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Prestbury Parish Magazine

nc North Cheltenham Team Ministry

February 2024

£1

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Baptisms (Christenings) & Weddings
may be arranged with the Team Office *(contact details above)*
Other Pastoral Matters & Reconciliation (Confession)
please contact one of the clergy *(telephone numbers above)*

The Parochial Church Council of the Ecclesiastical Parish of St Mary and St Nicolas Prestbury Cheltenham - Registered Charity No 1130933

continued inside back cover

Cover Picture:
Market Stall in Cheltenham High Street,
Friday 12 January 2024
by Brian Wood
See page 2

LENTEN DISCIPLINE

I used to help a shepherd with his lambs,
labouring by day, kneeling on messy straw,
carrying hay and water, watching by night.
I did not go to extra services, Lent lunches, study groups,
or even give up sugar in my tea.
Lent for me was lambing, someone observed. How true.

We give up sugar in our tea, perhaps forgo a meal.
How can that compare with parents going hungry, missing meals
while starving children die?
Lent for them is hunger.

Setting our alarm for early service.
How can that compare with carers called 24/7, day and night,
snatching a few hours' sleep, knowing the next day will be as hard?
Lent for them is caring.

We spend an extra hour in prayer and study global needs.
How can that compare with those who wake each night to sound of bombs,
creep out at day to see their neighbourhood shattered to dust,
neighbours and children dead?
Lent for them is war.

Lord, teach us how to use this Lent
by offering to you the disciplines you give;
constraints to freedoms, hardships unlooked for, however large or small,
giving up the power to choose our way of serving you.

Joan Copeland
January 2024

To Market

All of my school days were spent close to markets. Back in the year of Our Lord, 1933, I was taken by my mother (a teacher of infant and junior children before marriage) to Dunalley Street School in Cheltenham and left there. I was but three years old. Welcomed, I was placed in a class of fellow infants, given a beaker of Horlicks Malted Milk to drink, shown a camp bed, which was one of many, told to lie in it and be quiet. I expect I did other things as well, but that is my lasting and only memory of my first days at school. Oh, and the wonderful aroma of hops brewing which lasted for the whole of my infant and junior school days. My school was adjacent to the Cheltenham Original Brewery and less than one hundred yards from the very ancient fruit, flower and vegetable market which runs from Swindon Road to the High Street. This market, granted a licence hundreds of years ago still operates today and is one of the oldest of its kind in the country. However, it is the aroma of hops brewing that impregnated my senses in the 1930s and 40s and has remained with me ever since.

I was still a pupil at Dunalley when World War II broke out on September 3rd 1939, and very quickly all the school windows had strips of tape stuck over the panes of glass to stop them shattering as a result of a bomb blast. This caused excitement among pupils who suddenly realised that their school could quite easily be flattened by a German HE bomb, and they could escape lessons.

Air Raid Wardens, like Mr Hodges in "Dad's Army" were appointed from the civilian population and they organised "siren practice" for schools. Sirens would wail out and pupils would assemble and in orderly fashion would form a "crocodile" and walk quickly to the nearest shelter as imaginary hostile aircraft approached. All this to the gorgeous aroma of hops a-brewing which hung over the area like an invisible cloud.

Talking of air-raid wardens, reminds me of a time during the war, when the curtains of our sitting room in Pittville had not been properly drawn. The local Bobby (not the air-raid warden, but doing the same job of patrolling the wartime streets in the black-out) noticed a chink of light showing from number 7 Evesham Road. He banged on the front doorknocker in readiness to shout "PUT THAT LIGHT OUT" at whoever opened the door to him. This happened to be my mother which was bad luck for him. The policeman, red in face, and blue of nose, began a succession of coughing and spluttering before he could deliver his order.

"Oh you poor man," exclaimed mother catching hold of the arm of the "arm-of-the-law" and dragging him inside. "Come into the kitchen." I had a fair idea what was going to happen next, for whenever my sister and I had a cold, we were subjected to healthy, undiluted dose of Tincture of Quinine, a medicine well-known for curing malaria and for curling both one's hair and toes.

