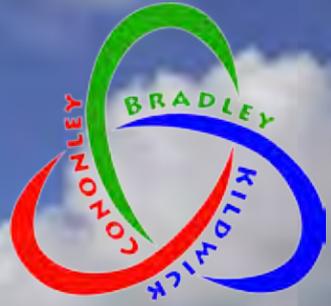


Free – but donations welcome



The Pinnacle

**A Magazine for the parish of
Kildwick, Cononley and Bradley**

*The Churches of St Andrew's,
St John's and St Mary's*

St John's is a Local Anglican/Methodist Ecumenical Partnership

March 2021

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After the pandemic...?

Fans of 'The Archers' will have been gripped by a recent story-line in which it has come to light that a local builder is a modern slaver (someone who exploits vulnerable people for their own economic purposes). Philip managed to gain the trust of three young homeless men, gave them food and a roof over their heads, and then put them to work for him without paying any wages. Ambridge is reeling from the discovery that a trusted and respectable member of the community was capable of such behaviour, and those who used his services are full of guilt that they failed to spot what was going on. The recently revamped village playground and Brookfield's converted barn feel tainted. Everyone is trying to work out how to respond to this awful thing that has happened in their midst.

When something big happens in a community or a country, there's an immediate impact, but its reverberations continue for a long time, reaching out far and wide. They resonate for years to come. Think about wars, or natural or man-made disasters. The names 'Aberfan', 'Chernobyl',

'Grenfell' are all evocative, as is the date '9/11'. The immediate need is for a crisis response – to look after the afflicted, providing food and water and shelter. But there's a longer-term need too. Once the crisis has passed, the community needs time to reflect, to process what's happened to it, to grieve –



“ ... support for the millions ... who have been bereaved ”

and then to formulate its response as to how it's going to live in the light of the event.

As I write this, it's almost exactly 11 months to the date that the first lockdown was introduced in response to Covid-19. The first anniversary will fall on March 23rd. We've just received the Government's four-month 'road map' charting the way forward towards something approaching pre-pandemic normality. We're not out of the woods yet, but there are real grounds for hoping that the initial crisis may well be coming to an end. That's great news. But experience teaches us that living through something like the last year can't simply be shrugged off

and forgotten. As a country and in our local communities we will need to take time to reflect and process, to grieve our losses and to decide how we're going to respond.

One such response has been proposed by the Marie Curie charity that cares for and supports those with terminal illness. It's inviting people to make 23rd March a 'National Day of Reflection' – a time to reflect on our collective loss, support those who have been bereaved and hope for a brighter future. The charity suggests that we pause for a minute's silence at 12 noon to show support for the millions of people who have been bereaved over the last year, and take a moment to reach out to someone we know who's grieving, by having a chat, or sending a card, a message or some flowers. At the end of this letter you'll find a prayer from the Church of England that you might find helpful to use on that day.

Christians are well-placed to help their communities in this process of reflection, processing, grieving and finding a way forward. We inhabit a story shaped by world-shaking events – the exodus from slavery in Egypt; the exile in Babylon; the death and resurrection of Jesus. Sunday by Sunday we remember who we are in the light of these events. At the end of the current season of Lent we enter into the

darkness of Holy Week, when the storm clouds gather and all hell lets loose – when it seems on the ironically-named Good Friday that all hope is lost. Good Friday is followed by the empty desolation of Holy Saturday – and then comes the dizzying, world-changing joy of Easter Day. This is the story that marks and shapes Christians, the story out of which we live. It contains sorrow and lament, space for reflection, and profound hope. My hope and prayer is that as local churches we will be able to serve our communities by helping them to navigate this process, as we emerge from lockdown into a new, post-pandemic normality. That we can provide the space and resources needed to help everyone to reflect, process and grieve – and move on in hope.

