

Parish News

St Peter and St Paul, Little Gaddesden

50p

June / July 2020



**St Peter and St Paul, Little Gaddesden HP4 1NZ,
Berkhamsted Team
Revd John Russell**

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We are in the Berkhamsted Team Ministry with Great Berkhamsted, Great Gaddesden and Nettleden with Potten End. Enquiries regarding Baptisms, Banns, Weddings, Funerals and Memorials in the Churchyard should be made to the above-mentioned email address. Messages can also be left with the Churchwardens. If the Vicarage telephone is on the answering service please leave a message. It will be attended to as soon as possible. To contact The Berkhamsted Team, please call The Parish Office on 01442 878227.

All are welcome to our House of God. All have their place in His Kingdom and their part to play in His work

Phone numbers preceded by code 01442 except Heather Tisbury and Nikki Warr

CHURCHWARDENS:	Mrs B Sheard, Golden Valley Cottage	843591
	Mr M Carver, Windyridge	842658
READERS:	Mrs G Moore	842054
	Mr A Archer	842397
	Mrs H Tisbury	01582 842807
PCC OFFICERS:	Treasurer: Mr A Webster	843157
	Secretary: Mrs N Warr	07990 503263

SUNDAY SERVICES:

Normal Sunday 9 am Sung Eucharist (with Sunday School)

6 pm Sung Evensong (not 3rd Sunday)

2nd Sunday of month *or sometimes switched with another Sunday for a particular occasion*

9 am Café Church or Family Service (no Sunday School)

If there is no Eucharist at 9am one will be provided at another time or in one of the other churches

5th Sunday 9 am Joint Sung Eucharist at one of the three churches

6 pm Sung Evensong

WEEKDAY SERVICE: Thursday 10am Said Eucharist

BELL RINGING: Sunday 8.30 am Practice: Tuesday 8.00 pm

Tower Captain – Mrs Virginia Westmacott LG 842428

CHOIR PRACTICE: Friday 7 pm – Mr John Leonhardt LG 843550

LITTLE GADDESSEN C of E PRIMARY SCHOOL: We welcome all children aged 4 – 11. Contact the Head Teacher, for more information on 01442 842464 or admin@littlegaddesden.herts.sch.uk

PARISH NEWS EDITORS: Mrs H Hockings, Mr D Nowell-Withers, Dr N Murray, Mr M Walsham
See inside back page for contact details.

SAFEGUARDING OFFICER: Mr James Mitchell LG 842710

WEEKLY UPDATES: PEW SHEET distributed in church each Sunday. Items for inclusion should be sent to Helene Hockings, a_dmin-church@outlook.com by 9 am on each **Thursday**

PARISH ADMINISTRATOR: Helene Hockings on a_dmin-church@outlook.com or 01442 842493

Vol 43 No.06

Dear Friends,

As we journey on through this unsettling time, a time of change and uncertainty, you can't help but notice that whilst some things appear unchanged, others definitely aren't the same. No doubt some changes are for the better, some not so, some maybe forever, some more temporary.

Living as we do, surrounded by wonderful scenery and colour, what has changed for you?

I notice a lack of noise... how blissful; less traffic, less pollution, fewer planes. But there are other things which seem unaffected, other than in a good way; the seasons continuing as ever, most noticeable in springtime when there's so much growth and new life, colour and freshness. The wonderful birds and animals the same, like the plants and trees growing around us, carrying on as normal, oblivious to all that we are faced with. The same for newly conceived children growing in their mother's wombs, oblivious, growing, unaware.

The words of this old hymn inspired by Psalm 34 seem to be rather relevant just now:

*Through all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.*

*O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.*

*The hosts of God encamp around.;
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.*

*O make but trial of his love:
Experience will decide.,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.*

*Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.*

Those words remind us of the unchanging nature and purposes of God, whatever we are faced within our lives and that we can rely on him.

In times of uncertainty, naturally we like to hold on to the familiar, the people, the places, the known things that are always there and when people compare this pandemic with wartime, these are surely the common features.

