

Autumn 2010

InSpire



The Magazine of St. Luke's Church, Maidenhead

News and Reviews

'Living Faith - Now in Colour' Reports

Images of God

Aftermath of Earthquake in NZ

Parting Shots from the Vicar

£1.20



St Luke's Church, Maidenhead

Some parting shots from me.....

We have been considering the future of the fabric of the church in recent months, and the 're-ordering group' is well underway on its task. I am glad to see the energy and imagination which is being expressed in this area and am sure that the possibilities for improving the church will go forward. What is most important at this stage, and is taking some time, is formulating not what might be done, but 'why'. This is the big question. Lots of people have lots of ideas, from removing the pews, to the re-arrangement of the car parking space, but the prior question which will help to sort out priorities for the future is, why should we do any of this. For example, the church occasionally attracts large numbers, for major services, for weddings, and for concerts. We need better toilet facilities and we need to make the most of the parking space available so that we firstly fulfil any legal requirements, but also to make peoples' visits to the church as pleasant as possible.

The re-ordering of the liturgical space is needed to better fit with what we are doing and saying in that liturgy. So the development of ideas whereby the priest presides at the eucharist, at which we are all celebrants, finds its expression enhanced if the people gathered around, rather than in serried ranks in front of, the altar.

Some arrangement whereby the choir is brought more into the assembly is needed. Why? Because, as I have found when I have taken opportunity to sit in the choir for the main service, you feel as though you are worshipping in a separate room up there. Also it is not the best place for leading the singing of the congregation.

So the list goes on. The re-ordering group is formulating a table whereby the various possi-

InSpire

Produced 3 times a year.

Editor: Richard Holroyd

Front cover: Display panels and painters, during the 'Living Faith: Now in Colour' project.

Regular Services at St. Luke's

Sundays

8.00a.m. Eucharist (said)

10.00a.m. Sung Eucharist

(1st Sunday in the month - All-age worship)

6.00p.m. Evening Worship at either St. Luke's. All Saints or Cox Green. Details on separate leaflet.

Tuesdays 7.15p.m. Eucharist

Wednesdays 10.00a.m. Eucharist

Many thanks to all our contributors to this issue, and to the editorial team.

Next issue Winter/Spring 11/12

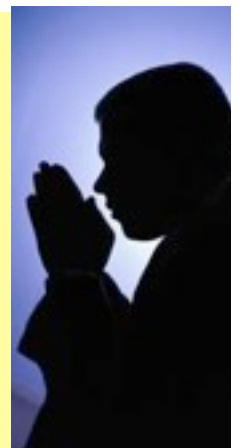
bilities are stated, with the reasons why they should happen. There will be opportunity to share some of this thinking, and for you to have your say, at the 10am service on 7th November. The sermon-slot of the service will give opportunity for groups to discuss some of the issues involved. I hope you will come and be a part of this process which could lead to some very exciting things for the the future.

It would be wonderful to have the church, built to enhance the high church liturgy of the height of the Victorian era, remodelled to fit the worship of the present day church community, and also fit to serve the parish well for many years to come. An end point is in mind, as the church will be 150 years old in 2016. There's the challenge. I look forward to seeing how you meet it!!!!

Richard Holroyd

Prayer Group

Meets in Church every
1st Wednesday
of the month, from 3.00pm
All are welcome to
share in the peace and
presence of our Lord



ST LUKE'S
ARTS PROJECT
 4th - 8th August 2010

LIVING FAITH - NOW IN COLOUR



In the preparation for the church's biennial Summer Arts Project, I found myself on a committee that was very , 'Vicar-of-Dibley' -style. But, we had a laugh along the way, and over a couple of short months, drew up the plans for Living Faith - Now in Colour; based on the Diocese of Oxford's 'Living Faith for the Future' vision.

On Wednesday evening, the public were invited to an introductory meeting, outlining exactly what was going on throughout the following few days. They were told that they can get involved with the triangular, polystyrene prisms that were to be constructed and decorated; the large, purple 'Sustaining the Sacred Centre' altar-cloth; or the brainstorming of a presentation for the 'Sound and Light Show' on the Saturday evening. Following a Q&A session, everyone went home, hopefully feeling suitably inspired for the days ahead.

The practical side of the project then kicked off on Thursday morning in the Vicarage Garden, where the first task was to paint the currently-white polystyrene roof-insulation panels, in the colours of the Diocese's circle: red, yellow, green, and blue.

Meanwhile, in the Parish Centre, the ladies of the church had locked



"There'll be some people in this building, who'll think about 'what a waste of money' the whole project will have been to a church which is already having financial issues. But - truth be told - this arts project has not been about some polystyrene sheets, a very purple altar-cloth, and a flashy PowerPoint presentation. It's about everything you can't see here - the laughter, the fun, the smiles, the excitement, the paint on children's hands and faces. It is through these things that we have demonstrated that we all, very much, have a living faith... now in colour."

- Richard Holroyd,
8 August 2010

themselves away, as they slaved over their needles and thread, stitching together the new altar-cloth.

Once the panels were dry, they could start being decorated. Because no-one worked on more than one panel, each side of the prisms-to-be were very different to each other.

Gradually everything was taking shape, so I started on the Son et Lumiere 'Sound and Light Show'. It was, at least at first, very lonely and hard work, coming up with as many ideas for the show as possible on my own. But, once

the evening session came, some others assisted, and together we came up with the first real plan of the show.

To celebrate the Arts Project, coloured gels had been added to the floodlighting, making the whole church glow in the colours of the circle.

Over the next 24 hours, everything really did start coming together. The altar-cloth was finished, and the presentation was looking good. A couple of the prisms were done too, and these looked great.

On Friday evening, a short service was held for anyone who'd been contributing to the project so far. Whilst there wasn't a huge number of people, the service was really lovely, as we sat surrounded by bits of art in multiple stages of completion.





As we walked out of the church, a couple in their mid-thirties were walking down Norfolk Road. The lady was so engrossed in the splendour of the church in its bright new colours, that she didn't look where she was going and tripped over a kerb!

In his sitting room, over a drink, Richard and I finalised the music for the CD we'd play during the Sound and Light Show the following day. And then, Dad came and picked me up, and we drove home.

Then, I worked through the night and into the early hours of the morning, cutting together videos of 'the faces of St Luke's', and 'Social Life at St Luke's'. Finally, they were all ready, inserted into the computer presentation file, and 'good to go'.

On Saturday morning, the last adjustments were made to the panels, before they were assembled into their triangular-based prisms, and installed around the dais with the new altar-cloth.



Dad and I arrived in the afternoon to set the equipment up. There were a couple of real, genuine concerns. The first regarded the opacity of the sheet. Too many shadows were being cast on the projection screen (a large bed-sheet) from the big iron screen behind it. Dad had a solution for this though - another sheet. Stretching this over the existing sheet meant it was twice as thick, and solved the shadow problem.