With every blessing



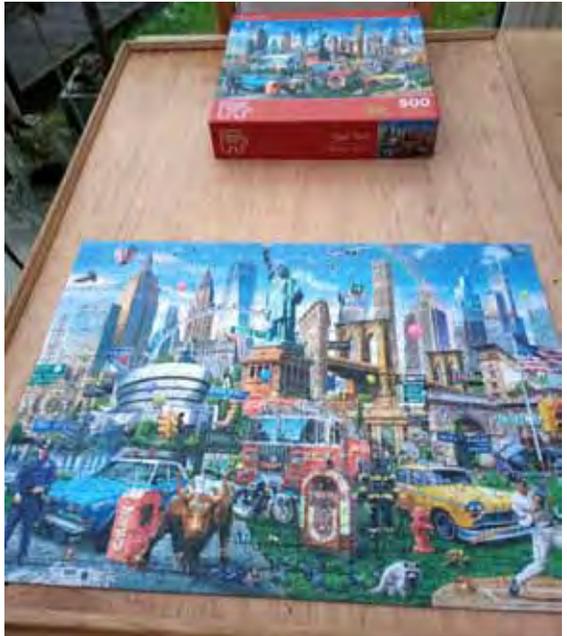
***Gracious God,
as we remember before you the
thousands who have died,
surround us and all who mourn
with your strong compassion.***

***Be gentle with us in our grief,
protect us from despair, and give
us grace to persevere
and face the future with hope in
Jesus Christ our risen Lord.
Amen.***

Jigsaw Mania

It all began in March 2020, the first lockdown. Like the majority of my friends I initially took this opportunity to clean out cupboards, declutter my wardrobe, decorate a couple of bedrooms and spend a great deal of time tidying the garden. In fact, the garden was so perfect even the weeds were afraid to grow.

After a few weeks I felt I had completed all related household tasks and apart from a daily walk or reading a book, there was little to occupy myself with. That is when a kind friend left two jigsaws on my doorstep. It had been



many years since I had done a jigsaw but I was happy to give it a try. In no time at all I had completed them and another friend left me two more.

Fortunately, we came out of lockdown and enjoyed a few months of social activities. I had a wonderful few days in Northumberland but on my return we were once again going into lockdown.

Out came the jigsaws once again, friends keeping me supplied on a regular basis. This is when it became apparent I was obsessed with doing jigsaws. One morning around 11.00 a.m. I was passing the dining room table and stopped to put a couple of pieces in and before I knew it the clock said 6.45 p.m. and I hadn't even stopped for lunch! I had been completely engrossed on finishing the jigsaw. It became a challenge on how quickly I could complete them.

I am trying to ration myself each day to doing no more than an hour (but it is very tempting to put that one piece in). This is my latest completion which took 5 days. Thank goodness the time will come when I can go out and buy material to do some sewing and go back to the gym etc. and leave the jigsaws until the winter months.

Sandie

Love in a time of COVID

It has been, in the words of the Chief executive of the NHS, a year that few will wish to remember and none will be able to forget. The numbers are chilling - at the time of writing over 100,000 deaths so far in the UK alone. And so many more worldwide. We have been subjected to a frightening taste of what it must have been like to live through the great Influenza pandemic that swept the globe at the end of the First World War. Bad as things have been, this time at least we have been so much better equipped through modern science and technology to fight back relatively quickly, and certainly more effectively. Thanks to the ingenuity of universities, research labs and pharmaceutical companies worldwide we can at least begin to look forward now to a time when mass vaccination will eventually prevent the great majority of this awful disease burden. And also this time we have the staff in our incomparable National Health Service rapidly developing better and better treatments for those with severe and life-threatening covid complications.

I spent the first half of my professional career working in the NHS, and the latter half at the University of Leeds managing the education and training of nurses, midwives, radiographers, radiotherapists, ultrasonographers, pharmacists, biomedical scientists and others. Working with our colleagues in the medical school we produced each year thousands of skilled and dedicated healthcare professionals to serve in the NHS. If you ever asked the students why they were there they would almost always reply with some version of "because I wanted to care for people". Each year at graduation ceremonies we would listen as the newly qualifying doctors recited together the Hippocratic Oath and the moment never failed to move us, reminding so powerfully as it does that we work with people not "cases", while calling us to the highest ethical standards and commitment. It never crossed our minds then of course that by the time those graduating students in front of us had reached the pinnacle years of their professional practice they would be on the front line of the greatest challenge ever faced by the NHS, almost overwhelming it.

Delivering today's healthcare requires a staggering array of highly specialist roles among its healthcare professionals. The knowledge, skills and experience required in each of these roles are constantly expanding and changing as the medical sciences draw on latest research to provide better and more effective care. But not everything changes; not everything in healthcare is about the science and technology. I read

recently about the experience of a hospital chaplain called to administer the last rites to a man dying of covid. He made his way to the ward and put on his PPE. He described the scene laid out before him there as he entered the room. There were six healthcare professionals gathered around the dying man's bedside. Two were holding his hands. Several were crying, the tears running down their faces into the masks they wore beneath their uncomfortable PPE headgear. One of the nurses quietly and gently prayed aloud as the patient they had cared for, had fought for, slowly passed away. It was, said the chaplain, the holiest thing he had ever seen.

