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

outLook

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

INSIDE: Christmas Charities | *December Reflection* | A Favourite Christmas?

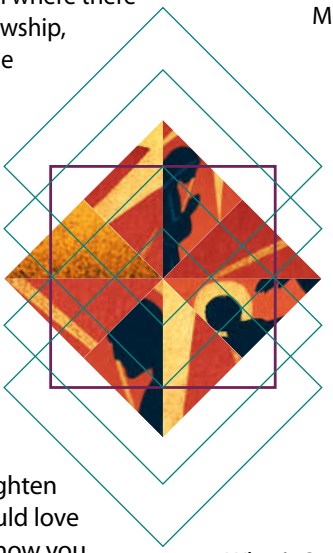
Welcome to **Your Church**

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

Here we are approaching Christmas and the end of the year. What are your memories of 2025? A happy year? Perhaps with new beginnings? A new family member? A new school? A new house? New friends? A new job? Perhaps a year with sadness? Loss of a loved one? Illness? Difficulties or worries?

When you look around, whether round your home or family, your locality, your country or your world, do you see sunshine and joy or sadness and fear? What can we do - individually or as a group, as a church, to improve individual or society's lives?

These pages often – and this edition is no different- reflect how we can help by giving financially or with our time to support causes or groups here and across the world. At Christmas time, people whether of a Christian faith or not, often make especial donations to worthy causes. (As we write, the BBC's Children In Need appeal has just raised its usual colossal amount, with donations, many given in response to extraordinary efforts by ordinary people (or celebrities.) Amazing individuals across the globe (see the report from MAF and think of Médecins sans Frontiers) put themselves in harm's way to bring succour to the distressed.

Our Christmas charities, where Church giving over the Christmas period is sent, are described in the following pages: as usual we have one international, one national and one local charity which will benefit from the generosity of our congregations.

If you are looking also for a way of stilling your heart and mind away from the pressures of the world, we can bid you read Bea's meditation for this month.

In Helen's sermon on the Second Sunday before Advent, she spoke of certainties. Yes, death and paying taxes as in the old joke, but more importantly the certainty of Jesus. As she writes below, Christmas is when we remember and celebrate the fact that the Son of GOD came to an ordinary maiden, to serve and to save humankind and to offer Himself, after a rigged and a mockery of a trial, through a barbarous and excruciating death, to expunge our repented sins and to offer eternal life. What a Christmas gift was – and is - that!

However you are spending this Christmas period, the whole editorial team would like to thank our contributors and our readers for their support and wish you all a very blessed joyous Christmastide and a happy and peaceful New Year.

Christopher and Jane Tyrer
Editors

from the Vicarage

Not

Helen Peters

Associate Minister

St Michael & All Angels, Hughenden

The poet Christina Rossetti wrote two beautiful carols: 'In the bleak mid-winter' and 'Love came down at Christmas'. For me, that second title 'Love came down at Christmas' captures both the simplicity and profoundness of what happened that very first Christmas morning.

Out of love for creation, God the creator chose to break into human history. Laying aside Godly majesty, God came to earth in the form of a vulnerable human baby, Jesus Emmanuel – God with us. He came to the most vulnerable, for the most vulnerable. God didn't come on a whim – this was a rescue mission planned from before time began. Jesus' arrival is promised throughout our Old Testament scriptures. John the Baptist shouts from the desert – prepare your hearts! When the right time came, hosts of angelic angels declared his arrival – shepherds and kings welcomed Him in awe and wonder.

Jesus arrives with a simple invitation for us to accept God's unconditional love and to recognise the mess we're in. To welcome God's love and to allow God's love to change and equip us to be the people we are created and called to be. A people who love, deeply.

As we move from Christmas to the New Year, I wonder what 2026 will hold for each one of us, for the life of St. Michael & All Angel's church, and indeed, the life of the world? There always feels something slightly strange about stepping over the

CHRISTMAS SERVICES

threshold into a New Year. None of us can know for sure what it will hold – what joys, sadnesses, challenges and delights. One thing for sure is whilst we do not know what the future holds, we can know the One who, in his love, holds the future, right there in His hands. As the words of the poet Minnie Louise Haskins put it:

> *And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:*
> *"Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown."*

And he replied:

> *"Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way."*

We have a variety of different Christmas services running up to the big day and hope you can join us for one or more of them: an opportunity to celebrate God's amazing rescue mission together.

May you know God's love this Christmas, and in the New Year to come.