The other worry was whether it was going to be dark enough.

The projector Dad had borrowed from work was unquestionably good, but would it be good enough? As there was nothing we could do about the sun, we just did a very quick run-through as best we could.

In the morning, for the usual 10am Sunday Eucharist, the prisms and altar-cloth remained. A series of prayers regarding 'Living Faith - Now in Colour' were said, and in the sermon Richard summed up just some of the many highlights of the week.

The whole project was great fun to be a part of, thanks to the hard work and dedication of so many.

Andrew Burdett



Summer Arts Project

Did you know that we have a budding 'Mrs Overall' in the congregation? Or a Masterchef in our midst? Or that sewing sessions might sound like a pub crawl? Well, nor did I, until the week of our Arts Project in August. Having been put in charge of creating a cloth, which could be used on the altar, in the space of two days, it was with a fair amount of trepidation that I waited in the Parish Centre on that Thursday morning. Would anyone come? Would our ideas work in practice?



From an ex-teacher: "I'm managing to do this because in all my forty years of teaching I never ever sat down."

The little green men who had been misbehaving, had been cut out from Sue Harbour's best baize cloth from her bridge table. She was dismayed to find that we hadn't used them all. Sorry Sue! She was proud of her other role as 'Head of Catering' and was frequently addressed as such.

I need not have worried. As so often happens, the family of St Luke's rose to the occasion. Our theme was 'Sustaining the Sacred Centre'. Our allotted colour theme, purple.

"Oh, and by the way" said the Vicar, "it would be nice to have a mirror as the centre." GULP! "Oh yes, no problem."

Luckily I don't throw much away and after ransacking my cupboards, I found the very thing which Sue Harbour and I then sewed on to the front in readiness for the two days of workshops.



We had such fun! Someone, who wishes to remain anonymous, had trouble straightening up after several hours bent over the table sewing. She crept around the room bent double, giving Julie Walters an impressive run for her money - Brummie accent included.

What other hilarious moment do I cherish in my memory? Well, here are a few snippets of conversation and events around the Sacred Centre in the making.

Anonymous sewer "I just want to finish up round the green men"

Ruth "Sounds more like a pub crawl to me."

Another green man had no legs and the aforementioned anonymous person had to disguise the 'legless' figure. She kept telling us "My boys aren't behaving. I shall have to give them a smack."

More gems of conversation:

- a] "Ooh, me knees have gone."
- b] "How was your check up on your knee?"
- a] "Fine. It's shrunk by at least an inch."
- b] "Well now you know why I'm so short. I've had both of them done."

I suspect that Andrew Burdett's frequent visits for 'photo shoots' was as much to do with the biscuit supply as with the camera.

It was wonderful to be working together and the teasing and repartee was an important part of the week.

When we finally put in the finishing touches and the cloth was held up for all to see, we gasped in amazement. When you are intent on your own small section you forget until the revealing moment about the whole.

I am proud of my little team.

Sincere thanks are due to Sue Harbour, my 'right hand' and to Margaret Burrows, Ruth Jones, Janet Trinkwon, Carole Stevens, Sonya Clarke Jean T-D and Alastair, Jan Cheek, Marian Brooks and Ann Burdett. Special thanks to Alastair for literally 'lending a hand' to be a part of the final work, it was his hand that was used as a template for the hand on the cloth.

When it was done the whole eight foot square was steam ironed :-

A N Other "Wouldn't it be better to do it on the floor?"

Ruth "No, I'm not kneeling down to do it."

A N Other "It would be much easier and you could use the carpet instead of an ironing board."

Ruth "No. I'm not doing it" (Well, I was tired!)

Finally, all mild differences of opinion set aside, we placed it first on the altar for photographs and at last on the dais. We grouped around it for a very fitting prayer from Sonya. I feel privileged to have worked with everyone and I loved every minute of it. Thank you Richard, and Barbara - your ideas were inspirational. It all came together in the end.

So, who was Mrs Overall?

Ruth Sheppard

WEDNESDAY CLUB- THE BEGINNING

As I write this note, I am anticipating the concert to be given by Peter Farnfield and his College colleagues. Some years ago the college was featured on a Songs of Praise programme, working with students from the Royal College of Music. The enthusiasm of the college residents proved that there is a vast amount of talent missed among those who bear the label 'disabled'. Local enquiries were made and it was felt that there would not be a call for an organisation in Maidenhead to include such people.

A few years later, I attended the funeral of one of our young members. The youth was multiply-handicapped but even from his smile, his parents and school-teachers could tell what he wanted, his preference in music and other likes and dislikes. To learn of his exploits on outward-bound expeditions or abseiling with school friends, one would not have guessed that he was carefully padded and strapped in a wheelchair.

It was the time of Mencap's A.G.M. A good opportunity to launch a new project and Wednesday Club was born. Paul's mum became a helper and we sought the support of the local Group Homes. Numbers will always be limited. Adapted minibuses are shared between some homes and carers who are also drivers cannot always be planned into the working schedule for the right time. Owing to the profound disabilities of the members, the carers have to stay. We do not mind if they sit aside and chat, or join in. Most of the time they take an active part and it is rewarding when they say at the end; 'Thank you for a great evening'.

We have never got the members taking part in singing. Our wheelchair disco is a bit like the dodgems, but everybody joining in wears a big smile. Most weeks we include activities to create a choice of rou-

tine. One lady likes to sit by the serving hatch to watch the helpers making the refreshments. Some enjoy the one-to one help with a jigsaw. One lad will not join in the disco until he has drawn a picture for his carer. One of the girls loves to sit and scribble. Why, though is there always a plain border around the edge of the page? These wonderful people are trying to tell us something. They all like repetition of activities and seeing familiar things, people and places. Few of the club members can speak, most cannot walk and some have very little movement, but they communicate most powerfully.

Wednesday Club has a superb band of helpers. One gent was doubly bereaved when he lost his wife and severely disabled daughter within six months. He seldom misses a Club Night. One lady goes sailing as a volunteer with the Tall Ship's Trust. She takes a few weeks off and returns with terrific tales of spud bashing while propped against the furnishings to keep upright. The others return week after week and are really missed when they are away for any reason. Our people all love the odd new thing but also relish the familiar. Come to think of it, I recall all my visits to Hereford in the '80's, never wishing to go anywhere else and now no longer wanting to take a break. Maybe too, there is a reason for my loyalty to Ford cars. After all, having for 48 years got up in the morning and gone to Boots, have you ever noticed the similarity between the two logos? Maybe that is another reason why I drive a Fiesta.

Two years ago. Wednesday Club was nominated for the Queen's Award. We did not get it, neither did we deserve it. There are many groups that achieve as much or even more than we do, but I'll bet they do not have as much satisfaction.