Whilst the loss of life is very high - higher than many of us have ever known - compared with the losses in the two World Wars, it is relatively small. Hymns are clearly on my mind, probably because I'm choosing and preparing all the music in our services at the moment, it makes me realise what a great job everyone who chooses hymns does!

So words of another hymn seem just right, from '*Dear Lord and Father of mankind*'

*Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace,
The beauty of thy peace.*

*Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm,
O still small voice of calm.*

I pray that you may listen and hear that still small voice of calm in your lives, as I ask you to spare some thoughts and prayers for those far less fortunate in their living circumstances than many of us.

My heartfelt prayer is that before too long, we may once again worship and pray together in our churches, when I look forward to welcoming you.

I am yours in Christ,

John

**“THE LITTLE GADDESSEN CHARITIES”
Report for 2019**

The aim of the Charity as defined in the Charity Commissioners’ “Scheme” which regulates its activities is to:-

“Relieve either generally or individually, persons resident in the Parish of Little Gaddesden who are in need, hardship or distress, by making grants of money or providing or paying for items, services or facilities calculated to redress the need, hardship or distress of such persons”

The Trustees during 2019 were:

The Team Vicar of Little Gaddesden Church - Reverend John Russell,
(Chairman)

Mrs Jane Murray

Mrs Louise Archer: as representative of the Parish Council until May, then
post taken over by Mrs Susan Pritchard

Mrs Pat Catchpole

Mr Michael Thompson nominated by Ashridge College

(Mrs Pat Catchpole acted as Secretary and Treasurer)

The Accounts were examined by Hillier Hopkins, Chartered Accountants of
Watford. The expenditure for the year was £980

The strictest confidentiality is observed in the handling of requests for
assistance and details about cases are never made public in any form. Any of
the Trustees, however, will be glad to answer questions of a general nature
on how the charity operates.

Pat Catchpole

Joint June/July edition of the Parish News

Those of you who are eagle-eyed, will have noticed that this month we have a joint June/July edition. Normally we would have a joint July/August edition, but, due to the Coronavirus lockdown, it was thought that having a separate August magazine might be useful. Hopefully by mid July, when the magazine is put together, we will have a much clearer idea of what maybe allowed and whether our church will be able to open. As we know, all relaxing of regulations are dependent upon the slowdown of the spread of the virus, but we are hopeful that by July, we will have a clearer mandate.

AFTER V.E. DAY IN THE WEST END

AN EXTRACT FROM *THE KING OF BRENTFORD* BY MRS ROBERT HENREY

This book was published in 1946. Recently recalled events such as these make up the final chapter of the book. (The main subject of the book is not the war, but reminiscences of old Brentford, Kew and Gunnersbury.)

With a swiftness impossible to keep pace with, London was shaking off its trappings of war. The great battery of rocket guns in Hyde Park was being torn up, and men, stripped to the waist, were hacking the cement foundations out of the fields where the thistle and sorrel grew to an unaccustomed height round the barbed wire fences.

Suddenly, overnight the powerful searchlight in the middle of the Green Park disappeared, having given its last burst of joyous light to celebrate the Peace. No longer should we see those R.A.F. men laying red flares on tarpaulins round the encampment for night bomber exercises. The girls who worked the searchlights had dropped last stitches from unfinished scarves and jumpers in the gay little garden outside their hut. They had fled – nobody knew where.

The crazy chimney was without its friendly wisp of white smoke. The marigolds and tall marguerites grew untended, and unwatered except by the showers from heaven. Empty was the sentry box with its painted name: 'The Bombers' Moon.' On top of the mound on which the searchlight used to stand, was a mongrel whose short legs and intelligent head were silhouetted against the sky as he danced excitedly calling his mistress in khaki who had left him behind.

We all knew Spike who, during the night raids, had crawled from some bombed house, tired and hungry and covered with brick dust, to ask hospitality with damp eye and wagging tail, from the soldiers who then inhabited 'The Bombers' Moon'. They had fed him, washed him, and adopted him as their mascot – and he learned to guard the searchlight and bark at the stars.

