

BRAMHAM PARISH MAGAZINE

MAY, 1915.

EASTER DAY.

The Services on this day were bright, hearty and attractive, the Church being most tastefully decorated for this, our brightest of Festivals, by the following willing helpers:—Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Marriner, the Misses G. Elvidge, A. B. Wright, A. Summersgill, Jessie Smith, M. Chambers, Moffatt, Wadeson; and George Smith.

Outwardly, as far as Good Friday and Easter Day were concerned, these Holy Seasons were well kept. On Easter Day there were 184 Communicants. All the young people who were confirmed made their first Communion on Easter Day, as all earnest Christians should. May they go on as they have begun to God's glory and their own eternal welfare. A good augury for the future, was the sight of some of the parents kneeling with their children to receive the Bread of Life.

At Matins there was a parade of the Leeds University O.T.C., who were spending the week-end at Bramham, about 80 being present.

The singing as usual upheld the great traditions of the Choir at both Services. The Anthem in the morning was "Christ is risen," Matins ending with the National Anthem, which was heartily sung by all present. At Evensong the special Anthem was "As it began to dawn," the Service ending with the hymn "Now thank we all our God."

EASTER VESTRY.

The annual Vestry Meeting was held on Easter Tuesday, the accounts having been audited and shewed a deficit of about 20. The balance sheet will be given in the June Magazine. G. R. Lane Fox, Esq., M.P., was re-elected Vicar's Warden, and Mr. J. Chambers People's Warden; the Sidesmen and the two Conference representatives remaining as last year.

G.F.S. CANDIDATES.

A Concert was given in the Parish Room on Wednesday evening, April 7th, by the G.F.S. Candidates, organised by Miss Wadeson. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The programme was varied, consisting of songs, recitations, two humorous Yorkshire Readings, Pianoforte pieces, and three amusing sketches and tableaux. The sum of £1 9s. 6d. was cleared and sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

BAPTISMS.

"And may the brow that wears His Cross, hereafter share His Crown."

March 21—William Henry, son of William and Matilda Thorley.

24—Frederick Charles, son of Frederick Charles and Florence Ware.

MARRIAGE.

"As Thou dost knit them Lord in one, so bless them evermore."

April 6—Frederick Allinson Hough to Sarah Alice Scott.

FELL ASLEEP.

"Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest, grant them Thine eternal rest."

March 30—Emily Scott, aged 19 years.

April 1—Sarah Powter, aged 83 years.

LAIID TO REST.

April 1—Emily Scott.

6—Sarah Powter.

JANUARY, 1925.

BRAMHAM PARISH MAGAZINE.

Motto for 1925

"Not ashamed to confess the Faith of Christ Crucified."

VICAR AND CHURCH HELPERS.

Vicar: The Rev. Edward G. Wadeson, M.A.

Churchwardens: G. R. Lane-Fox, Esq., M.P., and Mr. W. H. Thackwray.

Sidesmen: Colonel Lane-Fox, Major Lipscomb, Messrs. R. Kitchen, Marriner, Pearson, W. Richardson, W. Smith, Wagstaff, and Wood.

Clerk and Sexton: Mr. W. Smith.

Organist and Choirmaster: Mr. R. F. Walker.

Choir Members: Messrs. Eastwood, Martin, Sadler, Norman, A. J. Walker, Wilks and Wood; the Misses Moore, Ryle, Varley, and 20 Boys and 7 Girls.

Sunday School Teachers: The Misses Moffit, A. Thompson, G. and B. Wagstaff, and Mr. G. Smith.

Magazine Distributors: Miss Cass, Mrs. Hemming, and Miss Chambers.

Parish Nurse: Nurse Smith.

Parochial Church Council:- The Rev. E. G. Wadeson, Vicar (Chairman), Major Ingham (Vice-Chairman), Colonel Lane-Fox, M.P., Major Lipscomb, Messrs. W. Cotterill, F. Marriner, W. H. Thackwray, Miss Moffit, Mrs. W. Richardson, and Mrs. G. Stockdale, Messrs. R. F. Walker (Hon. Treasurer), and G. Wagstaff (Hon. Secretary).

CHURCH SERVICES, &c.

SUNDAY: Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sundays at the Morning Service; 2nd and 4th Sundays at 8 a.m.; 5th Sunday at Noon. Matins, 10-30 a.m. Evensong, 6 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS: Holy Communion at 8 a.m., Matins at 11-30 a.m., other Services at the hour announced.

BAPTISMS and CHURCHINGS by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOL: 9-30 a.m. and 2-15 p.m. Children's Service 2-30 p.m. on 1st Sunday in Month.

DAY SCHOOL: Head Master: Mr. R. F. Walker. Assistant Teachers, Miss Drake, Miss Wormald, and Mr. W. Holmes Horner.

My dear People,

As we pass another of Time's milestones, I wish you, with all my heart, a Happy New Year.

Let us have as our motto for 1925, the words "Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified." Let us try in life and conduct, to live these words, both for our temporal and spiritual welfare.

A new year is a time for looking back and of looking forward: it stands like a milestone on the road of life. One side of the milestone tells us how far we have come, and the other how far we have to go.

Now on the road of life we can only see one side of the milestone. We know how many miles, that is, how many years, we have gone, but when we look on the other side there is nothing for us to read. There is One who knows, that is God; to man, by God's will and God's mercy, no such knowledge is granted: we know not whether we have one year, or ten years or more to live: we only know that we are in the hands of a Merciful and Loving God and Father. But as we look at the milestone, wondering what is the hidden writing, some thoughts begin to form themselves, which are "are we ready?" "are we preparing?" There are the words and warnings of Christ Himself. He will meet us one day on the road of life, and call us to leave it, and to come into His presence to give an account of the time spent in the journey. He does not want us to be found unprepared: He wants us to meet Him with joy, and not with fear. It is wise to stop at the milestone and think.

Life is hastening on with all and each of us. Some whom we have known, since last year are now within the veil. If we would share the blessedness of Paradise with them we must live the lives they led and bear the Cross they bore, and use the Means of Grace they used and loved. Whether we share their bliss or not depends on whether we are living as Christ's true servants or not. He has said so, "If any man will confess Me before man, him also will I confess before My Father. . . . If any deny Me, him also will I deny before My Father in Heaven."