The constable, having received maximum dosage and unable to speak was led back to the front door and released into the Evesham Road, throat burning and eyes streaming. Mother, now wondering why he had called checked the blackout and, yes, there were the not-quite-closed curtains which she hurriedly rectified. We were led to believe that German aircrews could see a lighted cigarette from a height of 4000 feet!

But I deviate, so back to school. Early in 1940 I passed my exams for senior school and the pleasant aroma of hops I had grown up with was left behind. Now I was to suffer four years

of stench for my new place of learning was Cheltenham Central School for Boys. Unfortunately it was sited next to the Gas Works (now Tesco) and opposite the cattle market which was adjacent to the abattoir and tannery. The awful mixture of gas, dead animals and their waste and the pungent reek of cow and horse hides as they dangled from the tenter-hooks was quite the opposite to that which came from Cheltenham Original Brewery. The cattle-market was a busy one, and quite noisy with much mooing from cows that had their young taken from them and the more sensitive bovines who objected to being so close to the place where they would shortly end their lives.

Almost opposite the school was Market Street which led from the gas works to Alstone Baths (now Waitrose). Half-way down Market Street was the school playing field where football was played in winter and cricket matches in summertime. Although this field backed onto the cattle-market it was nicely situated with the Great Western Railway bordering the opposite side. This I found far more interesting than football or cricket as I was a keen trainspotter and was born only 50 yards from the platforms of Saint James's station in town and to the sounds of hissing steam and shunting engines.

On the other two sides of the playing field were neat rows of apple trees, an incentive to be out first ball so that, in season, I could watch others playing cricket while I scrumped juicy apples and watched the trains. Having said all that my sporting interest was swimming, not football or cricket, and it was the Alstone Indoor Swimming Pool where I spent much of my time as a schoolboy.

I swam well, modelling myself on Johnny Weismuller, an American filmstar who not only starred as Tarzan of the Apes, but was a gold medal Olympic swimmer. The way he glided through the water impressed me and I tried (successfully) to copy his effortless style. I never rose to Olympic standard but I did win plenty of schoolboy championships because of him.

The area around the market suffered pretty badly from bombing by the Luftwaffe, the gasworks being a prime target. Much to the disappointment of the pupils, and just like Dunalley, the Central School escaped the bombs and not one pain of glass was broken.

Well, there was just one, but that was not done by a German bomb, but by me. The Central Boys and Girls schools were in adjacent buildings with just one permanently locked door between the one and the other over which was a glass window. It was this window that I broke and I have no idea why, but it was certainly a deliberate act. At assembly, Boss Lister (the head) asked "Will the boy who threw a stone and broke the window into the girls' school stand up?" I saw no reason to admit my guilt as I had thrown not a stone but a glass marble. I reckoned (at the time) that was not devious but an act of genius!

Bernard Parkin

MARKET TOWNS AND MARKET FORCES

Vancouver Market, BC Canada

What and where is the first market you can remember? As a boy, I recall going in post-war Plymouth to the new Pannier Market with its strong smells of fresh fish and Cornish pasties. My grandmother took me to Portobello Road where sellers with rugs over their knees sold antiques and jewellery on little stalls. Later, I remember Oxford market near Carfax with its meaty smells, fruity language and Waterperry produce, with the Roebuck pub in Market Street where one could enjoy a pint of bitter and Saturday supper.

As a young trainee trade mark agent, I used to walk past Smithfield meat market on my way to the Patent Office and its Trade Marks Registry and I remember a porter in a brown overall walking past carrying a flitch of bacon slung casually over his shoulder like a mac. The whole market area was busy with meat, poultry and game in its Victorian architecture, blood and sawdust on the floor, sack trucks and the salty shouts of porters. There were huge black tubs on wheels of large cow bones which I was told were destined for bone china. The Fox and Anchor pub in Charterhouse Street had a special dispensation to open early to slake the thirst of the night porters with pints of beer at fried breakfast-time.

When we lived in Highbury N5, we used to shop in Chapel Market, Islington, with its colourful stalls of cut-price clothes on rails and varied electrical goods, and that is where J Sainsbury also had a grocery store. In 1930s American English, they started to call them Supermarkets and then when Super was not big enough the word Hypermarkets was introduced in the 1970s.