When the soldiers left and the girls took over, Spike refused his food for a week. He was then a woman hater, but that state of things seldom lasts long in man or beast, and Spike was soon to be found sunning himself on the lawn while the girls oiled the petrol engine which gave power to their searchlight. He queued up with them of a morning when the lorry came

round with buns and tea, and he joined the girls when they romped and played, just as he had learnt the art of football from the men.

And now, on top of that mound from which the searchlight had gone, he looked like a hungry wolf barking at a mirage. The rejoicings for the Peace had been for him the last merry moments of a carefree life. From his comfortable enclosure he had watched the dense crowds converging on the Palace to cheer the King and Queen and the Princesses. His khaki friends had invited their families to tea in the living room of their metal house, and Spike ate buns and plum cake. When night came and his searchlight went into action for the last time, adding its powerful beam to the illumination of the town, he knew, like the butterfly, short glorious hours. He was alone now. The Peace was not a good thing for Spike.

John Leonhardt

The Thomas Field Hall – Vestry@50

At long last, after weeks of delay and frustration, the latest caused by the spread of the coronavirus infection, our builders have given us notice that they intend to start the building works on Monday, 8th June. Obviously they cannot guarantee that there will not be delays either within their workforce or externally with suppliers and sub-contractors, and if these happen then we will deal with them as best we can. However, they have done their best to confirm orders and set up deliveries and have worked up a programme.

If all goes well the building should be finished early in 2021. The construction work will be carried out during the summer months, which should allow ample daylight and hopefully good weather, and as the days draw in the finishing works will be mostly internal and not affected by shortening daylight hours, giving the builders the best conditions in which to work. There will be problems - there always are - but we hope that overall the project will be completed as efficiently as possible.

Barbara Sheard

NATURE CARRIES ON REGARDLESS.

Nature is so cruel; after a warmer than usual April, temperatures which had enticed out great numbers of orange tip butterflies as well as all the usual suspects, would - by the second week of May have been blown to smithereens, or frozen by the vicious north winds which also dried the soil, thus needing more watering. Double whammy, Nature. The bluebells appeared early, during April, followed by some hawthorn blossom, which is known widely as may blossom, the reason for which, until climate changes kicked in, had been obvious.

How to describe may blossom? Swathes, swatches of pure white blossom, rippling, tumbling (add your own description!) through the hedgerows, breathtaking in all its careless glory. Close up, each perfect flower vies to attract pollinating insects with a heady scent and shining brightness. All part of the amazing chain of nature. I have also noticed that there has been lots of holly blossom this spring, which should herald plenty of scarlet berries come Autumn. This is when many, seeing the wealth of berries, suppose that this heralds a cold winter. The fact is, the flowers were formed due to plenty of rain in winter/early spring and a lack of frost, there is no way that the holly thinks, "Ooh, bit nippy, I'll chuck on a few more berries". Unless they know something we don't, of course.

Fledging birds during mid May onwards were out with their parents for a bit of a flutter. A single robin which has learnt to feed from a hanging feeder, (evolution in practice) has been frantically feeding sunflower hearts to its fat speckled offspring and there has been a lot of blue tit activity in the nest box next to my kitchen door. They do well as it's more difficult for predators to get into the boxes (except for woodpeckers, but a metal plate around the entrance stops them). There is a starling's nest in a hole in the top of an oak tree in the field behind the TWBG. You can hear the discordant cries of the young birds as the parents bring food but the local crows of which there are many, predate the nest, picking out a fledgling and sitting on another branch chewing it up before flying back to its own young as the parent starling calls out helplessly. Meantime, a red kite will be feasting similarly on an emerging crow. Nature is cruel - it's just us that are over sentimental.

