

St Pancras

Michaelmas 2024



Free (one per household)



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Front cover: Madonna and Child, by Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, 16th Century



Editor's note:

Thank you for all your wonderful contributions to this issue. We have an exciting range of articles, from cooking and poetry to parishioners' travel accounts and upcoming events for your diary!

I would also like to pay tribute to Bernie Wood, who was a regular contributor to the magazine, and died recently. Her interesting articles and presence will be greatly missed. Jan Patrick who wrote a tribute to Bernie (page 8), herself died on 20th September. She was such a calm and loving person, I occasionally saw her in the church polishing the brass with great care and dedication. We shall all miss her terribly.

Lastly, please remember to submit your articles for the next issue by Sunday, 29th December, to:

matilda79r@gmail.com

*Yours,
Tilly Rampley*

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Would you like to advertise your company or service to the readers of this publication? Up to 300 copies are circulated in the Ipswich area and beyond. For more information please contact the editor.

Correction note:

Some quotes from 'a politician dies' article by W. Newman-Sanders on page 14 of the previous issue, were not by the contributor, but from St Josemaria Escriva, the founder of Opus Dei, on offering our daily work to God and therefore sanctifying it. For details refer to the June issue.

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Charity

The third in a series of three talks on the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, given by Fr Joseph during Lent 2024.

Pope Benedict's encyclical opens with the words which are most singularly at the heart of the Christian faith, and from these words of St John he takes the title for his first letter to the faithful: *Deus Caritas Est*, "God is love," (1 Jn 4:16). Pope Benedict writes about the extravagance of God's love for us, and about the imperative that demands that we express that love for, and share that love with, our neighbours. But even before looking at what the Pope has to say, it is worth pausing to reflect on those three opening words, God is love.

First, it is in the nature of God to love; He cannot not love. To love and to be are the same things for God. He cannot continue to exist yet somehow stop loving, even for a moment. Were it possible for Him to stop loving, He would stop existing. But of course He cannot stop existing or loving. But what is love? What does it mean to love? The essence of loving is giving. To love means to give. But if it is an essential attribute of God's nature that He loves, that He gives, then He must have someone to love, He must have someone to give to. Even God cannot love in a vacuum.

If it is true that God chose to create the material universe – that He didn't have to – and if it is also true that there was a time when there was no created universe, then there must have been a time when there was only God. In which case, who was there for God to love before He created anything or anyone? It is at this point that we gain a profound insight into the nature of God, and a realisation that there must have been at least two Persons in the Godhead. Before ever there was a created order, the Father, breathing forth His Eternal Word, begot His Son. Although we cannot but think in terms of time, in fact there was never a moment when the Word had not been begotten; never a moment when there was only the Father.

The Father and the Son co-exist eternally in a mutual and reciprocal relationship of love, each breathing forth the gift of love and life to the other. Eternally,

they co-exist in a relationship of mutual and total self-giving, one to the other. So complete is this self-giving that each becomes an exact replica, as it were, of the other. Or, rather, each is the perfect image of the other. Not so much a reflection of the other, but an image with equal substance, an image which shares perfectly the nature of the other. The only thing that distinguishes them, one from the other, is that the Father is not the Son, and the Son is not the Father.

So powerful, so creative, so generative, is the love that they have for each other that the everlasting gift of Love that is exchanged between them, the breath by which each shares the fulness of His life with the other, is a third Person, the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit, co-eternally proceeding forth from the Father to the Son and from the Son to the Father, is both the Gift of Life and the Giver of Life. And because what the Father and the Son communicate to each is the totality of themselves, then what they breath forth also shares their substance, is also an image which shares perfectly their nature. The only thing that distinguishes each of the Three from the others is that the Father is not the Son or the Spirit, the Son is not the Father or the Spirit, and the Spirit is not the Father or the Son.