The market is or was woven into the fabric of our society and many towns reflect this fact in their names, such as Market Deeping, Market Harborough, Market Rasen, Stowmarket and Newmarket. I am told that the word Chipping, probably derived from an Old English word ceapen meaning 'market', also denotes as much in Chipping Norton, Chipping Camden and Chipping Sodbury. If you look up Market Town on Wikipedia, there is a wealth of history behind the term and such towns often provide excellent traditional centres in which to live. Apparently, there are currently over a thousand different markets in various places over the UK, where they provide much local colour and lively commerce, from antiques fairs to cattle sales.

Over the years, we have been lucky enough to visit markets in various different countries. I recall the exotic Atlantic catches in the seaside tang of the fish market at San Sebastian. I envisage the wheels of cheese, bright oranges, figs, grapes, tomatoes and luminous bottles of olive oil in Chania in Crete. In Hong Kong, there were the sounds of Chinese opera being sung live and the spicy odours of street food among the stalls of Ralph Lauren polo shirts, Versace jeans and Gucci leather handbags. Genuine? Best imagine they might be, while you keep your hand firmly on the wallet to deter pickpockets or impulse buys.

But times change and so do money markets and market forces. With the arrival of the internet and its vast commercial potential, new market places have opened up wherever you go online and its market share is enormous. Looked at overall, the web is a giant market place with a plethora of goods for sale. Savvy retailers moved quickly into having an online business as well as conventional shops. Instead of a market town and surrounding area, retailers and wholesalers have extended their reach, wherever postal services, carriers and couriers are prepared to operate. The virtual and real warehouse that is Amazon offers next day delivery for those with Amazon Prime. Buy with one click. Receive tomorrow.

eBay also offers an enormous array of items, new and old, vintage, retro, preloved and brand new. If you want an antiquarian, secondhand or new book, try the Advanced Book Exchange, abebooks.co.uk. The trouble is that we are not visiting a store or market but working from pixels and responding to images. The real sight, texture, taste, feel and smell of produce and manufactured goods is absent in this new-fangled marketplace. It may all seem wonderfully convenient but the virtual takes us further away from reality and the real nature of products and produce. It's a long way from Molly Malone singing 'Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!' or a street cry of 'Oranges, ripe oranges.'

Duncan Forbes

MARKETS

I love a market – especially a Christmas market! Wandering around the booths and kiosks, buying food, decorations and wooden objects that you didn't realise you couldn't live without!

When I was quite small, our weekly treat was to go with mum to Moreton Market (Moreton-in-Marsh) on the bus, on a Tuesday (the market still runs from 0900 – 1500 every Tuesday!)

We'd wander round 'looking', while mum picked up groceries and household goods (and maybe sweets, if we'd been good!). We'd go to the café by the market for lunch, then get the bus back home. It was a great day out.

I can still remember the thrill when (aged 10) my friend Maggie and I were allowed to go there by ourselves. I don't think mum moved away from the window (from where she could see the bus-stop) for the whole time we were gone!

When I was 11, our class went on a school cruise to Spain, Portugal and Morocco. In Morocco, we went to The Udayas Kasbah, in Rabat. This is in the fortified quarter of the city and holds a daily market. Here we were 'taught' how to haggle. I wasn't very good at it, unfortunately, unlike my classmate Lorraine, who was brilliant and returned to the ship with armfuls of sunhats, plastic bulls and raffia donkeys, etc! She was distraught when her bull (named Eric) fell overboard in the Bay of Biscay (she was walking him along the ship rail), and the ship would not stop to pick him up! Happy Days …

Jackie Smith.

The River to Mandalay

A few years ago Angie and I made a river trip from Yangon (Rangoon) to Mandalay. We went ashore in many villages and visited many well organised markets, selling all the daily requirements of the local people. As may be expected along the Irrawaddy River there was plenty of fish, fresh and still swimming, as well as ready prepared and dried fish. The range of vegetables was vast and included many interesting varieties not seen in the markets of Britain. We happily purchased 'a little local something' (as Pooh Bear would say) and a fruit juice or a coffee, as we drank in the wondrous smells of the spices and items being cooked. As to the various fish and vegetables these appeared at the dinner table, on-board, and were very tasty.

It is also a custom that you do not need to wait for an invitation into someone's house, but simply invite yourself and be made welcomed en familie. A custom that took us some time to master.

