

The Server

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Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary

Guild Patrons: the Bishops of Ebbsfleet & Richborough

The Warden: The Reverend J D Moore
25 Felmongers, Harlow, Essex, CM20 3DH, 01279 436496
Email: frj david@aol.com

Chaplain-General: The Reverend MC Brain
33, Dibdale Road, Dudley, West Midlands, DY1 2RX 01384 232774

Secretary-General, Membership Secretary, Webmaster: Mr Terry Doughty
7 Church Avenue, Leicester, LE3 6AJ, 01162 620308
sec-general@gssonline.org.uk

Treasurer-General: Mr Louis A Lewis

Chaplain Candidates for Ordination Fund:
The Reverend Darren Smith, Gordon Browning House, 8 Spitfire Road,
Erdington, Birmingham, B24 9PB 0121 382 5533
Fr.smith@additionalcurateco.uk

Administrator: Candidates for Ordination Fund: Mr Colin Squire
Southdene, Slimbridge Road, Burgess Hill, W. Sussex. RH15 8QE
squirrs603@btinternet.com 01444 244 737

Hon Organist: Mr. Roger Marvin, Marvin, Cannon House, Maderia Road,
Littlestone, New Romney 0179 7363578 rogermarvin1965@gmail.com

The Server Editor: Mr Peter J Keat
19 Lyndhurst Road, Anns Hill, Gosport, Hant PO12 3QY
DUSTYKEAT@aol.com 023 9258 2499

Distributor of Guild Products & Publications: Mr Nigel Makepeace
37 Dillotford Avenue, Styvechale, Coventry, CV3 5DR
Email: nigelmakepeace@btinternet.com 024 7641 5020
www.GSSonline.org.uk

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The opinions expressed within this magazine are the opinions of the
authors and not necessarily those of the Guild.

Peter

Welcome to New Members

Full Members:

Probationers:

Priest Associate:

Faithful Departed: .

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The Chantry Book



Guild Shop

Spiral Bound Laminated Guild Office (can be personalised)	
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Key Rings can be personalised with Guild Badge on one side and contact number on other side or with Guild Badge on both side . £1 inc p&p. Please state when ordering 'standard' or quote your contact number. Available from Terry Doughty

Too busy to stay in bed

When did you last have a lie-in?

Almost half of us never enjoy one because of our busy lifestyles, a survey has found. Although many of us dream of spending longer in bed, few of us are prepared to sacrifice time with our family, friends or TV for sleep. 44 % of us therefore never sleep in. Young people aged 18 to 24 sleep in the most, while those 55 and over are the least likely to stay in bed late. The survey was done by Silentnight, the bed manufacturer. A sleep therapist at Capio Nightingale Hospital in London warns: "Sleep deprivation can have a huge impact on people's lives." On the other hand,

'Love not sleep, lest you come to poverty.' (Proverbs 20:13)

The Man with Two Tombs

William Canynges (c.1399–1474) was a merchant and shipper from Bristol and one of the wealthiest men of his day, he was even, an occasion, a royal financier. He served as Mayor of Bristol five times and as Bristol's MP three times. He was a patron of the arts and in particular his local church S. Mary, Redcliffe, At an unknown date before 1429 William married Joan Burton, who was from a prominent Bristol family but following her death in 1467, he renounced all civic and commercial life and was ordained a priest in 1468, in which capacity he remained until his death six years later.

Before the Dissolution of the Monasteries, Bristol was within the Diocese of Worcester being under the care of Bishop John Carpenter. William Canynges first obtained the post of rector of S. Alban's, Worcester and was installed by the bishop on 19th September 1467 to the order of acolyte, and ordained priest by him on 16th April 1468. He was appointed a canon of the Collegiate Church of Westbury-on-Trym and Prebendary of Goodringhill. He said mass for the first time in S.Mary Redcliffe, the church to which he had been a generous patron, the following Whitsuntide. He moved his residence from Redcliffe to Westbury where he became Dean in June 1469, and where he remained until his death 5 years later in 1474.



Two different monuments to William exist, and they are both now in S. Mary Redcliffe and they lie next to each other positioned on the south wall of south aisle. William died either on 17th or 19th November 1474 and was buried in the elaborate tomb in S. Mary Redcliffe alongside Joan. William is dressed in his mayoral robes lying with his head on a cushion being supported by angels as can be seen above.