In this model of God we can distinguish between the theology of God, which refers to what He is, and the economy of God, which refers to what He does. However, God both is love, and love is what He does. Given that God is simple, not complex as are we, then there can be no separation between what God is and what God does. For example, God does not so much speak what is true: He is Truth; it is not so much that He does good: He is Goodness; and it is not so much that He is beautiful, He is Beauty. An important point here is that, so long as we are already in a supernatural relationship with God through the indwelling of sanctifying grace, then whenever we speak the truth, we are participating in the Godhead which is Truth; whenever we perform a good act, we are participating in the Godhead which is



By Pompeo Batoni, 17th C

Goodness; whenever we do anything beautiful, we are participating in the Godhead which is Beauty. In other words, in all of these three instances, we draw more deeply – or are drawn more deeply – into the Godhead, and become more closely participant in, and sharers of, the divine nature. In other words, we become more holy, whether we feel more holy or not, whether we think of ourselves as more holy or not. This is what the life of virtue means! This brings us back nicely to the question of God's nature as the One who is Love. Whilst charity towards God and towards our neighbour does indeed demand action, and necessarily involves what we do, not just what we believe or say (for acts of love towards others is not an optional extra for Christians), nevertheless charity is chiefly about participating in the Godhead, of sharing the divine nature.

'Only when we are united to God in love can our acts of charity bear a supernatural fruit; only when we are participants in the divine nature can the fruit of our acts of love bear an eternal reward'.

That is, charity is chiefly about being more than it is about doing. Only when we are united to God in love can our acts of charity bear a supernatural fruit; only when we are participators in the divine nature can the fruit of our acts of love bear an eternal reward. This, in part, is what we mean when we pray that we love our neighbour for God's sake. This has a profound implication for our spiritual lives as Christians. If to love and to be are the same things for God, if we are called to union with God, if we are called to a participation in the divine nature (cf 2 Pet 1:4), if we are called "to mature manhood, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," (Eph 4:13, RSV), or, as St Catherine of Siena puts it, if we are "to be who God wants us to be," (Letter 368 to Stefano Magoni), then we must become love.

If we are ever to be fully the person God wills us to become, then love must become as much our adopted nature as it is God's own nature. In other words, the more we love, the more we become who and what it is God's plan for us to become. Or to put it even more bluntly, the more we love, the closer we are to heaven. So, we cannot be fully the person we are meant to be unless we love as fully as we are meant to love. But if we do love as we are meant to love, if love becomes our adopted or second nature, then, because to love means to give, we would not be able to help but love our God and our neighbour through all manner of charitable acts.

In other words, if we were truly the person God would have us be, love would simply pour out of us, as it were, almost like warmth floods forth from the sun. Except, of course, true acts of love must be willed: they cannot flood forth automatically. Rather, each act of love, for it to be an act of love, must be decided upon and acted upon by us. It must spring from our free will. But even before we consider how we should respond to God's love by loving our neighbour, Pope Benedict points out in the introduction to his encyclical that it is not chiefly our love for God that the Scriptures teach us about, but God's love for us. The Pope quotes St John's First Letter, "In this is love, not that we loved God but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the expiation for our sins..." (1 Jn 4:10). St John goes on, "We love, because He first loved us," (v.19).

And this is the critical point, namely that we can only love, we can only give, because He first loved us, because He first gave to us, and because we are made in the image and after the likeness of the One who is Love. The Pope follows up this point by stressing that man cannot live by sacrifice alone, he cannot always and only give, he must also receive (n. 7). Anyone who wishes to give love must also receive love as a gift. Benedict goes on to refer to Our Lord's words in John's Gospel where He says, "He that believes in me, as the Scriptures say, out of his belly shall flow living water," (Jn 7:38). In other words, a disciple can become a source from which rivers of living water flow.

Yet, for this to be so, for a disciple to become a source of living water, he must first and continually drink anew from the original, the definitive source, which is Our Lord Himself from whose pierced Heart this living water of love flows, (cf Jn 19:34). By way of examples, Pope Benedict refers us to Jacob's ladder where, taking his cue from Pope St Gregory the Great, he sees the ascending and descending of the angels as symbolic of the love that must first be received from God before it can be given back to God. In other words, the soul must be immersed in the contemplation of God and God's love, before it can return that love to God and before it can reach out and touch others with that love, as Jacob – especially through his descendants was wont to do.