We were heartily welcomed wherever we went and Angie was even able to do some putting at Thayet Golf Club established by St Andrew's Club in 1887, two years before Rudyard Kipling arrived in the country. Though a keen golfer himself, even playing with red painted balls in the snow, there is no record of him having played there. Angie uses orange or bright yellow balls here in such conditions.

An extraordinarily relaxed, pleasantly warm voyage with very warm hearted, courteous and kindly people.

We are eternally grateful to them for the lovely time we spent there.

John Moles

Footnote: Sadly circumstances have changed dramatically in Myanmar since we were there and the Foreign Office advises against visiting the country.

The Limber - A Broken Pole (1924)

There is in The Wilson (museum) in town a remarkable bronze which I have admired for most of my life. It is not very big, nearly two and half feet (69 cm) in length, and is of two horses of the Royal Horse Artillery towing a broken limber through the mud of France during the Great War. The nearside horse is ridden by a gunner and it is full of action and in great detail.

This bronze was created by Robert Lindsey Clark, who in 1905 was appointed chief sculptor at H.H. Martyn of Cheltenham, specialists in architectural decoration. The Broken Limber was put forward for selection for Cheltenham's 1914 - 18 War Memorial but as it was to be cast life-size, was deemed to be too expensive to produce, which is a great shame as it would have looked magnificent in The Promenade opposite the Municipal Offices.

What is this to do with "Markets"? Well, Jimmy Babbage, a local haulier stood for hours with his horse and cart, as it was he who Lindsey Clark used as a model for his masterpiece bronze. Jimmy Babbage, with his horse and cart, lived in Market Street!

Bernard Parkin

Open the Book

Open the Book teams are invited to go into schools to read Bible stories which have been prepared by the Bible Society. Globally some 5000 schools are involved. Local teams visit Prestbury St Mary's Federation schools, Gardeners Lane, Swindon Village and Oakwood primary schools.

The Open the Book Team for Prestbury St Mary's schools recently met to discuss the Spring term stories. Afterwards they enjoyed a bring-and-share lunch.

Pictured (l to r) are David and Wendy Price, Gill Cartwright, David Lyle, Ann Lewis, Catherine Scott, Brian Wood, Rosemary West and Diane Lyle. Christopher Seton-Smith was absent.

If you would like to find our more about this valuable outreach, please contact David Lyle 07487869152 david.lyle@prestbury.net

CHRISTMAS DAY LUNCH AT THE PRESTBURY WI HALL

Around 40 people enjoyed a delicious Christmas lunch held at the Prestbury WI Hall (Thank you, WI!) A lovely atmosphere and big thanks to the cooks, the servers, the washer uppers and Alan Borrett for his wonderful music! An amazing £1,200 has been donated to cover all the costs.

Christmas Day 2023

In the first weeks of Advent our Rector
Asked, "How many people d'you expect are
At home all alone
with a spud and a bone?
To cater for them is our sector!"

So Five of us met round a table,
Made lists for the meat and veg'table.
We'd need some mince pies
To fill up guests' eyes,
And helpers all willing and able.

But who would come out to this dinner
Where no-one would get any thinner?
The P M T lists
Some Iranian Guests?
Plus Father Nick's links; What a winner!

A turkey team met in the kitchen,
then a wave came sprout and spud bashin',
Yet more had laid tables
With crackers and fables.
Kind drivers fetched guests and some
walked in.

A cry came for carvers and serving
Of plates filled with hot food and graving.
The turkey was juicy
With parsnip and roasty,
While waiters served measures for drinking.

The hall filled with more Season's Greetings
And pleasure at new or old meetings
Mince Pies were presented
With cream; all consented,
And lastly the Roses from sweet tins.

A satisfied atmosphere settled
With tummies and happiness fettled,
Fine music was played
All wished to have stayed
But own homes was where we all kettled.

So, Thank you to all those kind helpers
And donations in kind or in coppers,
To chefs and to diners
To guests and to rhymers,
We'll see you next year, Oh Lord! Help us!

☺ DWL☺

P M T = Prestbury Memorial Trust, a local charity which looks after the elderly in a neighbourly manner. Luncheon Club, Activities and Shopping trips to Sainsbury's and Tesco are regularly organised.