In the meantime a funeral service was also held at Westbury-on-Trym, where a very high quality sculpted alabaster effigy of William was placed, dressed in clerical attire of canonical vestments, The Westbury effigy is very plain and simple with no colour but here Williams head is resting on a Bible which is supported by angels.



Following the Dissolution of monasteries including Westbury, the effigy was moved to S. Mary Redcliffe, where it is now situated adjacent to the original monument so making it appear that he is a man with two tombs

oOo

75 years since HMT Lancastria bombing

In June the Annual Memorial service was held in June to mark the 75 years since thousands of people lost their lives in, what was Britain's worst maritime disaster.



Numbers have never actually been confirmed but there were thought to be more than 6,000 servicemen and civilians on board the HMT Lancastria - with some estimates as high as 9,000 - when the Clyde-built ship was bombed and sank off the coast of France during the Second World War. Only about 2,500 survived, representing a greater loss of life than the Titanic and Lusitania disasters combined.

The service was held at the Lancastria Memorial in the grounds of the Golden Jubilee Hospital in Dunbartonshire. The hospital, which was opened in 1994 sits on the site of t There is also another memorial to the victims on the seafront in St. Nazaire, the nearest French port to the disaster, this monument is inscribed in French on one side and English on the other

The annual commemorative service provides support for survivors, their families and the families who lost loved ones during the sinking of the troopship Lancastria. It has taken a long time to erect a major memorial to tell the story of this enormous sacrifice. However now the memorial is freely accessible to all at any time and hopefully will bring some comfort to so many families who have no known grave to visit in France. It is fitting that the memorial is situated, not only where the Lancastria was built, but also on the site of a national hospital that helps save lives on a daily basis.



A sculpture was unveiled in 2011 and is set on a granite block with a commemorative text, and it was created by the Fife artist Marion Smith. The bronze represents the early steel sheet construction of the Lancastria.

The 16,243-ton luxury liner was launched in 1917 for the Anchor Line as the cruise liner 'Tyrrhenia', then was taken over as a troop ship in 1939 and renamed 'Lancastria'. After evacuating troops from Norway, the Lancastria headed for France to rescue many of the 150,000 troops left behind after Dunkirk. The ship was sunk by a German Junkers 88 bomber off the French coast at St Nazaire on 17th June 1940. Four bombs were dropped at 3.50pm, sinking her within 20 minutes.

So serious and secret was this terrible disaster that the Prime Minister Winston Churchill banned all news coverage of the event, fearing that the scale of the tragedy would drastically affect public morale and the details of the event was kept from the general public for many years.

News from the Chapters

Cycle of Prayer

Guild Diary

Corrections, omissions and suggestions to: Angela Mc Mullen, 46
Field House Road, Humberston, Grimsby, DN36 4UJ.
Tel: (01472) 210596 angela.mcmullen.grimsby@gmail.com

Strange Happenings in the Graveyard

Perched on an outcrop of rock overlooking Buckfast Abbey is the shell of what was the Holy Trinity Church. Visit here on a sunny day and you will find it one of the most serene and peaceful places. All you probably will have for company are the jackdaws who nest in the walls of the church. Visit here after dark and you have another story.



This is a church, that when being built, for some reason saw the regular intervention of the Devil who desperately tried in vain to stop the local villagers constructing a place of Christian worship. In the case of this church the villagers defeated Satan by the building of a steep flight of 196 steps.

Holy Trinity, was the parish church for Buckfastleigh until it was reduced to a shell by an arson attack as recent as 1992. The decision was then made to redevelop the existing chapel of ease, St Luke's, in nearby Buckfastleigh, and this is now the parish church. Holy Trinity remains a very attractive site, and the graveyard is still used for funerals from Buckfastleigh and the surrounding area. The bell tower and bells survive and the bells are still rung on a regular basis. Weather permitting the parish still uses the church on Trinity Sunday for an open-air service held within the ruins and there are also a few midweek services of Morning Prayer conducted during the summer months.

But as you walk up the main pathway through the graveyard, you will find a huge building that really defies description. Known locally as 'the sepulchre', this 'penthouse tomb' would probably be more suited to being sited in Colditz and not in the English countryside.

If it reminds you of a prison then you are not far wrong because in it are the incarcerated remains of the Cabell family and in particular Squire Richard Cabell. If you peer through the heavy metal bars you will see a tomb with a

gigantic white slab on top of it. The building and the heavy slab will give you a hint that we are not dealing with the normal family burial plot. It will strongly suggest that somebody is trying to contain something and there we have the legend.