Now we confess Christ or acknowledge Him when we live as Christians, come to His House regularly, kneel reverently, say the Creed, and come to His Table. We deny Him by neglecting His Day, by never praying to Him, by living as if there was no God, or a life hereafter—living as if there would be no Day of Judgment, thinking Christ will not come, and trying to forget about it, making excuses

for their careless lives, persuading themselves that God will not punish them. Many of the people here are doing this: Remember the voice of **conscience** tells us we are guilty when we do wrong: that we are responsible for what we do. The Bible tells us that "every one of us must give an account of himself to God," and the **Church** says "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge." Let us heed these words. Thus living, shall our times be built up in God's true faith and fear.

And whatever this New Year may have in store for us of joy or sorrow, even the time of sorrow and trouble will be a good time if God is with us, to lead us step by step, to help and sanctify all to us, so that we bring forth the fruit of personal holiness in every-day life, fed and nourished in the Sacrament and Services of the One Church, which is the Body of Jesus Christ.

Your servant for Jesu's sake,

EDWARD G. WADESON.

—)o(—

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Our fine old Church was bright with Christmas decorations. The Services were hearty and inspiring, the singing being especially good. There were 80 Communicants.

Carols were beautifully sung on the first Sunday after Xmas, and they all, as well as the splendid Anthem "Sing, O Heavens," were admirably rendered, the solos being well taken.

—)o(—

BAPTISMS.

"And may the brow that wears His Cross,
hereafter share His Crown."

Dec. 26—Robert Peter, son of Ralph and Beatrice May Hebborn (Clifford).

" 29—Joseph, son of Albert and Mary Burks. (Privately.)

" 29—Edwin, son of Albert and Mary Burks. (Privately.)

MARRIAGE.

"As Thou dost join them both in one,
so bless them evermore."

Dec. 20—Francis Richard Greaves, to Ethel May Hornby, of Boston Spa.

FELL ASLEEP.

"Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
grant them Thine Eternal rest."

Dec. 1—James Whitaker, aged 56 years.

" 29—Edwin Burks, aged 12 hours.

" 29—Mary Young, aged 30 years.

LAI D TO REST.

Dec. 4—James Whitaker.

" 30—Edwin Burks.

" 31—Mary Young.

APRIL, 1928.

Bramham Parish Magazine.



Vicar: The Rev. F. W. Hicks,
Churchwardens: Major Lipscomb and Mr. A. Wood
Clerk and Sexton: Mr. W. Smith.
Parish Nurse: Nurse Mackenzie, Brown's Hotel, Wetherby Road.
Hon. Sec. Parochial Church Council: Mr. G. Wagstaff.

BRAMHAM Parish Magazine

No. 1.

JANUARY, 1954

Price 3d.



ALL SAINTS' PARISH CHURCH, BRAMHAM

<i>Vicar's Warden</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MR. A. TINDALL
<i>People's Warden</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MR. G. WAGSTAFFE
<i>Secretary of P.C.C.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MR. C. BIGLAND
<i>Treasurer of P.C.C.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MRS. C. BIGLAND
<i>Organist</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MRS. J. BYE
<i>Choirmaster</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MR. J. BYE

J. W. WHITELEY, PRINTER, TADCASTER

JANUARY, 1954

So far there is no news of a new Vicar for the Parish, and arrangements for Sunday Services may be difficult to make. There is a serious shortage of Clergy, and there aren't any Priests who are really "spare." When we do get a Parish Priest to take a Sunday Service much planning and re-arranging has been done probably to make it possible. So do let us appreciate it fully, when other Parishes help us out. All January the usual Sunday Services will take place at the usual times, a Priest will come for the mornings, and a lay reader for the evenings.

The Teachers have nobly volunteered to keep the Sunday School going. I am sure parents will help by keeping the children up to the mark. The children's work is most vital during the interregnum.

One weekday Communion Service will be maintained—on Tuesdays at 7 a.m. The Vicar of Clifford has kindly offered to Celebrate for us on that morning.

The Sunday School Party went off very well. After games with the smaller children, the eagerly awaited visit of Father Christmas with presents for boys and girls was greeted with great gusto. The Teachers awarded special books as prizes for good work in their classes—prizes which they gave as a personal gift. The Teachers were warmly thanked by the Vicar for their work. A cinema show with cowboy films and "Laurel and Hardy" comics followed, and then a splendid tea. After the small ones had gone home, there were games and dancing for the bigger children. All were given sweets and cakes to go home with, and so another happy party ended with "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen."

The Vicar is being instituted at St. Margaret's Church, Cardigan Road, Leeds, on Thursday, 28th January, at 7-30 and will be glad to see any friends at the Service. A bus is being arranged, or a 76 bus from the Headrow will take you right to the Church.

THE SIGN

Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified

No. 589

JANUARY, 1954

Vol. 50

The Hymns We Love Best

By the Rev. Richard Tatlock of the BBC

ONE of the most popular broadcasts of the week, and certainly the most popular of all religious broadcasts, is the Light Programme's *Sunday Half Hour* of community hymn-singing. The main reason for this is that it is a programme which is provided by the people for themselves, and the hymns are chosen by the church, churches, school, or community which has been invited to sing. This does not mean, however, that the people concerned were given a *completely* free hand in the choice of the hymns. It naturally falls upon the organizer of this programme to make sure that no hymn is sung too frequently, and a rule has been made, though it is not too strictly enforced, that no hymn should be repeated within a period of six weeks. A recent examination of the record reveals some very surprising facts.

Here is a list of hymns which, on the evidence of this register, we really love to sing.

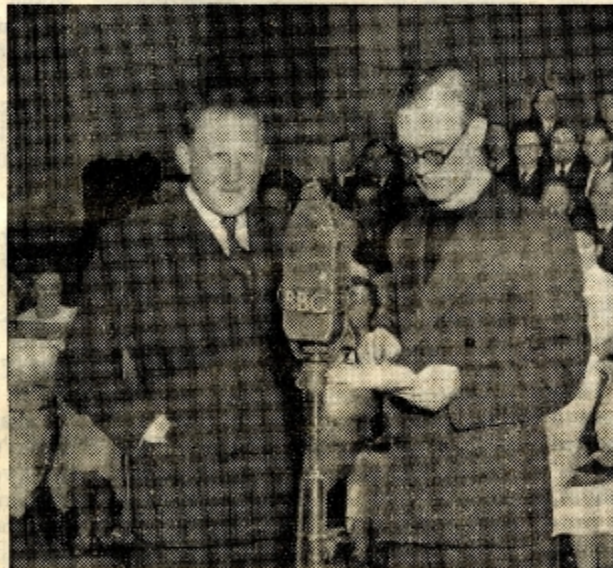
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.
There is a green hill far away.

Love Divine, all loves excelling.
Praise to the Holiest in the height.
Rejoice, the Lord is King.
The Lord's my shepherd.