Wednesday Club meets every Wednesday from 7-8.30pm at Highview 6 North Road Maidenhead SL6 1PL. Why not call in?

Valerie J. Bosley



Since the beginning of June the group has completed 12 evening walks totalling about 40 miles in a variety of settings, from Aston and Hambledon in the West to Runnymede in the East and from Frieth in the North to Winkfield in the South. Here, after the walk, while enjoying the local handbell ringers rehearsal, we were lucky to be able to look round the interesting St Mary's church, dating back to about 1300 and with the roof supported on oak columns of 1592, before crossing the road to the White Hart. (Although this building was in former years a manorial court, we fancy our prime interest was not its history. A more challenging evening was to Maidenhead's twin peaks when we climbed about 500 feet to visit the tops of both Ashley and Bowsey Hills. Wild creatures added to the interest of many walks with encounters with deer, a bold fox, a flock of seven Egyptian geese, a plague (well quite a few) toads on a humid evening and a pair of lapwing chasing a red kite.

The moon totally failed to appear for the moonlight walk planned to kick off the 'Winter' season. We hope to be more successful in October and to arrange some Sunday afternoon strolls - do join us.

Keep your eyes on the News Sheet for details. *Roger and Jilly Bevitt T.633464.*

Parish Pin Board



Summer Fair



Trip to Bath



The Case of the Diamond Robbery



We walk into the middle of a court case where amongst others, Roy and Bev are witnesses to a diamond robbery at the local jewelers.

The judge asked the defendant: "Where is the missing diamond?" He replied, "A BURDETT it M'lord. It wasn't my fault. Let me go free."

"What a CHEEK!" the judge exclaimed as he turned over the PAGE of his notes. "Don't make me LUFF, I was not BAUGHAN yesterday you know. Stop trying to CURRY favour with me. Whatever the outcome of this case, I do not wish to HARBOUR resentment over the matter. Call the first witness."

Roy proceeded thus: "I was driving back from the BARBER in my old MORRIS Minor. There was a hole in the road and Bev said "Mind that HOL-ROY-Do!"

"Oh, BEV-ITT'll be OK" I replied.

Just then a GIRLE approached a WALKER called Jim and asked "How much are your SIGS-WORTH? I'm desperate for a smoke, I'll pay."

"Oh, have them all, you're welcome" he said. She replied "TA-JIM-A lot of blokes wouldn't be so helpful."

Being distracted by this, I missed the clear POYNTER that there were rabbits in the road and I suddenly saw a BUCKLAND on the bonnet of my car. I go in such a mess cleaning up that I needed to change into MACLEAN shirt. So I ran into the jewelers which is run by my father and brother. That's when I saw it. That man there was ROBINSON and father, with his accomplice, and I shouted "Oh no, will any HARNBY done?"

"Enough of this rambling," exclaimed the judge, "Call the next witness."

"Well" said the witness, "My off-licence is next door and this tramp ran into my shop in a dreadful state having witnessed a robbery. "Oi t'ink oi'll TRINK-WON of those beers" he cried. "No. no, you've had a shock, I'll RUSSELL up some tea instead." I suggested.

"Enough" said the judge, "It's time we heard from this RAFFAN ready witness."

The tramp stood in the witness box and pointed at the accused. "Oi SAWYERS in the jewelers! The other one said to you, GOFORD diamonds, they're the best."

"I think I've heard it all" said the judge, "I can see this BROOKS no argument. Young man, this is an UN-WIN situation for you." He told the CLARKE of the court to SHEPPARD the defendant back to the cell, adding, "And keep him safely locked up. He often BURROWS his way out of jail!"



Ruth Sheppard

I found this little article in a North Norfolk church magazine and it appealed to my sense of humour as it would to many mums. J.E.B.

WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?

A man came home from work and found his three children outside, still in their pyjamas, playing in the mud and with empty food boxes and wrappers strewn all around the garden. The door of his wife's car was open, as was the front door of the house and there was no sign of the dog.

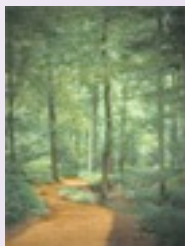
Proceeding into the hallway, he found an even bigger mess. A lamp had been knocked over and a throw rug was heaped up against the wall. In the lounge, the TV was loudly blaring a cartoon channel and the playroom was littered with toys and with various items of clothing. In the kitchen, dishes filled the sink, breakfast food was spilled on the worktops, the fridge door was wide open, dog food was spilled on the floor, a broken glass lay under a table and a small pile of sand was spread near the back door.

He quickly ran up the stairs, stepping over toys and more piles of clothes and looked anxiously for his wife. He was worried that she might be ill or that something serious had happened to her. He was met by a small stream of water as it trickled out of the bathroom door; he peered inside and found wet towels, scummy soap and more toys strewn over the floor. Miles of toilet paper lay in a heap and toothpaste had been smeared over the mirror and the walls.

As he rushed to the bedroom, he found his wife still curled up in bed in her pyjamas and reading a novel. She looked at him, smiled and asked him how his day had been. He looked at her bewildered and asked, "What happened here today?" She smiled again and answered, "You know every day when you come home from work and ask me sarcastically what in the world I do every day?" "Yes..?" he replied incredulously.

"Well," she replied, "Today I didn't do it!"

God's Will Be Done



It's Saturday 2nd October 2010. Deadline for Inspire material 3rd October, up until now I have had so many thoughts running amok through my few brain cells. I so desperately wanted to write something relating to how Richard's ministry has touched and shaped my life, but couldn't quite find the right words.

I was flipping through some old copies of Inspire when I opened one edition, that of Winter 2003. The copy actually opened at page 9, my article entitled '**Reflecting Back and Looking Forward**'. Having read through it again I now have some idea of the thoughts I would like to share with you.

We often find in life that so many things happen that we have very little control over. My coming to Ministry was one for me. But through Richard, God's will would be done and there was no point arguing about it any more, I had to respond and do my best.

It has been with Richard's continued support and help that I have been able in some way to answer God's call. When I've felt vulnerable and inadequate, it was Richard who would come up with encouraging words to keep me going, and now like the rest of us, I have to keep going without his being there.

To say we will miss him is a massive understatement, but we have to follow what God wants and not what we want. My thought pattern for life is a journey, each chapter of life is a journey in itself. From the cradle we shall encounter so many different journeys, each one with a purpose, each one another chapter of life.

We have reach another chapter in the life of St Luke's and it is because we know in our hearts that we cannot argue with God, that we have to be brave and let Richard go.

