St. Michael & All Angels
CHURCH IN THE PARK | LIVING, LOVING, SERVING

outLook

The magazine for the people of Hughenden Parish | **JUNE 2025** | FREE

INSIDE: ***Eggsploring Fun*** | Flower Festival | **Nature Note**

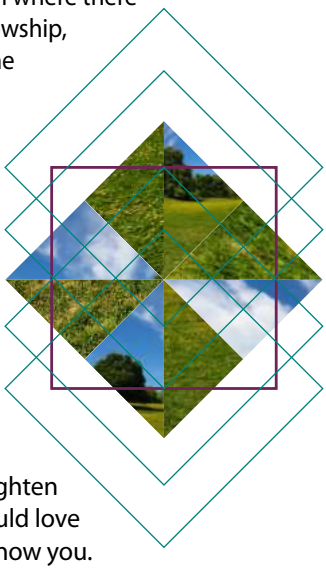
Welcome to **Your Church**

This magazine serves the parish in which our beautiful church of St Michael & All Angels is situated. Outlook aims to give you a flavour of what it is to live in Hughenden and to worship here.

There has been a place of worship and prayer on this site since the 12th century and today the church is open for anyone wishing to wander around or sit a while in its peace. We are an open, welcoming and inclusive church where there are many opportunities for fellowship, social activities and of course the possibility for spiritual growth.

Outlook is published monthly. Articles or comments can be submitted to mag@hughendenparishchurch.org.uk. The deadline is the 15th of the month. If you would like the magazine delivered then please contact Andrew Cole - 01494 305020.

We hope you find something here to interest, inform or enlighten you. We wish you well and would love to have the chance to get to know you.



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Editors *Sylvia Clark, Christopher and Jane Tyrer, Susan Brice*

Design *Ben Brice*

Printing *Andrew Cole, Brian Clark, Roger Grant*

Distribution *Andrew Cole and Team*

Grant us Lord, faith to believe and strength to do thy will

www.hughendenparishchurch.org.uk

Dear Readers

We hope you like this cover picture of our park; though the buttercups might be all but over by the time you read this. I was contemplating lying down on the grass to get a worm's eye view to adorn the cover. Happily, Jonathan, the son of Chief Editor Sylvia Clark (and Brian, of course), saw this view and gave us the picture. He was visiting from Australia and, whilst he was here, his first grandchild (a boy) was born. He was very excited (I've seen some of the 100s of photos already sent across the world to his phone) and no doubt felt very far away. Susan mentions in her story that she often visits the US (to see family).

I can hear as I write that our new next-door neighbours have parents arriving to see their new baby: their first grandchild. It set me thinking about families who are apart over distances: not just necessarily half across the world, and about those who have no family. Some of our congregation are about to move nearer their children, others are moving into accommodation with a level of support. Younger members of the congregation may be longing for/dreading the time when their chicks fly the nest.

We often refer to the 'Church Family' and we see everyday examples of love, support and caring that come from the friendships built up through the Church. We often hear from visitors and new members that we are a friendly, loving Church. I hope that is a general experience: I know I find it difficult to approach and talk to strangers, but I see very many of our Church Family providing a very warm welcome: I must try harder.

The world is a challenging, perhaps frightening, place at the moment: hopefully the warmth of St Michael & All Angels can soften its edges.

Jane and Christopher Tyrer
Editor

NB Some of the above is written in the first person, rather than the usual editorial or actual 'we', for reasons of truth and common sense: it means me, Jane, although I, Christopher, agree … of course.

Not from the Vicarage

Helen Peters

Associate Minister

St Michael & All Angels, Hughenden

Regular readers may remember my Sabbatical last year, which included the first 15 days of a (silent) retreat at St. Bueno's Jesuit Spiritual Centre in North Wales.

I feel very privileged to have just returned from St. Beuno's for a second time having now completed the full 30 days of the (silent) 'St. Ignatius Full Spiritual Exercises'. It has been amazing, and I shall write about the experience in more detail another time.

Whilst on retreat I was reminded of my April 1992 musical theatre debut in a production of Godspell. Over the first 5 days of the retreat I was asking God for the 'gift of an ever-deepening knowledge of Jesus: to see him more clearly, love him more dearly and to follow him more nearly – day by day'. These were the lyrics of the song I delivered back in 1992!

It was an opportunity to immerse myself in the gospel stories of Jesus, to imagine myself there, walking closely alongside Jesus in my imagination, discovering more of his character: his extravagant love, compassion and grace, his patience with those who doubted and were slow to grasp his message, his heart for the marginalised and hatred of hypocrisy and injustice.

Another significant event on retreat was the funeral of Pope Francis II – a Jesuit, whose life was founded on the principles of St. Ignatius. Pope Francis knew what it was to 'see Jesus clearly, love

him dearly and follow him nearly'. I was struck by some words Pope Francis wrote from hospital:

> *'Respect yourself, respect others. Walk your own path and let go of the path others have chosen for you. Respect, do not comment, do not judge, do not interfere. Love more, forgive more, embrace more, live more intensely. And leave the rest in the hands of the creator'.*

As I enjoy being back home (and talking freely!) my desire is to continue to know, love and follow Jesus and to share the incredible things he has done for you the reader, and for me – I'd love you to join with me on the adventure.

For those who don't know:

Godspell, based on St Matthew's Gospel, was the first musical theatre offering from composer Stephen Schwartz who went on to write among others - Wicked. The show features a comedic troupe of players who team up with Jesus to teach his lessons in a new age through parables, games, and tomfoolery.

With a range of musical expression Jesus' life is played out onstage and, even after the haunting crucifixion, it shows how Jesus' message of kindness, tolerance and love lives on.

Ringing Out In Celebration

Our bells rang out in celebration on 8th May, to mark the 80th anniversary of VE Day. We rang for 1945 seconds and joined churches throughout the country with a mixture of Rounds, Call Changes and a variety of different Methods.

We decorated the ringing room with union flags and VE80 bunting, and also enjoyed eating the official WI's 'VE Day Orange and Ginger cakes', which I highly recommend and for which the recipe is on the opposite page.