Squire Richard Cabell lived during the 1600's and was the local squire at Buckfastleigh. He had a passion for hunting and was what in those days described as a 'monstrously evil man'. He gained this reputation for amongst other things immorality and having sold his soul to the Devil. There was also a rumour that he had murdered his wife.

On the 5th July 1677 he passed away and was laid to rest in 'the sepulchre' but that was only the beginning of the story. The night of his internment saw a phantom pack of hounds come baying across the moor to howl at his tomb. From that night onwards he could be found leading the phantom pack across the moor usually on the anniversary of his death. If the pack were not out hunting they could be found ranging around his grave howling and shrieking.



In an attempt to lay the soul to rest the villagers built a large building (above) around the tomb and to be doubly sure a huge slab was placed on top of the grave to stop the ghost of the squire ever escaping. Even after taking these drastic measures people still have reported, on occasions, a strange red glow emanating through the iron bars along the side of the tomb. Other folk have reported seeing a whole host of demonic creatures gathered around the grave trying to get the promised soul for their master.

A strange tale indeed.

Knowlton Church

Not many parish churches stand in ruins and even fewer still occupy sites associated with prehistoric rituals. Four thousand years separate the main late Neolithic earthwork at Knowlton in Dorset and the Norman church that stands at its centre. The earthwork is one of the great Neolithic and Bronze Age ceremonial complexes in southern England.

The main earthwork at Knowlton is of a type known as a henge (shade of Flanders and Swann) dating from 3000 to 2000 BC. Luckily this Church Henge, as it is now known, which is in the middle of fields has been protected from agricultural damage but the earthworks nearby have been less fortunate.



The church was built in the 12th century and was in use until the 17th century, serving a now vanished hamlet by the riverside. Its Norman origins are evident from the plain round arch leading into the east end or chancel, and from the round-headed arches of the arcade dividing the nave from the north aisle. The south door also looks Norman. The tower at the west end is 15th century, and is built of flint with bands of stone; the line of the church roof is clearly visible on its eastern face. At the east end of the north aisle there appears to have been a lady chapel. Whatever the reason for building a church within a Neolithic henge, is certainly very curious.

Although the area these days is somewhat desolate, the village of Knowlton was once a thriving community, even holding its own annual fair. In 1485 the village suffered the fate of so many other villages and was almost wiped out by the Black Death. All that remains of the village today are the vague traces of foundations in a field near the church. Despite this epidemic the church continued in use until the early part of the eighteenth century. In or around 1747 the church was given a new roof which promptly fell in! The church was abandoned and left to fall into ruin. Mystery always surrounded the fate of the bell from the church tower and gave rise to one or two local legends.

The disappearance of the bell sparked many a rumour. Some claimed that it ended up in the church tower at the nearby village of Shapwick. Others say it found its way to Sturminster Marshall, a little further away. Local legend would have it that the Devil himself stole the bell and threw it into the River Allen. It is said that the villagers attempted to retrieve the bell but could not overcome the Devil's strength as he held on tightly to it. When a villager suggested they yoke a team of pure white oxen it seemed they were about to retrieve the precious bell. Pulling hard the oxen drew the bell close to the surface and the villagers cried, "Now we've got out the bell, in spite of all the devils in hell!" only to see the ropes part and release it. Their bell sank to the bottom once more and was never seen again. A more plausible story is that thieves took the bell with the intention of selling it abroad. They were chased as far as an old bridge crossing the River Stour, just downstream from White Mill. Realising they could not escape with their booty the thieves threw it into the river. Attempting to rescue the bell villagers found that every time they managed to secure it their ropes would mysteriously break, leaving the bell to rest in the river bed for ever. This story gave rise to the following rhyme;-

"Knowlton bell is stole
And thrown into White Mill hole,
Where all the devils in hell
could never pull up Knowlton Bell."

oOo

Guarding the Holy Sacrament

Being Guild members we know that to serve at the Altar is a great privilege and ministry and that it is possible for servers to trace their lineage right back to a young boy who also offered himself to Our Lord.