Looking back I could wish that we had done more to prepare our students for the relentless pressure of a constant stream of desperately sick patients, the physical exhaustion of endless shifts, the inevitable feelings of frustration and hopelessness when nothing you do can help any more, and the emotional toll of losing patient after patient before their time. But then hindsight is always 20/20. Anyway, I think they probably came to us already better prepared with an understanding of what was needed at the core of their chosen profession, and a commitment to give it, greater than we could ever have given them. To that heart-rending bedside scene so movingly described by the chaplain those staff brought so much more than their scientific knowledge and technical expertise, important as those are; they brought the light of love into the darkest of circumstances – thank God.



*John Hudson
February 2021*

One Special Disc



In 1965 a young lady invited me to visit her in Norfolk. She suggested I bring some records (33rpm) with me. I selected with care these 3 : the Kingston Trio; Italian folk songs by Gigli and Schubert's Piano trio Op.99.

When I arrived Sarah said "I'm looking forward to hearing what you brought, but just listen to this." She put on her gramophone Schubert's Piano trio Op.99.

We were married in 1966.

Robert Holland

Separating teabags

Once upon a time, a long time ago, I was out on a hack, when the horse I was riding lost its footing in some mud, fell onto its knees and nose, and sent me shooting off, to land badly on my right wrist. Six months, two



operations, a surgical plate and a tendon transfer later, I was able to take off my cast and splints and return to normal.

Except that I wasn't. That first day of "freedom", my wrist was so stiff that I couldn't actually move it, and the grip in my right hand was so weak that I couldn't even separate two teabags. I stared at my hands in disbelief. It was a long process of rehabilitation and it was painful.

As we begin to think about coming out of lockdown, we may envisage ourselves returning to doing things exactly as we did them before – but the reality will probably be different. We will probably find that we are in fact nervous about doing things we used to do unthinkingly. We may be made more nervous than we used to be in crowds, or if we hear someone coughing right next to us. We may find things that we haven't done for a while, like trying on clothes in shops or singing in church feel really, really odd, and not at all comfortable. Or it may be that we feel ready to go straight back to doing everything, but that our friends and family members do not. I have already heard quite a few people expressing real anxiety about whether a return to "normality" will be safe. We have all become a little institutionalised, and we will all need time to heal and regain our strength-our emotional and psychological and spiritual strength.

So, if you find that the idea of "unlocking" actually makes you feel apprehensive, be gentle with yourselves - don't rush it - and try not to rush anyone else. Take time to listen to your own feelings and to one another. Many people are coming out of this lockdown bereaved, impoverished and depressed. It's not all going to be magically "over" in June.

The letter to the Colossians says "Therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, clothe yourselves with hearts of compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness, and patience." It may take a while, but we will get there...

One cup of tea at a time.

Revd. Kalantha Brewis (a colleague of Julie's)

PCC Meeting

The PCC of the parish met on 23rd February. You'll have to wait for the official reports from Madam Secretary – but here are a few impressions...

We met, of course, via Zoom. It is good not to have to get the car out on a cold and blustery day and, maybe, even better not to have to wend our weary way home again afterwards – but it is difficult properly to engage with a grid of postage-stamp-sized images on screen.

It was nearly a full turn-out and we moved reasonably swiftly through the agenda. Safeguarding was at the top and we had a resumé of the progress so far with arranging DBS checks for the whole PCC before touching on further actions that will ensure that we're up to speed on this important aspect of our church life.

Some time was spent debating the opening of our churches as the national regulations relaxed. We agreed unanimously that we should be open for Easter Sunday – and a service will be held in each of our three churches on that morning. Some churches may open informally for private prayer before then. You'll need to wait to hear the full pattern of services from then onward. Sadly it is unlikely, I think, that the church bells will ring out at St Andrew's though we may get the clock chiming a bit sooner.

We touched briefly on the work to renovate St Andrew's church but we agreed that the church path at St John's was in urgent need of re-laying and that work was put in hand.

The agenda completed, we wended our weary way home –
with a simple click of the mouse! Yippee!

Chris Wright



Women's World Day of Prayer

The Women's World Day of Prayer this year is on March 5th – but we obviously shan't be able to meet as we have done normally. We hope that if circumstances allow, we may be able to hold it later in the year.