CHRISTINGLE SERVICE

14th Dec - 3.00 pm

CAROLS AT NAPHILL VILLAGE HALL

21st Dec - 3.00 pm

NINE LESSONS & CAROLS

21st Dec - 6.00 pm

CHRISTMAS EVE

2.00 pm - Crib Service

3.30 pm & 5.00 pm - Family Carol Services

11.15 pm - Midnight Communion

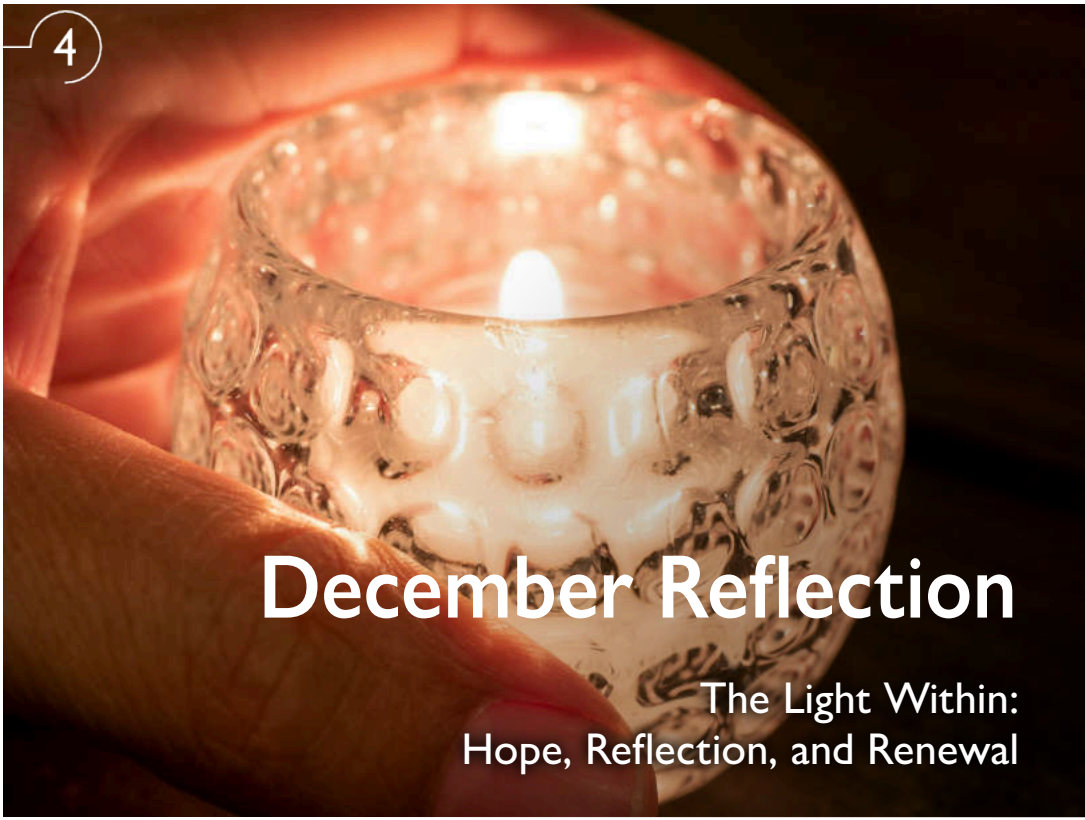
CHRISTMAS DAY

9.00 am - Choral Communion

11.00 am - Family Communion

SUNDAY 28TH DECEMEBER

10.00 am - Combined Communion



December Reflection

The Light Within: Hope, Reflection, and Renewal

"Reflect upon your present blessings - of which every man has many - not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some."

Charles Dickens - A Christmas Carol

December carries a special kind of stillness. The world seems quieter; even the air feels softer. As the year draws to a close, we find ourselves looking back - at what we've experienced, what we've learned, and how we've grown.

It's often a month filled with both light and shadow. The days are short, yet our homes glow with warmth. The nights are dark, yet our hearts turn toward hope. Advent reminds us

that even in the deepest darkness, light is always coming. And sometimes, that light is already within us - waiting to be noticed.

Throughout the year, we've journeyed through seasons of stillness, renewal, change, and gratitude. Each one has shaped us in quiet ways. December invites us to gather all those moments - the joyful and the difficult - and see them as part of a larger story of becoming.

This is a time to pause and ask gentle questions:

- What am I thankful for as the year ends?
- What have I learned about myself, about faith, about others?
- What light have I discovered, even in unexpected places?

Renewal doesn't always mean starting over; sometimes it simply means softening our hearts and beginning again with kindness. Hope grows when we make space for reflection and allow peace to take root in the small corners of our lives.

In John 1:5, we read: "The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it." That verse holds a quiet truth — no matter what the year has brought, the light remains. It flickers within each of us, guiding us forward, one step at a time.

As we move into Christmas and beyond, may we carry that light with us. May it remind us that new beginnings are always possible, that kindness matters, and that we are never walking alone.

As this series comes to a close, I want to thank everyone who has taken a few quiet moments each month to read, reflect, and journey along with me. These reflections were born out of simple walks, everyday experiences, and the desire to notice where faith, life, and growth meet in ordinary moments.

My hope is that something within these words has encouraged you to pause, breathe, and recognise the light that lives within your own story. As we step into a new year, may we each continue to grow in kindness, courage, and peace — walking together, one season at a time.

With warmth and gratitude,

Beatrix Glowacki

6

Christmas **Charities**

The lead up to Christmas is often a time when we reflect on our blessings and look outwards a little more to the needs of others. Our chosen charities this year are Embrace the Middle East, The Children's Society and One YMCA. Let's make a difference!

We continue to hold Embrace the Middle East as a main focus of our fundraising this Christmas. Whilst peace remains on a precarious knife-edge between Israel and Palestine, and scenes of the devastation in Gaza fill our screens, Embrace the Middle East also works to tackle poverty and injustice in Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon and Syria.

Founded in 1854, albeit under a different name, their vision is "of love in action and is rooted in and inspired by Christ's invitation to care for those most in need." They work with Christian partner charities within the regions to provide community support: refuge, a home, healthcare, education, justice and human rights.

They follow four core values: Respect, Compassion, Trust and Integrity. Their website quotes Matthew 25:40, "Whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me." We cannot and must not ignore those in need in the wider world community. The Embrace the Middle East website is an interesting and humbling read: embraceme.org.

There is also an online gift shop selling a huge variety of gifts and cards designed by artists in the different regions and made by Fairtrade co-operatives.

The Children's Society

Once again, the team leading our Christingle Service will focus on The Children's Society. We join them in hoping to raise significant funds for the Society.

Founded 140 years ago, their vision is "a society built for all children." Their goal is "to overturn the damaging decline in children's wellbeing by 2030, setting a path for long-lasting growth." They listen to young people, each individual seen as unique, and provide specialist support working with them, their families and the wider community. This may be immediate help in providing the next meal or a listening ear and someone to talk to, which may lead to longer term therapy.

The Society is inspired by the courage and hope they see in young people and campaigns and lobbies on their behalf to provide a better future. For further information and to read some heart warming stories told by children themselves visit: www.childrenssociety.org.uk

YMCA

Here for young people
Here for communities
Here for you

In October Joy Ross visited St Michael & All Angels to speak about One YMCA. Her talk was informative and thought provoking. As a charity we have not supported before, it seemed fitting to choose it as one of our three Christmas charities this year.

The YMCA as an organisation is inspired by and faithful to Christian values. One YMCA supports people across Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire.

The YMCA was founded in 1844 by George Williams who worked in the drapery trade in London. He was worried about the well-being of his fellow workers and set up a prayer and bible study group. This grew and grew and has become the organisation it is today, working with young people of diverse backgrounds to build a positive future for themselves.

It deals with issues such as domestic abuse, mental health, and homelessness. It offers community support, including a Christian Mission and Chaplaincy, providing housing, family and youth work, health and well-being initiatives and training and education. For further information visit: oneymca.org

Mission Support Group

Eyam, the Plague Village

In October, we stayed in the beautiful Derbyshire Peak District for a couple of days, during which we visited the village of Eyam (pronounced Eem) and its parish church of St Lawrence. Different parts of this lovely church date from different times, but people have worshipped here for nearly 900 years. It contains many references to the plague which struck the village in 1665.

During that summer the Bubonic Plague was raging in London and many people were dying. This terrible disease came to England along the trade routes from China and was spread by the bites of fleas which had previously lived on the bodies of infected black rats. In late August 1665, George Viccars, a tailor who lived in Eyam, took delivery of a parcel of cloth from London but noticed it was damp. He put it in front of the fire to dry. Two days later he developed symptoms of the plague and died on 7th September. Within 6 weeks, two more people from the same house died and others became unwell. Fear spread throughout the village and many people packed up and left.