**

Breathe on me, Breath of God.
Come down, O Love Divine.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.
Jesu, Lover of my soul.
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty.
Thy hand, O God, has guided.



Central Press

STUART HIBBERD AND RICHARD TATLOCK AT REHEARSAL

*
Abide with me.
At even ere the sun was set.
For all the Saints.
Glorious things of thee are spoken.
God is working His purpose out.
Immortal, invisible, God only wise.
In heavenly love abiding.
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now.
Jesus shall reign.
Let us, with a gladsome mind.
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.
O Sacred Head, sore wounded.
Rise up, O men of God.
Soldiers of Christ, arise.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy
kingly crown.
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
We sing the praise of Him Who died.

The Good and the Bad

The late Sir Walford Davies, when speaking of hymns, never tired of making a distinction between what he called the 'good popular' and the 'bad popular.' There can surely be no doubt in the mind of any one how Sir Walford Davies would have described these. And it seems to be a very safe assumption, on the evidence before us, that the best guardian of good taste in hymns is the 'man in the pew,' for, as already pointed out, the organizer of *Sunday Half Hour* claims no more than a restricted right of veto. The hymns sung most frequently at *Sunday Half Hour* are the hymns that are suggested most frequently, the hymns we love best.

Hymns are often loved (or avoided) on account of the tunes that normally go with them; and so, with this in mind, and avoiding the temptation of drawing a hard and fast conclusion, let us next cautiously consider the words of these hymns and the ideas they express.

Basic Doctrine

Notice first that nearly every basic doctrine of Christianity finds a place in these hymns; the Fatherhood of God; God's loving provision for His creatures; the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ; the Atoning Sacrifice of Calvary; the Resurrection; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of Sins. The 'man in the pew' also appears to be reasonably well instructed in the articles of his belief.

But notice next two serious omissions.

(Continued on page 2)

A Letter from Lavinia

The author of this series, of which this month we print the first, has created in Lavinia, a society girl of Rome in the first century A.D., a character through whose eyes we may see the turbulent Holy Land as

it was in the days of our Lord's earthly ministry. Lavinia, banished from Rome, has been sent to live for a while with her uncle, Pontius Pilate. Her arrival coincides with the first rumours of John the Baptist.

MY dear Portia, I've arrived at last! The first sight of Judea from the ship came just when I was beginning to think there was no such place. I can't believe that even Ultima Thule is any farther away from Rome than I am now, but I suppose it must be, and at least we are fairly civilized here. Aunt Claudia is a perfect lamb and has given me the warmest welcome, and Uncle Pontius is not a bad old thing, if you know how to handle him. He's too funny about the natives, whom he considers complete barbarians, so that he behaves as though we were camped in enemy territory.

We live in Uncle Pontius' official residence, which is called the Prefecture, although his official title is Procurator of Judea. All this official colonial organization is fearfully muddling, but as far as I can make out Uncle Pontius is in charge of two native provinces, Judea and Samaria, Caesarea being the capital of the latter; while a place called Jerusalem is capital of Judea and is up country quite a way and has its own government house ready for our visits. Then immediately to the north of us a hellenized native, who was educated at home and is quite a pet of Tiberius' I gather, called Herod Antipas, governs two other small native provinces as Tetrarch, namely Galilee and Perea. Uncle Pontius' A.D.C., rather a glamorous young man called Lucius Urbanus, who has been most attentive and kind to me since my arrival, tells me that he has to go on

liaison visits to Herod Antipas occasionally and that he's not too bad a creature, though weak and dominated



LAVINIA

M. G. M.

by a formidable and very nasty wife, Herodias.

A Delightful Country

Dearest Portia, how can I describe this place to you? Green grass, red earth, cypress trees, flowering hills, golden villages, everything to make a paradise but—oh dear, the natives! As Lucius says, Judea without the Jews would be heaven! There is so much hatred; hatred, wars, death, crucifixions, insurrections, suspicions, riots all the time. The Greeks and the hellenized settlers loathe the natives; the natives loathe the Greeks and they

also loathe each other, for they are divided into small sects, Jews, Samaritans and so on, who will have nothing to do with each other. Needless to say they none of them like us much better, but we are tolerated because we are strong and because we are impartial about religious matters. This is the crux of it all—religion—especially with the Jews, who are passionately and fanatically religious. They think, live, eat and sleep religion: it is their whole life.

At the moment there is great excitement. A sort of local holy man, a prophet they call him, a man of God, has turned up on the desert fringes of civilization preaching the end of the world or the coming of the kingdom of God or some such thing. 'Repent!' he cries in a great voice and the echoes of it are heard over the whole of Judea. 'Be sorry for your sins, mend your ways, be purified by the waters of baptism, for the kingdom of God is coming...' That is his message, and there isn't a native who doesn't believe that he is a man sent straight from God to His people.

A Prophet Again!

'Here at last is a prophet again,' they whisper to each other, 'God has not deserted His people.' It's all rather strange and fascinating for a newcomer like me, though Uncle Pontius says it's bound to lead to trouble.

I've bored you enough with all this colonial gossip, I'm afraid; but you mustn't expect much else from me, for I've nothing else to write about now and little things like the sudden appearance of this prophet John seem big things here to us, cut off as we are from the *beau monde* of Rome. You'll have to get used to having a provincial cousin. Much love, dear Portia, from your very devoted cousin,

LAVINIA

THE HYMNS WE LOVE BEST (from page 1)

Out of the thirty-one hymns in this list, there are thirteen about our Blessed Lord, nine about God the Father—but there are only two, *Breathe on me, Breath of God*, and *Come down, O Love Divine*, about God the Holy Spirit.

There is also little or no indication from these hymns that the Church and Membership of the Church are considered to be as important as both the New Testament and the Prayer Book teach them to be.

