

September 2021

Services

Please maintain awareness of health and safety.

Sunday 5th September

- 8.00 Benefice Communion in Chesterton
- 11.00 Young Families' service with baptism in Chesterton
- 11.00 Harvest Celebration in Middleton Stoney
- 11.00 Holy Communion in Weston
- 11.00 Mattins in Hampton Gay
- 16.00 Family Service in Kirtlington

Sunday 12th September

- 8.00 Holy Communion in Bletchingdon
- 9.30 Holy Communion in Wendlebury
- 10.00 zoom service
- 11.00 Morning Worship in Kirtlington
- 11.00 Holy Communion in Chesterton

Sunday 19th September

- 8.00 Holy Communion in Kirtlington
- 9.30 Holy Communion in Middleton Stoney
- 11.00 Harvest Celebration in Bletchingdon
- 11.00 Morning Worship in Chesterton
- 11.00 Morning Worship in Weston
- 17.00 Harvest Celebration in Kirtlington

Sunday 26th September

- 9.30 Holy Communion in Kirtlington
- 10.00 zoom service
- 11.00 Holy Communion in Bletchingdon
- 11.00 Morning Worship with baptism in Middleton Stoney
- 17.00 Harvest Celebration in Wendlebury





The Akeman Benefice Bullet

Summary of Events in September

Olympics Family Fun

Saturday 4th September 2 - 4pm Kirtlington Quarry

Contact
gemmamaybank.akeman@gmail.com
to join up or to help

RISE AND SHINE CAFÉ

for all ages

Wednesday mornings 9.15 - 10.45 in Kirtlington Church starting September 8th

with fairtrade stall, rhymes, songs, Bible story

Tea and saris

Sat 11th September 3-5pm Kirtlington Church

£10 towards Benefice funds

The story of the sari, learn how to put one on, look lovely, celebrate with tea and cake.

PLUS colourful recycled sari crafts

Sign up in advance

joannaclifford.akeman@gmail.com

Contact details

Do feel free to contact a member of the ministry team if you would like to chat over anything, or a churchwarden if you would like information

Ministry team

Rector: The Rev'd Gareth Miller

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Retired priest: The Rev'd Dr Paula Clifford

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Retired priest: The Very Rev'd Bob Wilkes

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Licensed Lay Minister: Paul Clifford 01869 351652

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Children and Families' Co-ordinator: Gemma Maybank 07765 104253

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To send information, articles, news etc to the Benefice Bulletin contact joannaclifford.akeman@gmail.com

If you are reading this in a printed version, do also look on the website www.akemanbenefice.org.uk or email joannaclifford.akeman@gmail.com for the rest of the Benefice Bulletin, which contains...

Things to join in with this Autumn
Opportunities to help
August Happenings
Food for Thought
Out and About in Weston-on-the-Green
A well-known Weston person
Answers to the Weston questions



Contact gemmamaybank.akeman@gmail.com to enter your family for our free all-age Olympic challenges. Teams need a supervising parent/adult and at least one child aged 0-12. Please avoid parking in Mill Lane.



WELCOME FOR THE WHOLE COMMUNITY, AND ALL AGES. HAVE A NATTER AND ENCOURAGE SOMEONE OLDER, OR YOUNGER! DELIGHT IN TEA, COFFEE AND HOMEMADE GOODIES. BROWSE THE FAIRTRADE STALL. SHARE RHYMES, SONGS AND A BIBLE STORY FROM 10.15. EMAIL GEMMAMAYBANK.AKEMAN@GMAIL.COM WITH QUESTIONS, OR SIMPLY COME ALONG AND ENJOY!

Tea and saris

Ladies together tea-time

Hear the story of the sari

and learn how to wear it.

+ tea and cake

+ stall with crafts using recycled saris

SATURDAY 11[™] SEP

3-5PM

ST MARY'S CHURCH

KIRTLINGTON

£10 including tea

Proceeds towards the churches of the Akeman Benefice. Sign up by 9th September on joannaclifford.akeman@gmail.com



Exploring faith



We hope to run a group in the autumn for those who would like to explore the Christian faith or be prepared for confirmation. Please let Gareth or Paula Clifford know if you are interested or know of someone else who might be.

