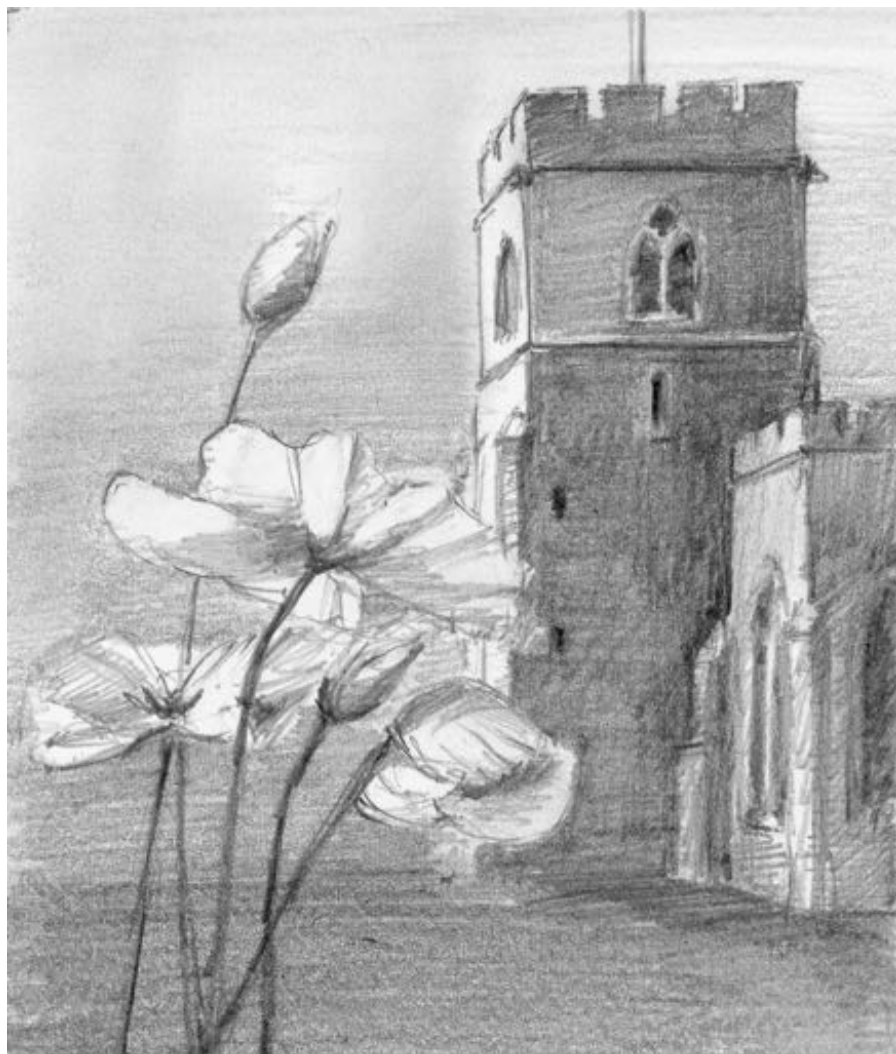


Parish News

St Peter and St Paul, Little Gaddesden

£1.00

November 2022



St Peter and St Paul, Little Gaddesden HP4 1NZ

Berkhamsted Team

Revd John Russell, Team Rector

St John's Vicarage, Pipers Hill, Great Gaddesden, HP1 3BY

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vicar@littlegaddesdenchurch.org.uk

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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

CHURCHWARDENS:	Terri Adams, Kaim End	842746
	David Scriven, Gaddesden House	843783
READERS:	Anthony Archer	842397
	Heather Tisbury	01582 842807
PCC OFFICERS:	Treasurer: Allan Webster	843157
	Secretary: Barbara Sheard	843591
SAFEGUARDING OFFICER:	Heather Tisbury	01582 842807
PARISH ADMINISTRATOR:	Helene Hockings on a_dmin-church@outlook.com or 842493	
SUNDAY SERVICES:	9.30am Eucharist Service	
	6.00pm Evening Worship on 1 st Sunday of the month	
	6.00pm Evensong at Nettleden on the 3 rd Sunday of the month	
	5 th Sunday in the month – Joint Eucharist at 9.00am at Nettleden Church	

Please do check the website for up-to-date details

THOMAS FIELD HALL:	email: tfh.bookings@littlegaddesdenchurch.org.uk	
WEEKDAY SERVICE:	Thursday 10am Said Eucharist	
BELL RINGING:	Sunday 9.00am Practice: Tuesday 8.00 pm	
	Tower Captain – Virginia Westmacott	842428
CHOIR PRACTICE:	Friday 7.00pm – John Leonhardt	843550
LITTLE GADDESSEN	We welcome all children aged 4 – 11. Contact the Head Teacher,	
C of E PRIMARY SCHOOL:	for more information on 01442 842464 or admin@littlegaddesden.herts.sch.uk	
PARISH NEWS EDITORS:	Helene Hockings, David Nowell-Withers, Nick Murray, Mike Walsham. See inside back page for contact details.	
PITSTOP COFFEE CLUB:	Gayle Storey	01582 662132
WEEKLY UPDATES:	PEW SHEET distributed each Sunday. Items for inclusion should be sent to Helene Hockings, a_dmin-church@outlook.com by 9 am on each Thursday	

Vol 45 No.11

Dear Friends,

I see that the BBC is celebrating 100 years since its inception and I was thinking that of all the comic sketches ever to be aired on television, I suspect the most enduring is probably Eric Morecombe's rendition of Greig's Piano Concerto in A minor:

"All the right notes, but not necessarily in the right order."