However, I have some copies of the programme available if anyone would like to take part themselves. If you would like a copy then either ring me (01535 630735) or email me on glynggb@icloud.com

Glyn Evans

Communication – An Art Form?

In these present times, whilst watching the news and government briefings, it has occurred to me that there are many different styles in which people disseminate information. It could vary from a message delivered in a clear and sensitive way to a bumbling ramble which leaves the recipient slightly at a loss as to exactly what is supposed to be happening. Of course, when the message is not what one really wants to hear, as in current times; it makes the task more difficult.

This was a problem I sometimes encountered working as a teacher and later with North Yorkshire's Advisory Service. When teaching the children if I could find a way of making them feel that they were part of the process by making the lessons engaging and interactive, with a little bit of fun and humour thrown in then, with a fair wind in our sails, things usually went to plan. Not always though. I would sometimes be met with a sea of faces looking at me as though I'd just arrived from Planet Zog and they didn't have a clue as to what I'd been 'going on about'!!

It was a different case when running some of the training sessions at the time of the rolling out of the National Strategies as it was a fairly relentless time of change. Although we tried to find ways of making the message more user friendly, especially for the particular needs of North Yorkshire's many village schools, it wasn't always well received. As with most things new ideas need time to embed.

How do you make the unpalatable more bearable? The seriousness of the situation we are at present facing probably cannot be lightened with humour or by giving half the facts; that would neither be appropriate nor helpful. Then again, when the situation is as worrying as Coronavirus undoubtedly is, it is counterproductive to fill people with fear; yet there isn't time to allow the message to filter through and give people time to adjust either.

There have been countless times throughout history when people have faced similar difficulties; they are well recorded in the Bible. So, I wondered how would the Prophets have dealt with the news briefings? Would Elijah have scared us all with his fiery and confrontational delivery or would Isaiah's wise words and earnest delivery have fallen on deaf ears just as they did in the 8th Century B.C.E? Would we be antagonistic or, even worse, apathetic if it were Jeremiah delivering the message? Could Ezekiel have grabbed our attention with his clear and powerful entreaties, or would Daniel's calm manner and thoughtful words make us sit up and listen?

Traidcraft Eggs for Easter

I'm sure you know that Fairtrade Fortnight this year runs from 22nd February until 7th March. Here's your chance to support farmers all over the world and get your Easter eggs, knowing that the workers who produced them are earning a fair wage for so doing. What's not to like?

This year's Meaningful Easter Egg comes with a 24 page story and activity book. It tells the story of the first Easter: the final week of Jesus's life and the events of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Day.

The milk chocolate version costs £5 and the dark chocolate one is £5.95. There is a fun pack which has six small foil wrapped eggs in it (£5), There are packs of mini-eggs (my favourite) at £4.04 – milk chocolate, plain chocolate and speckled and all are foil wrapped.

The Divine Luxury milk egg is filled with smooth praline mini-eggs and the dark chocolate version has "deliciously rich" mini eggs within. They each retail at £10, or a simpler Divine egg comes at £5. You can choose between Dark Raspberry, Hazelnut Truffle dark chocolate or Tangy Orange milk chocolate.

If you would like to order any of these, then either ring me on 01535 634526 or email me – jill@woodchipcomputers.co.uk. I will need your order by **Sunday 14th March** but you pay me when I deliver your goods.

I'm really looking forward to running a Fair Trade stall again – but please think about ordering from me right now!

Jill Wright



It takes someone remarkable with a rare gift to appeal to the majority, someone who is so much a part of us that they understand what we need to hear and how to convey the information. Someone who could draw thousands of people together or who is not afraid to stand up to those who query the message and does not exclude people because they do not fit the accepted profile. Of course, there is a person like that; Jesus – and he most definitely has communication down to an art form.

Eileen Boothman

Jesus, Lamb of God,
when you walked this earth
you did not consider
heavenly equality,
though that was yours to choose,
but took the role of servant,
and in humility
and obedience
allowed the rough nails of our sin
to be hammered into your flesh
for the sake of our salvation.
And so it is
that we acknowledge you
as Lord of all,
to the glory of God the Father,
Son and Spirit, Three.
Amen

Your love,
which breathed this world into being,
established a covenant people,
brought them out of captivity
and into a promised land.
Hallelujah!