People

Very warm congratulations to Anthony Hayward and Tania Janusz, who were married at the JR Hospital on 31 July. Tony is continuing his treatment there and is surprising all the doctors by his fortitude. We send him our very best wishes.

We also send greetings to Stephen Pryor who is well settled at Fewcott House. The Rector visited him recently and found him in good spirits.

We also think of other parishioners in care homes: Ian White, Ron Counter, Betty Eeley and Don Warren (respite).

A short seasonal prayer:

Lord, thank you for walking with us through the seasons of our lives.

For the winter, when we are held safe in your arms through the darkness.

For the hope of spring, as we are filled with new promise and life.

For summer time, full of warmth and colour

And for autumn days as leaves fall to seed new growth.

You are always with us.

May these people named above be aware of you with them, too.

AMEN



People are needed to help with these new activities!

Do think about it and be part of a lively team



August Happenings:

Reaching Out

Gill Summerfield reports:

A very successful Reaching Out Coffee Morning was held on Thursday 12th August at the Oxford Arms.

An enjoyable morning was had by all, sitting and chatting to friends and neighbours whom they had not seen because of lockdown restrictions. A bonus was the sun was shining, and everyone enjoyed themselves. Cakes in abundance, sausage rolls and cheese puffs made by helpers were most welcome.

It was so lovely to have some newcomers. It really was a happy morning.

One of the first-timers was Audrey who sent this appreciative note:

Thanks for making it possible for me to join the people at the meeting this morning. This was a first time for me and I really enjoyed my time seeing neighbours that I hadn't seen for a long time due to the Covid restrictions.

Could you convey my thanks, too, to the people who provided all the lovely food.





Indeed, it was quite a challenge to work our way through those cakes! A valiant effort was made, though...

Not just coffee and cakes, but also a memorable service at Bletchingdon:



The living jostled for space in **Bletchingdon** churchyard with those who have gone before, on August 15th. This was the occasion of a special service designed partly to acknowledge the effects of the pandemic and partly to welcome new parishioners

(principally but not exclusively those living in the Duchy Fields development, now almost complete). Though cool, the weather was dry and an outdoor service (in which Bletchingdon seems to specialise) was an appropriate setting for a relaxed and informal occasion. The PCC's enterprise and marketing efforts were rewarded by the appearance of a number of new people, including three families.

It was a relief and a joy to sing hymns unmasked, led by Trevor Burley on the portable keyboard kindly lent for the occasion by Kirtlington. We shared our experiences of the pandemic: the pain of not being able to see family for such a long time, and the problem of having to deal with continual uncertainty. But warm words were said by new arrivals about the kindness of their neighbours, and the strength of community spirit that has helped so much.

New light?

We reflected that although there is light at the end of the tunnel, we are still in the tunnel and in our prayers we thanked God for the skill and dedication of medical staff and scientists and asked his Spirit to comfort and strengthen all those who have suffered and continue to do so. In his sermon Gareth reminded us with a couple of apt visual aids that we are fragile and often feel so but that God longs to fill us with his Spirit, the same Spirit who changed the world thanks to the openness of another fragile vessel, the vulnerable young Mary, mother of Jesus.



The hymn books cleared away, we enjoyed a feast of appealing nibbles which had been prepared beforehand (warm thanks to the band of excellent caterers), washed down with prosecco (I could get used to this kind of service). Small children ran uninhibitedly up and down the aisles in church while their parents established relations outside - all generations relaxed and comfortable in God's space, just as He intends.

Paul Clifford



Food for thought: Article in the Church Times, 13th August 2021

Door to the Kingdom kept open

by Angela Tilby

THOSE who follow the career of the detective Hillary Greene (creation of the crime writer Faith Martin) will understand the attraction of a canalside walk through Thrupp, on the River Cherwell. Hillary lives on a canal boat, *The Mollern*, while solving crimes in Kidlington nearby.