The Rector, William Mompesson and his colleague, Thomas Stanley, called a meeting and persuaded the remaining villagers to stay inside the village to prevent the disease from spreading over Derbyshire, a very courageous thing for them to do as they knew their chances of survival were small. Helped by the Earl of Devonshire (nearby Chatsworth House is the home of the Devonshire family) Mompesson arranged for food and medical supplies to be left at the Boundary Stone, which acted as a marker separating Eyam from nearby Stoney Middleton. Money soaked in vinegar, which was believed to kill infection, was left in holes in the stone in exchange for the supplies.

The disease spread quickly within Eyam and many people died and were buried in rough graves close to their homes. One woman lost seven members of her own family in as many days and was seen to bury them one by one in the field next to her house. Along the main street through the village is a row of cottages in which many residents perished. The Church was closed and services were held in the open air at the Delf, now a small area of grass on a hillside. To this day there is an annual service at the Delf remembering the 259 souls who lost their lives to the plague. It is said that the children's nursery rhyme, 'Ring a ring of roses' is a reminder of the plague. The ring of roses refers to the body rash; the pocket full of posies to the bunch of herbs carried to ward off the disease; the sneezing is a symptom of the plague which, if you caught it, would lead you to fall down – dead! On August 25th the following year the vicar's wife, one of the last to succumb, died and she and one other are the only plague victims to be buried in the churchyard.

The boundary stone

This was a very sad and tragic time in the history of Eyam , but the fact remains that under the direction and urging of their vicar, William Mompesson, the villagers prevented the plague from spreading far and wide over Derbyshire.

St Lawrence's church is well worth a visit. William's carved chair can be seen there. This chair originally stood in the rector's study but at some point it disappeared, to be eventually rediscovered by the Rev Egbert Hacking in around 1888 in a Liverpool second-hand shop and restored to its rightful home. It bears the date 1665, the letters MOM and the word EYAM. There are, of course, many references to the plague, including a stained glass window illustrating the story of its arrival in Eyam at the home of the unfortunate tailor and also showing William Mompesson's chair. William is believed to have delivered his sermons from the Jacobean pulpit which now stands by the Chancel steps. Nearby in a glass case is an illustrated manuscript recording the names of those lost in the plague. The Nave contains wall paintings dating from around 1600 which have only recently been discovered. It is thought they were covered up in Oliver Cromwell's time as the Puritans did not allow churches to be decorated. There are six bells in the tower, four dating from shortly before the plague (1658 and 1659) and two which were added in 1926.

As you leave the church, on the right stands a Cross, made and erected by the Saxons who were the first people to develop the village and give its name. The intricate interlaced patterns on the cross show Scandinavian runic knots, a simple carving of the Mother and Child and carvings of the Angels blowing their horns, all of which are still clearly defined, having withstood the ravages of over 1,000 years of Derbyshire weather. On an outer wall of the church is a fascinating sundial erected in 1775 over the main entrance but moved to its present position in 1883. It is a tribute to the skill and artistry of rural craftsmen and their understanding of time throughout the world, because it enables one to calculate the time of day in any part of the globe. Quite why the villagers of the 1700s would need to know the time on the other wide of the world, is open to speculation!

The large churchyard has some interesting graves including that of cricketer Harry Bagshaw who played for Derbyshire and the MCC. His stone depicts the ball shattering the stumps, the bails flying in all directions and the umpire's finger pointing upward and out!

Time restraints did not allow us to see more of this most interesting church and village, steeped in history. Perhaps another visit sometime in the future?

Sylvia Clark

Ebenezer Centre, Uganda

The following poem was written by one of the boys at the Ebenezer Centre's older boys - John Alinde. John has almost completed his time at The Ebenezer Centre and will be leaving at the end of the year.

The poem portrays well John's thanks for the education and loving care that he and others have received at The Ebenezer Centre aided by the help of present and past sponsors who have helped to support him and other children. This is John's "Thank You" to you all.

Note from Rita Pulley:
There are at present another 30 children in residence at the school. The pit latrines have recently needed to be emptied at a considerable cost! And some of the corrugated roofing is also needing to be replaced after twenty-two years of sun and rain!

In hallowed halls of learning, hearts are set free
Ebenezer Orphanage Home / Ebenezer School, a shining beacon of hope, a legacy
For vulnerable children, orphans dear and worn
A haven of love, a future reborn

With education, food, and shelter from above
Holistic care, a gift of endless love
Medication and healing, for hurting hearts and bodies too
Restoring health, reviving hope, renewing dreams anew

Spiritual guidance, a foundation strong and deep
Moulding hearts, shaping lives, a moral compass to keep
Teaching values, virtues, and principles so true
Empowering children, to become all they're meant to do

Graduates emerge, empowered, bold, and bright
Their stories unfolding, a testament to faith and might
Responsible citizens, making their mark with pride
A shining reflection of love that won't subside

Great thanks to God above, for guiding hands that care
Thanks to sponsors dear, for loving hearts that share

Special thanks to Mama Rita Joy Pulley, a heart of gold
Since 2002, her love has poured out, never to grow old
Fuelling this ministry, a labour of love so true
For the children of Ebenezer, her legacy lives on, forever new

May God's justice and blessings overflow
Upon her life, her family, and all she holds dear to know
For her selfless service, her heart that beats for others' sake
May her legacy live on, a love that time won't break

Now with youthful strength, and a heart so bright
Charity Loreen leads, with vision and light
Director of the orphanage, with passion and care
Guiding Ebenezer, with love that's beyond compare

Reverend Mwesigwa Samson Newton, a visionary soul so rare
Brain and proprietor, with a heart that truly cares
Your leadership and love, a guiding light in the night
Inspiring futures, banishing shadows, bringing forth the light

Ebenezer School, a legacy of love so grand
Transforming lives, touching hearts, across this land
May God bless you, may God bless all who serve
This noble call, this labour of love, forever to preserve. **John Elinde**

Editors' Note

Newcomers to St Michael & All Angels may be unaware of the work done at the Ebenezer Centre. The Centre has been supported by our Church over many years, a support driven indefatigably by Rita Pulley as mentioned in the poem above.

Rita writes: *I first visited Uganda in 1996 with Mark Wynter and that was when I first met Samson. I went again in 2000 again with Mark and several other people. That was when the plans for the Ebenezer Centre were first discussed with Samson and a friend of his - Josephine Balinda who was a teacher. Josephine already had plans for a children's home and school but sadly Josephine died of AIDS before the Centre actually opened. I have been unable to visit Uganda since as I am unable to have the required vaccinations.*

Mission Aviation Fellowship

Serving Sesia's Samburu people

'Life here is harsh,' explains Malikoi Leparmorujo, who works hard to care for her daughter and five sons. Her nearest water supply is far away, and often dirty, with drought making life for the villagers of Sesia, Kenya, harder each year. Malikoi tends a few animals, fetches water and firewood, and ensures that her children go to school and help with the household chores. 'It isn't easy,' she says, 'but I'm thankful that today MAF brought us food.'