Your love,
which from the moment of our birth
has known and called us by name
from out of this world's slavery
into the kingdom of God.
Hallelujah!

Your love,
poured into the heart of Jesus
who endured the nails of our sin,
defeated death to rise again
and causes our hearts to sing
Hallelujah!

When everything was dark
and it seemed that the sun would
never shine again,
your love broke through.

Your love was too strong,
too wide,
too deep
for death to hold.

The sparks cast by your love
dance and spread
and burst forth
with resurrection light.

Gracious God,
We praise you for the light of new life
made possible through Jesus.
We praise you for the light of new life
that shone on the first witnesses of
resurrection.
We praise you for the light of new life
that continues to shine in our hearts
today.

We pray that the Easter light of life,
hope and joy,
will live in us each day;
and that we will be bearers of that light
into the lives of others.
Amen.

Gardening

I always dreaded February but, since becoming a gardener, it's almost my favourite time of year. The garden looks a mess – or should do, if not made all pristine last Autumn – but seeing it slowly coming alive lets you anticipate Spring in all its loveliness and sense of renewal.



The bulbs are poking up, the hellebores are in full array, the trees and shrubs are miraculously budding, and my resident blackbirds are playing the love game big time.

Gardeners used to dig their flower beds in early spring. Not the best thing to do now that we know the top layers of soil are a complex ecosystem teeming with life that recycles the sun's energy into nutrients for the plants. The soil ideally

should have been mulched to protect it against winter weather and so now's the time to cut back dead stuff, dig out weeds and apply manure or garden compost if not done in the winter.

But check a trowel-full of soil first; if it's dark, crumbly and has worms it doesn't need anything. One of the biggest mistakes is to over-fertilise your soil. Home grown compost is one of the best things to put on your garden and it is free, once you've set up your containers: dalek bins available cheaply from the council, wooden bins, or home made from old pallets, or even upcycled plastic. Layer the bottom with twigs. Then add green stuff (uncooked kitchen waste, plant material, grass cuttings) mixed equally with brown stuff (woody plant materials, twigs, chopped or shredded, cardboard torn up) Make sure that at any point there's 50% green and 50% brown stuff.



Cononley WI



The nights are getting longer and we are looking forward to Spring! The green shoots in our gardens and pots are growing nicely so it won't be long before we are seeing those wonderful yellow golden daffodils.

The WI members are meeting up in pairs to go for regular walks, "Keeping our social distance", and maintaining our telephone calls to each other to ensure everybody is safe and well. The Book Club is still being run by Carolyn Scarr - many thanks Carolyn.

We are all looking forward to when the WI is able to meet and enjoy each other's company, even if it's just for a cup of tea/coffee and a piece of cake. I hope it won't be too long before we are inviting new members to join Cononley WI.

In the meantime stay safe and well.

Pauline Link
President Cononley WI



This mixing is critical; not doing it is the main reason compost heaps fail. It maintains air and moisture which beneficial bacteria love and nasty ones hate. Thus, you always get a lovely earthy smell. Red, striped tiger worms, specialists in compost, will appear like magic, no need to buy them in.

Bacteria and fungi will be on the material you put in the bin already and very quickly the rich biosystem that is a compost heap will be in full swing. It will work best in warm weather, be on overdrive in hot spells and nearly stop in the winter.

Right now the worms have come back in force; some like it cold, some hot and some middling. You can turn it after a few weeks, but if you mix the greens and browns well you'll still get compost - it'll just take longer. Maybe 6 months. It's ready when it's dark brown and crumbly.

It's as simple as that. The fertiliser industry has conned everyone into thinking that only with their bags of synthetic compost will your plants flourish. They may do for a short time but over the long term these chemicals interrupt the cycle of life in the soil and kill off all the creatures that really serve your plants well and support wildlife in your garden. So, get composting!

Joan Nicholson

Pudding

Seasons in the Countryside

I am not going to bore you all and write about how horrible February's weather has been because we all have had to endure the freezing cold temperatures and snowfalls and they are perhaps best forgotten. Instead, I am going to tell you all about my little duck, Pudding and how she felt the call of the wild and flew away.

Last Easter, a couple brought me a little duckling they had found all alone on the beck side at Sutton as they knew I rescued orphaned ducklings. She was no more than a day old when she arrived. I have never seen a more beautiful duckling; she was the most beautiful yellow and I immediately thought, 'I'm going to call you Custard'. However, as I knew she would not stay yellow for long, I called her Pudding instead.