Verity Nicholls
Tower Captain

Orange and Ginger Cake

This is a simple and classic bake and is made using The Rubbing In Method – not often seen these days.

It's a recipe used by my grandmother who had lived through two world wars, and requires no specialist mixer or whisk and the batter will not curdle – a handy recipe if you have little or no equipment. Just as women during World War II would have made it.

You will need: a mixing bowl and a 7 inch round cake tin greased and base-lined with paper or reusable baking parchment.

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees (fan) – 350f – gas mark 4

Ingredients

200g self-raising flour

pinch salt

40g butter at room temperature

40g lard at room temperature (or use all butter if preferred)

100g caster sugar

1 heaped tablespoon marmalade

Finely grated zest of 1 large orange plus the juice

1 tsp ground ginger

100ml milk

1 egg

80g stem ginger (from a jar of stem ginger in syrup) 1 tbsp demerara sugar or sugar nibs to sprinkle over. Alternatively add 3 tbsp icing sugar to a bowl, add 1-2 tsp orange or lemon juice, stir until smooth and runny then drizzle over using a spoon or piping nozzle.

Method

1. Start by prepping the stem ginger – wash under the cold tap, dry on kitchen paper then cut into small dice and place into a bowl.

2. Take then 1 tbsp of the recipe's weighed self-raising flour, add to the ginger and stir around to coat thoroughly. Set aside.

3. In a medium sized bowl place the self-raising flour, salt, butter and lard then rub in together just as you would for pastry. The mixture needs to be looking like fine breadcrumbs.

4. Add the ground ginger, sugar, zest, juice and marmalade and give a stir. Add then the egg followed by the milk which should be added a little at a time until you achieve a soft dropping consistency. You will probably need all of the milk but add it gradually just in case. If the batter is too thin the ginger will drop to the bottom of the cake whilst baking.

5. Finally fold in the chopped ginger.

6. Transfer to the prepared tin then sprinkle over either the demerara sugar or the sugar nibs or once completely cool drizzle over a simple icing.

7. Bake for 35-40 minutes until the cake is golden, risen and springy to the touch.

8. Leave to cool in the tin for at least 20 minutes before turning out onto wire tray to cool completely.

9. Wrap in foil and store in a tin for a couple of days but if you just cannot wait to eat it – enjoy!

Eggsploring Fun

The Great Easter Eggventure Cracks the Code!

This Easter, St Michael & All Angels Church in Hughenden was bursting with springtime cheer as it hosted the Great Easter Eggventure—a lively celebration that brought together nearly 60 children and their families for an afternoon of laughter, creativity, and community spirit.

Bathed in glorious sunshine, the church grounds were transformed into a joyful hub of activity. The main event? A brilliant scavenger hunt that had children darting about with excitement, searching high and low for hidden letters. Once all the clues were collected and the mystery word revealed, participants proudly claimed their well-earned Easter eggs—a sweet reward for a job well done.

But the adventure didn't end there. Families enjoyed a fantastic lineup of games where giggles were plentiful and competition was all in good fun. Meanwhile, the craft tables inside buzzed with creativity as little hands made bunny ears, Easter cards, and colourful decorations to take home.

Adding a hilarious twist to the festivities was an unexpected guest—a cheerful inflatable dinosaur, who stomped (and

wobbled) around the grounds, posing for photos, handing out high-fives, and spreading laughter wherever it went. The dino's presence quickly became a highlight for children and adults alike, making the day feel even more magical.

As families soaked up the sunshine and cheered each other on, it was clear that this wasn't just an Easter event—it was a celebration of community. St Michael & All Angels provided the perfect setting for this cheerful gathering, with its welcoming atmosphere and picturesque outdoor space.

A heartfelt thank you goes to the incredible volunteers who helped plan, set up, run activities, and guide the scavenger hunt with smiles and boundless energy. Their dedication made the day seamless and full of joy, and their behind-the-scenes efforts truly made the Eggventure eggstra-special.

By the end of the morning, with treats in hands and hearts full of happiness, families headed home with sun-kissed cheeks and unforgettable memories.

The Great Easter Eggventure proved that when community, creativity, and a little bit of silliness come together, the results are nothing short of eggstraordinary.

Chris Coyston

8

O Barco – The Boat

Inhotim, located in the Minas Gerais region of Brazil, was established by wealthy mine owner, Bernardo Paz. Today, it is a natural heritage site providing visitors access to numerous galleries and large-scale, outdoor art installations scattered across acres of diverse woodland. Although only a third in size and lacking the rich flora environment, the sculpture park at Chateau La Coste in Provence, France, provides a similar, open-air experience. Julia and I have been fortunate to visit both sites, the latter several times.

Out of the 29 artworks, 24 galleries, 30 botanical highlights and 9 themed gardens at Inhotim, one piece, O Barco-The Boat, by Grada Kilomba, a Portuguese multi-disciplinary artist, detained me longest and, had we but world enough and time, I would have remained there in quiet contemplation for the remainder of the day.

The space accommodating Kilomba's installation is hangar-size and the piece itself appears, at first sight, little more than randomly-placed, over-sized building blocks. On closer inspection and with the aid of the description provided nearby, all becomes clear: 'Composed of 140 charred, wood blocks that form the silhouette of the bottom of a ship, they draw the space created to contain the bodies of millions of Africans, enslaved by European empires.' To deepen an understanding of the work, inscribed in gold lettering (signifying the wealth generated through enslavement), the blocks forming the inner 'circle' bear her poem:

one boat, one cargo hold
one cargo hold, one load
one load, one story
one story, one piece
one piece, one life
one life, one body,
one body, one person
one person, one being
one being, one soul
one soul, one memory
one memory, one oblivion
one oblivion, one wound
one wound, one death
one death, one sorrow
one sorrow, one revolution
one revolution, one equality,
one equality, one affection
one affection, Humanity

Pointing to the history of European naval expansion and colonisation, the work leads us into 'a garden of memory' in which the blocks and the poem invite us to reflect on the many 'forgotten stories and identities.' With some knowledge of this shameful period in our history, including sight of the schematic drawings depicting and detailing, in graphic form, the inhumane living conditions that

enslaved Africans endured during their passage across the Atlantic, I found the encounter profound and deeply moving.

