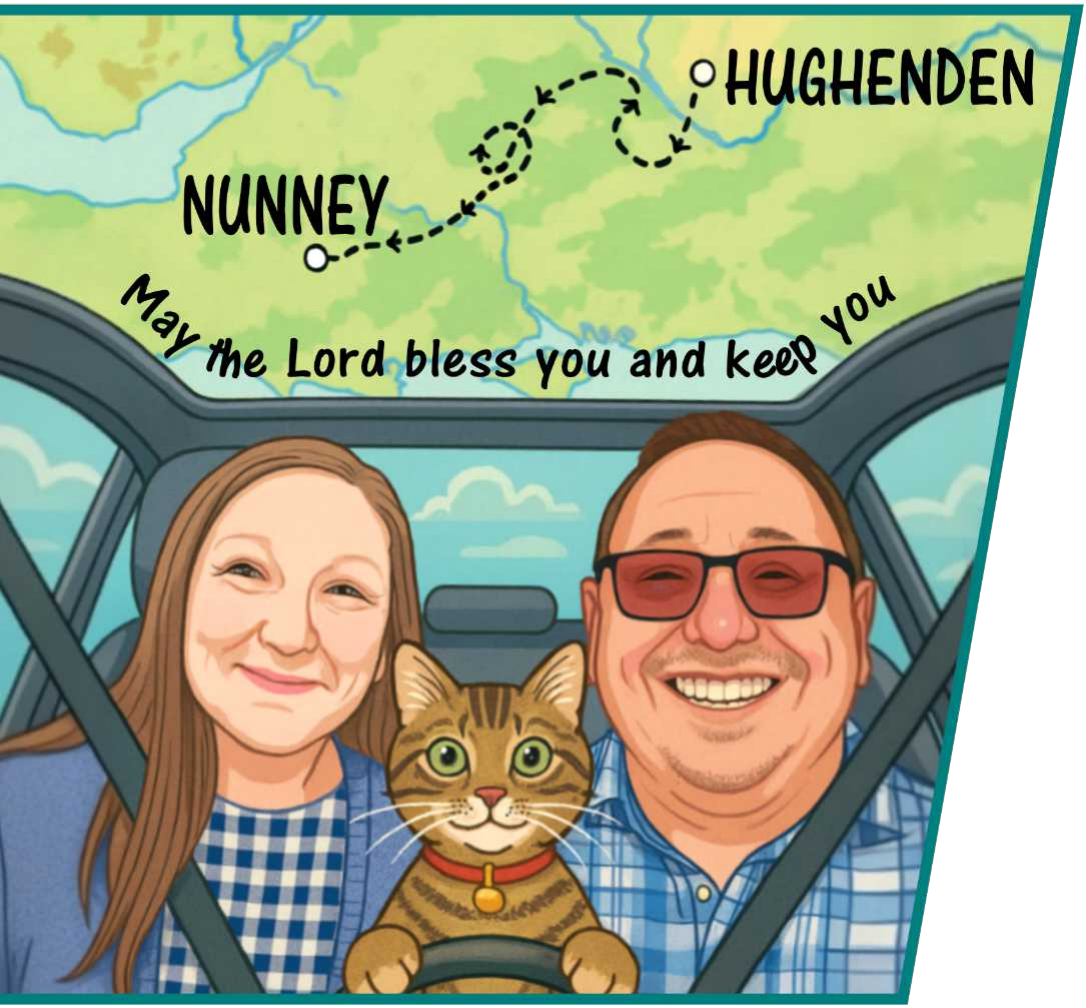
St. Michael & All Angels
CHURCH IN THE PARK | LIVING, LOVING, SERVING

outLook

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



INSIDE: Flower Festival | *From Wycombe to Wells* | October Recipe

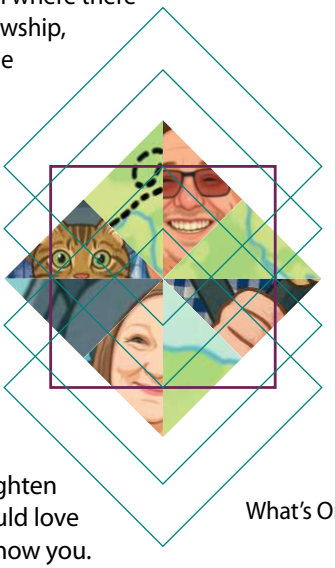
Welcome to **Your Church**

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

www.hughendenparishchurch.org.uk

Dear Readers

Jane Tyrer writes thoughtfully about the Flower Festival further on in this Outlook but there is a little more I want to share with you and it is really about communication. Many times over the weekend I witnessed people joyfully meeting up with friends they hadn't seen for a long time and one person even discovered a distant cousin. There was a great deal more going on than simply enjoying the flower arrangements. Other people noticed these subtleties too as recent emails and conversations have proved.

Those who were involved in refreshments or with welcoming found that they also had a little time to chat and to listen. People who I had previously smiled at and to whom I had simply said good morning could be involved in proper conversation. If you know more than someone's name you begin to make connections, you find commonalities and gradually you realise that acquaintances have taken a step towards friendship.

All this begins to engender a sense of belonging and this in turn builds community. Part of the vision of St Michael & All Angels is to actively contribute to the life of the local community and to welcome all with warm and generous hospitality. I think and hope that all that took place over the Bank Holiday weekend.

As Keith and Rachel head off down the M4 we really do trust that the Lord will bless them. Here, as we enter a time of interregnum when our search will begin for a new vicar, it is inevitable that people will feel a little insecure and uncertain about the future. That feeling of community will become even more important as we support each other. Fellowship and friendship must be the lasting result of the Flower Festival and must not fade as have the flowers.