Coincidentally, within a few hours of Pudding arriving, my friend rang me to say she had found five abandoned ducklings and could she bring them along. They were in a really bad way and, unfortunately, within an hour of them arriving two didn't make it. Nonetheless I put the other three in with Pudding and straight away they all bonded.

The three ducklings were definitely mallards with their distinctive markings, but Pudding remained a mystery to me. Even though they were roughly around the same age, Pudding was a lot bigger. After a few weeks, her white feathers started coming through so to my mind she was taking the shape of either a Call or a Pekin. Her distinctive feature was the loveliest orange beak.

Once I felt they were all big enough I introduced them to my pet ducks. Although they all got along famously together; the young ducks refused to go to bed with the others in the big duck shed so they slept in a little hut next door. Eventually they outgrew that hut and could no longer squeeze through the door, so they decided to sleep outside under the plum tree.

By this point they were already taking to the skies and flying round, always within view of our land without venturing far away. I never clip the wings of ducks I rescue as it is only right that, at some point, they go back to the wild where they belong.

One morning, about mid-January, Pudding was nowhere to be seen. Three days later I had still had no sight of her until I happened to see a photo on Facebook of a certain duck that someone had snapped down by the river in Cononley. It was my little girl, Pudding, I was so happy to see her!



Snowdrops in Cononley

These are wonderful at present. 2 superb places to see them are :-

Cononley Churchyard

Bridge Cottage

Take Netherghyll Lane out of Cononley and follow the road up past the church taking left and right turns.

Stop at a bridge across a beck and walk over and look to your right at the banks of the beck.

Crowds of snowdrops glimmer up the banks and up into the garden behind "Bridge Cottage". Bring a camera!



Bible Reading Notes

You can get your Bible reading notes for a year at a slightly reduced rate and delivered to you free of charge!

Single issues of New Daylight currently cost £4.70. However, if we order more than five full sets for one year, the cost to each individual is £14.25 and with free postage.

The large print copy retails at £5.95 or £17.85 for a year's subscription.

If you would like to order any copies of these notes either individually or for a full year, ***please let me know by the end of March.***

Ring me (01535 634526) or email me – jill@woodchipcomputers.co.uk



Since, she has been spotted many times down by the river usually around the same place and to make this story even better, it turns out Pudding has got herself a boyfriend; a mallard drake who hangs around with her. Its lovely to think she is only down the river and not too far away, so it is a very happy outcome for all concerned. More often than not, I never see my rescue ducks again, but Pudding seems to have made her home on the riverbank in Cononley.

Jigsaw Kids Ministry

The Latest Jigsaw Kids Ministry Zoom Prayer meeting was held on 16th February with about 30 attendees from all over the country from Churches that support Jigsaw.



We began with prayers for Beth who recently passed away. Beth has worked in Manila with Jigsaw for 17 years and lived in one of the areas where Jigsaw works. She has been Programme Coordinator and will be sadly missed.

Jigsaw provides Bible, prayer, activity and food packs to more than 2000 children each week and this number is increasing all the time. During the pandemic these packs are taken out to the families. Additional funding received last month has enabled a new initiative where one hot meal a week is provided for these children and young people and new volunteers are cooking, packing and distributing this food. Funds are needed to support this new work in the future.

Jigsaw provides school sponsorship to 100 children and young people providing school books, food allowance, uniforms and internet data. During the pandemic Samsung tablets have been loaned to support online learning and school at Home packs. More sponsorship is always welcome.

The Children with Disability Programme provides therapy and home packs each week to 30 families with a disabled child and Gemma and Ruth take these out and support the families.

The Ladies Sewing at Home provides 700 packs each week to enable ladies to sew in their homes whilst they cannot meet together. Also an online prayer and bible study group has been set up by some of these ladies, led by a member of the Jigsaw Team.

The Jigsaw Leadership Team are meeting next week to develop a new three year Strategic Plan; please pray for this. Lendehl who is head of the Trustees is still suffering with the after effects of Covid19 so please pray for him and for Jolly and all the Jigsaw Team in Manila

Tim Lee and his family are returning to England in July after two years in Kuala Lumpur and Tim is meeting with CMS to plan for the future with his work with Jigsaw and with CMS Asia. Please pray for all the family

Disks on a Deserted Island

(For copyright reasons, we'll keep to this title for now!)