MAF's Kenya programme regularly flies missionaries and supplies to this hard-to-reach area, with MAF Pilot Ruth de Wit doing so 'to bless communities and show God's love.' She says that 'seeing the joy on [the 44] people's faces when they receive food makes me happy.' With the assistance of missionaries Eddy and Amanda Simmons, MAF helped distribute enough maize flour, rice, beans, mung beans, sugar, salt and cooking oil to last a month.

Eddy and Amanda have lived among the Samburu people for seven years and are grateful to MAF for enabling them to 'keep serving here'. Amanda runs a medical clinic that sees about 100 patients a week, and Eddy shares the Gospel. Eddy says he's observed how the Gospel transforms lives, having 'seen changes in how husbands relate to their wives and children.'

For pilot Ruth and MAF team member Carol Wangari, one of the most heartwarming moments was witnessing the ladies' joy as they chose clothes for their children. 'My hope,' Carol said, 'is that

MAF's plane delivers clothes as well as food

this small gesture reminded them that even in the most difficult seasons, Christ's love is present and is powerful.'

For Malikoi, the food package means that her children will have enough to eat.

For Eddy and Amanda, MAF means they can continue to reach one of Kenya's most unreached communities.

For MAF, bringing help, hope and healing to remote, isolated and vulnerable people is what we do. It's why we exist.

Please pray that, despite daily life in the remote Samburu village of Sesia being marked by long walks for water, scarce food supplies, and the ceaseless struggle for community members to provide for their kids, MAF will continue to provide food and clothing whenever they're needed.

MAF online shop. Did you know that MAF hosts an online shop on its website? You can purchase a variety of items including hoodies, socks, books and even a 2026 calendar. Why not browse the stunning array of Christmas gifts and support isolated communities around the world at the same time? Visit the website www.maf-uk.org/merch

David Tester
MAF Area and Church Rep

Sara preferred to let people work out the hymns for themselves

Another Fine Mess … ?

My devoted and discerning reader responded generously to my previous article on our travels, so I thought that a further exposure of the challenges and tribulations of our travels might receive similar generosity. The said reader also kindly provided me with an article on the issues surrounding seats on Finnair, which I will note further down this article, whilst being able to deny any responsibility: indeed, the article came as some relief.

Our recent travels took us to the far north of Scotland, to places not previously visited by us or our travelling friends and clearly was in need of our refreshing touristic efforts. We went to Berriedale, in the far north east of Scotland, situated on the A9, between Helmsdale and Lybster, in Caithness, near the border with Sutherland to the south, not far from Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Sutherland.

We stayed in a row of seamen's cottages, named the Shore Cottages, situated on the beach adjacent to a long disused harbour. Restored to their former state by the Landmark Trust, they are available for hiring as we did, in our case for a week. Now, as those with an "O" Level in Geography will remember (a note for any younger readers: the qualification may have changed more recently) the northeast of Scotland at the best of times is usually bracing in weather terms. For us it was benign: sunshine and decent temperatures for all but one of the days that we were up there.

It was sunny, warm and very comfortable. We were awakened by seals in the bay who came to see who was staying (references in the property diary indicated that this was common experience), Wi-Fi was lacking, unless – perversely – one was standing on the beach and not in the property and there was scarcely a ripple of discontent.

But for one aspect: access to the beach and to the cottages.

The only access is by a suspension bridge, as we were advised in the Landmark brochure. We tend to pay attention to what the brochure says, as descriptions such as "steep steps" tend to be understatements. We envisaged the scene in Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, where the eponymous star is caught on a suspension bridge between two groups of hostile antagonists and has to take a sword to it. We joked that it would be like that … did we have a sword in the boot? Ho, ho.

The distance between the car parking area and the Shore Cottages was about 300 yards and there was a helpful provision of two wheelbarrows. Going over a suspension bridge is one thing, but going over with a wheelbarrow loaded with cases of clothing (including weather

proof items that turned out to be surplus to requirements) or comestibles (including some rather fine claret) was quite another.

Walking over holding the wire either side and trying not to fall into the abyss below, or the chicken netting supporting the wire (or was it the other way round?) was a challenge in itself. The cordial greeting Notice "No more than two at a time" exuded confidence in the bridge's integrity. But at least just walking over grasping the wire enabled stability as the bridge groaned, pitched and yawed at even the more modest weights it was requested to bear, was daunting enough. When pushing a fully loaded wheelbarrow without the ability to hold onto anything other than its handles, now that was quite a challenge. We all had to go very slowly and gingerly to avoid vital materials plunging to the river below. Imagine a bottle falling out and over!

We instituted one at a time on the bridge immediately, to placate the ghosts of seamen past. Sobriety was essential. Not even a wine gum passed our lips when crossing was anticipated.

Having become used to that challenge we decided to be braver still. The Orkneys were just a short distance across the Pentland Firth. During the summer months a short flight is available, but we were there in October and they had ended, It was the ferry for a day trip that we determined upon.

The ferry sails between Scrabster and Stromness, across the Pentland Firth. As

Our cottage was the far end of the white buildings

The perilous journey

those who know the very northern tip of Scotland, the Pentland Firth is rough at the best of times. The day we went across – and back – was not one of the calmer days. On the way out, the captain decided to go the more sheltered route round Scarpa Flow. On the way back he took the traditional route across the Firth.

I have a theory about managing sea sickness: eat a hearty meal. Most of our fellow passengers and, it must be admitted, some in our party spent much of their crossings staring at the bottom of stout paper bags. I turned my hearing aids

off rather than hear them filling them. I was consuming a hearty breakfast on the way out and a hearty dinner on the way back. No sickness came nigh me, I'm pleased to report. And there was an added advantage: when the others reached land, they were hungry: naturally I accompanied them and encouraged their recovery.

On the Orkneys, the wind was fierce. We visited the famous standing stones, at Stenness, built between 3100 and 2900 BC. I got out - others remained in the car, to make sure it didn't fly off – and I could lean against the wind, holding on to nothing and stay upright easily. I have not had that experience before and I doubt that I shall do it again.

On the way back south, I asked if we could visit the field of Culloden, as I have been reading John Prebbles' two books "Culloden" and "The Highland Clearances." I was deeply moved and completely failed to notice, as I walked the battlefield, that it was raining fiercely. Perhaps another article?

Christopher Tyrer

PS *(with reference to an earlier holiday article)*

Finnair went through a short period of having to cancel flights because of the seats on the A320 planes. Fortunately, it was not because of our juice spillage but because of cleanliness. According to the seat manufacturer, the seats should have been cleaned with a particular substance, but Finnair staff cleaned them with water, thereby compromising, it seems, their fire protection properties. All is now well! They are still a brilliant airline.