On matters relating to slaves, the Bible is complex, controversial and challenging. The Old Testament, in particular, presents several passages condoning it 'within the context of ancient societies', while elsewhere we can discern calls for their freedom. However, it remains a sad reality that slavery, in its modern form, is very much still with us today, so I will end more affectionately, as does the poem. In Galatians 3:28 which speaks of unity in Christ, we read that there is "neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus".

Roger Grant

Bristol Cathedral

Reading Roger's article reminded me of some photos I took last year in Bristol Cathedral, specifically for printing in Outlook, which I promptly forgot (as so many of my plans are these days) on my return home. As readers will know, Bristol has struggled with its historic dependence on slavery and I was interested to see how the Cathedral had been dealing with the challenges of relating its financial endowments from, and historic praise of the philanthropy of, slave owners.

This photograph shows the Cathedral's approach:

On a less contentious note, I was also amused by the following:

Welcome

We are here to foll
and because of tha

We extend a speci
divorced, or widow
nonbinary, or don't
colour, race, tribe,

We welcome you w
to get out of the c
excited toddlers.

You are welcome h
just out of prison. V
Archbishop of Cant
child, follow a diffe

We welcome weary
pastors, eco-warrio
are welcome wheth
or mobility scooter.
addicted. We welco
or just need some h

We offer a welcome
work, or are here be
around. We welcom
We offer a special w
now, have given up
centre and ended up

We welcome pilgrim
you...PLEASE COME

Welcome

We are here to follow Jesus, worship God and serve our neighbours and because of that … you are welcome here!

We extend a special welcome to those who are single, married, divorced, or widowed, straight, gay, or bisexual, cis, trans or nonbinary, or don't like labels. You are welcome whatever your colour, race, tribe, culture or language.

We welcome you whether you are questioning, curious or just trying to get out of the cold. We especially welcome wailing babies and excited toddlers.

You are welcome here if you are just browsing, just woken up or just out of prison. We don't mind if you're more Christian than the Archbishop of Canterbury, haven't been to church since you were a child, follow a different faith, or have no faith.

We welcome weary parents, street poets, street artists and street pastors, eco-warriors, vegans, pet-lovers and junk food eaters. You are welcome whether you got here on foot, by bike, bus, skateboard, or mobility scooter. We welcome those who are in recovery or still addicted. We welcome you if you are having problems, feeling blue, or just need some headspace.

We offer a welcome to those who work too hard, don't work, can't work, or are here because granny is visiting and wanted to look around. We welcome those who are inked, pierced, both or neither.

We offer a special welcome to those who could use a prayer right now, have given up on organised religion, or got lost in the city centre and ended up here by mistake.

We welcome pilgrims, tourists, seekers, doubters — and especially you … PLEASE COME IN!

HUGHENDEN FLOWER FESTIVAL

23-25 AUG

SAT, MON - 10AM-4PM
SUN - 12PM-4PM

Happy Bloomin' Holidays

Sign-up to do a flower arrangement on the subject of holidays - contact Susan Brice, festival@hughendenparishchurch.org.uk.

Cake bakers and helpers with refreshments needed - contact Sylvia Clark, 07570 876530.

Sign-up sheets also at the back of church.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND! 23RD-25TH

Flower Festival
Saturday - Monday

Anniversary Celebration
Community service celebrating 150 years since the rebuilding of the church
Sunday 10am

Tower Open Day
Monday

After The Iceberg

Author's note: Sometime ago now I wrote a story called 'The Lacejacket' (should you want to read that story first then please go to beyondtheairingcupboard.co.uk and head to 'musings'). Edith set out for America on board the Titanic and that's where the story ended. Afterwards at church coffee one day someone asked me if Edith had died in the disaster and I answered noncommittally that yes, I supposed that she had. And then I did a little research. 700 people actually survived and they were mostly women and children who had been travelling in first or second class. So, very possibly Edith did survive and thus there could be another story.

As I write this I am flying over the Atlantic (again), probably not in danger from icebergs but there is always risk with travelling. It feels an appropriate place to be thinking of Edith. This story is for Denise Barrow, for it was she who was concerned about Edith's fate and thus started me writing again.

You might find it hard to believe, but one of the worst things was that it was so long before Dora knew that I had survived the sinking of the Titanic. I knew she would be stricken with worry and I couldn't bear to think about mother and how she would bear it.

As Mr. Drummond had been so generous and bought me a second-class ticket, I was able to get into a lifeboat. I shall never forget the sounds of people as they struggled frantically in the freezing water. We were all in utter shock at what had happened and, well, the speed of it all. I had grabbed one small bag with my papers in it but as I was manhandled into the lifeboat, I dropped it and who I was sank to the bottom of the sea.

I didn't really believe help would come and as I sat, still and silent, amongst the weeping and wailing of others, I considered my dying. I thought I would just gradually freeze to death, my blood slowing and my heart growing faint. But miracles do happen and eventually Carpathia came into view and life began again; just not as I had expected it.