As a spin-off from a chat after Sunday morning Zoom, Julie suggested that we write about the eight disks we'd take to a deserted island. There have been several contributions - which we'll spread out over the next few months. Thank you! We start with David Clarke from Cononley...

O God, Our Help in Ages Past This brings back memories of the daily school chapel services, when we had a daily short service with a hymn. This was often sung, as it was on the morning of the death of my young six years old brother, when I was told to go to school and not say anything. I was sixteen at the time.

Heve You Got a Loight Boy? Sung by Alan Smethurst, the Norfolk Singing Postman singing with guitar in the Norfolk dialect. This will remind me of my Norfolk roots.

Strangers in the Night Big Hit by Frank Sinatra in 1966. This record came out around the time Elsie and I met in April, engaged within three days, and married in October 1966.

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring I always find this very moving. It was played at our wedding in October 1966 at All Saints Church, Sudbury Suffolk.

Lift High The Cross A wonderful uplifting hymn sung by thousands of folk at the 150th anniversary of the Diocese of Ripon – at Harrogate Show Ground in 1986 – all thirteen verses!

Love Me, Love My Dog sung by Peter Shelley – a 1975 hit. Another piece to raise my spirits, but often played on the radio on a Saturday lunch time as I was delivering bread and groceries in and around Stutton, south of Ipswich (1974-1978).

Highland Cathedral always my choice when, at Hand bells practice in Ripon, "does anyone have a favourite for us to play"?

Be Still, for the Presence of the Lord The words really hit home and I often include them in the Intercessions in St John's, words from verse 5, "Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place".

My luxury item would be a large Cross stitch kit, ideally a Norfolk country scene with an Eastern Counties red single deck bus (ideally KNG 711, my regular vehicle for a time at Norwich where I lived). Perhaps a sound recording of it being driven through Beccles could be sneaked into the cross stitch packet; nothing like a sound of a five cylinder Gardner engine!

David Clarke

Mothering Sunday and Mother's Day

Many years ago, sons and daughters were sent out from home to be "in service". At any age from about 10 upwards children would be sent away to work, either "in service" in a house or apprenticed to a skilled craftsman. They would live away from the confines of what may have been an overcrowded home.

Each Sunday in Lent sees a relaxation of the strict rules of Lent. But on the fourth Sunday, when the introit for the day begins "*Laetare Hierusalem et conventum facite omnes qui diligitis eam*" (Rejoice, Jerusalem and gather together all who love her), it called for something special! It became the tradition in the 16th century that people would gather on this Sunday to worship at their "mother" church. This would be the most significant church in the area, as opposed to smaller worship centres in towns and villages and so this became quite a significant "pilgrimage" for some and a much-anticipated gathering of families.



Children in service or apprenticeships would normally be given this day off to go to their mother church and to join in with this gathering. This became known as "Mothering Sunday" and, though "Mothering" referred to the mother church, rather than any maternal figurehead, children, who likely hadn't seen their mothers for some time, would bring their mums flowers and cakes as gifts.

You can well imagine a great culinary fuss being made in the kitchens of many households, to make sure that their young protégé had a cake to take with her that would outclass the offerings of the other Big Houses in the district!

It wasn't until Charles II returned to England after his exile in France with his French chefs that cakes began to be covered in sugar. Earlier cake decoration involved the moulding of marchpane (an early marzipan made of ground almonds). In a traditional Simnel cake, a layer of marchpane was baked inside – and used in a decorative layer on top. The cake is then decorated with eleven balls around the edge. In some traditions these are equally spaced around the cake but in others, they are spaced for twelve – but with one space empty. These represent the twelve Apostles, carefully omitting Judas Iscariot.

Nowadays, of course, we don't send our children off into what often amounted to little more than child slavery. The observance of Lent and the accompanying fasting has waned and the excitement of "Laetare Sunday" or "Refreshment Sunday" has largely died. The focus of Mothering Sunday has shifted from the church and its community to the "mothers" that society and the commercial world most easily recognise in the name. In a church context, "Mothering" is firmly rooted in the loving care of all those who care for us and there is also a deep concern for those for whom this is a difficult time – the childless and the bereaved as well as those who for an unguessed-at reason have cause not to "rejoice and gather". Perhaps today's commercial world would do well to reflect that!

Mothers' Day in the USA has no roots in religion but, unlike Mothering Sunday, it is focussed on mothers. And it doesn't happen during Lent!