I was asked by someone if I had a favourite out of the 70 odd Christmases I have experienced.

That set me thinking about whether I do actually have a favourite Christmas and I soon realised that it's not any particular Christmas that I remember. One of the joys of Christmas for me is the way each year echoes the last and, although things gradually change and, sadly, loved people are no longer part of this year's Christmas, the things which do stay the same link us to the past as all the Christmas memories blend into the one warm feeling of caring and love which Christmas means to me.

Memories come in snatches – confused blurs of family faces, the soft light of Christmas trees, singing carols round pianos, midnight services and babies more interested in wrapping than the presents inside! I think my first memory is of standing on a kitchen stool in my Auntie Rose's kitchen weighing out ingredients for Christmas puddings surrounded by warmth and spicy smells. I'm sure many of you will share my memory of struggling to get to sleep on Christmas Eve – convinced that Father Christmas wouldn't come if I was still awake,

A Favourite Christmas?

and the relief and excitement of waking in the early hours to the lovely knobbly feeling of a full stocking at the end of the bed. I know some children enjoy the experience of undoing a stocking alone in bed, but for us then it was something to share as the stockings were carried into our parents' bed for investigation. Eventually my husband Francis and I were encouraged by our own children to hang our own stockings up and four bulging stockings kept us busy as we savoured and shared all the thoughtfully chosen and wrapped presents. I miss that now that there are just two of us on Christmas morning!

For many years my grandparents stayed with us over Christmas and a tantalising ritual evolved. Our main presents were under the tree in the living room which had two doors – both of which could be locked from the inside. My grandfather would rush ahead of us into the living room – lock one door and instruct my brother and me to go round to the other door. Of course, by the time we got there he'd had locked the second door and would be back at the first one telling us to go back again. This went on until we could bear it no longer and we would be allowed to open our presents. Although the way we give each other our presents changes through the years, the homes changed and the children grew from babies to children to adults – that magical feeling of anticipation as I wait to see the family's faces as they open their presents never changes.

As Christians, we all worry about what we see as a lack of "Jesus" in Christmas as celebrated by most people. I started to think about why there is such a lovely atmosphere in most homes at Christmas – and this does include homes where people are not professing Christians. It strikes me that most people hear something about God's love and His son, Jesus, at this time of year. Not many people will actually arrive at Christmas Day without hearing something of the Christmas story – even if it's only one verse of a badly sung carol by children in their Christmas nativity. I suddenly realised that the goodwill which you can almost touch at Christmas – the thing which leads us to take care over choosing presents, to work hard preparing food for family gatherings, and the thing that gives us that co-operative loving spirit on Christmas Day is simply Jesus. Even among those who have not yet accepted Him, something of His love and peace is felt over those few days. At Christmas, taking away all the commercialism and over-indulgence, we can catch a glimpse of what the world could be like if we allowed Jesus to be part of our everyday lives.

Penny Gerrard

Mothers' Union

Two Spoons – Tea Tales – Giles and Mark

This was the intriguing title of the talk at our extremely well-attended October meeting. Most of us had no idea what it was all about. Well, it was indeed about tea. Two Spoons is the name of the company set up by our speakers, Giles and Mark, both tea tasters. They had worked in this capacity for a number of years before deciding to go into business together. They now have a successful business, supplying a large number of shops (including Hughenden) and selling online (twospoons.co.uk).

We were royally entertained but at the same time, learned a lot about the production of tea, from the actual plant – Giles had a small tea plant in a pot to show us – right through all the processes until the tea arrives in our cups. The buds, plus the first couple of leaves are picked from the plant and amazingly, the shoots regrow within 14 days so every two weeks, they can be picked again. Although there are still some human tea pickers, it has become increasingly difficult to find enough labour for this task, so mechanisation is often now used. Green and black tea is produced from the same plant, but different manufacturing processes account for the difference in colour. We were asked to guess the country that consumed the most tea which turned out to be Turkey. Tea comes from many countries with China being the largest grower, producing twice as much as India, itself a large grower. Many African countries are growers, plus places like Australia, Columbia, Papua New Guinea and even Tregothnan in Cornwall, England which has won awards for its tea.

Tea plants originate from the Camellia family and there are two primary varieties: Camellia Sinensis, the China plant which is tolerant of colder temperatures and higher altitudes and is used for delicate green, white and some black Chinese teas; Camellia Assamica which is largely grown in India and prefers tropical, warmer climates, being grown at lower altitudes. The latter produces more robust teas such as Assam and Ceylon. Different countries enjoy their tea in different ways, for instance, the Chinese usually drink their tea very weak, adding more boiling water to the same leaves several times before discarding them, whereas the Turks tend to drink their tea black and strong. Green tea should not be made with boiling water, but water which has been standing for two or three minutes. This makes a better flavour.

Both Mark and Giles completed their five-year training with Tetley before being awarded their silver tea tasting spoons engraved with their names. Tasting must be carried out in consistent conditions, including consistency of light. South facing rooms are too hot and the light varies.

The price of tea to the buyers varies according to the weather. A week without any rain and the price may rise a little. After perhaps a month without rain, the price rises considerably. All these variables are taken into account when the tea is sold to retailers and then to the general public.

14 million people work in the tea trade worldwide, from pickers and sorters, processors, packers, etc to tasters and buyers. On the whole, each cup of tea has been tasted eight times before we ourselves drink it. Did you know that the best dunking biscuit is a Bourbon? (I rather think this was said with tongue in cheek!) But a digestive biscuit was definitely not the answer!

Mark passed round small cups of their Winter Warmer tea and demonstrated the way in which to taste it. We started by holding our noses whilst tasting (no flavour at all), and then after taking in plenty of oxygen (letting go of our noses first, of course) we slurped the tea noisily over our tongues. This resulted in the taste of a deliciously flavoured tea blended with Christmas spices such as cinnamon, cloves, etc. We later had the opportunity to buy packets of this and various other teas.

This was an interactive afternoon with much laughter and great enjoyment. I think we will all taste our tea more carefully and hopefully less noisily!

Tuesday, 2nd December will be our annual Advent Communion Service in Church at 2.00 pm, followed by Christmas themed refreshments in Church House. Gifts are being collected for the Women's Refuge – toiletry sets for the women, treats for the children, but the Refuge asks that we do not give toys. There is a hamper (which is emptied regularly) at the back of church for anyone who wishes to donate gifts.