When we docked in New York I found myself in a crowd of lone women, wrapped in blankets that a group from the Travelers' Aid Society offered us along with mugs of hot drinks. Mine tasted rather odd but it warmed me and being shown such kindness brought tears to my eyes. The lady, I'm sure she was a real lady, sitting on the bench beside me said her name was Rose. She seemed as shocked into silence as the rest of us. I thought about saying 'shouldn't you be over there with the first-class passengers?' but she

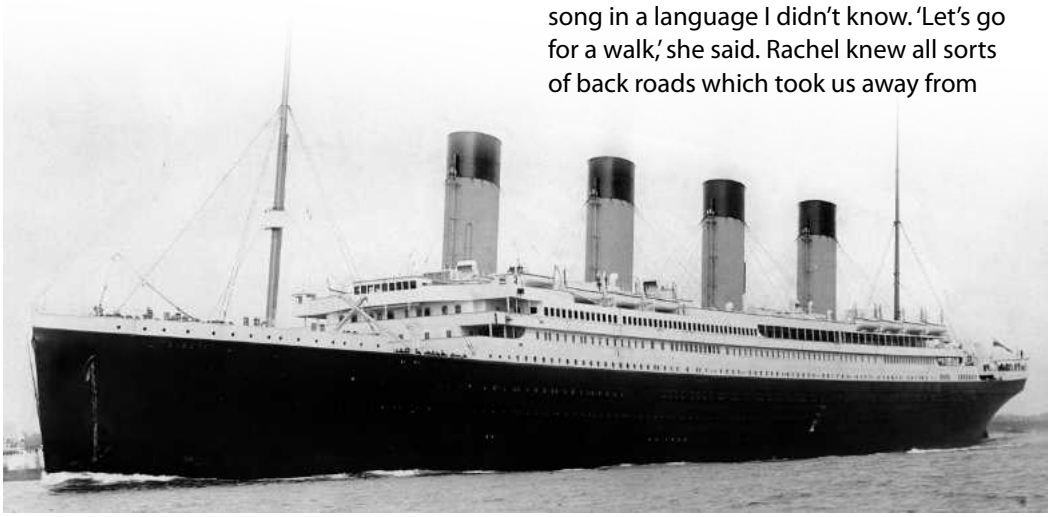
pulled the blanket down a little to hide her face and was rather panicked when a ship's officer walked round collecting people's names. Rose Dawson, she said, stumbling a bit as if she hadn't said her own name before. I often wonder what happened to her.

But, as for me, well, the nice people at the Womenswear Relief Committee collected up any girls who had a skill or a trade and tried hard to get us a job and a room. Anything to do with lacemaking or sewing seemed to take place on what I came to know as the Lower East Side of New York City. And what a city it was, very scary at first and so many people you couldn't believe it. I was in a room with two other girls and I couldn't help but long for the pretty room in Aunt Nellie's house in London which I had shared with Dora. Dora, just thinking of her filled my eyes with tears. In those first few weeks and months I so badly wanted to write home but I didn't have writing paper or stamps and I had no idea where a post office was. And then there was the problem of the Drummonds and why I'd come to New York in the first place. I had no idea where to go and the lady who should have met me would not know where I was. And there was the work. I had said I was a lacemaker and I was taken to this small factory run by a Mr. Friedmann. I soon learnt that many Jewish families had settled in this part of the city and were gradually becoming successful in business. Mr. Friedmann was very ambitious and forward-looking and was one of the first to bring in lace making machines. Machines to make lace! Can you imagine it?

I was to learn to use one of these terrifying contraptions. I couldn't sleep at night and I ached with homesickness. My ears rang with the awful noise the machines made and my stomach refused to settle.

One of the girls in my room, Rachel she was called, was kind. She calmed me down when I found a truly horrible insect in my shoe and told me it was a cockroach and it wouldn't hurt me. I would get used to them, she said. But I had had enough and I just cried and cried until I was exhausted.

Rachel hugged me and sang me a pretty song in a language I didn't know. 'Let's go for a walk,' she said. Rachel knew all sorts of back roads which took us away from



the crowds and she knew where there were parks and open spaces. The city changed as if it had put on its best clothes. Here the people were obviously not poor but had money to spend on fine things. I looked with awe at the beautiful shop windows; such fabrics and such dainty lace. In front of one I looked up at the name of the establishment and then I couldn't breathe. Could this be it? 'Drummonds Fine Tailoring' the glossy sign read and underneath in slightly smaller letters: 'Lace Emporium.' I pulled Rachel inside with me and then realised how we both looked: quite poor, a bit messy, definitely unfit to be customers here. Two ladies headed towards us, hustling us out onto the pavement again. I tried to say that I knew Mr. and Mrs. Drummond and this is where I was supposed to be. Why ever would they believe me?

I began to hang around the shops near the park whenever I wasn't in that infernal factory. I was trying to come up with a plan. Then, as things happened, I didn't need one. There I was getting chilly and hungry and wishing that Rachel had agreed to walk with me, when I saw a smart couple come out of Drummonds. I rubbed my eyes to be sure and then ran after them. I stood in front of them and spoke quickly before they could think I was asking for money or something. When I saw Mrs. Drummond open her mouth in surprise and then smile, I knew my world was about to change. Of course they remembered me, they had been looking for me, had checked all sorts of lists to see if I had survived. Where was I living? What had happened to me? The questions flowed as they led me into a beautiful tea shop. The Drummonds, bless them, ignored the disapproving look of the waitress and ordered tea and cakes.

But that was then and this is now. I live in a pleasant room above the lace workshop. There's still the odd cockroach but as Rachel said, you do get used to it. I love my work, making lace the proper way, by hand. I have six girls who I teach the intricate skills of lacemaking, in particular Nottingham lace. I have some money of my own and even some friends who live in this human patchwork of a place. So many different ways of speaking, dressing, eating. People of many countries and colours and religions. It is quite dizzying. The Drummonds seem happy to employ me. The Lace Emporium provides collars and cuffs for the fine tailoring that goes on here and it is getting a good name with the people who seem to have endless money to spend.

And home. Well, home is still England, but I can at least write and receive letters now. Mother and Aunt Nellie write sometimes but Dora and me, well we write and write. All our thoughts and feelings and pleasures and fears, all put down on paper. I have drawers full of Dora's letters now. When we found each other, Mr. Drummond was very kind and used something called the telegraph to let Dora know that I was alive and well. We write about her coming to visit and we plan when she will be able to come here and work with me. But for now, there is still the fear of the iceberg. In a while maybe.

Susan Brice

Dates for your diary

12th June - Tiny Tots Teddy Bears' Picnic 12 - 2.30 pm
The Teddy Bears' picnic is for babies and toddlers. It is run by the Mothers' Union and will take place in the Mothers' Union Garden or in church if it is wet. Picnic provided. Tiny Tots and siblings welcome

14th June - Napfest
The church will feature at, and support, Napfest.