The Western end of the Village Green has been sparkling with ladies smock - also known as cuckoo flower - replacing the golden celandine that shone out before the weather turned warm (and as if on cue, cuckoos have been heard around the area). During June, we can look forward to more meadow and hedgerow flowers, including ladies bedstraw, honeysuckle, ragged robin, pelargoniums and the first orchids. There have been bee orchids on the slope at the far end of Golden Valley and the golf course end gets lots of lovely scented ladies bedstraw. Nearby chalk downland, eg. Pitstone Hill area is the place to spot harebells, orchids and field scabious amongst other lovely things.

So, there is plenty to look forward to as summer progresses, as Nature carries on regardless.

Josie Jeffrey

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

1 Trevor Adams, my assistant programmer, can always be found
2 hard at work in his cubicle. Trevor works independently, without
3 wasting company time talking to colleagues. Trevor never
4 thinks twice about assisting fellow employees, and he always
5 finishes given assignments on time. Often he takes extended
6 measures to complete his work, sometimes skipping coffee
7 breaks. Trevor is a dedicated individual who has absolutely no
8 vanity in spite of his high accomplishments and profound
9 knowledge in his field. I firmly believe that Trevor can be
10 classed as a high-calibre employee, the type that cannot be
11 dispensed with. Consequently, I truly recommend that Trevor be
12 promoted to executive management, and a proposal will be
13 executed as soon as possible.

ADDENDUM:

The idiot was standing over my shoulder while I wrote this report!

Kindly re-read only the odd numbered lines.

Mike Walsham

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Over 3 weeks in May we celebrate 3 important Festivals in the Church. They are:

PRIOLGEAMTAIBOLNG ----- SUNDAY

HARSECTEPNOSWILORN ----- DAY

UPREONSTREUCYORSHTI ----- SUNDAY

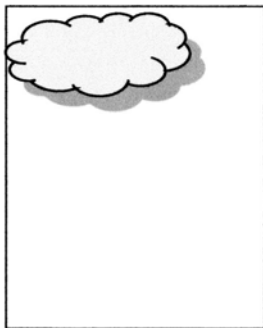
(Take the every second letter to spell out the Festivals)

HARSECTEPNOSWILORN

It happened some weeks after Easter. Jesus was telling his disciples to wait in Jerusalem for a special moment.

'After saying this, he was taken up to heaven as they watched him, and a cloud hid him from their sight.'

Jesus had ascended into heaven and the disciples would see him no more.



Draw a picture of Jesus going up into heaven

Draw in the tongues of fire and colour in the pictures.



Read the story in the Book of Acts. Chapters 1 and 2.

UPREONSTREUCYORSHTI

The disciples and their friends had gathered together to celebrate the Jewish Festival of P_____t

Suddenly there was a noise from the sky which sounded like a strong wind blowing, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. Then they saw what looked like tongues of fire which spread out and touched each person there. They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and they began to talk in other languages, as the Spirit enabled them to speak.'



We know about Jesus today because the Holy Spirit empowered the disciples to tell people about him and then the word spread everywhere.

ROUTINE

Alarm rings, reminder that the day awaits,
The routine kicks in, basic as time dictates,
Each day shaped by things that must be done,
Necessary input that helps your life to run,
Oil the wheels, gives structure, shapes the day,
With meaning, reason, conventions to obey.

Come retirement life's not quite the same,
needing something to hang your life on; a frame,
A plan around where the work had been,
In other words, a new routine,
Starting fresh on Monday, ready for the week,
Prescribing industry, some form to seek.

Come lockdown, and I must confess,
That routine is now just meaningless,
The once busy diary now has nothing new,
Life's punctuation points, all crossed through,
Each day dawns just another amorphous cloud,
A day with no purpose, with no gifts endowed.

So, how best to mark these new, strange days?
Really, there must be so many ways,
The hours tick by, then a day, a week,
Time in which we must some comfort seek,
For now just making sure our hands are clean,
Seems to have become the new routine.