When Richard came to us he brought his many God given gifts, his musical talent, his great energy in getting us to think 'Out of the Box', 'Recycling Materials', using 'Art in Worship', his spirituality, his ability to reach all ages, from the very young to those whose lives were long and full of memories. As for his home, well that was almost like an 'open house' with many a social event taking place there

and often the table laden with the results of his culinary skills and how his home resounded to that infectious giggle! It has been through all these gifts that **God's will has been done.**

We have been blessed with Richard's ministry and now it is time for another chapter of his life, that his journey will continue and that he will continue to serve God and God's people in another area. I am sure that the good people of Richard's new position will soon find what a treasure they have and that they too will soon experience his exuberance for life, his sense of humour and his deep compassion and love of God.

As for us, well we too have a new chapter, a new journey as we look forward to the future and a new Priest. Richard has equipped us with all that we need to face the Interregnum and to look forward to welcoming his successor. As much as I would have loved to have Richard stay, I know in my heart that God will have His way, and that His Will, **will be done** and that we all need to be stretched and challenged in our spiritual journey. Richard has set me on my way and now I must with God's help be brave and let him go.

How many times at the end of a service do we say 'Go in the name of Christ', well Richard, this short prayer is for you. 'Go in the name of Christ', go with our love and prayers, go and take more of God's people on a journey and pray for us as we too begin our new journey.

My personal prayer will always be to thank God that he called me to ministry under Richard's guidance and encouragement. May the Lord God, bless Richard and his new congregations as they journey anew together, and may the Lord God bless the good people of St Luke's as we set off on a new journey together furthering the His work.

God's Will Be Done

Sonya R Clarke - L.L.M.



A DIFFICULT YEAR

My 43rd Year as Secretary and Main Organiser of Littlewick Show, was far from straightforward. Those who kept saying that it would be alright on the day- it always is!!- did little to comfort me. We knew that there would be changes on the land. Vast quantities of spoil were heaped nearby as the motorway bridge-building contractors carried out their work for the M4, using a corner of the Show-field as their depot. The environment agency had given permission for it to be used, if it improved the land. Our undulating Show-ground was about to undergo some changes and we were concerned.

I well remember Election Day, because I had to rush my friend David, the Show's strongman, to hospital where he remained for seventeen days before returning with an Implantable Cardioverter Defibrillator installed in him, together with instructions not to lift, exert himself and of course no driving for six months.

Time now to sort out insurance. The Challenge cups are insured all the time. The Public Liability is needed only for a few weeks and this is where our problems start. The Borough will not allow me to book a space for the advertising banner until I have proof of insurance. There are only two street spaces in Maidenhead that are wide enough to take our beautiful blue and very heavy banner. There is another event shortly after the Show and the organisers have whole year insurance. There is always a fear that they will get in first and it becomes a 'chicken and egg' situation as I urge the insurance company [by far the least expensive] to give me a cover note. This year, alterations in rules meant that even the parts of the form that were ticked previously as third party-own insurance each now required a five million pound cover.

Our major sponsor felt that we spent too much in setting it all up. We are agreed on that, but even the traffic lights, now a requirement, cost over £1000. then there

is £1700 for the loos, and many other things, printing, first aid, all in the same region.

The alterations to the Show-field's terrain meant that all our natural barriers had disappeared-no hedges-no bushes and we wondered as to how we could prevent the public coming in without paying and how we could protect our water pipe. The owners were overseas and messages took a while to get through. We thought all was well when as the marquees were being erected, the owner's company employees were putting up temporary fencing



Then came the rain. By the end of Wednesday before the Show, the access areas had become an enormous swamp. The marquee lorry was helped off the field by a JCB send down by the contractors who had seen them struggling. I had tremendous driving experience as I was told not to stop, no matter where the mud took me, just keep going. I never did like driving beside the stream, but my gallant little Fiesta managed. Later it had the misfortune to get tangled in some wires that ripped out cables. A temporary repair was done on the field and a permanent job done later.

The loo lorry was lifted out of the mud by a fork-lift and the owner of the field was horrified at the mess. He was, however, brilliant and he paid for some restoration to be done. Once it started to dry out, there seemed no way that our Vintage cars could possibly come

on to the land. Our Night Security man then gave almost day and night service to iron out the ruts with our hired Kubota.

The rough weedy parts of the field were being cut as vehicles began to arrive. We had not been able to do it earlier. Friends came from all directions to assist, one of them regularly collecting David. That saved a lot of time, as my car being the main 'pack-horse' needed every bit of space for transporting, skittles, ropes, notices and gazebos. Anybody passing within the vicinity had to call to collect table coverings or help me to get things from my loft.

Show-day was almost an anti-climax. A day of reasonable weather brought a good crowd of visitors. I had cut down on the advertising as sponsorship was down. In the last couple of days our major sponsor helped us, but it was too late to alter the decision on newspaper advertisements. The gate money was several thousand pounds down on last year, but we had tremendous relief that we had succeeded. We particularly thank the team from St Luke's who gave valiant service and enabled the Grand Draw to have a good result. We knew that you too were coping with shortage of help through illness. The thirty or so participating charities also mainly did well, so money was raised at the event, even if we did not get it. There had been times when I described the situation as having two legs down one knicker. Those who said it would be alright on the day, were after all correct, but it had been hard work throughout. My next challenge is to retrieve a valuable Challenge Cup that had not been returned. I have taken advice from the Police and am prepared to make enquiries in the area from which last year's winner had moved. It after all is better than being bored, and there's next year's Show on Bank Holiday 29th August, underway. Will you all be there too? I hope so.

Valerie J. Bosley

More Ramblin' On

Oh dear, oh dear! I opted out of reviewing our Saturday walking outings for the last issue of 'Inspire', and now I am struggling to remember the details for this issue, the senior moments become ever more regular!! Anyway, let me see if I can shake the old grey cells into action.

In early February, a group of us set out from Easthamstead Park for a circular walk of almost nine miles. Setting off to the west, we passed the Road Research Laboratory before turning south east to cross a golf course and arriving in Crowthorne. From here, we walked along the edge of the grounds of Wellington College before turning generally eastwards, passing through Edgebarrow, where we spotted nuthatches and long tailed tits, we then picked up the 'Three Castles' path. At this point we turned northwards passing close to Broadmoor prison before emerging on heathland, interspersed with pine woods. Close to the walk's end, we passed through Caesar's Camp an ancient hill fort. Generally, the weather was kind with spells of sunshine despite the fact that we were still in the winter season.