5th July - Space Retreat Day
S.P.A.C.E invites you to a Retreat Day for men and women at St Katherine's retreat house and grounds. Parmoor, Nr, Frieth. Saturday 5 July 10.00 am to 4.00 pm. An opportunity to find 'space' in beautiful, tranquil, rural surroundings. Guest Speaker, Fiona Castle, speaking on "Making the most of the moment and Living without regret". £10 per person to cover costs. Bring your own picnic lunch. Tea and Coffee provided. If you'd like to come and to book your place please email lucy.rippon@gmail.com. Payment by bank transfer or cash. If you'd like further information please speak to Lucy Rippon, Ann Callow or Jan Peters.

19th July - Family Barbecue
Details to follow.

For further details of all these events, see Church Suite, Church Notices or posters.

Groups!

What do you call groups of Christians meeting on a weekday? House groups, home groups, small groups, cell groups, life groups, discipleship groups, or my favourite, sofa groups, are all names used in different churches.

David and I have recently stepped down from leading a St Michael & All Angels house group, after leading it for around eight years. A few years ago, Keith suggested each group should choose a name and write a sentence to say what they're about. Our group chose the name Seekers, and our statement was this: We seek to develop our faith and our friendship through Bible study, discussion, prayer, mutual support, laughter and social events.

We've been members of several different house groups (or whatever you like to call them!) over the years as we moved from one place to another and have always found them a great way of getting to know people and learning from their experiences and opinions.

A brief, informal survey of St Michael & All Angels house groups suggests that more women than men belong to a house group, but far more men than women lead them. Interesting. Do you belong to a house group? Or do you think you might join one, if only it met on a Monday morning / met out of doors / was for men only / focused on social issues or prayer or the environment? You could always start a new house group! Have a chat to Keith about it.

Leaders do NOT have to know all the answers! Nobody does. Leadership can be shared, with members taking joint decisions and each leading a session in turn, as is the case in at least one of our groups. Leading a group does not have to be a lifelong commitment. At one church nearby, house groups run for a term at a time. Everyone can look at a list of what topics or activities are being offered for the term and sign up to a group that interests them.

As we left Seekers, I wrote what could best be described as a piece of doggerel, but it reflects with gratitude much of what we had experienced in our lovely group. Some explanatory notes: we spent a long time studying Luke, which is why it keeps popping up, you can hear David Suchet reading the Bible aloud on Bible Gateway, and if you don't remember Ann Way, she always had a beautiful smile and she loved to dance, wherever she was.

Seekers House Group

We wanted to deepen our faith and our friendship through Bible study and prayer, worship, discussion and social events, support for each other and care.

New members were welcomed, while others moved on, though each remained part of our story. Jo moved to Sussex and Jane went to Ripon. Ann Way went dancing to glory.

We've shared our concerns and prayed for each other, the world and our families and friends, Sadness and joy, excitement and worries, the needs of the world never end.

We've read James and Galatians, Hebrews and John, Ephesians, Philippians, Luke, Acts and some Prophets, Ruth and Colossians, lots of Psalms and of course, - some more Luke!

We've enjoyed watching films and videos too, we've been challenged by courses and books. We like David Suchet reading aloud, - especially when it's more Luke!

We've had evenings of prayer, using chocolates and candles, felt tips, a shredder and clay. We've had parties for Christmas, significant birthdays, and other events, - any day.

So, as Seekers disperse, we shall all remain friends and continue to care and to pray. We'll look to the future and share our adventures, every step of the way.

Charlotte Tester

Mother's Union

In May, the Mothers' Union met for a lovely lunch together at Hildreth's in Prestwood. It was a good opportunity to relax and enjoy each other's company. Twenty-one members were there and we were delighted that Keith and Chris were able to join us.

At our next meeting on Tuesday 3rd June at 2.00 pm in Church House we are looking forward to hearing Susan Brice giving a talk on Quilts. Please join us, everyone is welcome.

Dianne Walker

Chiltern Arts Festival 2025

… and how to get a grand piano in and out of St Michael & All Angels.

As I write, we are two thirds of the way through this year's Chiltern Arts Festival and we have enjoyed an amazing variety of music in unexpected and the traditional places we visit to perform, inform and advance the cause of classical music in our community. We have been globetrotting on the river – Thames this time - providing brass in the open air by its banks, love and harmony with the Wooburn Singers, le voyage imagine, with Anton Lesser, harp playing at dawn on Whiteleaf Hill and, of course, our traditional concert at Hughenden, to name but some.

This has been the eighth time that Chiltern Arts Festival has visited St Michael & All Angels and it is one venue that we particularly cherish. Our grateful thanks to the Vicar and Churchwardens for allowing us to visit and perform and to our congregation which so generously supports us by coming to our concerts, both at St Michael & All Angels and elsewhere. This year at St Michael & All Angels four of The Purcell School's most talented young pianists came and performed. These were Year 12 students – others more senior and junior were, of course, in mid exam mode – and they came with Professor William Fong who is one of the senor teachers.

The Purcell School is a day and boarding school for young musicians aged between 11 and 18 and is situated near Bushey in Herts. The school cohort amounts to 196 talented young players, singers and composers. Many of their students go on to stellar careers in the musical arts.

We hosted four young pianists – one from Finland, one from Romania, one a Greek Cypriot from Cyprus and one from Japan. They played from memory a rich variety of music from Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy and Janacek. They were brilliant, especially in students still young and learning and it was a riveting set of performances which kept the large audience spellbound and most appreciative. It was pleasing to see our church so full.

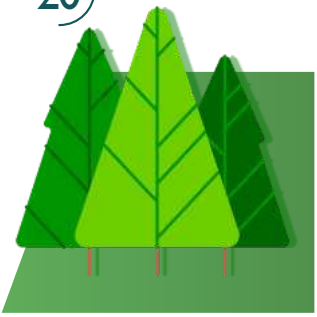
It is often said that, unless music is taught in schools as a serious subject, we shall not have this talent in our midst. There must be many of us whose first experience was the (sometimes) tedious recorder or of learning scales on the piano: some persevered, many fell by the wayside! Others remember musicians coming into schools and giving what to pupils was their first experience of live classical music and thus instilled a lifelong love of music of every genre. Our own

local exemplar of this is the New Mozart Orchestra, directed by our own Clive Fairbairn, which takes classical music into primary schools and gives the first enriching experience as well as providing the opportunity for young budding musicians to play alongside professionals.