With best wishes

Susan Brice
Editor

Not from the Vicarage

Helen Peters

Associate Minister

St Michael & All Angels, Hughenden

> ***There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven.***
>
> Ecclesiastes 3:1

As I write, the temperature has dropped and much needed rain has turned parched lawns and common land, green once more. The season of Autumn is here with the sweltering summer all but a distant memory. Autumn in the Chilterns is such a treat – a veritable feast for the eyes. The glorious changing colours of the trees running down Cryers Hill never cease to amaze me as I travel from home in Great Kingshill to St. Michael & All Angels down in the valley.

If you ask those who have chosen to move away from the UK, what they miss most – the reply is often 'the changing seasons'. Each season with a unique character and necessary for the circle of life and sustainability.

October marks a new season for the congregation at St. Michael & All Angels. On 28th September we bid farewell to Keith, vicar for the past 9 years. I am grateful for all Keith has brought to the life of the church, for his kindness and

encouragement. I will miss him both as a colleague and friend.

October begins our church season of 'vacancy', as we embark on the process of recruiting a new vicar. It's an exciting time to be embraced. A season to continue moving forward with initiatives already in place, including 'Lighthouse Live', the monthly event for families of primary aged children. It's a season for people in the congregation to step up and try new things. It's a season of expectation and anticipation as we prepare the 'Parish Profile', place the 'Advert', and pray for the person God has in store to join us in due course.

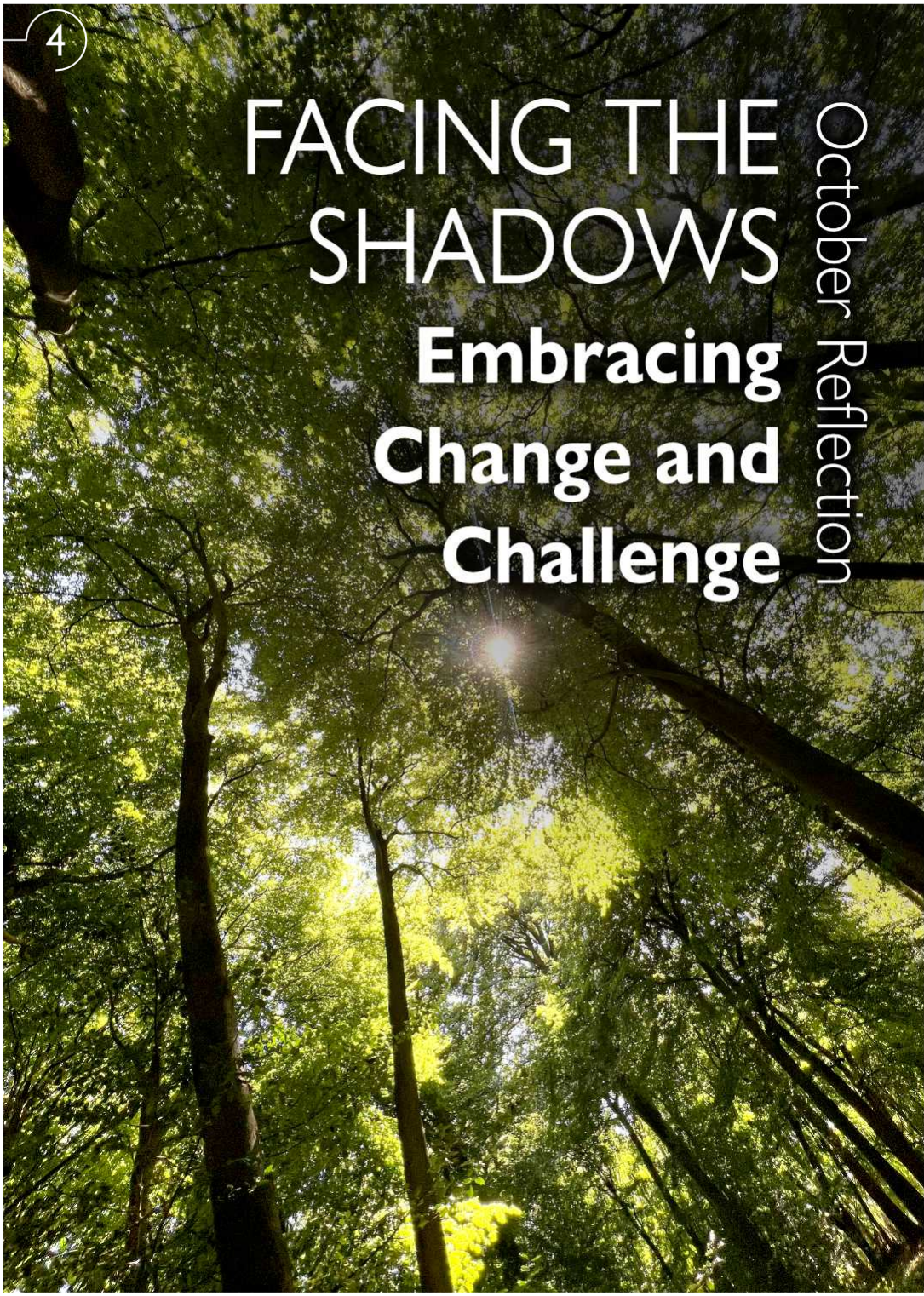
We would be delighted for you to join us in this new season, in person or online on a Sunday morning, or during the week at our various events where you will receive a warm welcome, or quietly for prayer.

For more information about all on offer, please visit our church website: hughendenparishchurch.org.uk

FACING THE SHADOWS

Embracing Change and Challenge

October Reflection



October is a month of transition. The air cools, the evenings draw in earlier, and the trees release their leaves in a graceful letting go. Nature reminds us that change is not something to resist, but something to embrace — even when it feels uncomfortable.

Change often brings uncertainty. Whether it's a shift in our personal lives, work, health, or relationships, it can stir up feelings of loss or fear. But just as autumn teaches us, letting go is also a path to renewal. The falling leaves make way for rest, and eventually, for new growth.