Sylvia Clark

Update on Mothers' Union Outreach Activities

OOPS! In the last edition we managed to omit part of the MU report: we include it here with grovelling apologies to our wonderful MU. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

During the Summer and early Autumn we have continued to support the Ronald Macdonald Hostel for parents of sick children at the JR Hospital in Oxford. Some of the money raised at the Ploughman's Lunch has been used to buy toiletries for the visiting parents; these are well received especially when a child arrives as an emergency. In October we collected coffee to put in the kitchens at the hostel. Some of our members have knitted hats for premature babies.

We applied for a Mission Unlimited Grant of £500 from the Mothers' Union Diocesan Trustees to help our Youth Minister, Chris Coyston, in his work setting up Lighthouse Live. We were delighted to hear that our application was approved and Chris has spent the money on a portable amplifier and speakers to use in Church House and the Cottage and they can easily be moved down to the Church too! The trustees had set up this fund so that Mothers' Union members can apply to help churches set up new projects for developing work with the families in the parish. There was a small amount of money over and that has been used to buy suitable nonbreakable cups and plates to use at Lighthouse Live.

The Diocesan Action and Outreach team have agreed to cover the cost of the Christmas Party for the Mother and Toddlers' Group run by the One Can Trust (High Wycombe) for families experiencing hardship. The team at One Can are very appreciative of this funding.

Barbara Willson

Mothers' UNION
Christian care for families

Did You Know?

You may have noticed that the Minister who officiates at Church Services may wear a long, thin scarf which is called a stole. This can be white, purple, red or green.

White is for festive occasions like Christmas and Easter, christenings and weddings. Purple is worn during Advent and Lent, when we bring to mind our sins and seek God's forgiveness, in preparation for the wonderful seasons of Christmas and Easter. Red at Pentecost, symbolises the fire of the Holy Spirit, and on Saints Days it signifies that many of them (and some today) were martyred because they were Christians. Green, marking growth and hope is worn for the rest of the year.

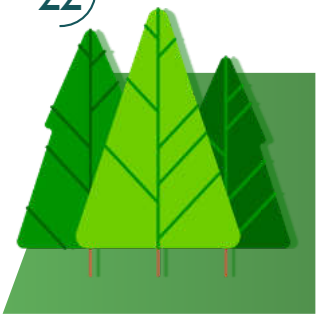
So, white for 'best', purple for penitence, red for the Holy Spirit and the blood of the Martyrs, and green for growth.

You will also spot the same changing colours for items on the Altar-Table at the beginning and end of the Service of Holy Communion. The Burse is a flat, square case holding a linen cloth called the corporal, on which the vessels used in Holy Communion are placed. The Veil covers them until they are used.

The vessels are called Paten and Chalice. The Paten is like a plate on which the bread is placed. A bowl, called a Ciborium, may be used for the same purpose. The Chalice is a cup for the wine. Because the bread and wine represent the Body and Blood of Christ, which He sacrificed for us when He was crucified, we handle them with care.

… So now you know: Eds

From the Parish Pump



Nature Note

This is the genealogy of Jesus the Messiah the son of David, the son of Abraham […] Salmon the father of Boaz, whose mother was Rahab, Boaz the father of Obed, whose mother was Ruth, Obed the father of Jesse, and Jesse the father of David

Matthew 1:1, 5-6

Yes it's still autumn as I write but when you read this you'll be dusting old Christmas decorations, chortling as new presents spring to mind, then recoiling as you add up the costs so far, balanced against festive meals (my motto, food and festivities first, presents at stocking filler level, a small stocking!)

So we'd better get ready.

I wonder if Joshua had any inkling that he was in the presence of the great-great-grandmother of the greatest of Israel's greatest, King David, when he met Rahab (lots of greats, with good reason) who himself would be a prime ancestor of the world's Greatest King?

Rahab was a woman of courage, she said that those around her viewed the Hebrews as ferocious raiders when she met Joshua's spies, who wanted to settle in Canaan (think of the Vikings in our own history) except that this time they were staging a full scale invasion. Despite that she welcomed the spies that Joshua sent to Jericho, mentioning that she was stunned by their escape from the Egyptians and that their God must be the greatest.

She deflected the officials who came looking for them. Then she negotiated the future safety of her extended family in exchange for sheltering and feeding the spies before helping them on their way. Joshua's army honoured that commitment so that her family was absorbed into the Hebrew people.

An organised capable woman of determination, shrewd when looking after those she loved.

A couple of points to note, most English translations title Rahab as a prostitute but the Hebrew is not specific, or more

general, and she may have owned an inn which offered many comforts, bearing in mind that archaeological evidence indicates that at this time Jericho was probably a military fortified garrison and not a city as we understand the term.

Which explains why the spies used her establishment to find out the state of the city, when folk are relaxed, at ease, tongues may wag, I mean they could hardly go round a military stronghold taking notes!

Rahab's son Boaz married Ruth, another woman of incredible character. Ruth was married for ten years and was childless when her husband died, she then travelled with her also widowed mother-in-law back to Israel.

She was a Moabite, a people who were detested and the lowest of the low to Israelites due to bad history between them. She had left her own people and culture to care for her mother-in-law Naomi, she loved her so much that she promised to care for her till death parted them.

Ruth then did what she could to look after Naomi even foraging for grain dropped by farm workers.

It dawned on Naomi that a guy called Boaz was a close relative of her late son, Ruth's husband, and because she, Ruth that is, was childless there was an obligation borne by his closest willing male relative to take Ruth and marry her in order to continue the family line.

And so Ruth married Boaz, was able to care for Naomi and as Matthew tells us became David's great-grandmother. Again a woman dedicated to those she loved to the point of devoted care.

Again note that Ruth and Naomi settled in Bethlehem which literally means 'House of Bread' in Hebrew but further, bread can be a synonym for a woman's womb in Hebrew minds, 'House of the Womb' - Christmas is coming in the story of Ruth! (Read Micah 5:2 to get the full impact.)

Why am I running through this part of the genealogy of Jesus? Because most of the line is mentioned only in that line, nowhere else, so the biblical authors obviously thought these two women were not only worthy of note but were heroines, examples to their readers that God uses folk who appear to come from nowhere, from the lowest origins, to work His purposes.

After all both were women in a strongly patriarchal society, both were gentiles and both had massive question marks over them, one an 'inn-keeper' and the other a Moabite!

Yet God in His gentle, loving way used these two lovelies to further His plan of salvation for all mankind.

My point? Or should I say, God's point? - Don't write yourself off, God will use your nature, your personality, your character for His ends. It will surprise you no doubt but that's Christmas for you!