Josie Jeffrey

Thank You

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate and thank our Vicar, John Russell, and his team for all the extra hard work and skill they have put into bringing us the live-streamed services whilst we are all in lockdown. John has had to learn many skills to make this work and, with Andrew Sheard's help in putting it on our church website, we have all enjoyed being able to view our Eucharist service each Sunday morning. Thank you very much for helping us all to keep in touch.

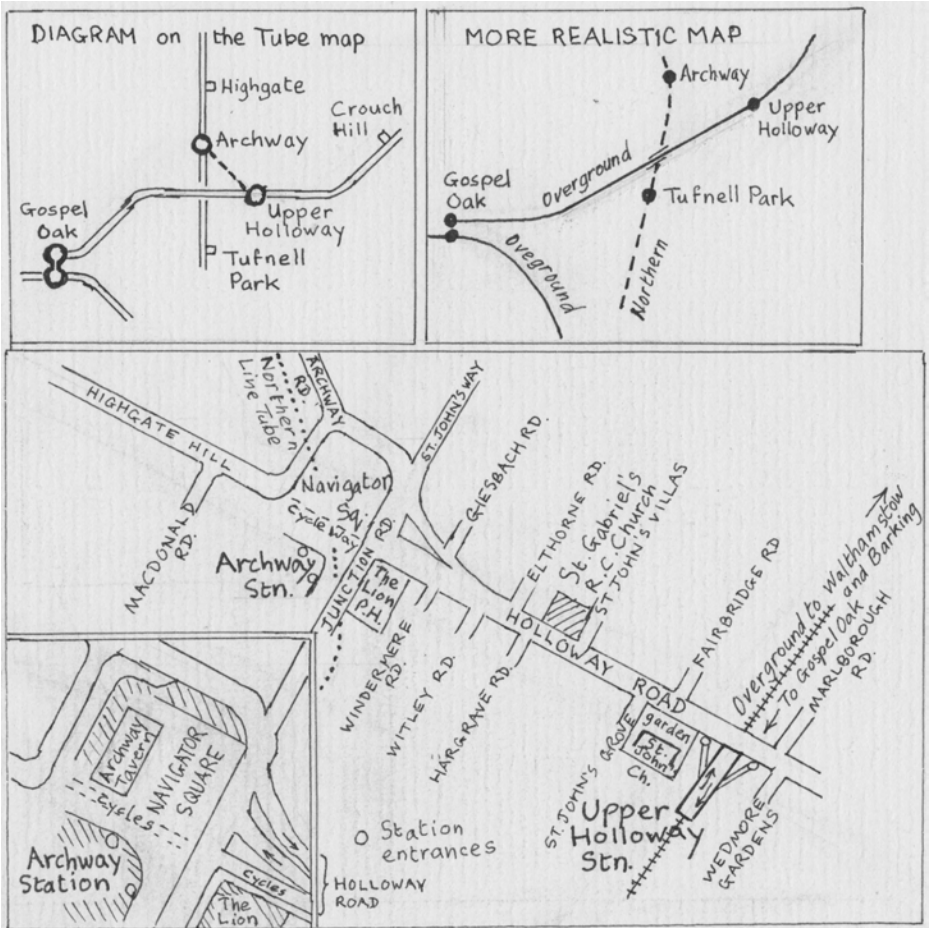
UNDERGROUND OVERGROUND No.9

Archway and Holloway Road

In No.3 of this series, in November 2019, I mentioned the walking link between the High Barnet branch of the Northern line and the Gospel Oak – Barking branch of the London Overground, but gave no details. This article fills that gap. The shortest route is between Archway on the Northern line and Upper Holloway on the Overground.

The walk from Upper Holloway to Archway is very easy and just over a quarter of a mile. The Overground line goes under Holloway Road. The bridge can be seen from the platforms. Each platform has its own ramp or steps up to the road. Whichever side you come from, turn left and follow the main road to the west. Keep going past all the side streets until you can see the Archway Tavern facing you across a square and a busy road. The square, Navigator Square, is a small pedestrian plaza in which the entrance to Archway Underground station can be seen. Cross the traffic by one of the controlled crossings.