These hymns cover a variety of

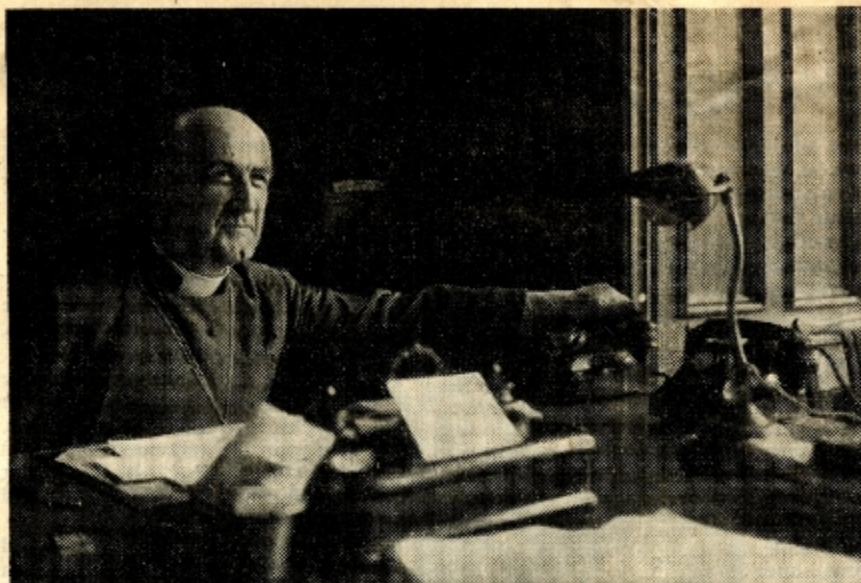
denominations. It is because of its popularity with the Roman Catholics that the hymn known to Anglicans as *O Sacred Head, sore wounded* appears in this list. And *O God of Bethel* is there largely because of its popularity amongst the Nonconformists.

Special Cases

Abide with me, notorious for the enthusiasm with which football crowds sing it, is certainly not a four-star hymn.

Rock of Ages does not appear in the list at all; nor does it appear in a subsidiary list of another twenty hymns, not printed here for reasons of space.

O God, our help in ages past is one of the hymns which are hardly ever suggested for the *Sunday Half Hour* programme. Indeed, the impression which is given is that it would be considered almost a breach of good taste to sing it except on days of National Remembrance.



Camera Press

The Church's Business

WHAT is the Church's business? Let us consider three different answers: two wrong, one right. The first is the outsider's, 'don't really know much about it' answer, the viewpoint implied in such phrases as 'Why doesn't the Church do this or that?' 'I can't make out why the Church doesn't take a lead in —.' We have all heard this sort of thing, in the train, in the bus.

And what does it add up to? That the man in the street has in his mind an idea of the Church which is quite false. He is thinking of it as a definite thing, rather like a government department, a block of offices where the Archbishop of Canterbury sits in the managing director's chair. He supposes that every now and then the Archbishop reaches for the telephone and gives some orders. The complaint of the man in the street is that he does not do this often enough. And the idea behind it all is that the Church's business is somehow to set the moral tone, put things right when things go wrong, and in general give a lead on a whole complex of matters from the problem of war to cruelty to animals.

Nonsense? Of course it is. But widely-held nonsense, for all that. The Archbishop does not sit in an office giving orders; the Church is not, nor resembles, a government department. And its business is not

so much to give a lead as by its teaching to move you and me to do so.

Consider now the next wrong answer, the 'insider's,' this time, the view surprisingly often taken by Church members themselves. According to this the Church's business is to provide clergy and churches, to make and enforce rules governing the conduct and use thereof, and generally to act as a huge administrative machine whose end-product

—the thing it is all for—is the average congregation singing its hymns and saying its prayers. The Archbishop of Canterbury comes into this picture as well, still in some kind of office, still reaching for the telephone, still thought of as the executive head of an organization staffed also by a large number of bishops.

Nonsense? Certainly.

What, then, is the right answer? We cannot answer that at all until we have said what the Church is. The Church is the Body

of Christ. That is why it is such a wonderful body to be a part of. Its Head is Christ Himself, and its officers Bishops, Priests and Deacons. Its parts are made up of countless men and women who, baptized into the Faith, have as their duty to worship God and to act, as far as in them lies and grace gives them the power, as the eyes and ears and mind of Christ. And the Church's true business is what it always was—to preach the saving message of Christ. Its long-term policy is to bring to every man and woman in every country a personal knowledge of Jesus—that, and that entirely, is the Church's business. SIGNET

JANUARY 1954

- 1 F. Circumcision of our Lord.
- 3 S. Second aft. Christmas.
- 6 W. Epiphany of our Lord.
- 8 F. Lucian, P.M., c. 312.
- 10 S. First after Epiphany.
- 13 W. Hilary, B.D., 368.
- 17 S. Second after Epiphany. Antony of Egypt, Ab., 356.
- 18 M. Prisca, V.M., 265.
- 19 Tu. Wulfstan, B., 1095.
- 20 W. Fabian, B.M., 250.
- 21 Th. Agnes, V.M., c. 304.
- 22 F. Vincent, Dn.M., c. 304.
- 24 S. Third after Epiphany.
- 25 M. Conversion of St. Paul.
- 26 Tu. Polycarp, B.M., c. 155.
- 27 W. John Chrysostom, B.D., 407.
- 30 S. [King Charles, M.]
- 31 S. Fourth after Epiphany.

Days of fasting, or abstinence:
Fridays, 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.

SAINT PAUL

The cloak I left in Troas . . . but especially the parchments bring with you. . . . 2 TIM. iv. 13

WHY did he leave it? Did he not require its comfort for the hazards of the way, the cold nights, and the stinging wind by day? Or did he lend it by some humble fire to one whose need was greater? He could be content with what he had; it was the Word he craved, the parchments. While, without, he the Roman guard, he wrote to Timothy. [heard

This was a man. He watched his followers disperse, for only Luke was with him now; he set them on the roads which once he trod in pain and peril, sent his messengers about the world, refusing to allow himself condemned. This was a man of God.

D. Murrell Simmons

Youth Enquires Within

JEROME AND THE LION

AN old proverb warns people 'never to be deceived by appearances.' And it certainly applies to the illustration on this page.

It was first made 462 years ago by a young man of twenty-one who later became Germany's greatest artist. His name was Albrecht Dürer, and he carved the picture with a knife on a smooth piece of pear-wood, 'backwards way about,' and then used the wood as a printing block.

The man in the picture is St. Jerome. He was born in the year 342, and at the age of thirty he was converted to Christianity and baptized. Afterwards, he was ordained a priest, and travelled a great deal in the East, learning Hebrew, the language of the Jews, and founding a monastery at Bethlehem.

The story is told how, one evening, as Jerome sat at the gate of his monastery in Bethlehem, he saw a lion come limping towards him. Immediately he went to see what was wrong, and discovered that it had a thorn in its paw. Jerome carefully took out the thorn, and the lion decided to stay with him, and became a kind of pet!

Some people say that this story is only legend, and that St. Jerome is always pictured with a lion by his side because he was a man of very fiery temper.

But look at the books in the picture. They are all copies of Genesis. One (on the left) is in Greek.



Dürer

DO YOU KNOW ?

In the Bible.