So how does a grand piano get to Hughenden and into St Michael & All Angels, still in tune and undamaged. These are top of the range instruments and extremely expensive – even more expensive to drop. We watched as it came on its side, up the path, down the slope, through the door (it is a huge advantage that the old step has gone and the path smoothed out) up the passage between the sets of pews and, by a mechanical lift, put onto the stage, brought to its feet and retuned. The exit was just as exciting – the same in reverse – which I photographed!

And so, on to the second part of our Festival: the highlight will be 900 primary school pupils in The Wycombe Swan listening to the United Strings of Europe play Vaughan William's The Lark Ascending, with a quartet of juggler-acrobats performing at the same time. The Vaughan Williams will be performed in a rarely heard chamber music arrangement. Sadly, by the time you read this it will be over, including a repeat performance at Wycombe Abbey School. But – there is always next year, which is already in planning.

Christopher Tyrer
Vice President Chiltern Arts



Nature Note

"For since the creation of the world God's invisible qualities - His eternal power and divine nature - have been clearly seen being understood from what has been made, so that people are without excuse"

Romans 1: 20

It's the middle of May, the month of nature in all its splendid freshness as a new generation is planned. Whether it's lambs in the field, chicks in the nest, cubs in their den or new asparagus shoots on my allotment (yum!), new life is everywhere.

Birds make this very obvious as they arrive on these shores, some to stay, others to pass through. We call it migration, almost as if it's a surprise but on reflection we're watching the pulse, the ebb and flow of not only life but of creation itself.

As the tide rises and falls, so life has its rhythms tied to the earth's movements. Birds arrive for a while then depart for a while. Are they natives of these isles or where they winter?

Does it matter? Well, it does to the extent of caring for their well-being and habitat whether here or elsewhere.

So, the swallows, martins, swifts, warblers and many others have replaced the redwings, fieldfares, waxwings and crossbills with other species moving through.

Wheatears, redstarts and ring ouzels were all around for a few days over the last few weeks heading for the uplands or western woods. The Chiltern slopes that are bare of woodland attract them as they move into our area, from Stokenchurch to Whipsnade particularly.

Several species have yet to show, black terns (a personal favourite), Montagu's harrier and honey buzzards are late arrivals. The last two are rare enough to warrant nest guards but can be seen at well-known vantage points.

Of course, every year throws a surprise or two so in the last few weeks we've had, due to settled weather methinks, ten hoopoes together on the Scillies, five bee-eaters as a group in East Anglia and five red footed falcons enjoying

each other's company in Suffolk. In fact, almost thirty redfoots were scattered across the south of the UK for a few days. The closest to us were one in Milton Keynes and one in north Surrey.

When they turn up here, they keep an eye on our hobbies because they both have a strong liking for freshly hatched dragonflies which the hobbies, being British born and bred, have knowledge of those locations most likely to produce this bounty. Wilstone Reservoir (near Tring) and the Jubilee River are excellent hobby spots. One redfoot delighted observers by visiting Wilstone for a couple of weeks, a few years ago.

Hobbies and redfoots are small to medium sized falcons with a wing span around 2ft and both with red 'trousers' although a hobby is coloured vaguely like a peregrine whereas a redfoot male is slate grey (apart from red feet and trousers!) and the female has upper wing colour like hobby or peregrine with an orange/red head, underparts and hind underwing with, of course, red feet and 'trousers'.

An interesting side note for you - the table game 'Subbuteo' was invented by a keen birdwatcher whose favourite bird was, you guessed it, the hobby. He wanted to call the game 'Hobby' which was rejected on the grounds that that was too generic. So, he fell back onto 'Subbuteo' meaning smaller than a buzzard (buzzard is buteo buteo) because the hobby's scientific name is falco subbuteo!

Another pair of falcons, our All Saints' peregrine couple, have raised four healthy chicks, (well done we say), although pity the pigeon fancier. I have a growing certainty that pigeon damage on our allotment is far less than just two or three years ago, because of peregrine patrols. All thanks to our peregrine pair, diligent parents indeed. Personally, I love having the fastest creatures on the planet (timed at 230mph) sharing our locality.

Ok, you say, what about the tongue of a gecko or some exotic frog that moves close to supersonic speed when catching prey? Fair enough, I'll leave you to work on that one.

When you read what Paul wrote in Romans, I like to think he was a nature lover, I certainly have no doubt that the smell of a freshly opened rose, the first rays of sun after a night of rain, a blackbird singing nearby, something anyway of the Lord's handiwork took his breath away. I know the feeling!

Mike Bevan

BOOK-ENDS

Alexander McCall Smith: Isabel Dalhousie Novels

I can't imagine there are many people reading this who aren't familiar with the name Alexander McCall Smith. The jovial, super brainy professor of medical ethics at Edinburgh University who gave up the day job to become a full-time writer in the late 1990s. The confidence to take this very large step came from the amazing success of 'The No.1 Ladies' Detective Agency.' There have now been 25 novels published in this series, the first in 1998, with several spin-offs on radio and television. Alexander McCall Smith built upon his own personal knowledge of the southern part of Africa, particularly Bulawayo in Zimbabwe and Gaborone in Botswana where he grew up before coming to the UK for university.

'The No.1 Ladies Detective Agency' was just so utterly different to anything that was in the bookshops at that time that its popularity is understandable. In the beginning I read them avidly, sequels being produced each year, but I then explored other series that the author was moving into. The first Isabel book appeared in 2004.