Last Saturday, meeting with friends for coffee and lunch, we walked through sun and showers along the tow-path. North-west from Annie's Tea Rooms, we stumbled on a hidden treasure: Holy Cross, Shipton-on-Cherwell. We entered the church through an open door, and found a medieval interior restored in Gothic-revival style.

Light streamed from the east windows, drawing our eyes to the sanctuary and the altar. Everything was spectacularly clean, tidy, and well-ordered. Near the entrance were attractively produced service booklets for Sunday morning prayer and holy communion. The annual parish report of the previous year was on display for all to see, as was the parish paper. None was damp or crumpled. A notice reminded us to pray for all who had died from Covid-19. There was hand santitiser in abundance, but also, outside the porch, a bowl of water for visiting dogs.

This was a parish church that signalled that the two things that matter most are worship and welcome. Anyone could find sanctuary here, and, if they wished, find signs of faith, silently proclaimed. I later discovered that Holy Cross is part of the benefice of Yarnton with Begbroke, and that services are held there on only two Sundays out of four. Yet, to me, the church was alive and breathed community, service, and uncluttered holiness.

The Church of England is an incarnational Church, proclaiming and finding God in the physical and material realities of people's lives. There may be other ways of "expressing" church, but we must always be discerning. Even the freshest of expressions is likely to go off — a sell-by date is implied by the very name. We are part of a fickle society that craves spiritual experience at the same time as it becomes more secular.

What the parish church has to offer has become counter-cultural. It is costly to prioritise place, continuity, and landscape. It takes sacrifice and loving service from volunteers and hard-working clergy. Yet parishes are where generations continue to learn the habits of worship and service, bringing to God not only their own joys and griefs, but also those of their neighbours and the world beyond.

Last week, Save the Parish was launched: an initiative to ensure that parishes remain central to the Church's mission. Without the parish church, we lose our roots and even more of our relevance. My fee from this article will go to the PCC of Shipton-on-Cherwell, with love and grateful thanks, for keeping open a portal to the Kingdom, both within and beyond.

Editor: I am thinking of writing to Angela Tilby and inviting her to come and visit the neighbouring benefice to Shipton. She could then donate her next fee to the benefice funds... what would she make of our churches: surely we could match up?! For example, Weston church...



IN WESTON-ON THE-GREEN

While the days are still longish and the smell of newly-cut grass is in the air, take a visit to lovely Weston, and ponder over this question:

What makes Weston different from the other churches of our benefice?



Sit on one of the pews, look and think. If you need help there are very informative sheets to give some ideas. Does that give you clues as to why St Mary's is as it is?

Look for signs of an earlier church, outside... maybe a No Entry... When, how and why was it altered?

One difference is that instead of an east window there is a large painting behind the altar, said to be Italian. Can you see any evidence about that, to

support or contradict that theory?

This huge iron cross is said to be from the mast of a ship of the Spanish Armada, but how did this get to Weston, just about as far away from the sea as you can get?

Why is there a scallop shell above the door?



Where can you find this lion looking down?



What is this?

This quotation from Isaiah 12:3 was discovered during a recent restoration. Can you finish the missing words?



Paula Hessian gives us an interesting thought about what might lie behind Weston's individuality as a village:

"I always thought the fact that the whole parish belonged to the manor until 1918 made the people here 'different'. Everyone's home to a lesser or greater extent was dependant on their landlords, who may also have been their employers. The sense of freedom the sale in 1918 must have given people was what gave impetus to the fledgling WI in 1920 and the first village hall as a venue for the village club in 1921."

She also describes some individual characters:

"Our Vicars have been a colourful bunch. One was famous for the picotees (a type of carnation) he cultivated. One was named after him by a fellow enthusiast who lived in Bletchington. The Rev Davey helped young men to experience business running a chicken farm during the Depression and also took his great Dane to school. To the enjoyment of the children, the dog would lift up the desks. One vicar, Howard Johns, married into the Masons family of ironstone pottery fame and was related to two famous actors - Glynis (the mother in *Mary Poppins*) and Mervyn Johns (*Went the Day Well*?). He took part in amateur productions in the village."