1. Whose hair weighed two hundred shekels?
2. Sapphira's husband's name?
3. Who Jezebel's husband was?
4. Peter's brother's name?
5. Noah's age when the Flood began?
6. On which mountains the Ark rested?
7. Who said, 'My son, my son!?'
8. What swallowed Jonah?

In the Prayer Book.

9. Where, in the Communion Service, two texts from the Apocrypha can be found?
10. Wisdom, understanding, counsel, ghostly strength, knowledge, godliness, and —. What?
11. On which day of the month the *Venite* comes in the Psalms?
12. When Acts ii. verses 1-11 is the Epistle at Holy Communion?

Send your name, age, address, and answers to The Editor, THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, before January 16th. Three book tokens of 5s. each will be given for the first three correct entries from those under 16.

December answers: 61. Jonathan; 62. Five; 63. Jacob; 64. Two Masters; 65. Seventeen; 66. Mark; 67. Lamb; 68. Joppa; 69. Three; 70. Chancels; 71. Three; 72. Shall please.

One (at the top) is in Hebrew. The one he has just laid aside is in Latin. Dürer put these books in the picture to remind people that it was St. Jerome who first translated the Bible into Latin.

All the books say the same thing—'In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.'

The Story of the English Church

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO ST DOMINIC IN SPAIN, AND ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI IN ITALY, SAW THAT MEN WERE FORGETTING WHAT CHRISTIANITY REALLY MEANT. SO THEY SENT THEIR FOLLOWERS TO TEACH THE GOSPEL AFRESH OVER ALL EUROPE



THE FRIARS LIVE ON FOOD AND GIFTS FROM THE POOR AMONGST WHOM THEY ARE SENT



THE DOMINICAN FRIARS REACHED ENGLAND FIRST AND MADE THEIR CENTRE AT OXFORD



THEY LOOK AFTER THE SICK AND BECOME SKILLED IN CURING ALL KINDS OF ILLNESS

BACKWARDS FIRST

A snake decided to go for a walk one day. He went along happily enough until, suddenly, his tail began to drag.

'I'm sick and tired of always trailing along at the back,' said his tail to his head. 'I'd like to be in front, part of the time.'

The snake's head thought about this, and it seemed very reasonable and fair.

'All right,' he said, 'when we get to the top of this little hill, you can be at the front.'

At the top of the hill the snake turned round. His tail led the way, and his head followed after. But soon the tail came to a pond with a sloping bank, went blundering on, fell in, and dragged the head in after him.

If the head had not acted promptly, he would have been drowned. Instead, he clambered out of the water, and dragged the tail out as well.

On the way home the head said to himself:

'What a fool I've been, to follow someone who was blind and had no brains.'

A Prayer.

Lest foolish men should lead me
Into the ways of sin;
Help me, O Lord,
To follow Thy saints,
And a heavenly prize to win.

Cut out this little prayer and put it in the back of your Prayer Book.

Six Part Serial

TRUE HEART

By Claire Ritchie

PART ONE

'MAIL'S in, Sister,' Mr. Hughes called cheerfully. 'If you're going back to the hospital, perhaps you wouldn't mind taking Doctor Carr's letters along.'

'He's gone over to Tongu for the weekly inspection, but I expect he'll be back early this evening. Yes, I'll take them.'

Jessamy picked up the bundle of letters and newspapers, her smile fading as she looked down at the fat envelope on top of the pile. Green ink; curly, dashing handwriting. The weekly letter from Dr. Carr's fiancée in England.

'And there's the usual case of good things from Miss Shane, too.' The little schoolmaster beamed at her through his glasses. 'So you might tactfully suggest that he provides supper this evening!'

She smiled, because he would have been disappointed if she hadn't, but there was no corresponding happiness in her heart, and any one more observant might have noticed the shadow that momentarily clouded her clear hazel eyes. She walked slowly towards the hospital, for though it was merely pleasantly warm to those who were accustomed to Churapati, Jessamy had only been in Africa two months, and to her it seemed as hot as an English summer.

On her way, she passed the house which Nicholas Carr was building for his bride. It was nearly finished now. Sun-dried mud bricks, tiled floors—even a tiled roof, instead of the usual corrugated iron which he considered good enough for his bachelor quarters alongside, and which, when they were settled in the new house, was to be used as a store for medical supplies.

There was, she noticed, only one letter for herself, and that was the monthly 'duty' epistle from Aunt Clara, who, to Jessamy's surprise, had graciously offered her a home after the death of her widowed mother.

Clara Duveen, however, had speedily made it clear to her niece that, in return for this kindness, she expected her to give up her nursing career, and become a kind of unpaid housekeeper. But Jessamy had resolutely stuck to her guns.

'You know Daddy worked as a missionary in Africa until his health broke down,' she had reminded her aunt, 'and he always hoped I would help in the work out there. I'm no good at teaching, but I love nursing—I always have—and they need nurses so desperately in the Mission hospitals. I'm sorry, Aunt Clara—'

Mrs. Duveen had smiled scornfully. 'Your father was very—misguided in some respects, poor man! But, of course,

if you imagine you have a "vocation," there's no more to be said.'

So Jessamy had gone steadily on with her training. She had taken special courses in tropical medicine, and, when at last she was qualified, had written to Mrs. Penberthy, whose husband was an old friend of her father's, and was now in charge of the district of Churapati.

Mrs. Penberthy's reply had lifted up her heart.

'My dear Jessamy, we need someone like you most urgently! Our present Sister-in-charge is leaving shortly to be married, and we have no one to take her place. The native nurses are excellent, but, of course, need someone fully trained and experienced to direct them. I am sure, remembering your dear father's work and position out here, the authorities will make it easy for you to come to us.'

And so it had proved. There had followed crowded weeks of interviews, inoculations—all the bustle of preparation for departure. Through it all familiar words had echoed in Jessamy's brain. 'Here am I; send me.' And she had prayed that God's blessing might go with her.

So now here she was, Sister-in-charge of the small, brick-built hospital at Churapati, deeply interested in her work, and happily, thankfully aware that, despite initial difficulties and mistakes, she was already helping in the great work of healing.

She smiled a little ruefully as she climbed the steps, recalling the farewell warning which Brenda Stone, her colleague and friend at St. Hilary's, had given her just before the ship sailed.

'Don't go losing your heart to the doctor out there! That's what always happens to nurses in romantic stories.'

And she had answered, laughing: 'I'm interested in nursing, not romance!'

Her thoughts flew back now to her first meeting with Nicholas Carr.