Each of us carries "shadows" — the parts of life we might prefer to avoid or hide. They could be old habits, difficult emotions, or challenges we don't quite know how to face. Yet growth happens when we bring those shadows into the light. When we acknowledge them, we begin to see them not as enemies, but as teachers.

In Ephesians 5:13 we read: "But everything exposed by the light becomes visible — and everything that is illuminated becomes a light." The act of noticing, naming, and releasing is transformative.

This season invites us to ask:

- What am I being called to let go of?
- What "old leaves" no longer serve me?
- Where might change be opening the door to something new?

It isn't always easy. Letting go rarely feels simple. But we are not meant to carry everything forever. Sometimes the bravest thing we can do is loosen our grip and allow space for God, for peace, or for new opportunities to enter.

As we journey through October, may we walk with courage. May we welcome both the beauty and the challenge of change. And may we trust, as nature shows us, that release is never the end of the story — it is the beginning of transformation.

Beatrix Glowacki

6

My Garden

(with apologies to Thomas Edward Brown)

NEVER. AGAIN. So started my first conversation with Susan Brice following the Flower Festival. I love flowers, particularly the bright coloured and scented ones, but I'd rather they lived in the garden where they could fulfil their full potential, rather than die in the house where only the residents and any visitor would see them. You can see then that I'm not a natural flower arranger. I can spend ages trying to arrange flowers in a vase, the end result of which seldom differs from how it would have been if I had plonked them straight into a vase. Sometimes the plonking method has been more successful.

Susan had inveigled me into agreeing to submit an 'arrangement' for Happy Bloomin' Holidays. I'd tried saying 'I don't take holidays – I go to France to work on my garden', but Susan was quick off the mark. 'Oh – an interpretation of your French garden would be lovely.'

Huh – I shot myself in the foot there then.

So started weeks of soul-searching. What would be growing in the grounds of Chateau Smit in August? We'd had a wet spring followed by exceptionally high temperatures. The answer was – not a lot. The wild grasses, which by late May were nearly shoulder high would have degenerated into a tangled mass of dead weeds. My rose bushes were already clinging on to life by their leaf-tips. Even the herbs were struggling. F(estival) Day was looming ever closer, and then – crunch time. 'I need your back story for the Flower Festival catalogue by the 12th'.

Oh dear. How do you write a back story when you've no idea what the front story would be?

Slightly tongue in cheek, I jotted down a few words about the joys of my French garden. It gave me breathing space. It didn't help me much though, when I was waking up at 3.00 am wondering whether even the weeds had died off. And how do you arrange dead weeds to make them look interesting? Well, dear reader, interesting is probably the one thing they won't look, but at least by the evening before set up day I had sourced enough weed, tall dead grass and a couple of herbs to put something together. I breathed a huge sigh of relief.

I'm hoping that the coming year will see the end of my reputation as Queen of the Weed Patch (at least in France). A conversation with a fellow worshipper at the monthly English church service in our village, led to

me finding someone to build the patio I wanted. And, joy of joys, conversations over cups of tea (he's English) revealed that his real love was landscape gardening. RESULT! Hence here I am in France, project managing. Week 1 was spent watching rain being driven almost horizontally across the garden just after I'd hired a digger for week 2. A hot and sunny weekend, and two nice days (and more rain) have seen the digger rumbling up and down and my lumpy, bumpy weed patch turning into something resembling sunburnt Saharan sands bordered by some plants I want to keep.

I'm promised that once all the vines, brambles, Russian vine, half-hidden rocks and debris have gone and the surface is smooth, I can walk the estate and will be able to envisage my design and mark it out. I hope that's so, as currently the design I can't imagine it, let alone put something on paper. I thought I had a week … but as with all the best laid plans, somehow it's 'gangin' agley' (sorry Robbie Burns). Still, the ASSI is reducing and I'm starting to think my man may be right. Once the hills have gone I'll see where to put shrub beds, Cottage garden, rockery, water feature, scented garden … oooh so many things to fit in. What a good job it's a big garden!

My dream garden may not be exactly as Thomas Edward Brown's poem My Garden describes (and if you don't know it, look it up) but we're in total agreement about two things. Firstly that 'a garden is a lovesome thing'. Secondly? 'Tis very sure God walks in mine' – and I apologise to God for all the weeds.

Lin Smit

The Pains and Joys of Travel

I very much enjoyed the article in the August edition of Outlook where Christopher Tyrer describes so amusingly how they suffered a chapter of accidents on their recent trip to Helsinki, none of which caused any actual injury but resulted in things being spilled on them on a regular basis. It reminded me of an article I wrote for the u3a magazine some years ago and I thought you might be interested in it.

I have a theory about travel. In the anticipation we float through the experience as if in a dreamlike state, unencumbered by the realities of having to take our bodies with us. We are never too hot or cold, hungry or thirsty, tired or even just disappointed that the holiday is not living up to our expectations.

At some point in every holiday there is always a moment where I say "Hang on, this is not how it was meant to be". A good example of this was when, after being cooped up in a dark and gloomy tent in the Jura during a 36 hour downpour, we decided to cross the border into nearby Switzerland in search of the elusive sunshine. A forlorn hope as it turned out. I

found myself in a roofless Swiss toilet cubicle dressed in layers of fleeces and waterproofs, trying to do the necessary while holding an umbrella to protect myself from the torrential rain. This was certainly not part of my travel plans!

Air travel too can be a problem. My romantic vision of soaring above the clouds is dissipated by the aroma of my neighbour's sweaty socks and by the tantrums of two-year-olds rebelling against being strapped down for take-off. Business class is beyond us so we are faced with the challenge of the airline meal tray with its impenetrable packaging and bendy plastic cutlery.