For further details contact the Village Warden, Jenny, on 01242 579097.

CHRISTMAS DAY LUNCH AT THE PRESTBURY WI HALL

CHRISTMAS DAY LUNCH AT THE PRESTBURY WI HALL

Advertisements

ST MARY'S CHURCHYARD TIDY-UP…..

On a mild, but damp and grey Saturday morning in mid-November a cheerful crew tackled some of the jobs that there is not normally time for. We tackled the grass and mud that was encroaching on the paths through the churchyard, trimmed brambles from the brook, tidied yew trees and cleared sacksful of fallen leaves from the base of the wall that faces onto Mill Street. A great many racegoers passed through the churchyard as we worked and they were very appreciative of our efforts, it was good to say 'Hi'. Hot drinks and doughnuts helped to sustain the workers and a good time was had by all. Thank you so much to everyone who came along, good work!

Helen Mann

….. AND AT ST NICOLAS

a jolly band of gardening enthusiasts tidied up the overgrown flower borders before the winter set in.

Peter Vaus 1936-2023

I first met Peter in 1979, before I had any children, before I even lived in Prestbury, little thinking that ten years later I would have a seven-year-old attending his school. We met through our shared love of the violin, teaming up with a viola player and a cellist to spend many a pleasant evening playing string quartets.

Music was very important to Peter, as was evident in the thriving musical life at the school. He also played in a local orchestra which at his invitation rehearsed in the school hall. After he retired I inherited the task of locking up after rehearsals, but Peter always waited behind so that I would not be on my own while locking the gates.

Another of Peter's great interests was History, and in retirement he enjoyed many years as a volunteer guide at Chedworth Roman Villa, frequently regaling us with tales of yet another coach driver ignoring the given directions and instead following a sat-nav along an ever-narrowing lane, and having to reverse back out.

Peter studied History, Theology and Philosophy in Leeds. He always had a very strong Christian faith and at one time considered becoming a monk, but chose instead to get married.

Peter John Vaus was born on 25th December 1936. He and Sue, whom he had known since their schooldays, were married in 1962 and moved to Cheltenham in about 1968. Peter joined the teaching staff of St Mary's Junior School in 1971, was appointed Headmaster in 1981 and retired in December 2001.

[There is an article in the Parish Magazine of December 2001 describing Peter's thirty years at the school; go to *www.prestbury.net/magazine/200112/200112.htm*]

He died on 6th December 2023. His funeral was held in Bibury church, where the vicar is a long standing friend of his and Sue's. Appropriately the church was decorated for Christmas, and the final hymn was a Christmas carol in acknowledgment that Christmas Day was also Peter's birthday. He had given his violin to Dean Close School, but it was borrowed for the day and was played during the service. Peter is buried in Bibury churchyard.

Peter and Sue have no children of their own, but both have devoted their lives to educating other people's children. Peter was good company, with a ready smile, always courteous. I feel privileged to have known him.

Frances Murton

Bible Reading Fellowship Daily Notes

The annual subscription for the BRF notes will soon be due for the year May 2024 to April 2025. These notes are issued three times a year and cost £5 a copy. NCTM has a group subscription.

If you would like to receive a copy of the notes, join our subscription scheme, change your existing order or just find out more information, please contact Wendy Price on *wendy.price@prestbury.net*

Happy Epiphany!

I hope you and your loved one had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Somehow it is already 2024, and I am officially halfway through my Master of Divinity (MDiv) program. It is all downhill from here! (Or, at least that is what I'm telling myself.) Sometimes it feels like I have been in seminary forever, and other times it seems like I just started. It feels strange to now have the end somewhat in sight.

This past semester I took Intro to Theology, Pastoral Theology, Church Music, and Congregational Studies. I had originally intended to take Spanish again this year but taking that on top of field education and starting as a chaplain-in-residence for the undergrads was too much. Classes went well this semester, though I cannot say I was as excited by them as I was by some of the classes I took last year. I particularly struggled with Intro to Theology, which focused on systematic theology. While I can intellectually articulate why it is important, I felt like I was being asked to do math when I should be doing poetry. This coming semester I will be taking Intro to Moral Theology, History of Christian Worship, Parish Leadership, History of the Episcopal Church, and Fiesta, a class focusing on Latino liturgical celebrations. I am slightly nervous about taking five classes at the same time again, but I am looking forward to taking two electives.