Our March walk was an altogether different matter with virtually constant rain although, it did vary in ferocity. Not a good morning then to forget the 'other halves' waterproof coat, those grey cells have got a lot to answer for!! Luckily, I had packed my own and was able to pass this over to Sonya, redeeming myself a little. Me, well I just wore a fleece and surprisingly, remained virtually dry. Our walk basically went west/east and then returned east/west. Starting from Puttenham on the 'Hogs Back' we walked across Puttenham Heath and Wanborough Common. We then turned north for a short while to pick up the North Downs Way which we followed for a few hundred yards. Leaving the NDW we passed by Polsted Manor and Loseley Park, here we stopped for a somewhat soggy lunch by the side of an ornamental lake which featured a very noisy flock of Canadian geese. After lunch we continued eastwards passing 'Mount Browne', the Surrey Constabulary HQ. At this point we turned westwards back towards the cars and following the North Downs Way. We had walked just under eight miles and despite the inclement weather our spirits had not been dampened.

What a difference a month makes. In April we started a walk from the lovely Hertfordshire village of Aldbury, nestling under the northern Chiltern ridge. From the village square and duck pond we walked north eastwards climbing up towards the Bridgewater monument and the beautiful Ashridge estate. From here we continued generally in the same direction before trending north westwards and eventually climbing onto Gallows Hill. From here it was a steady pull onto Ivinghoe Beacon our high

point of the day. The Beacon is one of the highest points on the Chiltern ridge and therefore provides marvellous views, especially to the north. Having taken in the scenery we commenced the second half of the walk aiming southwards and picking up the Ridgeway path. This we followed for some distance before leaving it to view at close hand one of the special places of the Chilterns, Incombe Hole. Incombe Hole is a steep sided dry valley which was created in glacial times when the chalk was fractured by the freezing and thawing of water. Depending on the time of year this area is home to a large variety of chalk loving wild flowers. From Incombe Hole we again picked up the Ridgeway path and then the line of 'Grims Ditch' as we passed through Aldbury Nowers nature reserve and thence back to Aldbury village. A round of eight miles in lovely weather with great scenery and many wild flowers to enjoy. Along the way we had spotted; Wood Anemone, Wood Sorrel, Primrose, Ransoms, Violets and Cowslips, spring had certainly sprung.



Our May walk was covered in the last 'Inspire' issue by Harriet, for which many thanks. In brief, we had an eight mile ramble in the Oxfordshire countryside from 'Larkrise to Candleford', in real life, Juniper Hill to Fringford. Unfortunately, we had a considerable amount of rain but, some bright spells as well. Thanks again Harriet, come again and bring your friends, the 'Crinklies' could do with some young blood.

Our June walk, a short circuit of six and one half miles in the Chiltern Hills was enjoyed by a select group of three. Thanks Ann, for keeping Don and I in order and for the drink afterwards. The date chosen had clashed with the 'Thursday Group's' summer bash so we had to be good boys and make sure that we were back in plenty of time to wash behind our ears! hence the shortened distance. Our walk consisted of an up and down ramble taking in the villages of Turville and Ibstone, returning by way of Ibstone Common and Idlecombe and Churchfield Woods. The weather was glorious, in fact a bit too

warm but we still managed to spot plenty of wildlife, the highlight being the sighting of a young badger on the edge of Churchfield Wood at around 3.30 in the afternoon!

July found us striding out on the South Downs with a lovely circular walk of eight miles starting from Amberley village in Sussex. Amberley nestles at the foot of the downs on the banks of the River Arun and is well known for its museum and heritage centre. We started our walk from the railway station car park and followed the river for some distance before turning inland to North Stoke village. Here, we turned eastwards and made a steady ascent over Camp Hill and Wepham Down before arriving on the main downs ridge above the village of Storrington. Now turning due west we followed the South Down Way



up and over Springhead and Rackham Hills passing various tumuli, dykes and earthworks en route, signs of ancient man's long history with this landscape.

Along the ridge we also had great views of Parham Park with its impressive mansion house and ornamental lake. Further on the views north were of Amberley Wild Brooks an RSPB nature reserve and distant views of the meandering River Arun. To the south, Arundel Castle stood out in the landscape and, in the far distance the sea. Early on in the walk we had suffered several light showers but now, the sun just shone out of a clear sky. Soon, it was time to descend the ridge and make our way back to the cars, it had been another great walk.

August saw us in horse racing country as we started a walk from the Berkshire village of Lambourn

where, the sound of horseshoes on tarmac and gravel was much in evidence. Walking almost due south we climbed steadily onto Cleeve Hill passing along enclosed tracks, through woodland, but with only occasional glimpses of downland. However, that was to change as we descended over open country with great views of the downs and Lambourn valley. The weather was kind with plenty of sunshine although, the clouds did obscure it from time to time. We made our way to the chocolate box village of East Garston where, in the village shop (run by the villagers) we enjoyed ice cream and cold drinks. After these refreshments, we started back westwards, chatting to some very friendly villagers en route. Leaving East Garston we followed an old dismantled railway line and passed behind the village of Eastbury. Now, the scene was pastoral with views of downland, haystacks and river. Actually, at this point the haystacks came in handy as we got caught in a heavy shower of rain, complete with rainbow. As the rain ceased we had a last cup of coffee before arriving back at Lambourn village, still echoing to the sound of horses hooves. We had completed another pleasant walk of just under eight miles.

As I write this, I am thinking about plans for our walks next weekend as we gather together for our annual walking/social weekend. This year, a group of sixteen will be staying in Ipswich, Suffolk. I hope therefore in the next issue to be telling you about coastal excursions and rambles in Constable country.

So, that bring us up to date with our Saturday get-togethers, we have walked in Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Sussex, Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire so, plenty of variety. We hope to arrange at least one more walk before the year end so please keep an eye on the news sheet. Thanks for your company and happy walking.

Roger Clarke

Double Blessing

When I last delivered Prayer Letters to the shops in the High Street which are in our parish, I was pleasantly surprised at the reception which ranged from a polite 'thank you', sometimes followed by 'I will put it (the letter) on the staff noticeboard', to a more enthusiastic 'Oh, thank you very much!' More recently, however, when I had a bit of a problem walking, the young lady behind the counter of a business in another road asked for an explanation as she thought that I wanted to show the letter to her customers. Having been told that as a church we pray each week for people who live and work in our parish, and that those people could ask for prayer for a particular need or situation, her face lit up. She positively beamed. 'Oh! Thank you so much. Thank you for your blessing'. That smile I shall never forget. I continued on my way with a much lighter step, feeling that I was the one who had been blessed.