If you can't manage to get to Weston, some answers to the questions above are provided by Paula, which you can find at the end of the Bulletin.



95 Intrepid Years

91 years ago, a little girl in south-west London went looking for her grandmother. She knew that her grandmother lived near a station so this little girl crossed the road and set off for

the railway line. Luckily, a man selling flowers at a stall by the station recognised her, took her hand and led her safely home.

That was the first in a lifetime of intrepid travel adventures for Pamela Miller, who celebrated her 95th birthday in August and who is a vital and lively part of the Weston-on-the-Green church and village community. The Bulletin's editor went to visit her in her photograph-and flower-filled bungalow and had a fascinating couple of hours hearing some of the stories of those years.

The memories included a wide variety of schools: from the first one, in Surrey, which was one long room with a corrugated roof and a stove in the centre around which the children's bottles of milk were warmed each merging, via a Roman Catholic convent.



Off to find Granny

milk were warmed each morning, via a Roman Catholic convent, to a grammar school in Epsom, which had a week off whenever the Epsom Derby was in full swing.

But then this peaceful-sounding existence was interrupted by the war. Surrey was a potentially dangerous place to be. Pamela remembers visiting friends on a sunny day and lying on the grass watching with fascination a dog-fight between a British and a German plane in the sky overhead. An uncle and aunt in America invited the family to safety across the waters so the females of the family, Pamela and her mother, agreed to leave the menfolk behind - Pamela's father, doing vital work as an engineer on the railways and her brother, who continued at school in Kingston.

In New Jersey the next school for young Pamela was a Quaker one, which one imagines was a strong contrast to the earlier convent. The lessons were shorter and less varied than before, but this wasn't to be an enduring change, because Pamela's mother decided she wanted to re-join her husband, so the scene was set for the next great adventure.

After one failed attempt to get on a ship from New York, which went without them, the two managed to board another which sailed to Halifax in Nova Scotia to pick up a convoy. This was early December and Pamela remembers the icicles on the deck of their container ship which had been converted to be able to take passengers. At last the convoy left the port, a series of container ships converted to take some passengers, with destroyers circling round them for their protection. As if this wasn't nerve-racking enough, not long after they had left the port in Halifax, a storm blew up. No-one was allowed on deck, but they could see the great waves high above the cabins. This lasted a whole week. When they surfaced and looked around them there was no sign of the other ships of the convoy or their protective destroyers. So they continued their journey alone, punctuated by the occasional incident such as the sunny morning, passengers happily on deck, when a German fighter plane swooped down out of nowhere and strafed the deck. Pamela relates calmly that they were so taken by surprise they didn't have time to be frightened, and "luckily it was alone and didn't return and was a poor shot". It must have been a great relief when they arrived in Scotland and were coming down the Clyde watching the nearby people on the banks, only to have a just-launched ship career out of control and crash into the side, catching the poor chief engineer's cabin! Which delayed their landing somewhat as speedy repairs were carried out.

Eventually the intrepid pair made it back to Surrey, but Pamela had no intention of a calm life. As soon as she could, aged 17 ½, she applied to join the Wrens. She was trained to check aircraft and remembers one incident when she was trying to get an engine started. Her colleagues were frantically turning the propeller and, strangely, nothing was happening. Pamela at this point remembered to turn the switch on and all was well! The Powers That Be were clearly not worried, and she was drafted to work for the Fleet Air Arm, in the Isle of Man, thankfully a shorter and less dramatic sea crossing than that of a few years earlier.

When the war was over the Wrens were disbanded and peace-time work had to be found.



Colleagues at Shell. DB 3rd from left, Pam on his left, Hugh Miller on the far right

With all this experience behind her Pam was offered a job working for Shell Aircraft Limited in London. There, she found that her boss was one Douglas Bader. Described by Pam as someone who "didn't suffer fools gladly" former fighter pilot Group Captain Sir Douglas Bader was already famous for his war heroism, his determination to join up despite prosthetic legs, and for having twice escaped capture. He was to become even more famous with the film "Reach for the Sky". For Pam the influence was more personal...