I also wondered what the inspiration for some of the comedy sketches we have seen over the years have come from. For example what might have inspired the Two Ronnies sketch with John Cleese? The one where they stand together in height order; Cleese, tall and patrician, both in appearance and demeanour, representing the upper class; Ronnie Barker, of average height, the middle class and Ronnie Corbett, short in stature, and working class. Each in turn describes their social advantages and disadvantages, and contrasts them with their neighbours, an effect emphasised by their relative heights as they look downwards or upwards to each other:

Barker:

"I look up to him [Cleese] because he is upper class, but I look down on him [Corbett] because he is lower class."

Corbett:

"I know my place."

Corbett gets the punchlines, including the taking work home - Ronnie Corbett's doing well on his roses!

As the others describe their advantages in the form of *"I get ... (e.g. a sense of superiority over him)"*, Ronnie Corbett finally looking up at the others and says *"I get a pain in the back of my neck."*

Perhaps that sketch was inspired by a parable Jesus told of Pharisee and a tax-collector who are in the Temple to pray. One, the proud Pharisee, is focused on himself whilst the Tax Collector is focused on God. One goes away forgiven and justified, the Pharisee looking down on others, does not. He says,

'I thank you that I am not like other people, I fast twice a week; I give a tenth of all my income.'

He goes above and beyond the demands of the religious laws, puffed up with pride, bragging and judgemental of others. He is the centre of his world.

'Look at me – look how wonderful I am, look how much better I am than him.'
(him, being the Tax Collector).

The word 'Pharisee' today has negative connotations because of stories such as this one but in Jesus' time, Pharisees were respected holy men, who were religious leaders in the community, living a disciplined and orderly life of faith in very difficult circumstances, under Roman occupation. The Jews of Jesus' time would have expected to hear good things about the Pharisee, after all, Jesus was a Jew and Tax Collectors were hated, so the crowd expected the Pharisee to be the good guy.

Tax-collectors were despised, the bad guys, caricatured as corrupt because they were collaborators with the Romans, the enemy and invader. But Jesus was always turning things upside down to challenge and change attitudes and this parable was no exception. In real life, he even chose Matthew, a tax collector, as one of his disciples. The Pharisee in the story pays lip service to God, whilst the tax-collector has no such delusions - he comes as he is, bowed down with shame and says just this: *'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'*

This image is not one that sits easily in our world of social media and celebrity. It's all too easy for us to put ourselves at the centre and say, *'Look at me - I do this, and this and this: I'm so wonderful'*, or, on the other hand, *'Look at me, because all these awful things have happened, and I'm such a terrible person.'*

It can be very hard not to be self-centred and it's hard not to measure ourselves against others. Indeed society encourages us to be better than each other, to be the richest, the slimmest, the fittest, the most accomplished, the greatest. The world's heroes are pop stars, models, footballers and millionaires and it's so easy to lose sight of the eternal truth that every person is made in God's image and we are all of equal value and worth to God.

God loves us completely, so much so that, in Jesus, he gave up his life, breaking through death into new life so that the space between us and God could be closed.

That is true reconciliation; it's not anything that we do or don't do, but it is all about the grace of God and our faith. It's a theme which comes through often in Luke's Gospel, God isn't taken in or affected by possessions or prestige or social standing, he sees what's in our hearts and minds, he hears our genuine cries for help.

The challenge for us is whether we're able to show others the love, mercy and grace that we have received from God because whilst God forgave the Tax Collector, I doubt the world beyond the temple did - he was still a tax collector.

How will we react to wrong doers who the world judges are forever in the wrong? Can we act for good in the outworking of our daily lives?

Words are easy, actions less so.

Despite all the current turmoil in world; whether it be war, shortages of energy, rising interest rates, uncertainty in government (at the time of writing we are once again without a Prime Minister), or our own worries and concerns; be assured, God is at work, bringing order out of chaos, bringing life out of death.

So, do we have faith to accept the grace of God?

Because in our hearts, we may know what the right notes are, but we can never play them all in the right order, certainly not in our own strength, but only through God's good grace.

I am yours in Christ.

John

DR STANLEY, I PRESUME

The Bridgwaters are not alone in their chapel in our church. They share it with the Stanleys. If you look down at the east end you will find a black stone slab incised with two flaming pear-shaped urns, one above the other. There are two scrolls in Latin.

This is a translation of the upper scroll:

"Of Henry Stanley, the son, the little sparks of his soul shine in the heavens; The ashes of his little body lie here hidden".

The lower scroll dedication can be translated as follows:

"Also, should you ask after the remains of Henry Stanley, the father, and Margaret his wife, they are here".

(Well, not exactly. The memorial was moved from somewhere else in the church when the chapel/ mausoleum was created in 1819.)

Another floor slab at the east end of the chapel is dedicated to their daughter, Frances Stanley. Its scroll, translated, reads:

“Frances Stanley, for two years the little daughter of Henry and Margaret.
She lived the solace of her father’s cares, her mother’s little sweetheart;
Dead, her little body is mingled here with the dust, her little soul in the dance
of the heavenly ones.

She died on November 26th, 1661.