Enid Barber





Many of us remember Fr Anthony with great affection as a wonderful character and warm friend. He was a great help to St Luke's during the last inter-

regnum and afterwards. This is an abbreviated version of the homily which was given by Fr Michael Smith at his funeral

As I began to prepare these few words I became increasingly aware that I actually didn't know Anthony all that well. I saw him often over the last 10 years but usually only for a few minutes before our Parish Eucharist which was all, 'hello, how are you, whose doing what this week?' or for a few minutes after the service which was usually giggling and apologising for something that hadn't gone quite to plan! I spoke to him on the phone quite often and received his magnificent hospitality for lunch at Ripley on one memorable occasion and of course shared a few other parish parties, lunches and 'bun-fights' as well but most of the time I spent with Anthony was in church leading services together. On the day that he died we had a Ministry Team supper planned to welcome Andrew our new curate, Anthony was looking forward to it, as he did all parties. My first reaction on hearing of his sudden death was that we should cancel it but, having spoken with one or two people, we decided that we should carry on and have the supper anyway – that would be what Anthony would want - so we did, we drank to his memory, had a magnificent supper and remembered fondly the outrageous salmon pink trousers and Hawaiian shirt he had worn to one of our previous gatherings.

At the outset I apologise for all that is lacking in these few words. I know very little about Anthony's family, except that he was devoted to his mother. I know very little about his early life, except that he used to work for Great Western Railway before going to Ely Theological College. I know that he was ordained deacon 1958 but did not progress to ordination to the priesthood. I know that he lived and worked for a time in London. I know that he became interested in antiques, and that for a while he worked for the Duchess of Bedford. I know that he set up a successful antiques business of his own specialising in early English oak furniture. I know that he loved to travel and that he had a particular interest in Orthodox Christianity. I know that each one of these snippets of information I have, are actually chapter headings in the story of Anthony's long life, many of you will know a great deal about those chapters – I am sorry I cannot say more about them.

Anthony started visiting Cookham in the mid 1960's. He used to come for the weekend and stay at the Kings Arms where he ended up working behind the bar and in the garden. At that time the Kings Arms was where our choir went after choir practise and after Evensong and everyone got to know and love Tony Welling and he got to know and love Sara and our choir. The vicar at the time

was Revd John Grover and he discovered that Anthony was ordained deacon and began to encourage Anthony to help out at Holy Trinity. John Grover is unable to be here, but sends his love. As he got to know Anthony he saw what others had missed and what Anthony himself had presumably lost sight of, he saw that this man who was so easy to love, full of humour and humanity, full of joy and playfulness, totally devoid of malice, he saw that these gifts which made Anthony such a good and popular man behind the bar would also make him a good and effective priest behind the altar and so ensued a long quest by John, first to persuade Anthony of this and then to persuade the church authorities of this. I am sure Anthony would want me today to thank and pay tribute to John Grover for his insight, for his encouragement and for his tenacity in ensuring that Anthony's vocation was fully realised when he was ordained priest in 1983.

I knew Anthony the priest and what he exemplified in his years of fruitful ministry here in Cookham was that ministry, ordained or lay, is not ours it is God's. Yes, he was a big man with a big personality, but he would be the first to say that ministry, priesthood was not his, it was God's. This meant that he was able to be pragmatic and adaptable which everyone involved in parish ministry should be, but aren't always! Anthony saw Vicar's come and go and built good relationships with them all, we know the important part John Grover played in his life. Anthony worked closely with Peter Hale who followed John in difficult and complicated times and then Anthony looked after Cookham during the interregnum following his move. He became close friends with the next vicar, David Rosedale and his wife Karen, they went to tea with him in Ripley only a few weeks ago. Bishop David would have wanted to be here but is away – he sends his love. When I turned up Anthony made me very welcome and Ann and I grew to admire and love him like everyone else. So He saw Vicars come and go and built good relationships with them all.

The role of women in the Church of England has changed radically during his ministry, I never spoke with Anthony in detail about this but what I saw was his generous and warm heart working closely with Valerie Bonham who was here as curate for a while and with Terrie Robinson as her vocation blossomed here in Cookham. He was a good friend and supportive colleague to them both.

Not many people involved in ministry are as pragmatic, adaptable, wise and generous as Anthony and I believe he was so pragmatic, adaptable, wise and generous because he understood what so many of us involved in ministry don't understand, or often forget, that this ministry in which we share is not ours it is God's, we are his servants and we are here to love and serve his people above all else, whatever the circumstances. We are not here to promote ourselves, to protect our position or to indulge in feeling affronted, persecuted or ignored. Anthony never fell into that trap, he was a true man of God.

My Granny used to worry about how we will recognise each other in heaven – there will be no problem recognising Anthony – he'll be the one in the salmon-pink trousers and Hawaiian shirt.

May he rest in peace and rise in glory.

Images of God.

Following our visit to Bath Abbey in July and seeing the wonderful exhibition of the Bath Diptychs I was moved to share some of my own images of God.

Some years ago when studying Christian Theology, I undertook a project which involved the members of the congregation of my church, asking them to draw images of God.

The youngest drew spirals of scribble using the whole sheet of paper, however what impressed me most was not the artistic style but the fact that it covered both sides of the sheet.

Older children and young people gave me pictures and drawings of Christ, preaching, dying upon the cross and ascending into heaven.

The adults didn't attempt to draw pictures, but instead gave me both prose and verse; depicting God at work in their lives, and of God working through love.

I didn't fully appreciate at the time the significance of what I had been given, but I now realise that have been given the gift of images of God's Trinity.

God the Father, our creator God as depicted in the swirls of pattern provided from the youngest, who couldn't be contained even on both sides of the paper; Jesus the Son who lived, died, and ascended to God the Father to intercede for us; and ultimately God the Holy Spirit who lives and works with us through love.

Gerry Knight

From the Registers

Baptisms

June 6th

Harry James Atack

June 20th

Daisy Beth Little

June 27th

Nathaniel Coxall

July 4th

Josephine Florence Slater

August 1st

Daisy Ellen Northover

August 29th

Clayton Jimmy Barry

5th September

Emilia Ruby Gulliver

Jack Elian Radley

19th September

Joshua Freddie Kent

Jessica Ruby Malley

26th September

Emma Dianne Coleman

Weddings

July 9th

Colin Johnson and Sandra

Brooks

July 10th

Christopher Harper and Jenny

Lau

August 21st

Nathaniel Coxall and Tamara

Kirby

September 4th

Simon James Cook and Laura

Kim Chambers

18th September

Matthew Chadbone and Lou-

ise White

John Quinby and Penelope

Prideaux

25th September

James Coleman and Bettena

Baer

Funerals

at Slough Crematorium

June 21st

Vivienne Lock

July 9th

M. White

at Braywick Cemetery

23rd June

Ken Brewer

in Church

June 3rd

Susan Hayward

July 14th

Reginald Bull

Burial of Ashes

July 15th

Marjorie Goddard

Shaken but not deterred



4.34 a.m. on 4th October, 2010 - a time and date we are unlikely to forget in a hurry. We were woken by the sound of a roaring wind followed by a very loud noise which sounded like an express train making straight for our bedroom. Then the whole house started to shake violently, and us with it. Ornaments rained down on us from the window ledge above the bed and the noise continued so that we didn't hear what else was going on in the house. All I could think about was getting outside, but the shaking was so strong that we couldn't move until it stopped. When it did, after what seemed a very long time, we realised the power was off as we couldn't see the clock, so Dudley said he'd go and find a torch. But he couldn't get out of bed! Our large chest had fallen and shed all its drawers and contents, so it was a good thing he hadn't tried to get out earlier. He did make his way to the kitchen for the torch and told me there was "a bit of a mess". We quickly put on our dressing gowns and slippers and went straight out to the end of the garden, away from the house. (We have sliding doors from the bedroom so were soon outside.)