Ann Jarvis, a West Virginian of some note, said, *"I hope and pray that someone, sometime, will found a memorial mothers' day commemorating her for the matchless service she renders to humanity in every field of life. She is entitled to it."*

Her daughter Anna decided to make her mother's wish a reality. She organized a memorial service for her, and all mothers, in her home town of Grafton, West Virginia. Now recognized as the first official observance of Mothers' Day, this ceremony took place on May 10, 1908. It became a national holiday in 1914. American Mothers' Day is now celebrated on the second Sunday in May.

Today both days are marked in the same way with the usual cards, flowers, chocolates and dining out that our commercial world dictate. Behind all of that, they both very laudably celebrate all that mothers are for us. But we don't actually celebrate "Mothers' Day" in the UK, whatever we may call it.

Mothers' Day is in May. The English Lenten celebration has far deeper roots.

Chris Wright

The Birds in Your Garden *Nestboxes*



With lockdown three still in place and not likely to be relaxed for a few months, I won't be the only one watching garden birds more closely than in previous years, and what better way to see more of them and help them at the same time than putting up some nestboxes? With birds actively seeking nesting places, it's still not too late to get them up.

The first thing to think about is what you hope to attract, since different species have different requirements. There are plenty of sources of help, and the BTO is a good place to start.

Most boxes are not used every year, so you may need to persevere, and maybe move them from one year to the next to find the best place. Oh, and it's not just birds that use them, for example, some bees do and they are worth watching too.

Some things to think about when putting up your nest box:

If nest boxes of the same type are too close together it may promote aggressive behaviour between neighbours. Keep them away from bird feeders too, to avoid disturbance.

Shelter your box from the weather - the front should be slightly angled downwards to prevent rain from entering, and not facing the prevailing wind and rain or strong sunlight.

Ideally, they should be 1-3m above the ground and fixed to tree trunks, fence posts or similar. If your box has a hole for its entrance, avoid obscuring it with foliage - a clear flight path is important. Make sure it isn't easily accessible to cats and think about adding a metal plate around the hole to deter squirrels. Conversely, open-fronted nest boxes should be hidden from view - attached to a shrub or creeper covered wall or fence.

A box with a 32mm entrance hole fixed on the wall of a house might attract House Sparrows, and you could try a terrace, as they like nesting communally. For Starlings try a box with a 45mm hole.

Making your own nest box is fun and not difficult. Have a look at "Nest boxes: Your Complete Guide", available from the BTO shop to find out more.

Wood is the best material and should be at least 15 mm thick to provide insulation. Pine is easy to cut and its natural resins ensure a reasonable life, whilst hard woods such as oak are more weather resistant, but harder to cut, and can warp. Use a water-based preservative on the outside and leave the inside bare; there is no need to add any lining.

If you decide to buy one, you have a massive choice, so look around. Good nest boxes will use natural materials that provide plenty of insulation and are easily cleaned. Avoid bright colours, whacky designs, and those incorporated with a bird table! Avoid too, boxes that have a perch on the front: they just make life easier for predators.



Wherever your nestbox comes from, it must have a roof that can be opened easily for cleaning at the end of the season (a vital task come October, to eliminate parasites) and for visits to monitor progress. You can also get boxes that contain a camera.

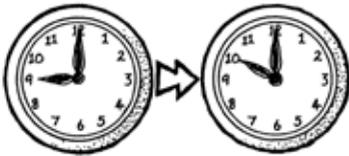
To maximise the effect of your acquisition why not join the BTO's Nesting Neighbours scheme and record your success (or lack of it!). All the information gathered helps build their knowledge base and allows them to monitor our garden birds' breeding success.

If you find the lives of our garden birds to be of interest, and would like to join in and count the feathered occupants of your garden, please visit the BTO Garden BirdWatch website (www.bto.org/gbw).

Mike Gray gbwmike@gmail.com.

The Back Page

The back story that never made it into John, chapter 2?



Don't forget!

Clocks "Spring Forward" on 28th March!
Don't be caught on the hop...

Deadlines

Had your jab(s)? Looking forward to them? Tell us!
Get your pen/keyboard out for the April edition
The deadline for this is

Thursday 25th March

– when we'll be looking forward to Holy Week and Easter!

Please let us have your material at least by then
(but earlier is better!)

Thank you Brenda!

Both the front cover (a "different" Pinnacle!) and the Prayer Page come from Brenda Brock's camera this month.

Next time, we'll want some nice cheerful spring images to cheer us all up!