Carrying our worldly possessions round the world is not always trouble-free either. Our suitcases now sport identifying ribbons and straps since a fellow passenger mistakenly took my suitcase off the carousel and carried it off to her transfer coach. When I finally reached the same coach, minus my luggage and in a panic, I was harangued by that passenger for not bringing her suitcase. It did not seem to occur to her that, if you have apparently lost your luggage, you don't just help yourself to someone else's.

It's not all pain though. We travel for the magic times. The moment when a stumpy little man in baggy jeans and with a beer belly, who was on the boat on which we were crossing the Sea of Gallilee, cast a net out over the water, as fishermen have been doing for 2,000 years and more, was memorable. We will never forget sitting in a jeep in the warm African darkness only 20 feet from a huge male lion as it roared out into the night and the shivers down our spines as it was answered by another male from a distant hillside.

Snorkelling in warm Turkish waters watching brightly coloured fish feeding from the squidged up bread rolls clutched in my hands was a job, while Scuba diving and having my mask fill with water so that I really thought I might die, was definitely a pain.

We have seen wonderful things - from the snow-capped Rocky Mountains to the parched bush of Tanzania, from the geysers and boiling pools of Yellowstone to the magnificence of Victoria Falls and the grandeur of the Grand Canyon. Yes, we are often hot, cold, tired or hungry, but it's still a beautiful world and we'll go on travelling to its wonders as long as our health permits it. And following Christopher Tyrer's advice – we shall take plenty of clothes!

Penny Gerrard

From Wycombe to Wells

The life of a visiting chorister

We are so lucky at Hughenden to have a dedicated year-round choir and a music group. Singing enables the profound expression of our deepest emotions: joy, hope, faith, despair and has been key to Christian worship for thousands of years. I remember as a small child in All Saints High Wycombe, being mesmerised by the beauty of the psalms, as the lines of the four part harmony wove in and out. Music was my second favourite aspect of attending church – it ranked almost as highly as "accidentally" dropping my 6d collection money with the aim of rolling it through the central heating grating in the floor like an ecclesiastical slot machine. I hope they cleared the central heating ducts before we went decimal!

Worship always felt emotionally flat during the summer when the choir boys were on holiday, and this loss is not unique to Wycombe. All over the country in the middle of July, the choir boys and girls from the great cathedrals dance joyfully off on their holidays. It's then that a motley assortment of amateur singers dust off their cassocks, pack their most silent shoes and make the transition from their day jobs to visiting cathedral choristers. We aren't paid, take time from our annual leave and usually pay for our own accommodation and source our own music.

My group, The Naylor Singers, grew from a student chamber choir, eager for new experiences. We now live across the country, have married and have musical children who have enriched the group. We meet only twice per year, once in the summer and once after Christmas to fill the gap left when the cathedral choirs are on holiday. One or two of the group are able to conduct and others play the organ, so we are able to step in to the liturgical life of the Cathedral and seamlessly deputise for the regular choir and musicians. Over thirty five years we have visited most of the cathedrals in the UK from York and Canterbury (flawless demo tape needed to even be considered); Chapel Royal within Windsor Castle (very high security which was slightly scary) to the tiny Cathedral of the Isles in Cumbrae (maximum congregation capacity about 20).

Cathedrals generally have evensong on most weekdays and two or three services on a Sunday. Each service has different musical settings in at least four part harmony, different psalm settings and different hymns all of which have been chosen in advance, but not practiced until the day of the service. The visiting choir week begins with Monday evensong, which is luckily the least well attended

service. Whatever worldly problems or travel difficulties one has, need to be put aside on entry to the Cathedral. The sole focus is on learning both the music and logistics of that particular cathedral so that we can lead the worship flawlessly and without fuss. Sometimes the first day is tricky and on one occasion, after singing the service beautifully, the lead chorister turned the wrong way on the outgoing procession and we all ended up in a store room instead of the appointed chapel for choir dismissal by the clergy. Occasionally weekday evensongs have no one at all in the congregation. They still take place but have a different, almost monastic feel which focuses one's mind on the spirituality of the service. Having sung in an empty cathedral for three days in Brecon and led a congregation of one man and one dog in Cumbrae, I'm seldom uncomfortable and feel privileged, to share the intimate evensong worship at Hughenden.

This year Naylor Singers were lucky enough to visit Wells Cathedral for a week. It is one of my favourites, which the group have not visited since 2002. My younger daughter joined me, a rare treat since she now lives away from home. I enjoyed both her younger voice and unerring sense of tuning, but even more so - showing her Vicar's Close, the medieval street where the cathedral staff live and where in 2002, she toddled her first steps.

2025 marks the 500th anniversary of the birth of Italian composer Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, so our music list contained several of his beautiful,

renaissance polyphonic settings. It is easy to allow modern-day stress and worry, to prevent one from focussing wholly on worship, but that week, Palestrina's ethereal 450 year old musical phrases echoed perfectly around the 800 year old cathedral, serenely carrying the hopes, prayers and praises of the faithful to heaven, exactly as they would have done since the 16th Century.

Sarah Johnson

Community in **Full Bloom**

What a lovely weekend it was for the 3rd St Michael & All Angels Flower Festival!

Many visitors - from near and far - came to admire 29 different displays capturing happy holiday memories which ranged from Minehead to a South Sea Island. If you were not one of those who visited, you missed a treat! A particularly poignant arrangement captured the feel of a war time holiday, complete with tiny barbed-wire, another highlighted the special family holiday in the time between the arranger's diagnosis of, and treatment for, cancer. Many, it has to be noted, included reference to or examples of local wines!

In addition to the arrangements, U3A members had a display of the huge variety of interest groups they engage in - photography; quilting; metal work; embroidery and painting amongst others. The flower arranging group contributed a huge display to the festival. (If you were unable to attend, there may still be some copies available of the catalogue created by Ben Brice, presumably in the dead of night, after all entries were complete.)