By Bartolome Esteban Murillo, 16th C

Again, Benedict refers us to St Paul who was borne aloft to the most exalted mysteries of God, and hence, having descended once more, was able to become all things to all men, (cf 2 Cor 12:2-4; 1 Cor 9:22). And, as a final example, Pope Benedict refers us to Moses. Once again taking his lead from his saintly predecessor, the Pope points out that Moses enters the tent of meeting, remains in dialogue with God, so that when he emerges he could be at the service of his people. As Pope St Gregory wrote, "Within [the tent] he is borne aloft through contemplation, while, without, he is completely engaged in helping those who suffer," (n.7). All of which examples remind us of St Philip Neri (1515-1595) who said that sometimes we must leave God to serve God, meaning that even the piously inclined young priest must be ready to leave off his prayers to God in order to go and serve the people of God.

It is this idea of a contemplative love, rooted in a living and present God, that distinguishes the God of the Hebrews from the gods of the surrounding religious cults, and which continues in our own day to distinguish Christianity from prevailing contemporary cults or practices such as the pursuit of Eastern spirituality, modern day mindfulness, including mindfulness colouring-in books!, the god of the high street, and the increasingly common belief in an abstract spirit, force, or energy. It is what distinguishes Christians from those who claim themselves to be spiritual without being religious. Pope Benedict goes on (n.9) to elaborate the Biblical images of God's love. He reminds us that the Prophets, especially Hosea and Ezekiel, described God's passion for His people using the metaphor of betrothal and marriage. God and His people are united to each other in a spousal relationship such that idolatry, the infidelity of the people when they worship an alien god, is likened to adultery and prostitution. Through his fidelity to the one true God, Man experiences himself as loved by God, and discovers joy in that truth and in righteousness.

'we are made in the image and after the likeness of the One who is Love'.

In a world where love seems so often to be in short supply – where it is perceived as something fleeting, or where love is reduced to the level of sexual gratification, or is sought in almost anything and anyone but God – to know, to feel, oneself loved by an infinite, omnipotent yet tender God is Man’s essential happiness. Many quotations, from the Psalms especially, could follow, for example, “For what have I in heaven? And besides thee what do I desire upon earth? For thee my flesh and my heart has fainted away: thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever,” (Ps 72:25-26), and “How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longs and faints for the courts of the Lord,” (Ps 83:2-3). So profound is God’s love for His people that even when they betray Him and abandon Him, and prostitute themselves to other gods, still He will not abandon them: “How shall I deal with thee Ephraim, how shall I protect thee, Israel? ...my heart is turned within me, my repentance is stirred up. I will not execute the fierceness of my wrath: I will not return to destroy Ephraim: because I am God and not man: the holy One in the midst of thee,” (Hosea 11:8-9). Pope Benedict continues, “God’s passionate love for His people – for humanity – is at the same time a forgiving love.

It is so great that it turns God against Himself, His love against His justice. Here Christians can see a dim pre-figuration of the mystery of the Cross: so great is God’s love for Man that by becoming man He follows him even into death, and so reconciles justice and love,” (n.10). Our God is no abstract being, no mere force or power. Rather, He is a deeply personal being, a passionate lover, as we read again throughout the Song of Songs. Yet the love of God does not subsume His creatures; we are not absorbed into His love till there is a fusion, a sort of “sinking in[to] the nameless ocean of the Divine,” (n.10). Instead, the power of love which creates also sustains what it has created so that the union between Creator and creature means that both God and man remain themselves whilst at the same time becoming fully one, as St Paul says, “But he who is joined to the Lord, is one [in] spirit [with Him],” (1 Cor 6:17).



Pope Benedict spends much time, of course, elaborating how the Incarnate Word of God represents – or, rather, is – the “compensation” (n.12) of the Old and the New Testaments, of the old and the new covenants. Christ “is the image of the invisible God,” (Col 1:15), the love of God made concrete, as it were. But for the purposes of this talk – and by way of conclusion, especially given our discussion earlier about the nature of the Trinity – we shall leap to the second major section of the encyclical and look at how the whole of the Church’s charitable activity is a manifestation of Trinitarian love.