It was a beautiful night, with a bright new moon and myriad stars shining out of a clear sky, as they only do in the southern hemisphere, and there was no wind. Cars were going by as people rushed to check on friends and family; other neighbours appeared with torches going from house to house calling, "You OK?" I thought I would have been too nervous to be on the road, but we couldn't get our car out of the garage anyway as the door is electrically operated, and the manual opener was broken! We managed to find a cell phone to try to contact our daughter, Claire; she had already tried to call us, but the network was already down or jammed. We started to feel the chill night air and kept reaching through the bedroom door for more clothes until we were fully dressed over our night clothes!



At 7 a.m. we made our way into the garage through the internal door and listened to the news on the car radio. An earthquake of 7.1 magnitude had hit Christchurch, and the city was in chaos. Later we learnt that the epicentre had actually been near Darfield, a small township west of the city, and we are mid-way between the two, so were pretty close. Claire and family are even nearer and it transpired that the fault line, which was

previously unknown, stopped just short of their property.

With the daylight we ventured into the house. Everything that could fall over had, bookcases and all the things that had been in or on them, pictures were off walls, our glass fronted cabinet had fallen and smashed to pieces, taking the TV with it and damaging the TV unit as the DVD storage slid open. The glass door of a corner cupboard, which had been locked, had opened and all our crystal glasses thrown out, the fridge-freezer had moved, and a mixture of items had fallen off the pantry shelves, among them two smashed bottles of oil which did not make for an easy clean up!

The aftershocks soon started and still continue, a month on. For a few days I was constantly diving for the door, and the floor just didn't seem to stop moving. Sleep was out of the question for a few nights until everything, including us, started to settle down. During those days I just kept thinking of everyone in the world who was worse off, not just the people of Canterbury who had lost their homes and businesses, which is bad enough, but the people of Pakistan displaced by floods, the people of Haiti who had suffered such devastation from an earthquake the same size as ours, and the millions who go hungry every day. We are lucky to be in a country which is prepared for such an event, in a house designed to resist it, in an area with relatively new infrastructure, on rocky ground, and it happened when most people were in bed. Our bishop, Victoria, must have had similar thoughts as she has suggested the diocese tries to raise \$100,000 over this month to send to the Haiti Earthquake Appeal as a way of giving thanks.

We are learning to live with the aftershocks – over 1300 to date, and some are still quite strong. We are told they can continue for some time yet and they are still causing damage to become evident in some areas. This has been an experience we certainly didn't expect when we emigrated, but we have survived and await settlement of our claim so that we can start to sort out our books once again!

Ann Jinman



Highview Toy Library

It is now nine months since Thames Valley Toy Library ceased and Highview Toy Library took over. There have been a few additions as we have been given many gifts. The School holiday service has been a great success. On one Wednesday at the end of July, we had 47 visitors and most other weeks were well attended, bearing in mind that there would always be families away on holiday. It was great to see parents coming along with older children, brothers and sisters who had used the service before starting school. It was interesting to see that some just came to play, while others helped the younger children in a quite maternal manner.

A visit from the special needs unit at St Mark's hospital gave us an insight into their work and introduced us to families that could use our service independently in the future. They have promised to return once every term. The original idea of the Toy Library was to provide assistance for those children with special needs. We hope to include them at all times. However, the service could not run without all the children who do not have these extra needs. It is open to all. In any case, we believe all children to be special and all have different needs. A recent visit from a lady with a profoundly deaf baby proved that we have very little to offer. A number of organisations have asked if we need equipment. We are looking into this matter. So far, we have just concentrated on paying our user costs and getting to know what we have in store.

The new school term has taken a few families from us, as some of our members have begun full time education. We hope they will return during the holidays. In the meantime, their parents can call in to exchange toys for them. We have several Asian families with children speaking other languages. One of the mums told me that her son had seen my photo earlier this year, when he was reading the Maidenhead Advertiser and pointed me out as being the lady from Toy Library. I quite expected him to start school in September. When I asked, she told me that he is only three and a half years old. I thought it exceptional for a child that age to be reading a newspaper and was surprised that he had made the connection. This particular boy loves to help putting the equipment away, so we are never short of assistance.

As we have changed the Membership Year to be January to December instead of the Academic Year, We shall not be asking for any subscriptions until next January. We welcome new families all the time and invite you all to come and get to know us before you join. The annual fee will be £15 per family and toys can be taken out on periodic loan. Members are welcome to call in and play, join us for refreshments or just to sit and relax in the house and garden. It is, however, not a playgroup where you can leave the children and go away. Children come accompanied by mums, dads, grannies, carers and friends. It's one big happy family. Highview is at 6 North Road Maidenhead SL6 1PL. Why not come along on any Wednesday between 10 and 12noon or on the first Sunday of each month from 3-5pm? It's great fun.

Valerie J. Bosley

01628 630622

email valerie@vbosley.plus.com



PAKISTAN FLOOD RELIEF

A 5-axle articulated lorry arrived at Feed The Children's Ruscombe warehouse at 9 am. We had to fill the box container that it carried with goods that could be easily used to alleviate hardship in the difficult conditions.

We loaded about 100 Aquaboxes first. This is a plastic box (which serves as a tank) containing equipment to provide clean drinking water: solids trap, canister, filter, tap, and tablets for purification. They are donated by Rotary.

Next were several pallets of rice in 5 kg bags, and also some of pulses. To use up the space between pallet and roof, we packed in individual boxes of knitted blankets and children's clothing. Then came some whole pallets of blankets and clothing, also covered with single boxes to the roof. Not an inch of space must be wasted.

A battery driven fork lift truck brings pallets from the warehouse to the lorry and drops them inside the container; then a manually operated pallet truck moves them around inside it. A 1-ton pallet moving about could cause a serious injury, and so the first requirement of an assistant is to be able to keep out of the way.

One person heaved the boxes off the pallet, giving them to the other, who had to coax or coerce each box into place, using hand, fist or boot. Square boxes became rounded.

Near the rear, 5 special Aquaboxes were put, containing a pump and a larger filter. These are to allow pumping directly out of the river. The container floor is 5 feet off the ground, and when standing on the edge of a pallet high up at the rear end of the container it feels like clinging to a cliff face. However the fork lift truck is brought up to provide security.