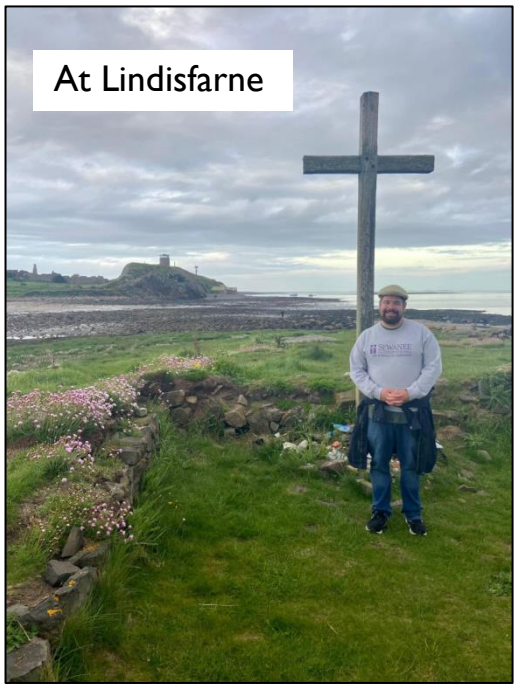
I have noticed that even though I do feel busier, I am not nearly as burnt out as I was during my first year at Sewanee. I started at the School of Theology already burnt out from completing an MA and did not give myself the time I needed to rest and do things outside of class. This year I have attempted to schedule time to do things I enjoy as well as hang out with friends outside of class. While this is still something I am working on, I felt much more rested going into Christmas break this year than I did last year.

I started field education this semester at St Luke's Episcopal Church in Cleveland, TN. I already know about this parish by reputation, as their last field education student was the priest who put me forward to start formally discerning ordained ministry. For field education at Sewanee, we work with a mentor who is the rector of a local parish and have the opportunity to see how what we are learning in the classroom can be put into practice. I intentionally chose to do my field education at St Luke's because it is a growing and diverse parish in a location that I believe will help prepare me for ministry in Northern Indiana. On the first Sunday of Advent, they had thirty-one confirmations and receptions into the Episcopal Church. So far, we have approached my role as mostly one of observation and being part of the altar party, but this Lent I will have the chance to lead adult Sunday School for three weeks. While I wish I could spend more time at St Luke's during the week than my class schedule allows, I have enjoyed field education so far.

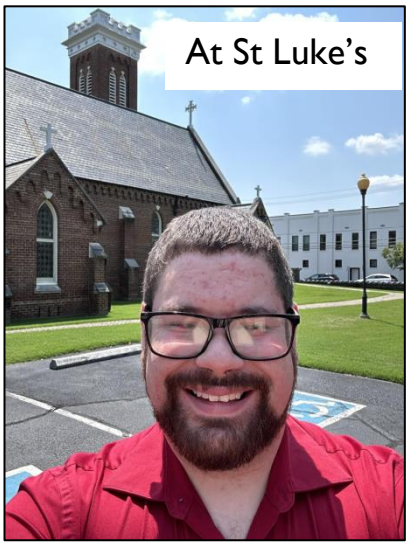
This semester I started working as chaplain-in-residence for the undergraduate students at the University of the South. This ministry is one of presence, with me living in one of the undergraduate dorms. Officially I am assigned to the dorm I live in and the one next door, but I am available to all undergraduate students. Though it is no secret that I and the other chaplains-in-residence are Episcopal seminarians studying for the priesthood, our job as chaplains is explicitly non-sectarian and interfaith. I feel like I have learned as much if not more from this experience as I have from field education. This semester I have been building relationships with the students in my dorms and am starting to have students seek me out for conversation. I have also tried to attend meetings for the various religious life

clubs on campus, though thus far I have only made it to the Jewish and Methodist student groups meetings. I am excited to see how these relationships deepen this semester.