On Bank Holiday Monday, the tower was open to visitors to have a brief introduction to Bell Ringing, and many climbed the spiral stairs to watch some of the ringing team demonstrate their prowess. Hand bells were available at the bottom of the tower for the less intrepid to examine. Interest was so great that additional demos had to be organised. The bells were also used to summon the ringers to the tower for their shift: occasionally a ringer taking a well-earned tea break was seen hastily consuming a last mouthful of cake and scampering back to church to take up their rope, whenever a bell called them.

Which brings us to the teas: mountains of cakes were consumed over the three days, contributed not only by our congregation of bakers, but also by some family members and neighbours. Old favourites:

BRAZIL

lemon drizzle, coffee and walnut, chocolate plus some more exotic dishes including strudels and Ukrainian cakes were eagerly consumed.

In the midst of the weekend was a service recognising and celebrating 150 years since the rebuilding of the Church took place. The rebuild was substantially paid for by James Searight, the father-in-law of Henry Blagden, the then vicar who had been appointed by Disraeli. The Blagdens,

Searights and of course Benjamin Disraeli, are, as readers will be aware, significantly memorialised in St Michael & All Angels, but one could hijack the tribute to Wren in St Paul's Cathedral and say of Canon Blagden: ' If you seek his monument, look around you.'

The weekend was a great success financially and I think spiritually: as always it was made possible by those who contributed so vastly of their time and talents, led so ably (yet again) by Sylvia Clark and Susan Brice.

Jane Tyrer

The full catalogue of exhibits can still be viewed on the church website:

www.hughendenparishchurch.org.uk/FlowerFestivalCatalogue

Highlights from our **Tower Open Day**

It's a rarely visited room for most people, but on Bank Holiday Monday we welcomed ninety-eight visitors into our ringing room as part of our Tower Open Day. The aim was to give a glimpse into what goes on behind the scenes so that visitors could learn about the bells in the belfry; their history, how they're hung, what they weigh and why they matter, as well as to give them the chance to watch us ringing so they could see as well as hear, the magic in action.

We received great feedback from both locals and travellers; one visitor was inspired to take up bellringing, another was moved by the experience of watching the live demonstrations and young bellringers compared notes between their tower and ours because despite over 5,000 towers in the UK, no two rings of bells are the same. Most visitors were surprised by the complexities of bellringing, and Cliff the Steeple Keeper ('what a title!' someone exclaimed) and nine of our bellringing friends, enjoyed sharing our enthusiasm and passion for this uniquely English tradition to the nearly one hundred awed attendees.

If you missed the event but are interested in learning more, then you can pop along to any of our practice sessions on Tuesday evenings from 7.30 pm or send me a message.

Verity
Tower Captain

Mothers' Union

On Tuesday 2nd September we held our MU Meeting in Church House. It was a warm, wet afternoon so we were very pleased that thirty Members attended. The theme was Harvest and giving thanks to the Lord for the many gifts we are given. A short service took place involving Ann Moore who read the bible reading Matthew 13:37-43 so well. Nicky Fairbairn provided the music for a favourite hymn "We Plough the Fields".

Our speaker was our own Ann Gee accompanied by her husband Roger. The Talk was titled "Assam and the Brahmaputra". Ann and Roger had been on a cruise on the Brahmaputra River and we were all delighted to hear of their adventures. We were transported to another world - a nature lover's paradise. The Brahmaputra is a river running through the Himalayas and is largely situated in Assam. Along the way Roger had captured many aspects of the wild life they had encountered, from beautiful butterflies, exquisite birds, rare one-horn rhinoceroses and even a rather ugly water hog.

They had a superb collection of photographs showing their journey took in temples and very interesting villages. They spoke of how friendly the local people were and, all in all, it was a holiday cruise to remember.

Thank you Ann and Roger for sharing with us this very interesting and informative trip. A vote of thanks was given by Dianne Walker.

After the notices and forthcoming events were given, we celebrated one of our members, Chris Gould's, special birthday. A delicious cake made by Dianne Walker appeared and we sang a rousing "Happy Birthday". It was a very happy meeting enjoyed by all.

Our next meeting is Tuesday 7th October. The talk will be "Remap - Custom Made Equipment for Disabled People" by Les Brown. Please join us - all are welcome.

Shirley Brown

Forthcoming Events

7 Oct - MU Meeting
21 Oct - MU Coffee Morning

Children of Abraham

Children of Abraham,
Gathered all in uneasy closeness.
Jerusalem echoes with the past
As footsteps of faith
Tread prayer soaked pathways.
Conflict, creed and confusion
Crowd the narrow streets of the city
And the stones are washed
With intolerance.

Jerusalem is a palimpsest
Of history and religion.
There is a jostling of beliefs
As the call of the muezzin
Rivals the chiming of bells
And the chanting at the wall.
We chase after Christ, but
Find only shadows of Christianity,
Grey and lacking in love,
Scarred by discord and division.

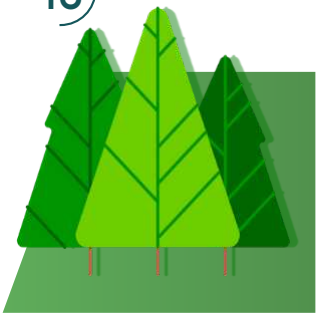
Human hands and minds desecrate the divine,
While pilgrims search for more
Than postcards and scarves.
I want to place my feet in
The footsteps of Jesus,
Shrouded as they are
By more than sand and dust.
But then the song of love is sung,
Just in unexpected corners,
And it does light the path ahead
Straight to the heart.

We pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
It is a city in need of prayer.

Susan Brice
(from Psalm 122)
February 2020

I wrote this on the plane travelling from Tel Aviv back home to Heathrow in the spring of 2020. I recently used this poem as part of my flower festival display based on the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Several people spoke to me about it so I thought I would offer it here.

Of course the situation has changed dramatically over the last few years. Nobody could have imagined the events of 7th October 2023 or the war that has followed. Maybe it makes my thoughts in the poem more poignant.