He had an aircraft, a Gemini, which he would fly to look after the Shell aircraft in Borneo, Jamaica and Africa, for long periods, taking with him his wife who had chest problems and benefitted from the warmer climes. In his absence another senior member of Group Aircraft, the Chief Aircraft Engineer, would take his place visiting aircraft manufacturers. He, in his turn, would often take with him as a colleague the efficient Pamela, who was in charge of chasing up orders. This was clearly a happy bit of teamworking as, in due course, this senior person, one Hugh Miller, and the young Pamela were married!

Married life in East Sheen followed, and the arrival of Rosalind, Richard and finally Andrew, whom many of us fondly remember from his weekend visits to his mother from the Assisted Living home where he lived. In 1980 Pamela was widowed and a few years later she came to live in Weston-on-the-Green. Since then she has been a vital part of the church and community, and through the annual sales of her plants has raised thousands of pounds for the church. The last sale alone raised £500 apparently!

You might think that the adventurous part of Pamela's life was over at that point but her travels were to continue, with many visits to family in America, and one, taking daughter Rosalind, to Australia with a week in the Northern Territories and a week in Sydney. There is no stopping Pam despite her years!

Final note from the editor: to appreciate Pam's skills and her unstoppability go quickly to the Weston village stores and Post Office and ask for one of her delicious marmalades, the sale of which supports the church. We look forward to many more years of lovely marmalade, Pam!

Nothing daunted by the cold, Pam on a chilly cruise!



From Paula Hessian - some information about St Mary's Weston-on-the-Green, to help to answer the questions above:

Why was the original church changed to be the simpler shape it is? In the early 18th century the churchwardens recorded that their church was in a bad state of repair and the Lord of the Manor Norreys Bertie, having been on the Grand Tour of Europe, undertook to have the building renovated in the then popular classical style. He immortalised himself by recording his initials and the date - 1743 - on the rainwater heads. He is buried in the church, as are many other members of his family. Look for Mary Norreys, Elizabeth Norreys and Peregrine Bertie, a naval captain whose mother was connected to Catherine of Aragon.

<u>The lion and scallop shell</u>: Before the Victorians added a porch and so obscured the pediment over the door it would have been easy to admire, as did Pevsner 100 years later, the carved architrave and frieze, with a **lion looking down**. On the inside of the doorway there is elaborate plaster decoration, said to compliment the original heavily decorated ceiling. **The scallop shell** in the centre is repeated elsewhere in the church and a medieval lead badge, denoting a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella was found in the parish in the 19th century. The scallop shell is associated with St James and Weston was once dedicated to this saint, as well as St Mary, St Bartholomew and St Nicholas.

<u>The painting in the east:</u> Along with its oblong, box like interior, Weston has no East window. Instead there is a large painting, possibly by the Italian Pompeo Batoni, brought back from his travels by Norreys Bertie. It is surrounded by cherubs and items associated with the Crucifixion. But the Ten Commandments are not in Italian, but in English, which is odd if it is Italian, unless it was especially commissioned.

<u>The mystery of the iron cross</u>: The only explanation for the presence at Weston of a large cross said to be from the Spanish Armada is a possible link between the family who donated the cross in the early 20th century and a nobleman who served Queen Elizabeth I at the time of the attempted invasion. Apparently the ironwork is of the correct age and is possibly Spanish, to support its description.

<u>The missing words on the inscription:</u> The full sentence is "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation".

<u>Additional things to note:</u> If you are lucky enough to visit around the time of a church festival, stop and enjoy the embroidered altar frontal and matching pulpit fall worked by several embroiderers in the village in celebration of the lives of two members of the community. One of these was the daughter of the wheelwright who made **the parish bier** in the 1930s and it was used, after restoration, at her funeral.

The church has no chancel, but the altar is separated from the body of the church by the altar rails, made after the First World War in grateful thanks for the safe return of men of the parish who had fought. Those of the parish who did not return from war are commemorated on the memorial. As with so many villages, some families lost more than one member - two Wise brothers and a brother and son of the wheelwright.

Many thanks to Paula for all her very interesting information