Not lost, but sent ahead.”

Another floor slab in the chapel, by the door to the Chancel, says this:

“To Thomas Stanley his most delightful little son,
Who in the short space of 16 months
Was born and died
His most afflicted father Henry, physician of London
Offered in parental tribute this little dirge”

On the Urn beneath the scroll is a Latin inscription, which was translated by a former Rector, Dr H.G.Woods as follows:

“Short was the thread, my son,
Which for thy life fate spun;
Quickly thy course was run; My joy and pride soon done.
Short are these lines which tell
How memory’s heartfelt knell
Echoed thy funeral bell:

Short is this stone, yet well
It fits thy narrow cell:
One thing alone is well – farewell.”

On the South Wall of the chapel is a monument to the young Henry Stanley. Part of the Latin inscription has been translated thus.

“Ho, traveller! Who elsewhere may be induced merely to make a halt, but here may also be drawn to this ambivalent presentation of death fit equally for mourning and rejoicing.

For HENRY STANLEY, his father Henry’s first born soon and soon too, his father being bereft of his other children, the only one, a little lad upon whom all the more hope was heaped.”

(The rejoicing referred to is because the father believes his son now has an eternal life in heaven.) He concludes:

“Torn in two by both these feelings, his father set up this monument to him who died on the month of April, in the year of our Lord 1670, the 14th off his age”.

The now childless father himself died a year later. His memorial can be found at the back of the church, at the west end of the north aisle, set up by his dear friend, the Earl. It must have been moved there from somewhere close to the Bridgwater vault. It is a large, closed pedestal urn, standing on a tall plinth which carries on its front face a large convex oval inscription tablet.

Part of the Latin inscription, translated, reads:

“As a final favour, it was the wish of John, Earl of Bridgwater, that HENRY STANLEY, Doctor of Medicine, fellow and ornament of the two very celebrated colleges, first of New College in the University of Oxford, then of the College of Physicians in the City of London. – together with his three most delightful children, Henry, Thomas and Frances, and his very dear wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Panton, Knight, who was very famous among the Belgians as a soldier – should await their Resurrection in this chapel, so that he might grant to one whom he had taken to his bosom whilst alive, to lie when dead as close as possible to himself and his family, for his bounty would yield to no ill fate.

He died in the year of our Lord, 1671, the 67th of his age, in the month of February, on the 24th day of the month.”

This is a sad story, but behind the making of the monument is an amusing if scandalous tale.

The urn has been attributed to John Bushnell (d 1701), who was apprenticed to Thomas Burman (1618-74). According to one account, the married Burman got their maid-servant pregnant and blamed it on Bushnell. When Burman sent his apprentice down to the country to supervise the erection of a monument, Bushnell fled overseas taking £15 (worth something like £3,500 today) of his master’s money with him. He spent 22 years in Italy, France and Flanders, but was finally persuaded to return, where he was treated kindly by Charles 2nd but not by Burman, who sued him for breaking his apprenticeship and stealing the £15.

AN APPRECIATION OF LITTLE GADDESSEN DRAMA CLUB.

The Drama Club's latest production was eagerly anticipated, much needed, certainly appreciated and well worth waiting for: A superb production of Michael Aitken's "Waiting for God" lit up the Village Hall and the local consensus seems to be agreed: "They played a blinder!"

From the choice of the play; current, relevant, topical and above all, blisteringly funny and much needed after the dark months of lockdown and a somewhat frightening world out there. Everything about the production was wonderful: the actors, all of whom seemed to grab their roles with such aplomb and evident enjoyment, were absolute perfection. Comedy is harder to play than drama and the comic timing was superb and the issues covered, relating to ageing, the expectations of others, the indignities of failing health were covered comprehensively but with a light, comedic touch. The cast made it look effortless.

The music was utterly inspired and even the nineteen(!) scene changes were choreographed to perfection, actually enhancing, rather than interrupting the proceedings and executed with extraordinary skill. The production, the direction and all the skilled club members supporting the production can be justly proud of themselves, it works so well thanks to all the constituent parts beavering away together. L.G.D.C. how we have missed you! And what better way of reminding us than to rock back with such a brilliant bang! The hard work, skills, commitment and sheer talent are much appreciated.

I'm sure that I also speak for so many others when I say, that when you have got over this one, we are really looking forward to your next production! Thank you.

Josie Jeffrey

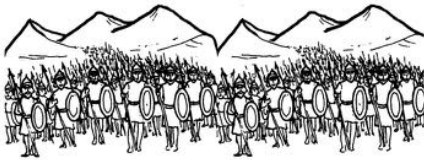
CHILDREN'S PAGE

The second Sunday in November has a special name. It is called **ECNARBMEMER** _____ Sunday. We remember all soldiers who have fought in war and we give thanks for their selfless sacrifices of giving their lives so that we might be a free country. There are special services all over the country held beside local War Memorials.

Do you know the story of **DIVAD** _____ and **HTAILOG** _____ ?

The Philistines were fighting King Saul's army. They had a huge soldier who had challenged them to send someone to fight him. Whoever won the fight would win the whole battle.

A boy who had taken food to his brothers in the army heard the challenge. "I'll fight" he said. King Saul was amazed. "You're too small" he said, "but if you really want to, then have my armour." But the armour was too big.



Against all the odds, the huge soldier was killed by the small boy who had faith in God.