The Gospel, according to S. John, relates the story of this boy:- *When Jesus raised his eyes and saw that a large crowd was coming to him, he said to Philip, "Where can we buy enough food for them to eat?" One of his disciples, Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, said to him, "There is a boy here who has five barley loaves and two fish; but what good are these for so many?" Jesus said, "Have the people sit down." . . . So they sat down, about five thousand in number. Then Jesus took the loaves, gave thanks, and distributed them to those who were reclining, and also as much of the fish as they wanted. When they had had their fill ... they then filled twelve wicker baskets with fragments from the five barley loaves...*

Scripture does not reveal the name of the boy with the barley loaves and fish. Yet, it is known that his service was offered to and accepted by Our Lord. Similarly, servers offer to Our Lord their service at the Altar. As a result, servers have the privilege of being close to Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist and providing a service to him.

Servers are called to follow the example of the Patron Saint, Saint Tarcisus. Tarcisus was a devout server who loved the Holy Eucharist. He lived during the time of the Roman Emperor Valerian, who persecuted Christians harshly, forcing them to meet secretly in the catacombs and making dangerous the custom of bringing the Blessed Sacrament to the sick and the imprisoned.

One day after Mass, when the Priest asked who was willing to bring the Holy Eucharist to the Christians in prison, Tarcisus stood up and said, "Send me!" The Priest thought that Tarcisus was too young for such a dangerous assignment. "My youth," said Tarcisus, "will be the best protection for the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. The guards will not suspect a boy."

Convinced, the Priest gave Tarcisus the Holy Eucharist but warned him, "Remember that a heavenly treasure is entrusted to your care. Do not forget that holy things must not be thrown to the dogs, nor gems before swine. Will you guard it faithfully?" "I will die," asserted Tarcisus, "rather than give it up."



St Tarcisus
Martyr, c. Third Century
Memorial - 15 August

Along the way to the prison, Tarcisus met some boys in the street. The pagan youth asked him to join them in a game. When he declined, they saw that he was clutching something to his chest and appeared to defend it. The boys became suspicious and insisted that he play. Then, they tried to tear the package from him. The struggle became more and more intense, especially when they learned that Tarcisus was a Christian. The group of boys kicked Tarcisus, and threw stones at him, but he did not let go. A passing soldier scared the boys away and took the beaten

Tarcisus to the Priest. Tarcisus arrived dead with his hands still clutched tightly against his chest. The Blessed Sacrament, however, was nowhere to be found on the body of Tarcisus, nor was it in his hands, or in between the folds of his clothes.

He was buried in the Catacombs of Saint Callixtus. The date of the death of Saint Tarcisus is believed to be 15th August 257

The Guild Clothing Range.

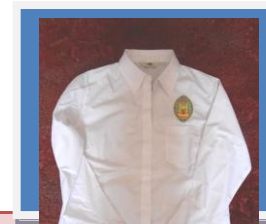
There is now an attractive range of embroidered monogrammed clothing which is available from Councillor. Chris Barnett, 40, Heath Street, Goldenhill, Stoke on Trent ST6 5RZ or email an order to PG16-118@live.co.uk.

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Cheques payable to Chris Barnett. Please add £5.00 per order p&p. Profits go to the GSS.

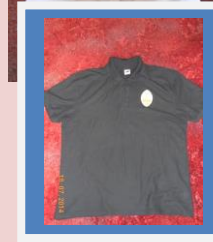
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The Bishop's Bridle

Among the many unwritten laws of the Manx Church in the Isle of Man was the following:-

“That he or she that call a man a ‘Dog’ or a woman a ‘Bitch’ shall wear the Bridle at the Market Cross or make 7 Sundays penance in several Parish Churches.”

This law was freely put in force by Bishop Wilson, who wrote in June, 1714, “I ordered a bridle to be made as a terror to people of evil tongues.”

He went on to say that “If any person be convicted of uttering a scandalous report and cannot make good the assertion, instead of being fined or imprisoned, they are sentenced to stand in the Market-place on a sort of scaffold especially erected for that purpose, with their tongue in a noose of leather, which they call a bridle, and having been thus exposed to the view of the people for some time be released, on the taking off this correction machine the perpetrator is then obliged to say three times as loud as can be managed, “Tongue thou hast lied!”



A somewhat similar instrument was used in various parts of England; where it was called “the bridle” or “the brank.” In Scotland too, this instrument was used for the correction of scolds and gossips. Most commonly it was made of thin strip of iron, which passed over and round the head and then firmly fastened behind by a padlock. The bit was a flat piece of iron which was about two inches long and one inch broad and this went into the mouth and kept the tongue down by its pressure.