The weeks had gone by—busy, contented weeks of work in the hospital, visiting patients in their homes, training the native probationers. And suddenly she had discovered that she had done exactly what Brenda had warned her against. Well, love never hurt anybody, not the right sort of love. Just so long as he did not guess . . .

And then Miss Morton, Mrs. Penberthy's garrulous elder sister, who taught the younger children and worked as supervisor of the hospital kitchen, had told her about Gerda Shane.

'She was engaged to Doctor Carr before he came out here. I think their families are old friends. I expect next time he goes home on furlough they'll get married, and then he'll bring her back with him.' Miss Morton shook her neatly-cropped grey head with an air of wisdom. 'At least, that's what he says, but I believe, once she gets him back to England, she'll

(Continued on page 8)

The Coming of the Friars, A.D. 1221 to 1300



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THE CHRISTIAN HOME

A monthly feature for women by Anne Proctor

THE New Year always makes me conscious of 'those things which I have left undone.' Do you feel yourself wondering what you have done with all those months? But now we can make a fresh start towards leading a new life, so let me wish you all a very happy New Year, full of good resolutions, not merely made, but kept!

Readers' Recipes

My list of readers who have sent in recipes to this page, or who have written to me, grows longer, and I look forward to hearing from more of you. Sometimes there must be a long gap between your sending in a recipe and its being printed. So don't give up hope if your hint does not appear for some time. I keep them all, and in time most of them get used. The five shilling prizes are sent as soon as the copies containing the recipes are printed.

Next month the first of the prize-winning photographs of readers' children will appear on these pages. In the meantime, do you recognize the lovable explorers? I felt that they would be quite the most suitable leaders in our series of pictures of lovely children which I have chosen from the very large number sent in.

January Parties

Parties are still on the go in January, so here are some useful suggestions from a reader in Ely on what to do with left-overs. She writes: 'Nothing is more disheartening than to be left with a pile of sandwiches, curling at the ends, after a children's tea-party, cakes and biscuits having vanished like snow in summer! To ensure the swift flight of these stale sandwiches, we either make *Butterflies*, by cutting the sides with sloping cuts to make the wings, and marking the body by a stroke of marmite for savoury sandwiches, or with half a date for sweet ones—or sometimes we make *Funny Faces*, by cutting the sandwich with a round cutter, and sticking on two sultanas for eyes and a bit of glacé cherry for a mouth. A touch of butter will stick them on. Incidentally, convalescent children will often take useful nourishment when it is presented in this way.' (Mrs. G. H., Ely.)

Meeting Mrs. Peters

The other morning I was all set ready to try out the recipe for a fruit cake which I give below, when I discovered that I had only plain flour in my bin, so I slipped across the road to my friend and neighbour, Mrs. Peters. She was in her kitchen, pouring herself a mid-morning cup of tea, so I stopped for a chat, and a cup too. As we chatted I helped her to prepare the

vegetables for a Scotch Broth she was making. 'The meat is on,' she said, 'scrag end of mutton. I used to ask for one and a half pounds, but now I take just what I can get. The meat takes about twenty-five minutes at full pressure. What a difference from the two or three hours I used to allow it when I simmered it in an ordinary pan. But my quantities are the same: a quart of water and 1 oz. of well-washed pearl barley, and salt and pepper to taste.' We cut up a carrot, a small



Studio Lisa

turnip, and an onion into dice. 'In an ordinary pan you add the vegetables about twenty minutes before serving,' she explained, 'and, of course, you need to skim off all the extra fat you can. With the pressure cooker you have to reduce the pressure, put in the vegetables, and then cook for another five minutes at full pressure.' 'What about this parsley?' I asked. 'Oh, that can wait,' she said. 'I chop it up with my kitchen scissors just before serving, sometimes into the soup tureen, sometimes straight into the bowls. Thank you so much, and here is the flour.'

I came away, as I always come from that house, the better for my visit, for Mrs. Peters is crippled with rheumatoid arthritis in her feet, and can only struggle about with the aid of two sticks. But she never grumbles, and her courage and serenity act like a tonic on my spirit. In

Readers are invited to send useful recipes and hints to Mrs. Proctor, THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1. There is a prize of five shillings for those published.

fact, I make some excuse to visit her when depression or self-pity overtake me. Her advice is always wise and understanding. But even when no troubles are discussed I come away the better for having been with her.

The Fruit Cake

9 oz. self-raising flour, 5 oz. sugar, 2 oz. fat, 4 oz. currants, 1 gill of boiling water, 4 oz. raisins, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, half a nutmeg, grated, 1 egg.

Pour the boiling water over the fruit with the carbonate of soda. Rub the dry ingredients into the fat. Pour water and fruit into the mixture, after the well-beaten egg has been added to the dry ingredients, and mix well together. Bake in a well-greased tin until a knife inserted comes out clean. (Test first after 1½ hours.) Regulo 3. (M. H., Rochdale.)

An Aluminium 'Girdle'

I wonder what your stand-bys are for tea when unexpected guests turn up. Not long ago I went up to Edinburgh to stay with a very old aunt. She is 91, but this does not debar her from looking after herself, nor from sick-visiting for her church! She still visits four different invalids each week, and is reading a different book as a serial to each. In fact, her energy puts my comparative youth to shame. She told me to set the table and cut some bread and butter, while she took down a large, square, cast-aluminium 'girdle' and put it on the gas stove. 'When I had an electric stove,' she explained to her visitor, 'I always used to make my drop scones straight on to the hot plate—incidentally, I used to find it cleaned the surface beautifully,' she interpolated with a smile. 'But now that I have a gas stove

I use this girdle; it is a new idea, but all the ironmongers seem to have them, and they need no greasing, and they never burn, and the handle is completely heat-resisting.'

Drop Scones

As she spoke, she was mixing in a large basin 4 oz. of self-raising flour, with a pinch of salt and a lump of fat (lard or marg.) as big as a walnut. In the centre of this she made a well and into it dropped a raw egg. With a wooden spoon she then stirred in the flour, adding milk until there was a smooth batter which would drop easily from the spoon, and when the texture was right added a spoonful or two of sugar. On to the heated girdle she poured a few drops of cold water, and when this formed itself into separate drops which ran about sizzling, she began to drop the mixture on in spoonfuls, turning down the gas a little. In a moment or two each round of batter was showing air-bubbles, and as this point was reached she turned them. By the time I had the tea made and the table ready, my aunt had a plate of delicious Scotch pancakes ready, which we ate with butter and honey.

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ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3680. What is the difference between a church and a chapel? Buildings which used to be called chapels are now called Nonconformist churches.