"I don't need armour," said the boy. "I look after my father's sheep. I can kill wolves and bears. Besides, I have God to help me." He took 5 smooth stones from the stream, and his slingshot. He went up to challenge the huge soldier, who laughed at him. "You're so small," he roared, "and you have no armour or weapons. I'll kill you easily."

The boy put a stone in his slingshot and threw it with all his might. It hit the soldier on his forehead and knocked him to the ground unconscious. He ran up and killed him.

*Read the story in 1 Samuel ch 17
And colour in the picture*

Are local Garden Clubs Relevant to the Modern Age?

Some statistics for you. In excess of two million people listen to Gardeners Question Time on BBC Radio 4, and two and a half million watch Monty Don and others on Gardeners World. A family visit to Garden Centres the length and breadth of the land is considered a great way to spend Saturdays and Sundays, yet, local garden clubs are struggling to survive, hence my question above.

Little Gaddesden has just such an organisation. The Gaddesden District Village Produce Association came into being - as did very many similar across the country - after World War II. Anyone who knows the history of what became known as 'fighting the war on the home front' will be aware that during those six years of conflict His Majesty's Government promoted the 'Dig for Victory' campaign. To prevent the nation starving in those times of rationing and shortages every available bit of land - playing fields, flowerbeds, verges and areas of waste land, even village greens - effectively became 'allotments' and the population were encouraged to feed themselves. After 1945 some of those returned to growing flowers but vegetable gardens remained as never before and that was the rationale behind the formation of the produce associations and garden clubs.

Why am I telling you this? Simple. Because our very own 'garden club', the VPA, is in very severe danger of ceasing to exist after a marvellous seventy-seven years; longer even than the wonderful reign we have recently commemorated. Over those years the VPA has been a major village benefactor - funded by its trading store each Sunday morning - it has provided functions and great pleasure for this community, including donations to local charities, from the very young to those at the other end of the age spectrum. Long passed village stalwarts such as Eddie Nightall, Geoff Rogers, Alan Bunting, Mick Wright, Trafford Allen and many more will be 'turning in their graves' at the realisation that the organisation to which they freely gave so much of their time (including building the store) is possibly to be no more.

The VPA committee is now down to just five, one of which - and I confess to bias here - has served for forty-one years! As with most village organisations, the VPA is run solely by volunteers, the numbers of which have dwindled so far that closure of the store is now being discussed as the only option.

For the moment, the Garden Store - which, if you are unaware is situated next to the Village Hall in Church Road - remains open each Sunday from 10.00am to 12noon - except for Remembrance Sunday. That small building has a range of garden products, from seed to feed, tools, fertiliser, bird food, compost and so much more - most often under cutting the prices in your Sunday go-to garden centres. But to continue and contribute to the tapestry of Little Gaddesden life by putting on Produce Shows, Harvest Suppers and possibly even a return of the Children's Christmas parties it needs people, it needs **YOU!**

So, are you going to step up or see it cease to be? lgvpa.org

Richard Abraham

From the Registers:

29 th September	Burial of Ashes	Andrew Paul Kendall
8 th October	Service of Blessing and Thanksgiving of Ronan Lloyd	
14 th October	Holy Matrimony	Georgia Ansell and Adam Campbell
15 th October	Holy Matrimony	Helena Jaeggi and Tom O'Neill
18 th October	Burial of Ashes	Hilary Willis



Sunday 13th November 2022

10.45am Meet at Village Hall and process to War Memorial on The Green for service, including Two Minutes Silence.

Service of Remembrance including The Roll of Honour

Everyone is welcome to take part

FAVOURITE HYMNS

What connects the musical 'My Fair Lady' and 'Onward Christian Soldiers'?

The answer is an 'Anglican priest, hagiographer, antiquarian, novelist, folk song collector and eclectic scholar' called Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924). Sabine was named after the family of his grandmother, and he was responsible for at least 1,240 publications, most of them now justifiably forgotten.

He was the 'squarson' of Lew Trenchard, a small Devon village just west of Dartmoor. (He was the squire who lived in the manor house and was also the parson.) Together with Cecil Sharp, he saved many of the finest folk songs of Devon and Cornwall from being lost, writing them down for the first time.

It was his unusual, indeed at the time, rather scandalous, love story which brought him to the attention of George Bernard Shaw, the author of Pygmalion, upon which My Fair Lady is based.

After taking holy orders when he was 30, he became the curate at Horbury Ridge in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There he met the 14 year old daughter of a mill hand, Grace Taylor, and fell in love with her. His family was appalled. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, a Baring of Barings bank, heading for high office, destined to inherit a 3,000 acre estate in Devon, and doubtless, marry a member of the minor aristocracy, not a mill hand's illiterate daughter.

Sabine's vicar, John Sharp, was a remarkably enlightened man. He arranged for Grace to live for two years with relatives in York to learn middle-class manners. Baring-Gould, meanwhile, relocated to become perpetual curate at Dalton, near Thirsk.

He and Grace were married in 1868, when she was 18 and he was 34. Society was fascinated and appalled. When GBS heard about it, some years later, his creative imagination took off, and Pygmalion was the result.

The marriage probably ended Sabine's hopes of advancement in the church, but it was a very happy one. It lasted until Grace's death, 48 years later, and the couple had 15 children, all but one of whom lived to adulthood. When he buried his wife in 1916 he had carved on her tombstone the Latin motto *Dimidium Animae Meae* ("Half my Soul").