I have also had the chance to travel as part of my education. Last summer I joined students from Bethany Theological Seminary and Earlham School of Religion (both in Richmond, IN) on a travel course to Iona, Edinburgh, and Lindisfarne. We studied the legacy of Celtic Christianity in Scotland, and what Christians today can learn from its example. Though it was a class, it was also the exact kind of retreat I needed after my first year of my MDiv. I have been spending Christmas break with my friend and classmate Fr Sam at his home in Sri Lanka. Fr Sam and his family have been gracious hosts, and I have learned a lot from observing how Christianity is enculturated in this predominantly Buddhist country. I had the opportunity to serve at Midnight Mass, worship in both English and Tamil for the New Year, and visit historic Buddhist temples and Christian churches. I am thankful for these opportunities and look forward to seeing how I can share these experiences through my ministry.


At Lindisfarne

Several of my professors have stressed the importance of silent prayer time, but I find that I struggle with that. Sewanee has a quiet retreat day once a semester, and it usually ends with me wanting to scream because it is just too quiet. Instead, I have discovered my personal prayer time is finding a quiet space with good acoustics and singing hymns. Given my love of music, this is not exactly a surprise to me, but I have been intentional about making it a regular practice. Unlike previous spiritual practices I have tried, I don't feel guilty if I don't do it, but I feel it missing, just like I feel something missing when I am not able to attend the Eucharist.


At St Luke's

I have continued to sing with the seminary choir for our Wednesday Principle Eucharist. Because the second and third-year students are usually busy with field education on Sundays, Wednesday is the seminary's community's Sunday. Last year I also sang Evensong on Tuesdays with the seminary's advanced choir, but this year I did not make it in. While that hurt and I still miss it, I have appreciated having the time I used to spend in rehearsal available for other things.

God willing and the people consenting, I should be ordained a deacon in the Episcopal Church this December, and a priest the following summer. It feels weird to realize that that is now less than a year away. I still have a lot of studying to go between now and then (not to mention the General Ordination Examination in a year), but it is becoming increasingly real. Thank you for all your support and prayers. Know that I appreciate how you have helped to form me as I prepare for ordained ministry.

In Christ, *Nolan McBride*

Forthcoming Events

Bereavement Friendship Group

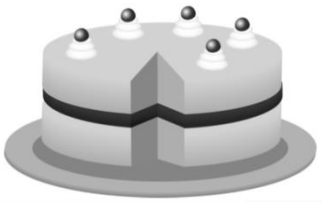
We will be in Prestbury Library on **Monday, 19th February 2.15 - 4pm**.

If you have lost a loved one and would like to talk to others in a similar situation, please come along. You will be most welcome, whether you are new or have come before.

Light refreshments will be provided.

Marion Povey

WELCOME ON WEDNESDAY



Wednesday 21st February at **2.30pm in the St Nicolas Room**. There will be home-made cakes, tea or coffee for £2 and the chance to meet friends and have a friendly chat. So please come along, maybe bringing a neighbour?

Everyone Welcome to the

FRIENDS OF ST MARY'S AGM

at St Mary's Church, Mill Street, Prestbury

GL52 3BQ

Thursday 15th February 2024 at 6.30pm

Drinks and Nibbles will be served	6.30pm
Following (Brief) AGM Business	7.00pm
Please join us for a fascinating talk:	7.15pm

Vale Wildlife Hospital, Beckford

by Martin Brookes, Manager

Donations Welcome

Cheltenham Philharmonic Orchestra Concert

Sunday 28th January at 3.00pm
in the splendid Princess Hall of Cheltenham Ladies College

Join us on a musical journey celebrating the work of women composers:

Judith Bailey	Havas - A Period of Summer
Florence Price	Mississippi River Suite
Amy Beach	A Gaelic Symphony

Tickets £18, students £9, under 18 free, will be available at the door

or from *www.ticketsource.co.uk/cheltphilorch*

You will be very welcome, *Wendy Price*

Prestbury Local History Society

For our **Monday February 26th** talk we welcome once again Michael Cole. Michael was the founding Chairman of the Society, a popular speaker he has published a number of enjoyable books on the history of our village. Prestbury History books are available at our talks and a selection is held by the Village Stores.

This time Michael looks at the changes which have taken place over the years with a talk entitled "Prestbury's Lost Heritage". The talk will begin at 7:30pm in the WI Hall.