Isabel Dalhousie lives in Edinburgh. She is a philosopher in her early forties who lives a comfortable life, financed by a private income. She edits 'The Review of Applied Ethics', as editor and then as owner. The stories emanate from the fact that she does interfere in other people's dilemmas and this gives Alexander McCall Smith the opportunity to explore moral problems of the sort that we all experience everyday but on the whole we don't recognise them as philosophical conundrums. Is it ever right to lie to someone? What happens if an apology sincerely offered is not accepted? Why we shouldn't make judgements about the relationships of others.

All these books are character driven rather than relying on a plot to move the narrative forward. I can be happy with that. Nothing awful happens and indeed the author has been known to say that he 'doesn't do baddies very well.' So, dear readers, if you are looking for some interesting but comfortable reading at this time when the world feels shaky and quite scary, maybe these books are for you. I also like the fact that his sympathy and indeed empathy for women shines clearly through his writing and this applies to Mma Ramotswe in Botswana as well as Isabel Dalhousie in Edinburgh.

I have to say I am happier in Edinburgh than Africa (!) but it did suddenly strike me as pleasingly ironic that I have just trodden the grimy passageways and housing estates with John Rebus in Ian Rankin's books and now I am walking on the other side of the road with Isabel as she shops at the delicatessen, goes to concerts with her bassoon playing boyfriend and explores Scottish colourist paintings in the many small galleries. There are so many parallel worlds. There was one surprising clash though when both authors referred to the real-life criminal case where the murderer had become nicknamed 'Bible John.' This remains unsolved. Interestingly, well, it is to me, Alexander McCall Smith, Ian Rankin and indeed Kate Atkinson, all live in the same area of Edinburgh: Merchiston. I wonder if they meet for coffee or a drink?

I found I had the first five Isabel Dalhousie novels on my bookshelves and I have enjoyed re-reading them all. They are still in print but would also be widely available second hand … or pre-loved maybe I should say. There are about 15 Isabel novels now…and still counting. I will acquire a few more at some point. The output of Alexander McCall Smith is truly prodigious; one book a year in most of the several series that he writes. Apparently, he produces at least 2-3,000 words a day even when travelling. When at home he can reach 5,000 words a day. I have also read that he has said that he has so many ideas that he won't be able to use them all before he dies. Gracious, what an incredibly creative mind.

Happy Reading

Susan Brice

June Recipe

I love recipes for cakes with olive oil and almonds as not only are they moist but also somehow feel more healthy (reminders of my days as a Health Visitor when one mother thought a Jaffa cake was part of their '5 a day'!)

This cake is beautifully moist and citrusy with a raisiny flavour from the Masala if used. It is also moist thanks to the carrots, and a different take on carrot cake to most recipes. Preferably choose a buttery or fruity extra virgin olive oil rather than a grassy one. It freezes well but if the weather is hot, I tend to keep it in the fridge, unless it is all eaten straight away!

Julia Grant

Masala Citrus and Olive Oil Carrot Cake

INGREDIENTS

200g caster sugar

2 eggs

125ml extra virgin olive oil

160g plain flour

60g ground almonds

2 tsp baking powder

½ tsp salt

220g carrots, peeled and coarsely grated

125ml Masala wine (or orange juice)

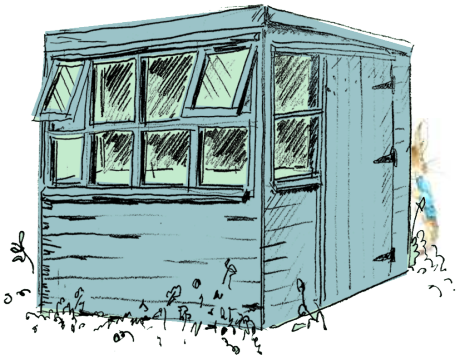
1 orange, scrubbed and finely grated zest

1 lemon finely grated zest

METHOD

1. *Preheat the oven to 190c, gas mark 5. Brush the sides and base of a 20cm springform tin with olive oil and line the base with parchment.*
2. *Put the olive oil, sugar and eggs, Masala and citrus juice into a large jug and whisk. The sugar won't dissolve completely. Put the flour, almonds, baking powder and salt in a bowl and mix together.*
3. *Pour the wet ingredients into the dry mixing as you add, then add the carrots When everything is well incorporated, scrape into the prepared tin.*
4. *Bake for 35-40 mins until risen and golden and a skewer inserted comes out clean. Leave to cool in the tin for 30 mins, then unclasp the cake and transfer to a serving plate. Gently dust with icing sugar to serve.*

From the **Potting Shed**



Dear friends,

Here we are in high summer and I hope your flowers and vegetables are giving you pleasure. I was helping do the church flowers last week with Beryl. It's a nice, sociable couple of hours and there's always tea and cake to look forward to afterwards. Beryl's lemon drizzle is famous in the village and usually gets first prize in any competition, so it's good when it's her turn to do the baking. I like to make a good cherry cake but, sadly, often all the cherries sink to the bottom. MacGregor sometimes turns the cake on its side and cuts a slice out of the bottom half. Cheeky old devil that he is. I won't complain though as he is bringing in some lovely salad veg this week. I still have some time to wait for those lovely tomatoes though.

Anyway, back to the church flowers. I cut some beautiful roses that grow around the church door and used them in my arrangement. I'm using crumpled chicken wire now as we're cutting down on the oasis. I thought it looked alright really. Then Mrs. Garfield-Ash popped in, she's from the Big House, and admired what we'd done. She said that pale rose I'd picked was called Albertine. 'Proust's favourite,' she said. Beryl and I looked at each other. And who may Proust be when when he's at home?

Enjoy your gardens my dears,

Yours,

Cecily MacGregor

Jobs for June

1. Divide clumps of bulbs now but remember to allow the foliage to die down first.
2. Rainwater is much better for plants than tap water. Think about putting in a rain butt if you don't already have one.
3. Is your greenhouse protected from overheating? Remember to open windows and doors and maybe consider blinds or protective screening?
4. Stake perennial plants to prevent wind damage.
5. Harvest early potatoes. This will be about 10 weeks after planting.
6. Clip evergreen hedges like box, privet and yew while they are in active growth.