Sabine wrote the words for "Onward Christian Soldiers" in 1865, and the music was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1871. It became Sullivan's most popular hymn and the Salvation Army adopted it as its favoured processional. It is certainly a rousing piece.

If today we find it somewhat martial, there are at least two other hymns by Baring-Gould which are still popular, "Now the Day is Over" and "Sing Lullaby", and he translated and paraphrased the Christmas carol "Gabriel's Message" from the Basque. It contains the lovely, lilting, phrase, "Most highly favoured lady".

This Christmas I feel sure we will sing "Sing Lullaby", a far more profound carol than most others with its premonition of death and suffering, and its wonderful opening verse, the last four lines of which are :

"Hush, do not wake the infant King
Angels are watching, stars are shining
Over the place where he is lying
Sing lullaby".

Roger Bolton

PRIDE

With pride and with respect, in order to remember,
We stand, heads bowed on the 11th of November.

Yesterday and yesterday, today, tomorrow and tomorrow,
In stillness and in silence reflect in silent sorrow.

In tribute and in memory of the finest of this land,
Who gave all they had to give, for them, each year we stand.

Proud to wear the poppy, proud to be a part,
Of the Legion's blood red symbol and the commitment at its heart.

Josie Jeffrey

LITTLE GADDESSEN ART CLUB

**ONE DAY ART
EXHIBITION**

Paintings, folios, pottery and cards

SATURDAY

12th NOVEMBER

10.30am – 4.00pm

LITTLE GADDESSEN VILLAGE HALL

Refreshments & light lunches



Hertford County Association

On Monday, 19 September 2022

Little Gaddesden, Hertfordshire

St Peter and St Paul

Tenor: 6-1-16 in Bb

96 Tolling

32 blows each

Nathaniel Mole

Oliver Mole

Hannah Mole

Prior to the funeral of HM Queen Elizabeth II,
to celebrate her life of 96 years.

NOVEMBER GOINGS-ON

This is the month when we transition to winter, brrrrr and in spite of the dry summer there is still some autumn colour from our trees, I have seen some beautiful field maple along Nettleden Road, cheers me up a treat. And have you seen the acorns? Wow, whoppers and a good crop of shiny brown conkers, useful for dropping into secret places as apparently, spiders don't like them. I haven't checked out sweet chestnuts, have to get in quick before the deer scoff them, same with the walnuts, last year saw a bountiful crop, so might not be so good this year. I did hear a story(?) once that insisted that good acorn years were predicated by the oak trees hanging back some years in order to starve greedy mice who would eat all next year's putative oak trees. Dunno about that, but this certainly is an acorn type of year, also beechmast is excelling itself, making sure that some produce new trees.

Nature is hunkering down for winter chills and shorter days: I have a theory that back in the ancient mists of time, our ancestors semi hibernated, sleeping during the darkest hours, possibly powered by something alcoholic; not sloe gin, obvs; something like substances made from over ripe fruit possibly? Waking up to stoke the fire and engage in a little light hunting and gathering. It makes sense to me. Our welcome summer visitors are now desporting themselves in Africa and the winter visitors are arriving. Some birds familiar to us year round such as robins, mistle thrushes and blackbirds also migrate north & south spring and autumn. (those that make it over the killing grounds of the Mediterranean anyway). I do look forward to the flocks of fieldfares, redwings and other thrushes that arrive from colder climes, raiding parties along hedgerows of bright hawthorn berries, and enjoying holly, rowan and whitebeam berries.

The noted male model, Chris Packham is also, amongst his many talents a copra expert; poo to you and me and I, in my small way, having been a countryside observer all my life also know a thing or two about poo. Badgers, for example: mark the edge of their territory by scooping out holes and using them as porta loos, they will travel up to ten miles on hunting trips and are obviously also somewhat incontinent. Foxes are cheeky and will choose the highest spot on their perambulations, I can't make up my mind if they are checking around for enemies or prey or just making a statement. Woodpeckers are interesting as theirs is always walking stick shaped. Not many people know that but I expect Chris P does. Otters sprint as it is called

apparently has a pleasant smell; I have been offered the opportunity to confirm that but decided that I actually didn't really care that much.

Some years ago, taking the Cubs on a local nature walk, I knew I would get them with badger bogs as we call them in the trade and cuckoo spit but, in trying to interest them in a tiny wren with its mighty song I was losing them, so hearing a Luton bound plane soon to appear from behind a cloud I listened intently and told them it was an Easy Jet. To say they were impressed when that turned out to be the case was a bit of an understatement: they were gobsmacked. I wonder if C.P. has those problems (or skills)?

Josie Jeffrey

MORE CITY CHURCHES, CONTINUED FROM THIS TIME LAST YEAR

I have been on my fourth annual sponsored walk to the City of London in aid of the Historic Churches Trust. There are plenty of churches there which I have not yet seen, so this year I worked my way northward from St Paul's Cathedral.

Just round the corner from St Paul's Underground station stands the church of **St Vedast alias Foster**. It is in Foster Lane which leads north from Cheapside. This proved to be a delightful starting point. The main door is at the west end of the church opening directly on to the road. A short vestibule takes you via an engraved glass door into the nave whose symmetrical aspect leads straight up to the altar. The woodwork of the altar reredos, pews, wall panelling and organ gallery is all of a well-co-ordinated rich brown, well lit by the clear windows and the white upper work which includes gold-bordered ceiling panels. The pews are arranged in three ranks on each side facing inwards to the single central aisle strikingly paved with large black and white tiles. These are arranged in an interlocking pattern which results in white crosses down the centre line. The font and the paschal candle stand on a small island in the middle not far from the entrance.