Mike Bevan

BOOK-ENDS

Love Divine - Ysenda Maxtone Graham

Ysenda is an interesting person. Her articles often appear in a variety of publications, including The Spectator, The Church Times and various newspapers. She has written nine books, all non-fiction until this offering, the most famous being 'Terms and Conditions.' This is about life in girls' boarding schools 1939-1979 and it sold well. I went to hear her being interviewed about her writing at Daunts Bookshop in Hampstead a few years ago. It was quite an experience as I was a complete fish out of water. The reviews of 'Terms and Conditions' had said it was hilarious but on reading it I found it both outrageous and sad. At the end of the talk when questions and comments were invited I shared my feelings out loud. The reaction was more hilarity, probably aided by the glass of wine that Daunts hands out at book talks. It became clear that I was surrounded by women who had been packed off to boarding school at a ridiculously young age and now looked back with a weird, fond nostalgia for the awful food, the freezing dormitories, the lack of love and kindness and the homesickness. I was happy at my country grammar school. I would not have survived boarding school.

Also, a piece of literary trivia, (of which I am fond): Ysenda's grandmother, Joyce Maxtone Graham (pen name Jan Struther) was the real Mrs Miniver, writing about a middle-class life at the start of the war. Her columns in the Times were seen by Churchill as helpful to British morale during the late 1930s. Also, Jan Struther wrote the words to the hymns 'Lord of all Hopefulness' and 'When a Knight won his Spurs.' OK, end of trivia.

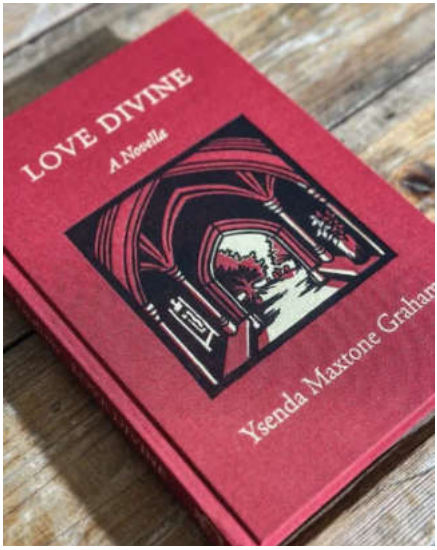
So, the book I am supposed to be telling you about is the author's first foray into fiction and, goodness me, it rang many bells … church bells of

course. Here we are in a comfortable village in south-west London and St Luke's is in an interregnum. You can understand why the first few pages resonated with me!

The story takes us through one whole year and the narrative is moved forward by a whole variety of characters. The reader does have to concentrate a little to know who is saying what but it is a good story; gentle and showing great insight and understanding of the Church of England. St Luke's has all sorts, as all churches do, a microcosm of their part of the country. Thus, there is Lucy who is grieving her lost husband and Carol a volunteer who needs to feel worthy. Elizabeth thinks she is an entitled member of the congregation and Latin master Hugh is on the brink of solitary retirement … him and his dog Odo. Chantelle will do anything to get her daughter into the outstanding church primary school and her poor behaviour towards her Bulgarian cleaner has unexpected and quite comedic results. Just an ordinary group of people.

As with all interregnums, St Luke's is dependent for several months on retired priests and those in the locality who have the time and energy to step up for extra services. Inevitably there are different opinions as to what their new incumbent should offer and the author brings together all the members of this small community before the process is complete. Ysenda writes with affection for the Church of England whilst showing she understands exactly where the failings are.

This is a beautifully produced book with a red, cloth cover. It is published by Slightly Foxed, the lovely literary quarterly review that I have written about before. It would make a



handsome Christmas gift for a friend (or yourself) and I can envisage it on a small table beside a comfortable sofa, maybe with a glass of ginger wine and a slice of Christmas cake. It suddenly occurs to me that the red cover is a marketing ploy for Christmas buying but no matter, it is still lovely.

If you wish to buy it then google Slightly Foxed to find a phone number, you will be answered by a real person and the book will be nicely packed and arrive at your door. You don't even have to brave the crowds.

I wish you a Christmas stocking full of gorgeous books. Happy reading.

Susan Brice

(Eds note: sounds like required reading for us all!)

December Recipe

My husband loves pearl barley, as a memory from Scotch broth I think but you don't see it in many recipes these days. In fact when, I made the Scotch Broth for the Burns Night a couple of years ago, I had a real problem finding it and ended up ordering from Amazon in a hurry!

This soup is delicious and if you have never considered soup as a filling lunch, you will change your mind with this recipe! For anyone who does not know what Porcini mushrooms are, they are the dried ones you find in supermarkets (not Death Cap I hope, that the Australian lady found!). If you want it to be thinner just add more stock. It would be a lovely warming soup to prepare for guests at Christmas.

Julia Grant

Sticky Onion and Porcini Mushroom Soup

INGREDIENTS

½ butternut squash (about 750g) peeled, halved and cut into 2cm chunks

3 tbsp olive oil

20g dried porcini mushrooms

30g unsalted butter

4 onions thinly sliced

1 bay leaf

1 sprig rosemary (or dried)

2 cloves of garlic

120g pearl barley

1 litre chicken or vegetable stock

Finely grated Parmesan cheese

METHOD

1. *Preheat the oven to 200°C, gas mark 6. In a roasting tin toss the squash with 2 tbsp oil then season and roast for 25 to 30 mins. Meanwhile bring a kettle of of water to the boil and put the porcini mushrooms in 200ml of water to soak for at least 20 mins.*
2. *While the mushrooms are soaking, put the remaining 1 tbsp oil and the butter in a large pan over a medium heat. Add the onions, bay and rosemary and with the lid on cook for about 15 mins. Then take the lid off and cook for another 20 to 25 mins stirring more frequently. Add the garlic and cook for a few minutes.*
3. *Take the porcini mushrooms out of the liquid and chop finely and add to onions. Keep the liquid and add to 500 ml of stock with the onions, then add half the roasted squash and the pearl barley. Bring to the boil and simmer for about 20 mins until the barley is tender.*
4. *Remover the bay and rosemary (if fresh). Then serve the soup topped with the remaining squash, grated cheese and a drizzle of olive oil.*

What's In A Name?

"A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches …'

Proverbs 22:1

Today, the pristine appearance of Kinlochleven is a far cry from the grime and carbon-dust covered village of my childhood. Before the turn of the 20th century, a traveller passing through the area by way of the drovers' road, linking Fort William with cattle markets in Glasgow, would find little more than a hunting lodge and a cottage.

That all changed in 1905 when the British Aluminium Company built a hydro-electric scheme to power a newly constructed smelter at the head of Loch Leven (closed in 2020). Critical to the project was the damming of the Blackwater Reservoir, in the mountains high above the village, water from which is (still) carried three miles by a concrete aqueduct before shooting rapidly and steeply downhill through five massive, cast-iron pipes (iconic image even today) to drive huge electricity-generating turbines, situated next to where the factory once stood.