A chapel is defined in the dictionary as a place of worship other than a parish church or cathedral. The word applies particularly to Anglican places of worship such as the Chapels Royal, and the chapels of schools and university colleges. When Nonconformists began to build places of worship in opposition to the Church of England, they were called chapels because by 'the church' every one meant the parish church. Nowadays Nonconformists prefer to call their buildings churches. There is no more objection to this term than there is to chapel, provided it is made clear that the building is not one belonging to the Church of England.

3681. What is the difference between judicial separation and divorce, and between divorce and dissolution of marriage?

In the eyes of the Church, marriage can only be dissolved by the death of one of the parties. The Church recognizes that in certain circumstances it may be impossible for two married persons to live together, and that for self-protection one of them may have to obtain an order for judicial separation. Parties thus separated

cannot remarry. The Church does not recognize divorce, or remarriage while a former partner is still living. In rare circumstances a marriage may be null and void from the start, and the Courts may grant a decree of nullity. This is not the same as a dissolution of marriage, as the marriage never, in fact, existed.

3682. How does one get a Christian name? What is the practice in countries of other religions?

Throughout the world children are named by their parents, and in all civilized countries the name has to be registered with the civil, or religious, authorities. To the early Christians Christianity was a completely new way of life, and to emphasize this it was not uncommon for a person to take a new name on becoming a Christian. For example, Simon the fisherman became Peter the Apostle, and Saul the Pharisee became the Apostle Paul. When babies were born into

ALL questions to QUERY CORNER, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and will be answered by post. It is possible to publish only a small proportion of the questions received. Names will not be printed, but must be given in all cases. A payment of 5s. will be made for each question published.

TRUE HEART (from page 5)

persuade him to stay there. 'Have you seen her picture on his desk?'

Jessamy, her shy, secret hopes shattered, had made a point of looking at that photograph. It showed a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with poise and pride in every line of her face and figure. The sort of girl who had been accustomed, from babyhood, to getting her own way. If she loved Nicholas and wanted him to settle down in England—

With a sigh, Jessamy laid the bundle of mail down on the desk in front of that photograph, and started on her evening round of the wards. She was naturally even busier than usual with the doctor away. The extent of his 'rounds' and of the district as a whole had amazed her at first. Churapati Mission Station served a vast territory larger than England, and calls would often come in from places more than a hundred miles away.

Jessamy had finished her inspection, and was sitting in a long chair on the veranda, reading her aunt's letter, when Nicholas came up the steps. She saw that he looked white under his tan, and that there were lines of weariness about his mouth.

'Hello, Sister!' He pushed back his topce and sat down on the top step. 'How's everything gone to-day?'

'All right, thanks. That poor little half-starved baby's put on a few ounces,

and the woman from Lagi—you remember, the one with the broken arm?—seems much more settled and happy. She actually smiled at me this afternoon! Stay where you are,' she added, as he half rose, 'I'll get you a drink.'

'Bless you! Hey, don't lose your letter.' For the sheets of paper had fluttered down to the floor. As he handed them back, he said, smiling: "'Jessamy'? Forgive me for remarking on it, but it's rather an unusual name. Pretty, too. Reminds me of home, and the jasmine that grew all over our garden wall.'

She blushed absurdly. 'Your letters are on your desk, doctor. And Mr. Hughes said the case of food has arrived from— from England.' Somehow she could not bring herself to say Gerda's name. 'He hinted that you might feel inclined to play host this evening.'

Nicholas, already on his way to the surgery, laughed back at her over his shoulder. 'Of course I will! I'll just collect my letters while you get that drink.'

When she carried out the tall glass a few moments later and set it beside him, he didn't even look up, but just murmured an absent-minded 'Thank you.' Jessamy's hasty glance had shown her that he was immersed in a letter—a letter written in curly, dashing handwriting, and which covered several sheets of primrose-

Christian families, they received their names at Baptism, and so the Christian name became identical with the first name registered for secular purposes.

3683. If a man belongs to the Church of England and his future wife is a Roman Catholic and they wish to be married in the Church of England, how do they go about it?

If a member of the Church of England wishes to marry a Roman Catholic and both desire to be married in the Church of England, they should visit their vicar or rector, and the Roman Catholic party should seriously consider being received into the Church of England. The Roman Catholic authorities do not recognize Church of England marriages, and if one of the parties remains a Roman Catholic the marriage, if not in danger of being broken, is liable to be an extremely unhappy one. For these reasons we cannot too strongly urge the course we have suggested.

3684. Is it possible for a person living in one parish to purchase a burial plot in the cemetery of another parish?

It is not possible, except in most unusual circumstances, to purchase a burial plot, or the right to be buried in a particular place in a churchyard. The final decision regarding the place of burial is made by the incumbent of the church at the time the burial takes place, and although it is usual for the clergy to do all they can to give effect to the wishes of their parishioners, it is legally impossible for a clergyman to bind his successor. He is therefore precluded from naming or accepting any fee for a 'reservation.'

yellow paper. The rest of the doctor's mail lay unopened beside him.

Resolutely, she picked up Aunt Clara's letter again, and tried to become interested in a description of a bazaar which she had recently opened.

'Of all the crazy ideas!' She looked up quickly, hearing Nicholas Carr's half-rough laugh. 'And yet perhaps there's something in the suggestion. Some friends of my fiancée, name of Gilmore, are coming to Masaki—Mr. Gilmore's been appointed director of one of the mines there.' Masaki, as Jessamy knew, was a flourishing town in the copper belt. 'It seems from this letter that Gerda's made up her mind to travel with them, and then come on up here to see me. I say, this certainly calls for a celebration! Lucky that case arrived just at the right moment. You'll join us, of course? Over at the Mission House in about an hour?'

He rose, the tired air miraculously gone from his face and figure, and smiled across at Jessamy—a frank, comradely smile, which invited her to rejoice with him. But she shook her head.

'I'm sorry! I promised Camshi I'd go through the cupboards with her this evening. We need to check up on our supplies. And Suma's leg will need dressing again in an hour. Thanks all the same, doctor.'

(To be continued)

The Vicar took a party of carol singers round the Parish on fair evenings before Christmas. A sum of over £8 was raised for Choir Funds as a result of the singing.

At the last M.U. Meeting in December the Members made a Presentation to Mrs. Shepherd as a mark of their affection. It was made by the oldest member—Mrs. Dickinson. The marquise brooch, to which members had subscribed, will be greatly treasured by Mrs. Shepherd, who contributes a letter to her old friends, in this issue.