The altar reredos displays three texts in gilt lettering on black panels with gilt borders, the usual trio of Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments and Apostles Creed. In typical Christopher Wren style there is no chancel screen, the east wall being visible across the full width of the nave. Here are the only stained

glass windows, a matching set of three depicting the story of St Vedast. Vedast was part of a mission to convert the pagan Franks of northern France in the sixth century. He instructed King Clovis of the Franks in Christianity, who was then baptised by Remigius, Bishop of Rheims. Vedast was appointed Bishop of Arras.

He is well known in those parts of France and Belgium near where he worked. By the time this church was dedicated, in the 12th century, his name had evolved through various languages and dialects from Vedast via Vaast to Foster in English. There were many Flemish merchants in London at that time who would have been familiar with this saint.

This leaves an almost unnoticed side chapel to be revealed. It is separated from the nave just described by a wooden screen all down the south side, which hides the lower halves of an arcade of pillars. This chapel is much narrower and of simpler design than the main nave but just as elegant. I should add that the church was badly damaged by the fire of 1666 and again in the 1940 bombing, but the restoration has closely followed Christopher Wren's original design.

There is a daily Mass at 12.15 from Monday to Friday and a Sung Mass at 11 am on Sundays.

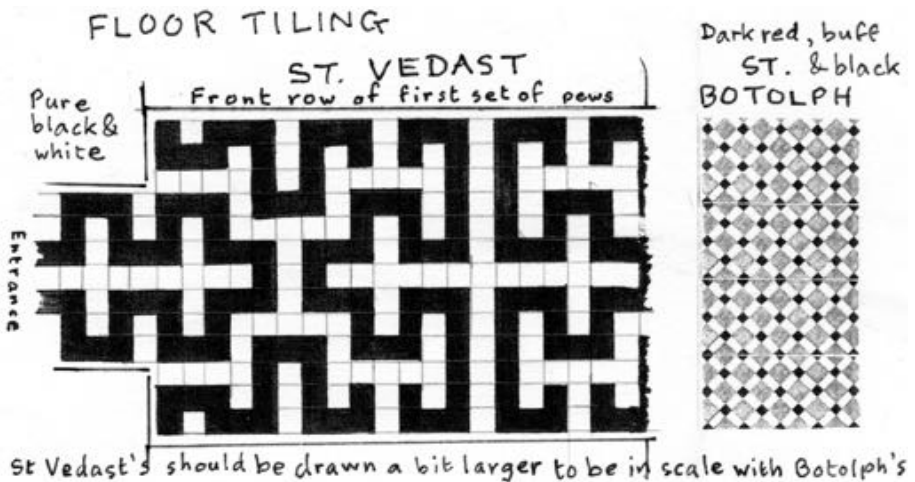
From St Vedast's I continued up Foster Lane to the crossroads with Gresham Street. At one corner is Goldsmith's Hall and across the road is the Goldsmith's garden with convenient seats. On the third corner is the church **of St Anne and St Agnes**. Foster Lane becomes Noble Street at this crossing. This St Anne was the mother of the Virgin Mary. St Agnes was a fourth century girl martyr at Rome. The parish has been united with St Vedast's along with several other very small local parishes. The church was closed when I visited. It is the home of Voces Cantabiles Music, and before that it was leased to the Lutheran Church. There are open gardens on the Gresham Street and Noble Street sides, with seats in the latter. The building is square with red brick walls. Internally the ceiling is in the form of a cross with higher vaulting over the central square. This I learned from Melvyn Blatch's guide to London churches, 1979, which describes the interior as very light and beautifully furnished and decorated.

And so on to **St Botolph's-without-Aldersgate**. The short walk up Aldersgate Street takes you straight through where the actual Aldersgate stood. It was usual for a church to be built close to each city gateway, just outside the wall.

The gates were mostly built during the Roman Empire, including Aldersgate. From here the wall ran north-east to Cripplegate and west to Newgate. All the city gates have long ago been demolished to overcome congestion, and all but a few pieces of the wall have gone, but the churches remain. The modern City administrative boundary now runs roughly a quarter to half a mile further out from the old wall, and just encloses Smithfield market.

The east wall of St Botolph's faces directly on to Aldersgate Street and has two small doorways. The sign on the first says London Presbyterian church, and it was windowless and locked and no other information shown. The second was marked St Botolph's and was open as far as a locked interior glass door. Looking in from the east end I could not see what the altar looked like, but at the west end was an organ on a gallery with a clock just below. The pews had been replaced by loose seating. I could see colonnades marking off the south and north aisles and supporting galleries. The south windows were stained glass below the gallery and clear above it. The floor was tiled with a diagonally set pattern of dark red and black squares separated by buff rectangles. I could not see how the Presbyterian church fitted in so perhaps they use the whole church.

After World War II St Botolph's parish was reassigned to St Giles-without-Cripplegate and St Bartholomew the Great, and the building became a Guild Church for the Livery Companies of the Ironmongers and the 'Plasterers'.