Nature Note

"Bereshit barach Elohim"
(In the beginning God created)

Genesis 1:1

I'm trying my best to learn Hebrew so I've started at the start you might say. Trouble is it's the only bit I can remember fluently (can you be fluent with three words?) Plus it's hardly useful in most conversations. Imagine the reaction when ordering at a restaurant, asking directions or giving your name however genuine your accent when you trot it out. I need to push on a bit with it methinks.

But what a start to the Bible! Bereshit, in the beginning, with a finite somewhat limited imagination that's a mysterious scenario. All I come up with is a warm sense of growing excitement as I think of God's longing for us, His, as yet, unborn, uncreated children that He will live with.

Then of course He had to come up with the technical details, how to make us in as gentle a way as possible so that we could meet Him and understand His ways without overwhelming us with His presence. And of course He knew from the get go that the free choices, the free will that He wanted for us would lead to unsavoury, dangerous situations which He would have to help us with. He gave us a chosen, unchangeable path to His side - Jesus. He saw all this before we existed, and even as He created us He had a plan. That's all in the first three words of the Bible, for me.

It's autumn, no doubt about it. The season of plenty, bounty, almost a glut of amazing God given provision.

You can almost hear the farmers chuckling as they prepare the fatted calf (Bible speak you understand) for our table, along with freshly steamed new potatoes topped with butter and just picked mint, roasted carrots, parsnips, leeks, cabbage, maybe hot beetroot in a sweet and sour sauce, and of course dark reduced gravy (yes, gravy, keep the sauce for fancy cooking) and horse radish on the side. And that's only the start, a very satisfying one, of the astonishing food the Lord has given us when the harvest enters our kitchens.

On the allotment we've had success, failure and some stuttering results. The long hot spell meant that plants flowered and fruited early, neither the flowers nor fruit lasted long, but the flavour, the flavour, oh my word. New potatoes, tomatoes, damsons, grapes, rhubarb, loganberries … you know that it's commonly said that things don't taste the same as they used to. Too right! I've never tasted better, wow!

Failures we had, I'd be worried if we didn't, it would be the portent of absolute disaster to come. My protective fleece disintegrated over broccoli, sweetheart cabbage and cauliflower meaning all sorts of unwelcome visitors, mainly insects, got stuck in with only a remnant left for the gardener. Similarly with peas and beans for some reason, not normally a problem with those. Cucumbers suffered from yellow mosaic fungus. But hey ho, next season plans are underway to get round those problems.

Have you ever considered how much water a large tree with an enormous crown consumes? An open grown individual (i.e. one not surrounded by others) with a well developed branch system uses anywhere between 100 and 400 gallons daily depending on species, temperature, wind speed etc. Where do they get the water from?

Ok, the soil you say, but there's no water supply other than what falls from the sky which can be capricious in regularity and amount. The key there is soil. Healthy soil is what life as we know it depends on for survival. Forget all the high tech, high finance, high politics, nuclear power, clever-clever stuff of our age. With no soil we're in big, big trouble.

Soil essentially is decayed and decaying organic matter and the earth is covered in a thin layer everywhere except in extremely rocky zones, even underwater. Most plants require no more than 10 inches of topsoil and generally soil everywhere is no deeper than 40 inches. But that soil is teeming with life, it's reckoned that one teaspoonful of good topsoil contains more bacteria (don't be fooled by tv ads, the vast majority of bacteria are not only harmless but also useful, vital to other life forms) than the total number of humans alive today!

We'll talk soil another time. Bereshit barach Elohim.

Mike Bevan

UK Birding Headlines

Zitting Cisticola breed for first time

Black Winged Kite still around

Glossy Ibis invasion, flocks up to 70 reported

BOOK-ENDS

The Joubert Family Chronicles - Kate Mosse

I wonder how many of you reading this remember devouring Labyrinth in 2005? For most people this was our introduction to Kate Mosse and for me it was one of the only books where I reached the end and immediately turned back to the beginning and read it again. In time this was followed by Sepulchre and Citadel and formed the Languedoc Trilogy. This was a few years after the DaVinci Code by Dan Brown was published and it was the start of a certain genre of hefty volumes that were part history, part thriller with just a dash of the supernatural.

Kate Mosse is the reason that I first visited Carcasonne in south west France as I wanted to see the Languedoc, this fascinating land with a language of its own, so heavily weighted with religious, historical and cultural baggage; part of France, but in a way not really.

A decade later a new treat was released: The Burning Chambers which was the beginning of the Joubert Family Chronicles. This was followed by The City of Tears and subsequently The Ghost Ship and The Map of Bones. It is the last two books that I have recently enjoyed reading and very rich and rewarding it has been.

The Joubert family are Huguenots, French Protestants with decidedly Calvinist leanings. At the beginning of the chronicles we are in Carcasonne in 1562, right at the start of the French Wars of Religion. The Catholic monarchy over the following years see-sawed between allowing some sects religious freedom and

at other times crushing everything other than strict Roman rites. The Languedoc was long a thorn in the flesh, as in previous centuries the area was a stronghold for Cathars, seen as heretics as they held duallist beliefs and did not hold with the trinity.

I learn so much from this sort of reading and it sends me online to research and investigate ideas that I feel I don't know enough about! Anyway, in amongst all this history, meticulously researched by the way, there is plenty of story I promise you. We move through the Joubert generations, focusing heavily on the women, and The Ghost Ship is a sweeping epic of a love story with some unexpected twists. We are in 1621 and on the Barbary Coast with Louise, the unlikely owner and captain of a ship. She is constantly trying to escape the Huguenot strictures of her past family life but also to break free of everything that is expected of a woman. From beginning to end this story feels to be on a knife edge and the reader really doesn't know how it will resolve. Dramatic, immersive and full of secrets; a great read.