“ Dear Mothers' Union Members,

I should like to tell you how touched I was at receiving your lovely gift, and to say a very big thank you to you all. It was just what I was wanting, and I shall wear it often and think of my dear Bramham branch and the happy times we had together. I say Good-bye with the hope that I shall be able to come back and see you sometimes and wish you all many blessings in the future.

Again with very many thanks.

Yours affectionately,

RUTH M. SHEPHERD.”

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Bramham Vicarage.
August, 1972

Dear Friends,

The Vicar had already decided to move from one parish to another. While his wife got on with the packing in preparation for the removers, he was in church putting the question of whether to move or not, to God.

CALL TO THE NORTH does not make the same mistake. You do not decide on a course of action, and then ask God what to do.

In the Name of God we are called by the leaders of the main Christian traditions in the North of England to answer a need.

The need is expressed by the Archbishop when he says, "Man needs God if he is to be completely man. Without God he is not himself, he is 'not all there'".

The "need is to hear what God has to say, and to accept His will. More than that; man as an individual, and society as a whole, cannot be healthy till God's word has been heard and obeyed".

But how shall men hear God, if we do not speak and witness for Him? And how shall we speak and witness, unless we are familiar with His Word and will?

So, we are challenged to 'use the coming twelve months to learn the meaning of the Christian faith, and to relate it to mankind's needs.

To join in prayer for this purpose with fellow Christians. And then to 'work out ways of making the Christian faith intelligible to those at present out of touch with Christian worship and activity, and to plan some definite acts of witness to the Christian faith, beginning where possible in Holy Week 1973"

How do we respond to the challenge?

We do not know yet - until we have listened, prayed and discussed among ourselves. The leaders have not presented us with a 'blue print' scheme, and then said 'get on with that'.

They have challenged us to 'speak a word from God to men and women in their need of an understanding of the meaning of life'. How each person, parish, deanery will do that can only be decided when the ways and the will of God have been explored.

It's a full-blooded challenge. One that will 'stretch' the best amongst us. It's a challenge that cannot be left to 'them', because it is made to 'you'.

So will you please give thought to how we can implement the first two parts of the challenge :-

1. How shall we use the coming twelve months to learn the meaning of the faith, and how to relate it?

and 2. What is the best way to join in prayer for this purpose.

Continued :

Ideas, after prayer, please !

With every good wish for the holidays (HOLY DAYS)

Yours sincerely,

Derek Shaw, Vicar.

CALENDER FOR AUGUST

- Sunday 30th July - TRINITY 9
Parish Communion at 10 a.m.
- Sunday 6th August - Transfiguration of Our Lord.
Parish Communion at 9.15 a.m.
- Sunday 13th August- TRINITY 11
Services back to usual times:
Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
Parish Communion at 10.30 a.m.
- Sunday 20th August- TRINITY 12
- Thursday 24th " S Bartholomew, Apostle.
Holy Communion at 8 a.m. (at Bramham Park)
Celebrant - The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Selby.
- Sunday 27th " TRINITY 13
- Tuesday 29th " Beheading of St John Baptist
Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. (at Bramham Park)
- Thursday 31st " Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. (at Bramham Park)
and 9.30 a.m. (Church)

FROM THE REGISTERS.

HOLY MATRIMONY 24th June - IAN SLORACH and CHRISTINE ANN WARE

CHRISTIAN BURIAL 4th July - JOSEPH HENRY SCOTT (age 78 years)

PARISH NOTES

OFFERING ENVELOPES for a year are now waiting collection at the back of Church. If you would like a set please take one and sign your name on the card. And please read the notice from Mr. ROLSTON on the Notice Board.

THURSDAY CLUB SPORTS. - 22nd June. About 75 children and 25 parents enjoyed a splendid evening of fun. The event was a children's response to the "Call to the North" The scroll they received from the Bishop at the Children's Pilgrimage to York on 20th May, challenged them to have a 'fun event' and to invite their friends to share it with them. The idea caught the children's imagination, and they made the invitations eagerly and successfully.

PARISH NOTES Continued :

So, well done, children, and thank you to the Social Group for organising the evening.

The next meeting of the Thursday Club will be on 7th September at 6 p.m.

ABERFORD IN AUGUST is the title of a Flower Festival in Aberford Parish Church from 11th - 13th August. Viewing will be on Friday from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Sunday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The Festival is being arranged by local flower experts, and will be backed by a unique display of over 200 figuresses arranged in fifteen scenes depicting the Sacraments of the Church.

CONFIRMATION GROUPS, will begin towards the end of September for Confirmation in Lent 1973. I have already received requests from three adults to form an adult group, and I should be pleased to hear of any others, and juniors (from 12 years of age), who would like to consider the possibility of Confirmation. The two groups (adult and junior) will meet separately.

SATURDAY 16th SEPTEMBER is an important day to keep free in your diaries. I am not sure whether I am permitted to say exactly what will happen then, so I am just mentioning the date, and saying that as far as I know, what is planned has never taken place in Bramham before. The new style of Magazine - to be published for the first time next month - will carry the full details.

THE END of this parish inset has now come. From next month the Magazine will be greatly improved - in many ways. The local Methodist Minister and Roman Catholic Priest, along with ALL the organisations of Bramham have been invited to make contributions.

All prices are rising steeply, but for a change we shall distribute the new Magazine to every home each month FREE OF CHARGE ! In addition to which the Diocesan leaflet will also be distributed free of charge !

The Sunday Magazine will continue to be available at 7½ pence from Church.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH. Along with this change, Mrs. BIGLAND will be retiring as Magazine Secretary. For 9 years Mrs. Bigland, with help from Mr. Bigland, has proudded the Parish Magazine, which has meant deciphering and typing my scrappy notes, duplicating 200 copies, stapling the sheets together, obtaining the Sunday Magazine and the Diocesan leaflet, assembling everything together, distributing - all in addition to obtaining the necessary materials, and attending to the finances - adding up to a most demanding and time-consuming service to the community - a job which has been done gladly month in and month out for nine years.

For all this, and for much else too, we offer our thanks to Mrs. Bigland; we appreciate her kindness so very much.

Elsewhere in the Magazine you will have found your answer to the rumours and gossip that the Church Magazine was to end. Here it is. This is the last one in its old form.

September sees the new Magazine in its new format, launched by a new Committee, to whom we wish every success, and would ask all the old distributors to give it all and any, help they can. This will be required in the first few months to get it established.

We ourselves will not be responsible for the running of the new Magazine in any way. This is our last publication.

We would like to thank everyone for their unfailing help and understanding during the past nine years when times have not always been easy, but by Gods help and your will and determination we have always had a monthly magazine.

God bless and thank you all. May He also bless the new venture.

F. & C. BIGLAND.