Outside the church there is a small garden on the south which leads into the larger Post Office Garden round the back where there are many seats and a

fountain. Beyond these is a long wall of “Commemoration of Heroic Self-Sacrifice” with about fifty equal plaques each recording a rescue attempt in the London area, sometimes successful, sometimes not, but in which the would-be rescuer died. They included danger of drowning, of fire, of being struck by a wagon or train and so on, often involving children both as rescuer and saved. They date from the late 19th to early 20th century.

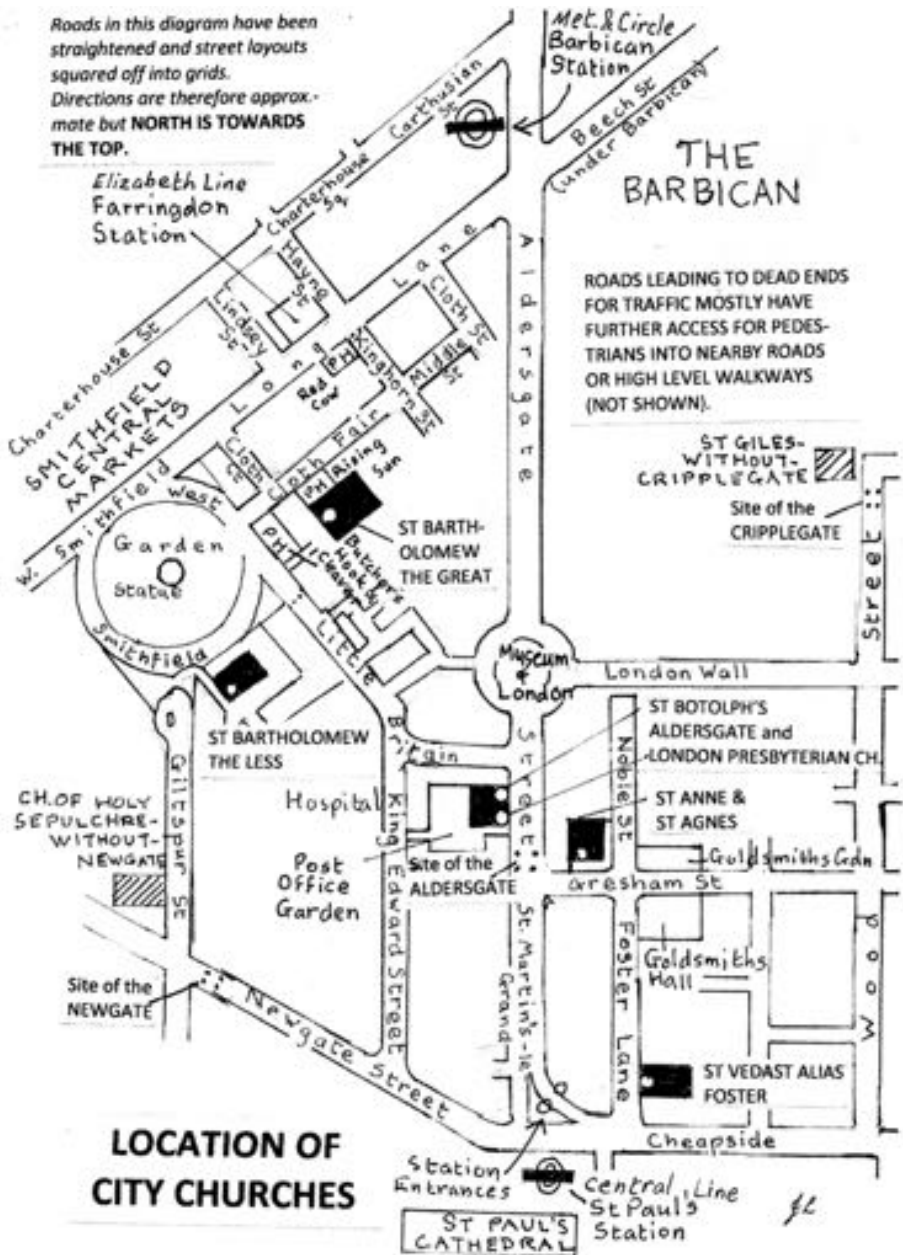
From Aldersgate Street you can enter the narrow road of Little Britain or you can continue through the Post Office Garden, reaching King Edward Street either way. From here I headed towards Smithfield with its two St Bartholomew’s churches, the large hospital of the same saint’s name and the Central Meat Market (which is open from midnight to 7am). Little Britain is a crooked road with no through route for traffic but pedestrians can pass through the barriers into Smithfield. There are many closes, archways, passages and yards in this neighbourhood. The open square at Smithfield has a fenced circular garden at its centre, but traffic circles round it, which you must cross to find the one way in. There are lots of trees and shrubs, some seats, and a central statue of a robed female presumably allegorical figure.

The Central Market is a long imposing rectangular building by which you can get your bearings in the square. The road here is called West Smithfield because there used to be an East Smithfield behind the Tower of London. The square is orientated diagonally to the compass so there are north, south, east and west corners. The Central Market is along the north-east side. The arch and passage into St Bartholomew the Less is in the south corner; that to St Bartholomew the Great is in the east corner close to the end of Little Britain. A Fuller’s public house, the Butcher’s Hook and Cleaver is on the north-east side. I enjoyed a nice light meal there.