In Walton on Thames a scold's bridle, dated 1633, is displayed in the vestry of the church, with the inscription "Chester presents Walton with a bridle, to curb women's tongues that talk too idle." The story is that someone named Chester lost a fortune due to a woman's gossip, and presented the town with the instrument of torture out of anger and spite. I believe that as late as 1856 a bridle was still in use at Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire

S. Helena's Church, Lundy Island



The Church of S. Helena, is an Anglican church on the island of Lundy, lying at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, 18 km off the north coast, and part of the county, of Devon there is no resident priest on the island, and a permanent population of less than 50 souls, the church is only irregularly used to hold services, though it is open to

visitors and is part of the Diocese of Exeter.

The church was preceded by earlier buildings with a similar dedication. A small chapel on the island, probably founded in the 12th or 13th century, was dedicated to S. Elena but it fell into disrepair by the 17th century, however it was noted that a temporary corrugated iron structure was dedicated to Saint Helen in 1885.

The present square-towered stone church was built in the mid-1890s by the Revd. Hudson Grosset Heaven, financed by an 1895 bequest from Sarah Langworthy, born Sarah Heaven, of the Heaven family which owned Lundy from 1834 to 1918. The church was designed by eminent Victorian architect John Norton, completed in 1896 and consecrated on 17th June 1897 by Edward Bickersteth, the then Bishop of Exeter.

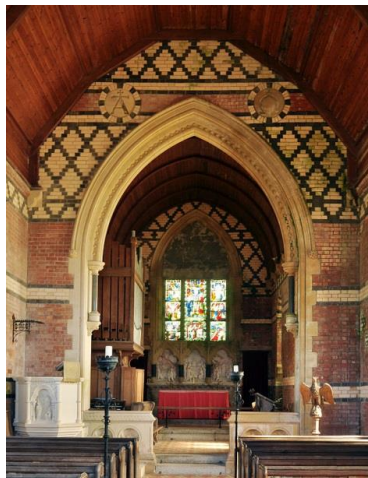
The NW-SE orientation of the church does not conform to the usual east-west alignment, possibly a result of a deep bed of clay found at the site when the foundations were laid. It is largely built of local granite blocks derived from ruined cottages on the island. The tower is 23 m in height and the total cost of construction was £4104/5/7, with architect's fees of £286/0/8.

St Helena's is an "extra parochial place", meaning that Lundy Island does not fall within the boundaries of any ecclesiastical parish (in similar manner, Lundy is not part of any civil parish); however the church is in the care of the Hartland Coast Team Ministry. The church and island

The slate roof has crested ridge tiles and stone coped gable ends. The tower, with an adjoining square stair turret, has battlements, gargoyles at the corners and lancet bell-openings with trefoil heads and slate louvres.

There is a clock face above a niche containing a figure of S. Helena, over the chamfered, wooden-gated, arch doorway to the porch.

The interior comprises a nave with a porch beneath the tower, and a chancel, with a transept vestry on the north side. The interior walls are of polychrome brick, red with black and white bands. The chancel arch is of moulded stone. The reredos is arched on Purbeck marble with alabaster carving depicting the Last Supper. The east window and rose window at the west end contain stained glass.



Other features of the church include a piscina and sedilia, an altar rail with wrought iron standards, a low stone screen, carved stone pulpit and square font. There are ornate wrought iron lamp brackets on the north and south walls of the nave and a pipe organ on the south side of the chancel. It is furnished with benches, which include choir stalls, and a carved wooden eagle lectern.

A ring of eight bells installed in 1897 cost an additional £425/18/6. From the late 1920s the bells became unsafe and fell into disuse; in the 1950s they were removed from the tower and stored in the porch. They were eventually refurbished and restored to the tower in working order in July 1994.

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The Firework Priest

The Master, Blaster, Pastor were three words often used to describe the Revd. Ronald Lancaster, who has successfully combined the roles of school teacher, pyrotechnician, businessman and Parish Priest for many years, bringing to each commitment, insight, hard work and common sense often found in a Yorkshireman.

He was born in 1931 Huddersfield, where the Railway Station proudly carried the advertisement "Huddersfield, the Home of Standard Fireworks". Growing up in such a town, which was also the home of Lion Fireworks, it was almost inevitable that he would acquire a fascination with buying, watching and even

making fireworks. The young Ronald saved up his pocket money to buy exotic fireworks well before November 5th. He went on family excursions to watch the regular displays at the Belle Vue Arena in Manchester. But his true career as a pyrotechnician began in the 1940's when, with his cousin, he saved his pocket money and bought sulphur and potassium nitrate from the local chemist's shop. Even in those days, Ronald had a nose for business and realised that to spend 6d on potassium chlorate was excessive, as the same amount of money would buy two fish suppers. So he put his knowledge of re-crystallization into making the substance himself at home.