The reverse, from Archway to Upper Holloway, is a bit more difficult. Archway is a deep level tube station. When you come up to the ticket hall you will find two exits. The one to the left is marked as the exit to Highgate Hill and it emerges on to the pedestrian plaza Navigator Square. (You won't need to know where Highgate Hill is.) If you come out of the other exit then turn left and again you will find Navigator Square. Mind the cycle way! You will see the imposing Archway Tavern on your left. Turn your back on the Archway Tavern and you will be looking east down Holloway Road on the other side of the road closest to you, but through streams of traffic. There are almost no road names to be seen. Use the available controlled crossings to get into Holloway Road. You will be passing the Lion pub on your right as you continue straight down Holloway Road. The correct road will be confirmed after a short distance by St Gabriel's church on the left. Ignore all side turnings (see the map). On the right, you will soon see St John's church in a small churchyard garden. Then comes the bridge over the Overground line with a clear view of the station platforms below on the right. The first ramp, "this side" of the bridge, leads down to the north-east-bound platform to Walthamstow and ultimately to Barking. On the "other side" of the bridge is the ramp down to the south-west-bound platform to Gospel Oak. At Gospel Oak you can change platforms and take a train on to Willesden Junction and beyond. The signs on the bridge are very bold and clear.



John Leonhardt

From the Registers:

No entries in the Registers this month

The Germ
Ogden Nash (1902 - 1971)

A mighty creature is the germ,
Though smaller than the pachyderm.
His customary dwelling place
Is deep within the human race.
His childish pride he often pleases
By giving people strange diseases.
Do you, my poppet, feel infirm?
You probably contain a germ.

Nash was the great American writer of humorous verse of the 20th century. He died of a flare-up of Crohn's disease following food poisoning from badly prepared coleslaw.

Nick Murray

I found this prayer pertaining to Whitsuntide and thought it was appropriate given all of the home-made rainbows on people's windows and doors.

Come, creator of rainbows,
Come through the closed doors of our emotions, mind and imagination;
Come alongside us as we walk; come to us at work and worship; and out of
the pain of our division, come to our meetings and councils, come and call us
by name, call us to pilgrimage.

Wounded healer, out of our disunity may we be remembered, may we see
your glory; call us from present preoccupation to future community.

Spirit of unity, challenge our preconceptions,
Enable us to grow in love and understanding,
Accompany us on our journey together, that we may go out with confidence
into your world as a new creation
One body in you, that the world may believe. Amen

A Seasonal Anthology of Prayers by Anne Kerr

Prayer Page

The Birth of John the Baptist, 24th June Patron Saint of Great Gaddesden Church

Almighty God,
by whose providence your servant John the Baptist
was wonderfully born,
and sent to prepare the way of your Son our Saviour
by the preaching of repentance:
lead us to repent according to his preaching
and, after his example, constantly to speak the truth, boldly to rebuke vice,
and patiently to suffer for the truth's sake;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

Amen

St Peter & St Paul, 29th June Patron Saints of our Parish Church

Almighty God,
whose blessed apostles Peter and Paul
glorified you in their death as in their life:
grant that your Church, inspired by their teaching and example,
and made one by your Spirit, may ever stand firm on the one foundation,
Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

Amen

God of compassion,
be close to those who are ill, afraid or in isolation.
In their loneliness, be their consolation;
in their anxiety, be their hope;
in their darkness, be their light;
through him who suffered alone on the cross,
but reigns with you in glory,
Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

Due to the Coronavirus outbreak, there will be no church services at our three Parish Churches for the foreseeable future.

However, there will be a live-streamed Eucharist Service every Sunday morning at 9.30am, most likely from St John's Church, Great Gaddesden.

Please see our Church websites and facebook pages for up-to-date information and details of how to join the on-line service.

www.littlegaddesdenchurch.org.uk

Facebook: [speterstpauillittgadd](https://www.facebook.com/speterstpauillittgadd)

Parish News Editors:

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Deadline Date for next edition of Magazine: Sunday 19th July 2020