St Bartholomew the Great was closed for the week that I was there, but part of the garden was open and part closed for construction work. The open part was directly in front of one of the facades of the church and every seat and conveniently low wall was occupied by relaxing visitors. It was the fourth visit of my sponsored walk but I saw very little of it.

St Bartholomew the Less is the parish church of the hospital and has a paved yard from which a spacious arch called The Porch leads into the enclosed lawn and garden of the hospital. It is quite a small church. It works in tandem with St Bartholomew the Great as can be seen on the list of services:

Roads in this diagram have been straightened and street layouts squared off into grids. Directions are therefore approximate but NORTH IS TOWARDS THE TOP.



THE BARBICAN

ROADS LEADING TO DEAD ENDS FOR TRAFFIC MOSTLY HAVE FURTHER ACCESS FOR PEDESTRIANS INTO NEARBY ROADS OR HIGH LEVEL WALKWAYS (NOT SHOWN).

ST GILES-WITHOUT-CRIPPLEGATE
Site of the CRIPPLEGATE

LOCATION OF CITY CHURCHES

Station Entrances
Central Line
St Paul's Station
ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

SUNDAY	9am Holy Eucharist at the Great 10am Family Eucharist at the Less 11am Choral Eucharist at the Great 5pm Choral Evensong at the Great
TUESDAY	12.30 Said Eucharist at the Less
THURSDAY	12.30 Roman Catholic Mass at the Less

This church does not run true west to east (and neither does “the Great” as far as I can see). The altar is at the north-east end, set in a semi-octagonal (i.e. 3 sides and two half-sides of an octagon) apse of red-veined marble, with three stained glass windows. It is easier to describe it as the east end conventionally. The carved pulpit is of the same marble. It is an open plan church like Wren’s designs, though had not been reached by the 1666 fire. There are no free-standing pillars, no rood screen and no specific choir stalls. The octagon theme begins with the vaulting over the nave and the seven windows at clerestory level, which would be eight if there were one over the apse.

The stained glass windows were a gift from the Glaziers Company in 1950. The central one depicts the Virgin and Child above a spray of lilies springing from a shield “per pale argent and sable with a single chevron counterchanged”.

The left window shows a biblically-dressed man holding a book and with left foot on a pile of books (not scrolls). I could not identify him. The right window shows a standing man in a red robe holding a knife like a scimitar pointing downwards. His left hand is on the shoulder of a kneeling man facing left in a black robe, but showing his left leg clothed in multicoloured hose. His hands are outstretched in front, palms upwards. I think this symbolises the martyrdom of St Bartholomew.

The floor tiles were the same pattern as those in St Botolph’s, but the colours had changed places.

I concluded my walk by making my way along the ancient and narrow road called Cloth Fair, turning aside to see various other alleys and public houses. On the way I discovered the brand-new Farringdon station for the Elizabeth Line in Long Lane, a surprisingly long way from the other Farringdon station. Ultimately I reached Aldersgate Street, and round the corner was the entrance to Barbican Station on the Metropolitan Line by which I could return home.

John Leonhardt

PRAYER PAGE

Grant, O merciful God,
that with malice towards none, with charity to all,
with firmness in the right as Thou givest us to see the right,
we may strive to finish the task which Thou has appointed us,
to bind up the nation's wounds;
to care for him who shall have borne the battle,
and for the widow and the orphan;
to do all that may achieve and cherish
a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

May He support us all the day long,
till the shades lengthen and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over
and our work is done.

Then in His mercy
may He give us a safe lodging
and a holy rest and peace at the last.

Amen

Eternal Light, shine into our hearts,
Eternal Goodness, deliver us from evil,
Eternal Power, be our support,
Eternal Wisdom, scatter the darkness of our ignorance.
Eternal Pity, have mercy on us;
that with all our heart and mind and soul and strength
we may seek thy face and be brought by thine infinite mercy to
thy holy presence;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

CHURCH SERVICES – NOVEMBER

I Sunday 6th November – 3rd Sunday Before Advent		
9.00am	Morning Prayer	Nettleden
9.30am	Parish Communion	Little Gaddesden
11.00am	Parish Communion	Great Gaddesden
6.00pm	Evening Prayer	Little Gaddesden
II Sunday 13th November - Remembrance		
9.00am	Morning Prayer with Service of Remembrance	Nettleden
9.30am	Said Holy Communion	Little Gaddesden
10.45am	Procession from Village Hall to War Memorial followed by Service of Remembrance	Little Gaddesden
10.50am	Service of Remembrance	Great Gaddesden
III Sunday 20th November – Christ the King		
9.30am	Parish Communion	Little Gaddesden
11.00am	Parish Communion	Great Gaddesden
6.00pm	Evensong	Nettleden
IV Sunday 27th November – Advent Sunday		
9.00am	Morning Prayer	Nettleden
9.30am	Parish Communion	Little Gaddesden
11.00am	Parish Communion	Great Gaddesden
6.00pm	Advent Service of Light	Little Gaddesden
I Sunday 4th December – Advent 2		
9.00am	Morning Prayer	Nettleden
9.30am	Parish Communion	Little Gaddesden
11.00am	Parish Communion	Great Gaddesden
6.00pm	Evening Prayer	Little Gaddesden

Mid-Week Services		
Tuesdays	9.00am Holy Communion	Great Gaddesden
Thursdays	10.00am Holy Communion	Little Gaddesden

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Deadline Date: Friday 11th November (please note early deadline)