Success in A level and Scholarship level exams in Sciences brought Ronald to St. Johns College in 1950. After some discussion with the Principal he enrolled for the General Arts Degree with an intention of eventually studying Medicine. This intention changed, however, and after National Service he went to Cuddesdon to train for ordination.



After training, some Parish work, and an exploration of two University Chaplaincies, he went to Kimbolton School in Huntingdonshire in 1963 to serve as both Chaplain and Chemistry teacher, posts he held for 25 years. The school occupies the Castle, which was where Katherine of Aragon died. It had also been the home of Sir John Popham, the presiding judge at the trial of Guy Fawkes.

Having obtained official permission, Ronald set up a small laboratory at the School and despite difficulties with the Ecclesiastical Insurance Company and a strong anti-fireworks sentiment at the time, the Kimbolton Fireworks company factory was eventually established, mainly producing exciting new fireworks for display.

Ronald's achievements in this field are legendary, including celebrations of the Silver Jubilee, the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Britain and VJ day, the Hong Kong Handover, Trafalgar 200 the opening of the Thames Barrier and many, many more. The Royal Family always enjoyed his Cowes Week demonstrations and he became their favourite pyrotechnician, and was awarded the MBE for his services to the industry.

Over the years has invented many new types of firework and his company remains the only independent one in the UK, winning many industrial awards and providing displays that give pleasure to millions each year. He has contributed widely to both the technical and professional development of his field, by giving popular lectures and authoring the only standard text book on the topic.

Throughout his busy business working life, he remained a faithful priest, often preparing Chapel services early on a Sunday morning after returning from a display. He is now retired and lives in Kimbolton; throughout his life, he has exercised his skills across the sciences, in his work as a Priest and as a schoolmaster.



Today Kimbolton Fireworks remain a family-owned business with a commitment to deliver the highest quality products and services. The original company motto was 'Ex luce lucellum - out of light a little profit', now it is 'Unrivalled in quality and service'."

Left: The Revd. Lancaster lecturing on pyrotechnics.

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Ten Ways to Improve your Prayer Life

Moses went to a mountaintop to hear God. Jesus fled to the desert. But for many Christians, their most regular place for praying is whatever pew they sit in on Sundays. Work, children, chores and other duties make stopping for prayer sometimes seem a luxury. That's not the way it's supposed to be. Souls, like vines, tend to grow wild and weak when untended. No matter what the season is on the church calendar - Advent, Lent, Easter, Pentecost -- or all of the times in between, prayer is what fuels Christians. Prayer is the catalyst, Prayer, like tennis, takes practice to become accomplished. Here's some pointers condensed into 10 tips about prayer:

You are worthy: Do not feel guilty about the quality of your prayer life, or fall victim to doubts and despair about your worthiness to talk to God. Each of us has a spiritual gift

The more you pray, the richer your prayers become: To deepen your prayer life, don't be a slacker. Like anything in life, to become good at prayer you must be disciplined. Just as running is an exercise in fitness, prayer is a spiritual discipline.

Prayer is active: Prayer involves action; namely being attentive to God's voice in your life. Listening for God means stopping and sitting still. It means paying close attention to what God may be saying to you and you alone and this can be at any point in your life.

Prayer should not be an afterthought: Prayer was the backbone of Jesus' ministry. We read that He often broke away from the company of his disciples to spend time with God. In the same way, prayer is essential to our individual lives and also to the life of the church. Always try to break away from your daily routine for quiet time in prayer.

Surround yourself with people who are seasoned at praying: People who've established prayer routines have much to teach those who are wanting to draw closer to God. Look around and seek out those who can help guide and encourage your prayer life.

God doesn't require eloquence: Don't worry if you fumble for words when you pray. God is not looking perfection but sincerity. If the words won't come, God still knows what's in your heart. Lift up that desire.

Prayer need not involve words: The great Christian saints all write of prayer as a time of sitting quietly with God. Jesus even went off for 40 days of prayerful solitude. Take a deep breath. Exhale. Follow the breath as it flows in and out of your body. Think of it as the spirit of God breathing life into you.