The WI hall is having some renovations so entrance may be by the side door.

Tony Noel
Chairman PLHS

Christmas Flowers

I would like to thank all the Flower Arrangers who helped to decorate St Mary's Church at Christmas. All the arrangements were spectacular, whether pedestals, window sills, porch, book case, font, triangles in front of the chancel. I will mention the Nativity scene under the altar, which our Church Warden Helen Mann, always undertakes. This arrangement is a focal point as people come into church and remains in situ until Candlemas.

Fr Nick wishes to thank you all also. He is always so appreciative of what we do.

If anybody feels they would like to join the Flower Arrangers we would welcome them with open arms as we are short of numbers. One does not need to be a florist, just a lover of flowers.

Sheila Beer

TIMES OF CHURCH SERVICES

St Mary's Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0800	Said Eucharist
		0900	Breakfast Celebrate! – All-age worship at Infant School
		1100	Sung Eucharist
	1st Sunday	1830	Evening Prayer at Capel Court
	2nd Sunday	1830	Benediction in St Mary
	Other Sundays	1830	Evening Prayer at Capel Court
Thursday		1030	Said Eucharist

St Nicolas Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0930	Sung Eucharist
Tuesday		1000	Said Eucharist

All Saints Church, Pittville

Sunday		0800	Said Mass
		1030	Sung Mass
	1st & 3rd Sunday	1730	Choral Evensong
	Last Sunday	1730	Choral Evening with Benediction
Wednesday		1830	Said Mass
Thursday		1115	Said Mass
Friday		1200	Said Mass
Saturday	1st Saturday	1000	Said Mass for Our Lady of Walsingham

St Lawrence Church, Swindon Village

Sunday	1st Sunday	1030	Together @ 1030
		1830	Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	0915	BCP Holy Communion
		1830	Evening Prayer
	Other Sundays	0915	Holy Communion
		1830	Evening Prayer

St Mary Magdalene Church, Elmstone Hardwicke

Sunday	1st Sunday	1045	Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	1045	Family Service (no communion)
	3rd Sunday	1045	BCP Holy Communion
	4th Sunday	1045	Family service (no communion)
	5th Sunday	1045	Celtic Communion

A Sunday Service is streamed on the internet in alternate weeks
from St Nicolas at 09:30 or from All Saints at 10:30.
These and other services are recorded so may be accessed later on the team's YouTube page -

https://www.youtube.com/NorthCheltenhamTeamMinistry

Parish Directory *continued*

Children's Work
Linda Biggs 510856
linda.biggs@prestbury.net

Safeguarding Officer
Linda Biggs 07769 581822

Parish Magazine
Editor: (vacancy) *contact* 515941
magazine@prestbury.net
Advertising & Sales: Richard Johnson 707729
advertising@prestbury.net

St Mary's C of E (VA) Schools
Executive Head Teacher : Mr Matt Ferris
Junior School: 244387
Infant School: 244054

Hall Letting
Prestbury Hall, Bouncers Lane 239590
prestbury.hall@prestbury.net
St Nicolas Hall, Swindon Lane
hallhire@northchelt.org.uk

Parish Giving Scheme
76 Kingsholm Road,
Gloucester GL1 3BD 0333 002 1260
info@parishgiving.org.uk

Copy Dates and Themes for Future Magazines 2024

Issue	Copy Date	Theme
March	Sunday 11 February	Families
April	Sunday 17 March	Strange Meetings
May	Sunday 14 April	Food
June	Sunday 12 May	Drink
July	Sunday 16 June	Monarchs
August	Sunday 14 July	History
September	Sunday 11 August	Party
October	Sunday 15 September	Comedy
November	Sunday 13 October	Folly
December	Sunday 10 November	Excitements

Prestbury Parish Magazine is usually published on the last Sunday of the month. The copy date is usually the Sunday 2 weeks before this, but there may be scope for some flexibility.
Copy may be sent in a clearly marked envelope to 'Prestbury Parish Magazine'
2 Honeysuckle Close, Prestbury, Cheltenham, GL52 5LN
or preferably by email to **magazine@prestbury.net**

March 2024 Magazine Theme: Families

Please send copy by Sunday 11 February 2024 or soon after

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