I was delighted when I could buy the conclusion to the Joubert family story. Again, I learnt so much in such a powerfully interesting way. The Map of Bones sweeps in both time and geography from the late 1600s to the 1870s and from South Africa to London, via the Canary Islands and Amsterdam. I am sure I did not know how widely the Huguenot diaspora spread and I certainly had no knowledge of the South African connection. In this book, another Joubert female, Suzanne, a Huguenot refugee from war torn France, journeys to the Cape of Good Hope in search of Louise, her notorious cousin who disappeared over 50 years ago. Six generations later Isabelle follows in her footsteps, intent on investigating her ancestors. She finds many evils of the past but also, for reasons that gradually become clear, evils that are far from buried and might threaten her own life. This is exciting adventure of the sort that prevents me switching off my bedside light until well after the witching hour.

Throughout these four books Kate Mosse very definitely has an agenda that she is at no pains to hide. It is about feminism and misogyny and is something about which she has written another book: Warrior Queens and Quiet Revolutionaries: How Women (Also) Built the World. A couple of years ago I went to see her talk about this book at Wycombe Town Hall and she was passionate about the ways in which for many centuries women's place in history has been ignored, erased and belittled. Her fiction endeavours to shed light on this and her storylines aim to shift the focus and paint a different and more positive picture.

I've written about another Kate Mosse book on my blog and also about stories by Salley Vickers, totally and utterly different but very engaging. Do look.

beyondtheairingcupboard.co.uk

Susan Brice

October Recipe

We were in Folkstone with the family last week and had a steam train ride out to Dungeness where we had lunch in a pub. A very strange place if you haven't been there, but a lovely day out. Some of the family had Tiramisu for dessert and it was not good but it reminded me of this easy recipe. It is why I often don't eat dessert in pubs as they are often (not always) so easy to make.

I also thought of another easy recipe for Banoffee pie, which once went disastrously wrong! You can now buy the tins of caramel made from condensed milk, but 20 years ago you couldn't. I used to put the tins into a saucepan of water and boil gently for two hours and magic, they turned into caramel, which could then be kept ready to make the dessert. One day I had three tins boiling and forgot, I was upstairs and heard this massive bang, rushed downstairs, the saucepan had boiled dry and all three tins had exploded toffee all over the kitchen. NEVER TO BE REPEATED!

Julia Grant

INGREDIENTS

1 packet of sponge fingers or Madeira cake

75ml strong black coffee

75ml Tia Maria, Brandy or Masala wine

3 egg yolks

50g caster sugar

250g mascarpone cheese

25g flaked almonds

150ml whipping cream

30ml cocoa powder

METHOD

1. *Dip the sponge fingers in the black coffee, then arrange in a single layer in a serving dish. If using any other sponge, layer in the dish and pour the coffee over. Then sprinkle the liqueur evenly over the sponge.*
2. *Beat the egg yolk with the sugar until pale and creamy. Stir in the mascarpone cheese and beat until smooth.*
3. *Spread the mixture over the sponge fingers and chill covered for at least an hour or overnight.*
4. *To decorate toast the almonds in a heavy pan until golden. Whip the cream until stiff and spread over the mixture. Scatter the almonds on the cream and dust the cocoa over the top. If you wish to make it look more fancy you can use extra whipped cream and pipe some rosettes on the top but it still doesn't alter the taste!*

Holy Day in October

26th October – Alfred the Great, King of the West Saxons

Can you think of a politician who deserves to be called a saint? If no one currently living politician comes to mind, never mind – there is always King Alfred of Wessex (871-899).

This remarkable and best known of all the Anglo-Saxon rulers may have dozed off and let some cakes burn while a peasant woman was hiding him from the Vikings, but he did so much else which was of lasting good for the Anglo-Saxon people.

It was a desperate time for the Anglo-Saxons – the kingdoms of Northumbria, East Anglia and Mercia had fallen to the Vikings. Only Alfred's province remained free. Through some inspired military maneuvering, Alfred managed to keep them at bay. As a Christian, he became the defender of all Christian Anglo-Saxons against the pagan Vikings. (His son and grandsons went on to conquer the Vikings, and thus ensured the future unity of England.)

Alfred was also a scholar, and admired certain writings which had laid down models of ideal Christian kingship. He tried to put these principles into practise, such as producing a law-code. Alfred believed strongly that anyone in authority should have to study in order to learn how to govern. Not such a bad idea for leaders today!

Alfred was never canonised by the Church, but his translation of Consolation of Philosophy by Boethius is often thought to be a fitting epitaph: I desired to live worthily as long as I lived, and to leave after my life, to the men who should come after me, the memory of me in good works.

From the Parish Pump

The Rotary Club of Princes Risborough

REMEMBER A LOVED ONE - DEDICATE A LIGHT ON THE TREE

Tree of Light Dedication Ceremony is in the gardens at the corner of New Road and Duke Street, next to the Tesco's roundabout on Sun, 23rd Nov at 4:00 pm

Dedication Forms are available from the Princes Risborough Library, the Florence Nightingale Hospice Charity shop in Princes Risborough or download at www.rcpr.org.uk

The Tree of Light provides an opportunity to honour, remember and celebrate the life of someone special, and whose name will be displayed adjacent to the Tree. The dedications will be displayed until the end of the year.

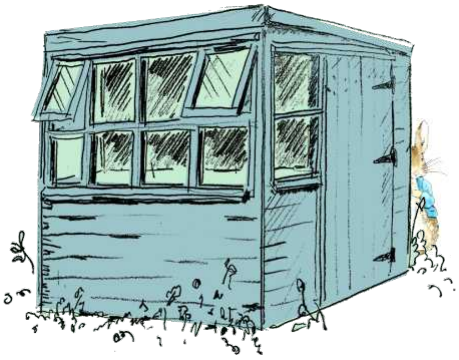
The Florence Nightingale Hospice Charity has replaced Rennie Grove as the Rotary Club's partner as the reorganisation of hospice services in Buckinghamshire means that Rennie Grove no longer operates in the town.