Prayer is a time for conversation with a friend: Whether you talk to God routinely or just every once in a while, know that whenever you turn to Him, you're turning to someone who loves you.

Ask God for help if you get stuck: Maybe you've hit a dry spell. There's no shame in asking God to guide you to pray in a new way.

The three L's of prayer: Listen, listen, listen: Listening for God is central to prayer, according to the great saints. It's so critical that S. Benedict began his famous Rule with this command for monks: "Listen with the ear of your heart."

And remember, prayer can happen anywhere -- it doesn't have to take place in a church.

Dear Father



Sometimes you cannot beat the things children say or write; they are nearly always said with feeling and real innocence. So below is a selection of notes written to various imbuements over the last couple of years.

Dear Father, I know God loves everybody but he never met my sister.
Arnold aged 8

Dear Father, my mother is very religious, she goes to Church to play bingoes every week even if she has a cold. Annette aged 9

Dear Father, I think a lot more people would come to your Church if you moved it to Legoland. Laura aged 7

Dear Father, Please say a prayer for our junior rugby team. We need God's help or a new prop forward. Alexander aged 10

Dear Father, Are there any devils on earth? I think there may be one in my class. Sheila aged 10

Dear Father, My father says I should learn the Ten Commandments, but I don't think I want to because we have enough rules already in my house. Joshua aged 10

Dear Father, How does God know the good people from the bad people? Do you tell Him or does he read it in the newspapers?
Lewis aged 9

Dear Father, I liked your sermon on Sunday, especially when it was finished. Andrew aged 8

As they say 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings'!!!

And Finally

Frozen out

Harvest Sunday is drawing near at a village church in rural England. At this popular service the congregation bring their home-grown plants and vegetables as donations for the needy. But this year will be different. The local village cricket team has just won their league and the village is in a celebratory mood so the vicar decides to do something special - to combine the normal harvest service with a cricket theme.

The day of the service arrives and the church is filled with flowers. People are bringing in their offerings of vegetables and in the middle of the display is a cricket wicket, a strip of turf with a set of wooden stumps at each end, on which people are laying their offerings. Everything is going well until one lady comes up to the front of the church and places a bag of frozen peas among the other vegetables. She is stopped by the vicar and returns to her seat still clutching her peas.

"What happened?" asks her neighbour in the pew.

She shrugs her shoulders: "It seems there's no peas for the wicket."

oOo

A Sunday School teacher was walking around observing her classroom of children while they were drawing pictures. As she got to one girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was.

The girl replied, "I'm drawing God."

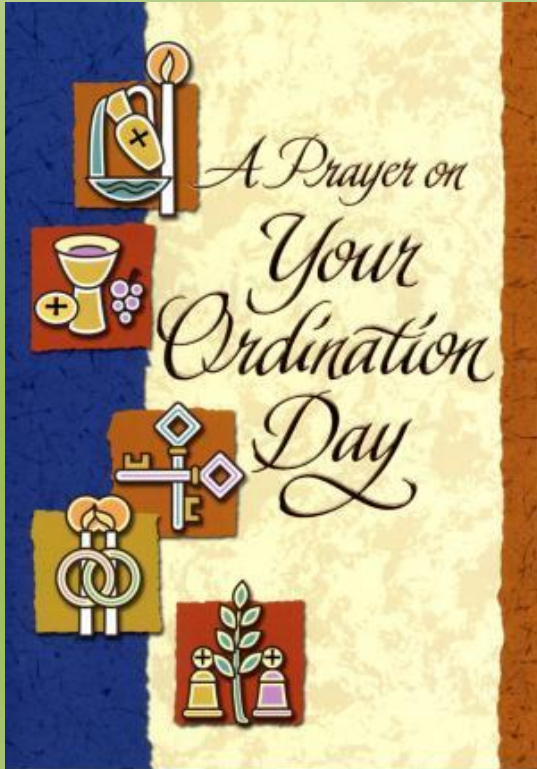
The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like."

Without looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, "They will in a minute."

The Guild Collect

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, to us Thy servants, the spirit of holy fear: that we, following the example of Thy holy child Samuel, may faithfully minister before Thee in Thy Sanctuary; through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, ever One God, world without end. Amen.

Could this card be for YOU?



Are you considering training for the Priesthood? Have you been a full member for over two years?

The Candidates for Ordination Fund could assist you financially with an annual grant. Apply in the first instance to the Administrator of the Fund Bro. Colin Squires whose address in the front of this magazine



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