fraiche
- 2 tbsp snipped chives
- Lemon juice

**1** Lightly brush ramekins with oil. Line the bottom of the dish with a layer of smoked salmon.

**2** To make the mousse, poach salmon in the oven. Allow to cool in the liquid. Remove skin and bone. Leave in small flakes.

**3** Make béchamel sauce and leave to cool. Fold salmon into sauce and add the mayonnaise without breaking up the salmon too much. Season well and add the warmed gelatine, half whipped cream and whisked egg white. Season well.

**4** Spoon into ramekin dishes, placing a spoonful of the lumpfish roe in the middle. Leave in the fridge to set.

**5** For the sauce, add the chives to the crème fraiche together with lemon juice to taste. Add a little milk/water to thin the sauce if necessary. Season well

**6** To serve, turn out onto a plate. Spoon sauce around the mousse. Garnish with a little rocket or watercress, tossed lightly in French Dressing.

## Sesquicentennial Chicken

**served with a red wine sauce**

- 8 chicken breasts
- 200g cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon tarragon
- Salt, pepper
- 8 slices Parma/Serrano ham

**1** Mix the cream cheese and tarragon together and add 1/2 egg to bind. Season well. Slit chicken breasts to make a pocket and insert the cream cheese mixture inside.

**2** Roll Parma ham around the breasts and place in roasting tin. Sprinkle over 4 fl oz red wine. Bake at 180C/ 350F/ Reg 4 approx 20-25 mins.

**3** Dish the chicken. Add the red wine sauce to the pan. Boil up well to deglaze any juices in the bottom of the pan and serve separately. (New potatoes and French beans were served at the 150th dinner!)

## Red wine sauce

- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, cut in dice
- 3 tablespoons corn/vegetable oil
- 8 fl oz cooking red wine
- 10 fl oz chicken stock or 10 fl oz water + 1 chicken stock cube
- Bouquet garni (1 sprig parsley, 1 sprig thyme, 1 small bayleaf)
- 1 tablespoon tomato puree
- 2 tablespoons cornflour slaked with 2 tablespoons water

**1** Heat the oil in a thick based saucepan. Add the onion and carrot and brown carefully. Do not allow to burn as the sauce will taste bitter. When the vegetables are a good colour, add the wine and stock together with the bouquet garni and tomato puree. Simmer gently for 40-50 minutes.

**2** Strain through a sieve and add 2 tablespoons to the slaked cornflour. Return to pan and bring through to the boil, stirring all the time to prevent lumps from forming. Extra cornflour can be added, using the same method, if a thicker sauce is required.

## Christ Church Chocolate Heaven

**served with a Red Sea**

**Coulis** Serves 8-10

- 450ml crème fraiche
- 350g white chocolate (Milky Bar is best)
- 250g shortbread fingers
- 60g unsalted butter
- 150ml double cream

**1** Crush the biscuits to crumbs. Melt the butter and combine with the biscuit crumbs.

**2** Line the bottom of a flan ring (approx 23cm) with this mixture.

**3** Melt the white chocolate slowly and very carefully over a low heat. If it gets too hot it will turn to a fudge-like consistency.

**4** Beat the crème fraiche till smooth. Semi-whip the cream. Gradually add the melted chocolate to the crème fraiche, stirring continuously. Fold in the

semi-whipped cream and pour on top of the biscuits in the flan ring.

**5** Leave to set for 2-4 hours in the fridge or leave over night.

**6** To serve sprinkle grated white or dark chocolate on the top.

## Red Sea Coulis

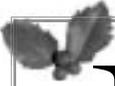
**1** Cook 1 x large packet frozen red fruits slowly until soft. Sieve and put into saucepan. Heat gently and thicken with a little slaked cornflour.

**2** Fresh fruits such as redcurrants/ raspberries/blueberries may be added and very gently cooked ensuring that they remain whole. Add a little sugar if required.

NB Fresh fruit may be used instead of frozen but will require extra cooking to soften.



Amazing what you can do with a Milky Bar!



# Festive fare

## Christine Goodair on Christmas in France

**C**hristmas in France is primarily a religious celebration and a family holiday that mostly confines gift giving to children. The frivolity and merry-making is kept until “le jour des etrennes” or gift giving day, which is New Year’s Day.

For a French family Christmas celebrations centre around a Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. The Mass itself includes echoes of pagan ceremonies. At Les Baux de Provence, the adoration of the Christ Child is combined with local shepherds bringing a real lamb to the crib and requesting fertility for their flocks. Another shepherd’s Mass, held at Rouen, is a survival of a ninth century service.

French families return from Mass to enjoy the “revellion”, traditionally a meal to break the pre-Christmas fast. The actual feast today varies from area to area. In some parts, Pot au Feu is served, a stew made with a boiling hen and twelve other meats and vegetables. In Paris and the Ile-de-France region, oysters and foie gras are found on the menu; in Alsace, roast goose; and turkey roasted with chestnuts is popular in Burgundy.

In parts of Provence the symbolism of Jesus and the twelve apostles is carried through by having thir-

teen desserts which are eaten throughout the holiday period. Amongst them are biscuits called Les Quatre Mendiants – literally translated means the four beggars – and recalls the time when the only way in which monks could get food was by begging for alms. Each of the four orders of monks had a distinguishing colour of robe and each biscuit is decorated to mark this: dried figs (Franciscan), sultanas (Dominicans), almonds (Carmelites) and hazlenuts and walnuts (Augustinian).

Le nougat noir was a dessert even the poorest could afford because the basic ingredients of honey and almonds were readily available.

The Yule Log, a legacy of pagan times representing fire, still features in a French Christmas. Fires symbolised the sun’s promise of warmth and regeneration and the triumph of light over darkness.

### A French Christmas meal

*Grilled Tomatoes Provençal*

*L’étouffat de Boeuf Gascogne*  
*Salade Verte*

*Pommes de Terres Lyonnaises*

*Fromage*

*Les Treize Desserts du Noel Provençal*