What's On at St Michael & All Angels

June

3	2.00 pm	Mothers' Union Meeting: Church House
7	10.00 am - 4.00 pm	Nature Quest: Churchyard
12	12.30 pm	Teddy Bears' Picnic: Mothers' Union Garden
21	7.30 pm	Hughenden Community Singers Concert: Church

July

1	12.00 pm	Mothers' Union Ploughman's Lunch: Church House

1st & 3rd Sundays

9.00 am **Choral Communion**
11.00 am **Service of the Word**
6.00 pm **Evensong (Sung)**

2nd, 4th & 5th Sundays

9.00 am **Matins (Sung)**
11.00 am **Family Communion**
6.00 pm **Evensong (Sung)**

Tuesdays

11.00 am **Holy Communion (Said)**

One morning service is usually live-streamed on Sunday. Find it on our website, or on the church YouTube channel: youtube.com/hughendenchurch

Regular Groups

Hughenden Community Singers

Mondays from 7.30 to 9.30 pm. No need to be able to read music or to have sung before, and no auditions. Under-18s welcome with parents. Contact Liz on 07768 790029 or evmoseley@btinternet.com

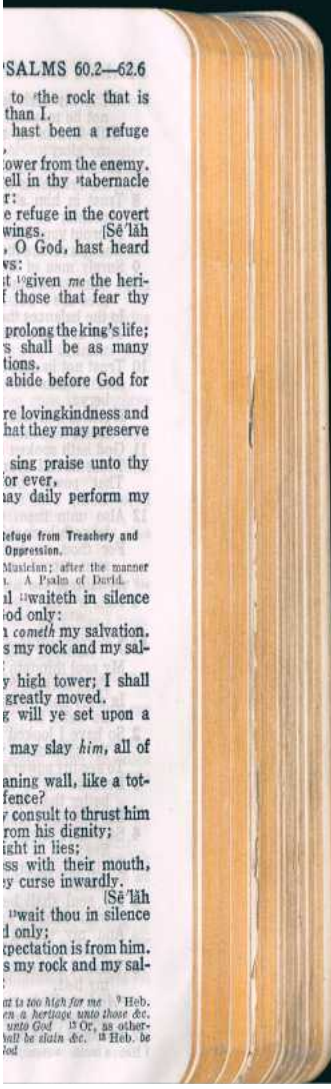
Friendship Morning

This is a get together in Church House on the third Thursday each month at 10.30 am. Primarily for those who are bereaved, who live on their own or who are lonely. The emphasis is on companionship and the atmosphere is light and cheerful. Contact Helen Peters on **01494 716772.**

Tiny Tots @ St. Michael's

Tiny Tots @ St. Michael's meets every Thursday in term time from 9.30 - 11.30 am in the North Room. Come for chat, play, craft and refreshments. Included, every second Thursday of the month, will be the Tiny Tots service, a time of fun worship in church. For details contact Helen Peters - **helen.peters@peters-research.com**

June Lectionary



1st: Seventh Sunday of Easter

Acts 16: 16-34
Revelation 22: 12-21
John 17: 20-26
Evensong: Psalm 68: 1-14, 19-20
Isaiah 44: 1-8
Ephesians 4: 7-16

8th: Pentecost

Acts 2: 1-21
Romans 8: 14-17
John 14: 8-17
Evensong: Psalm 33
Exodus 33: 7-20
2 Corinthians 3: 4-end

15th: Trinity Sunday

Proverbs 8: 1-4 & 22-31
Romans 5: 1-5
John 16: 12-15
Evensong: Psalm 73: 1-3 & 15-end
Exodus 3: 1-15
John 3: 1-17

22nd: First Sunday after Trinity

Isaiah 65: 1-9
Galatians 3: 23-29
Luke 8: 26-39
Psalm at 9.00 am: 22: 19-28
Evensong: Psalm 57
Genesis 24: 1-27
Mark 5: 21-43

29th: Peter and Paul, Apostles

Zechariah 4: 1-6a & 10b-14
Acts 12: 1-11
Matthew 16: 13-19
Psalm at 9.00 am: 125
Evensong: Psalm 124 & 138
Ezekiel 34: 11-16
John 21: 15-22

Who's Who at St Michael & All Angels

Keith Johnson

Vicar

Home: 01494 257569
Mobile: 07772 642393

keiththevicar@gmail.com

Day off: Friday

Helen Peters

Associate Minister

Home: 01494 716772
Mobile: 07792 118357

helen.peters@peters-research.com

Day off: Monday

Chris Coyston

Children & Families Minister

Mobile: 07855 389998

chris@hughendenparishchurch.org.uk

Parish Office

Administrator: Ben Brice

Office Hours: Monday, Wednesday, Friday 9.30 am - 12.30 pm

07928 536543
office@hughendenparishchurch.org.uk

Licensed Lay Minister	David Tester	563354	Safeguarding Officer	Roger Grant	07909 960938
Churchwardens	Frank Hawkins	565050	Captain of Bellringers	Verity Nicholls	07952 850760
	Andrew Cole	305020	Church Flowers	Sylvia Clark	07570 876530
PCC Secretary	Susan Brice	445899	Crèche Rota	Agnes Dodwell	07958 568538
PCC Treasurer	Brian Morley	528633	Social & Outreach	Antony Rippon	07747 643270
Organist & Choirmaster	Neil Brice	445899	Mothers' Union Parish Link	Louise Stallwood	712705
Servers	Andrew Cole	305020	Hughenden Village Hall	–	07815 163269
Friendship Morning	Helen Peters	716772			

All numbers are High Wycombe area code (01494) unless otherwise stated.

OUR VISION IS

to know God's love, and to share that love with everyone.

I pray that out of his glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith. And I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, may have power, together with all the Lord's holy people, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge — that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God.

Ephesians 3:16-19

Our aim is that all may know Jesus Christ, become his lifelong followers, and grow into mature members of the Church.

You are the light of the world. A town built on a hill cannot be hidden. Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead they put it on its stand, and it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your Father in heaven.

Matthew 5:14-16

Our Church family will actively contribute to the life of our local community. Our Church activities & facilities will be accessible and we will welcome all with warm and generous hospitality.