Squeezing the last box under the roof proved physically impossible, and it had to be rejected: 1 was knocked off the total.

Every box is itemised on the manifest for customs at the frontier of each country, to prevent contraband. Nowadays the manifest is prepared on computer and sent electronically to the agent and to the port before arrival of the lorry.

At 1 pm the lorry set off to Southampton dock en route to Karachi.

Peter Goford



CROW 2010

(now referred to as *Ride and Stride*)

We met at St Luke's at 10, Andrew and Jacob, Peter and Andy. We had maps, a list of churches, water, lunch, chocolate, camera, mobile phones, and screwdriver and wrench for emergencies. In the words of Colin Montgomery, you've got to build momentum, so we visited the Maidenhead churches in order to achieve 7 straight away. We met an intrepid group from St Edmund Campion. We headed North to Cannon Court farm, along a track, and pushed our bikes up to St John the Baptist Cookham Dean. Inside a parishioner told us that it was founded in 1840 to be a mission to wanderers and highwaymen in the Thicket, and also to soldiers out of work in peacetime. Then we descended at ever increasing speed to Cookham, across the river to



Bourne End, and towards Wooburn. At Cores End United Reformed Church there was a stained glass window by Holman Hunt of 'Jesus, Light of the World'. The original is in Keble College, and there is another in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We had lunch on Wooburn Green, after Andrew had sought out the windiest place. The

gizmo attached to his bike informed us that although we had been en route for 2.8 hours, we had only been moving for 1.2 hours. More efficiency called for.

We headed East up Berghers hill, pushing our bikes again up the steep cutting, causing cars to wait behind us. They were very patient. We called into tiny St Anne's Dropmore. A wedding was in progress, and black and cream Rolls waiting outside. We continued further East along country lanes between hedges through beautiful scenery. A dirt track took us to Hedgerley, the 'Best kept village in Bucks'. Then we went South through Farnham Common to Farnham Royal, and the Roman Catholic church of St Anthony of Padua. A tortuous route through the warren of Britwell lead us to St. Georges. In earlier years we have visited the collapsing previous church, and then the temporary scout hut during rebuilding. Another wedding was taking place in the new church. At Lent Rise Methodist a local councillor treated us to orange juice and biscuits, as had many other churches. North took us to St Mary's Hitcham, inside which a party was in progress. A little girl informed us that it was for Tom and Rose, who were retiring. Our last visit was to St Nicholas Taplow, which brought our total to about 20 churches on the official list, plus 10 smaller

chapels. At the parting of our ways, the younger members got on their phones to plan their evening events, and the elder retired home to hot bath and a stiff drink.
Peter Goford



We started at church, at 9:45am on 11 September 2010. After helping set up some of St Luke's displays for fellow Riders and Striders, my good friend Jake Smith and I, and Peter Goford and his friend Andy Darwell saddled up and set off.

Our first stop was St Mary's, just around the corner. From there we headed to the URC, where a 20 year old girl greeted us. "I guess you're not here for the dance classes." There was no sign of any Ride and Stride propaganda. But, we ticked it off anyway, and carried on cycling.

Our first squash and biscuits of the day were at the Methodist Church. After signing it off, it was up Gringer Hill, and onto St Peter's in Furze Platt Road. On to Cookham Dean with St John the Baptist's beautiful churchyard. There was, again, no sign of Ride and Stride but we counted it towards our total anyway. Down an amazing hill (where we clocked over 30mph), onto Holy Trinity, and then over the bridge to Bourne End.

We stopped for lunch on the grass at Wooburn Green, and took a group photo under the strict instruction of Anne Darracott!

After lunch, we discovered the cost of that 30mph hill earlier - a huge uphill section! It was so steep that we quickly learnt the reason for the name 'pushbikes', as we made our way up! I'd like to be able to claim that I would have cycled up the contours should I not have had to wait for the others at the top, but in truth I'm not sure I legitimately can!

A couple of the churches that Peter navigated us to didn't exist anymore: one was a builder's yard, the other a new housing estate. It went to show the uselessness of a 15-year-old map!

We finished the Bike Ride with a small bit of Slough and a fair chunk of Burnham. After a great day, Taplow was our last stop. From there, we all separated as we made our way to our respective homes, thanking Peter for getting us about in one piece.

I'd like to thank Peter Goford for route-planning, and Jake and Andy for their company. In total, Peter raised around £100 for good causes. We look forward to being joined next year by a larger contingent of the church congregation!
Andrew Burdett



Vicar:

Vacancy



Associate Priest:
The Revd Dick Cheek



Associate Priest:
The Revd Terrie Robinson



Licensed Lay Minister:
Sonya Clarke



Licensed Lay Minister:
Nöeline Page

Who's Who at St. Luke's

Church Wardens

Shula Tajima 546889
Barbara Essam 782894

Asst. Church Wardens

Peter Goford 638238
Don Luff 630833

PCC Secretary

Ralph Hinchliffe 784724

PCC Treasurer

Richard Burdett 631486

Parish Administrator

Mary Quick 783033

Asst. Treasurer

Ben Darracott 620280

Electoral Roll Officer

Jill Bevitt 633464

Pastoral Roll Officer

Serena Tajima

Stewardship Recorder

Adrian Quick 623533

Gift Aid Secretary

Ann Cooke 472147

Director of Music

John Cotterill 636514

Sacristan

Helen Petter 631896

Publicity Officer

Phyllis Sigsworth 778656

Flower Organiser

Joan Harnby 622140

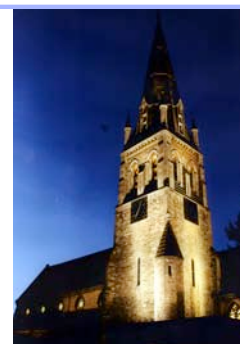
Honorary Vergers

Rita Buckland 671531
Enid Barber 628195

Head Servers

Ralph Hinchliffe 784724
Roger Clarke 671795
Ben Darracott 620280
Serena Tajima

Sunday Half-Hour Services



led by members of St Luke's Church,
Norfolk Road, Maidenhead

*You are most welcome at these short, informal services
in the lounge at 4.00pm*

7th November	Neve House
21st November	Jakes House
5th December	Southgate House
2nd January	Neve House
16th January	Jakes House
6th February	Southgate House
6th March	Neve House
20th March	Jakes House
3rd April	Southgate House
1st May	Neve House
15th May	Jakes House

You are welcome at our Thursday Teas in the Parish Centre from 2pm to 4pm on

11th November - outing
9th December
13th January
10th February
10th March
14th April
12th May

Come along to our Monthly Lunches at a Pub/Restaurant - transport provided.

Meet at church at 12 noon

25th November
27th January
24th February
31st March
28th April
26th May