The Tree of Light is one of our major projects at this time of year, together with our over 75's Christmas Lunch at the Princes Centre, our Christmas Street Collection in the Town and a party for the Bucks Young Carers.Why should you be interested in such things?Well these are some of the many ways that members of the Club can give back to the local community. We provide support to numerous local and wider needs.To enable us to do so we need to raise money for our Charity Account and over the past few years we have raised over £30,000 annually.

The Club is a vibrant organization that meets on Mondays at the Whiteleaf Golf Club for an enjoyable and light-hearted evening, which includes a meal and entertainment in a friendly and fun atmosphere which helps build strong relationships - a crucial part of our Club's identityIf you would like to be part of this and might consider joining us, visit our website and perhaps come to one of our meetings to see if it might interest you. We would love to hear from you.Also, if you know of causes that would benefit from our support, or you would like to donate to our Charity Account, or have any other queries please use the contact details below at:

rcpr.org.uk or David White on 07787 750889 for general Club enquires; or for Tree of Light enquires: email rcprpub@gmail.com or phone David Griggs on 07896 101819

From the **Potting Shed**



Dear friends,

Little Seth and I went for a walk down to my friend's cottage. Whilst Beryl and I sat outside the kitchen door and had a cup of tea, Seth wandered up into the orchard. When he arrived back, hoping for a cake … or two … he wanted to tell us how big the pears were on the large tree in the corner. Beryl looked rather confused. 'I don't have a pear tree,' she told Seth and they wandered back to have a look. It turns out it was the quince tree. To Seth the fruit looked like slightly misshapen knobbly pears. He hadn't even heard of quinces, so of course Beryl sent us home with a bagful.

They are not good to eat raw but come into their own if cooked and strained, with a jelly bag if possible … and no my grandson had never heard of that either! My hubby though, knew just what was happening when he came in and saw the juice dripping gently through the bag. Over a pot of tea he waxed lyrical about the quince jelly his mum used to make and how good it was with a nice piece of cheddar or cold meats. His favourite way of eating it though turned out to be spread on freshly baked scones. Better get baking, hadn't I?!

Enjoy the autumn colours when you are out for a walk this month and how about trying a pot of quince jelly … very tasty.

Till next month my dears,

Yours,

Cecily MacGregor

Jobs for October

1. Time to clean out greenhouses, ponds and water butts.
2. Trim back hedges so that they are neat for the winter.
3. Plant spring bedding biennials such as wallflowers.
4. Raise pots off the ground so that they can drain and don't become waterlogged.
5. Fill pots and other containers with grasses, cyclamen and violas.
6. Maybe invest in some garden fleece to protect anything that is tender from the inevitable frost.

What's On at St Michael & All Angels

October

4	6.00 am	Wycombe Prayers @ St. Michael's: Church
5	7.00 pm	Harvest Barn Dance: Hughenden Village Hall
7	2.00 pm	Mothers' Union Meeting: Church House
	6.00 pm	Deanery Synod Meeting: Church
19	3.00 pm	Lighthouse Live: Church
21	10.00 am	Mothers' Union Coffee Morning: Church House
26	2.30 pm	Civic Service: Church

November

1	8.30 am	Men's Breakfast: Church House
2	3.00 pm	Annual Memorial Service: Church
9	10.45 am	Act of Remembrance: Church
16	3.00 pm	Lighthouse Live: Church

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

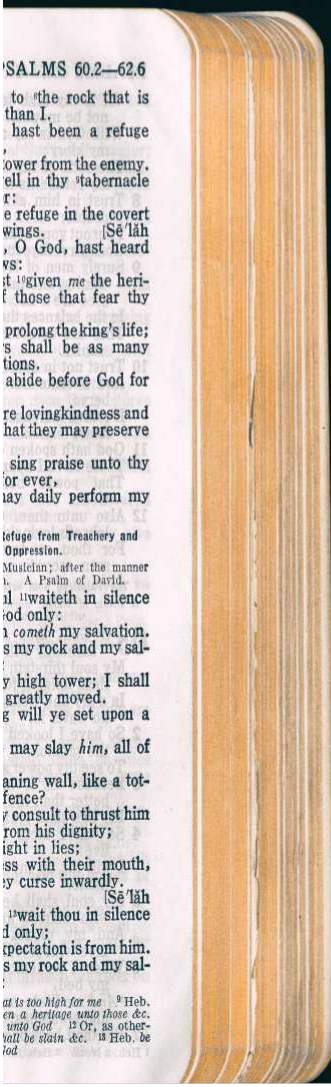
Friendship Morning

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**

October Lectionary



5th : Harvest Festival

Deuteronomy 26: 1-11

Revelation 14: 14-18

John 6: 25-35

Evensong: Psalm 126

Joel 2: 21-27

1 Timothy 6: 6-10

12th: Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity

2 Kings 5: 1-3 & 7-15c

2 Timothy 2: 8-15

Luke 17: 11-19

Psalm at 9.00 am: 111

Evensong: Psalm 144

Nehemiah 6: 1-16

John 15: 12-end

19th: Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity

Genesis 32: 22-31

2 Timothy 3:14 – 4:5

Luke 18: 1-8

Evensong: Psalm 149

Nehemiah 8: 9-end

John 16: 1-11

26th: Last Sunday after Trinity

Jeremiah 14: 7-10 & 19-end

2 Timothy 4: 6-8 & 16-18

Luke 18: 9-14

Psalm at 9.00 am: 84

Evensong: Psalm 119: 1-16

Ecclesiastes 11 & 12

2 Timothy 2: 1-7

Who's Who at St Michael & All Angels

From October 2025 the post of vicar at Hughenden is vacant.

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	Friendship Morning	Helen Peters	716772
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

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.

www.hughendenparishchurch.org.uk