The dam itself, built in rugged and inhospitable terrain, may have been the last major creation of the traditional 'navvy'. The brutal work, hardship and constant dangers of the construction are captured in the semi-autobiographical novel, 'Children of the Dead End' by Patrick McGill, which one reviewer described as both powerful and disturbing.

In search of work, it was into this industrial turbulence and social chaos that my paternal grandfather, Robert Grant and his new bride, Maria Biddles, walked and set up their first and only home. However, cloud and silver lining: the village was the first in the world where every home was supplied with electricity. True.

What's in a name? I have always disliked my first and middle names - Henry Roger. In mitigation: a genuine difficulty in accepting these nomenclatures, has to do with the fact that my three brothers have strong Scottish names: Robert Gordon, Alan McMillan and Stewart. In my teens I asked my mother how this came about. "Well, you're called Henry after a cousin of your grandmother. He was killed in WW1." (Maria Biddles was native to Loughborough and hailed from a prosperous market-garden family). "You're called Roger after your father." I challenged this on the grounds that my father's name was Walter. "I know," replied my mother,

"but his mother only ever called him Roger." An explanation for this anomaly never materialised.

Over the following years I formed the intention of changing my names by deed poll, once my parents had passed, But, here we are in 2025, and I am still Henry Roger. And I am eternally glad that this is the case.

In truth, I have no idea what motivated my actions here. Possibly, in planning our journey to Hagen in Germany earlier this year, and seeing that the route carried us through Belgium, something about war graves was triggered in my head. Whatever the reason and because his surname is not common, I began a search for Henry Biddles, a fallen soldier of WW1. And I found my grandmother's cousin and namesake.

James Henry Biddles

James Henry Biddles (see photo) was born in Loughborough in 1875, the son of a gardener and seedsman. He married Sarah Beck with whom he had seven children. James Henry joined the Leicestershire Regiment as a Private and, after an initial training period, crossed to France in February 1915. During April his unit was in trenches near Wulverghem and subjected to continual sniping by the enemy. In June, the battalion was moved back to the Ypres Salient where they were subjected to shelling at least three times a day. Lance Corporal Biddles was killed on 20th July 1915. According to one account, *'The enemy retaliated with salvoes of whizz-bangs. Among the killed was L/Cpl. Biddles who had risked death many times on patrol, only to be hit when sitting quietly in a trench.'*

Lance Corporal James Henry Biddles is buried at Sanctuary Wood, Zillebeke, Belgium.

Studying our route, it was clear we were passing close to the cemetery and decided to pay a visit. It is situated next to Hill 62 Sanctuary Wood Museum on the Ypres salient. Both the museum and the cemetery stand as powerful and deeply moving reminders of the horror endured and enormous loss of human life in what has been termed, rightly or wrongly: The Great War.

Standing before his headstone, I gave thanks to James Henry for his sacrifice and apologised for my insensitive attitude toward his name, which I carry now with a high degree of pride.

Sadly, in October 1915 during the Battle of Loos, under intense machine gun fire, his son, also James Henry, was killed in action, aged nineteen. He is commemorated on the Loos Memorial Panel; his body not being recovered.

***Henry* Roger Grant**

1 Corinthians 13 …

… A Christmas Version

If I decorate my house perfectly with tartan bows, strands of twinkling lights and shiny baubles, but do not show love to my family, I am just another decorator.

If I slave a way in the kitchen, baking dozens of mince pies, preparing gourmet meals and arranging a beautifully adorned table at meal time, but do not show love to my friends, I am just another cook.

If I work at the soup kitchen, sing carols in the nursing home and give all I have to charity, but do not show love to my family it profits me nothing.

If I trim the tree with shimmering angels and home-made snowflakes, attend a myriad of Christmas parties and sing in the church choir, but do not focus on Christ, I have missed the point.

Love stops the cooking to hug the child. Love sets aside the decorating to kiss the husband, Love is kind, though harried and tired. Love does not envy another home that has coordinated Christmas china and table linens.

Love doesn't yell at the kids to get out of the way, but is thankful they are there to be in the way. Love doesn't give only to those who are able to give in return but rejoices in the giving to those who can't.

Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails. Video games will break, pearl necklaces will be lost, golf clubs will rust, but giving the gift of love will endure.

Anon

What's On at St Michael & All Angels

December

See page 3 for a list of our Christmas services.

2	2.00 pm	Mothers' Union Advent Service: Church
4	6.00 pm	Scouts' Carol Service: Church
8	9.00 am	Hughenden School Christmas Unwrapped: Church
	1.00 pm	Great Kingshill School Christmas Unwrapped: Church
12	9.00 am	Great Kingshill School Carol Service: Church
14	3.00 pm	Christingle Service: Church
28	10.00 am	Combined Communion: Church (only service this Sunday)

January

8	8.00 am	Parish Prayers: Church House
31		Church Quiz: Princes Risborough Golf Club

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

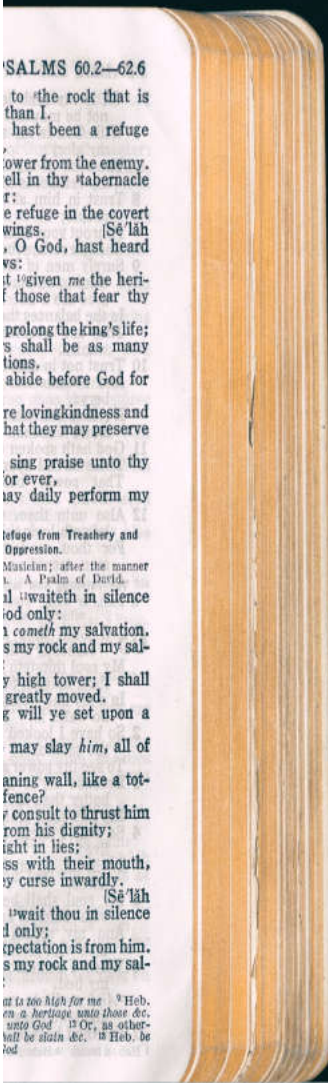
Friendship Morning

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**

December Lectionary



7th : Second Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 11: 1-10

Romans 15: 4-13

Matthew 3: 1-12

Evensong: Psalm 11

1 Kings 18: 17-39

John 1: 19-28

14th : Third Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 35: 1-10

James 5: 7-10

Matthew 11: 2-11

Psalm at 9.00 am: 146

Evensong: Psalm 12

Isaiah 5: 8-end

Acts 13: 13-41

21st : Fourth Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 7: 10-16

Romans 1: 1-7

Matthew 1: 18-25

28th: Holy Innocents

Jeremiah 31: 15-17

1 Corinthians 1: 26-29

Matthew 2: 13-18

Who's Who at St Michael & All Angels

The post of vicar at Hughenden is currently 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