The Pope opens this part of his reflections with some words of St Augustine, “If you see charity, you see the Trinity,” (De Trinitate), and we are immediately reminded of Our Lord’s own words to His Apostles in answer to St Philip’s, “Lord, show us the Father,” at the Last Supper. “Have I been so long a time with you, and have you not known me? Philip, he that sees me sees the Father also... Do you not believe, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?” (Jn 14:8-10). And Our Lord adds a few moments later, “He [the Spirit] shall glorify me, because He shall receive of mine, and shall show it to you,” (Jn 16:14), or, as the RSV puts it, “He will glorify me, for He will take what is mine and declare it to you.” In other words, all that is the Son’s will be declared or shown to Christ’s disciples by the Spirit; the love of the Son will be made known by the Spirit.

At the moment of Our Lord’s baptism we have revealed to us the love of the Trinity, the Father’s voice, and the appearance of the Spirit in the form of a dove. The Trans-figuration, also, is a revelation of the Trinity. On the Cross we see the fulness of the depth of the Son’s love, the perfect and most sublime act of giving but without the Father’s voice and without the appearance of the Spirit because, in the Crucifixion, we see the perfected image of the invisible God who is love. “He that sees me...” The Crucifixion is the definitive image of love, and the definitive act of love. On Calvary we see the glory of the Son of God fully revealed. There is no greater love. And he who sees the Crucified love, sees the nature of the Godhead.

This is what God is, namely the One who by His very nature gives, and gives all. The second half of the encyclical deals chiefly with the social structures of the Church’s charitable activities, and the need for the Church to work alongside the State in the pursuit of justice. But in these closing remarks, I should like to highlight one key aspect of charity as it directly relates to us, to the members of the Church. In the Blessed Sacrament we have the Sacramental Body of Christ. On the Cross we have the personal Body of Christ. We, on the other hand, are members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

In the first two cases – the Sacrament and Calvary – we see the ultimate and total self-giving of Christ, the laying down of a life for His brothers, a greater love than which there is none. If we, collectively and individually, are truly to be participant members of Christ’s Mystical Body then we must participate also in these acts of total self-giving and lay down our lives for our brothers and sisters. Indeed, we cannot claim to be Christ’s disciples, we cannot claim to be incorporated into this Mystical Body, unless we imitate, and participate in, His acts of total self-giving. It is the nature of God to love, to give. If we are to be partakers in the divine nature, as St Peter says (cf 2 Pet 1:4) then we cannot not also love; we cannot not also give.

Our dear departed friends

By Theresa Cleary



What a treasure we have in the weekly St Pancras' bulletin. From the banner headline '*Deum diligere et quae sunt Dei*' ('to love God and the things of God'), to 'Father Joseph writes' on page two, it is a delight to read; my Saturday treat is to go home after the morning Mass, make a nice cup of coffee and read the latest edition which I will have picked up at Mass. In fact, I help myself to more than one copy as I pass on three to people in another parish and one of these said she will sometimes read it twice as it is so good.

One of the columns which always interests me is that which lists the parish anniversaries containing names that take me right back to my early years. The newsletter from 25th August 2024, to highlight some, began with Muriel Stoneman. She was my first cousin once removed and was only in her early fifties when she died, her years being 1901 to 1952. She was the eldest daughter of the eldest of eight Dallastone sisters; Helen, who married Albert Stoneman. My maternal grandmother was the sixth Dallastone sister, Catherine, who became Mrs Head. You may remember my article on Clare Dallastone, the eighth and youngest sister who was organist here at St. Pancras' from 1923 until the late nineteen sixties; and then well known to Father Leeder when he was curate at St. Pancras.

Other names in the same newsletter, include Dorothy Bottom who was the mother of Christine who was born the same week as I in 1940 and who was one of my best friends in school. Mr Bottom was a policeman and I remember being at their home, possibly at Christine's birthday party, and finding a pair of handcuffs which I

tried on and was afraid when I could not get them off! Christine married Bob Amphlett and had four children, the eldest three of which I taught at St. Mark's school. I am also godmother to the youngest.



Miss Clare Dallastone
From St Pancras' archive, 1923

They emigrated to Australia and I am still in touch with Christine. She sends me photos of the children and grandchildren and she calls me her oldest friend which can't be beaten since we were born in the same week! Richard Twomey was the father of the Twomey Children who I had for first Holy Communion instruction here at St. Pancras' parish. He sadly died very suddenly.

Jennie Jacobi was married to Alex Jacobi, a leading figure in Ipswich Catholic circles, their son Francis took on the motor cycle family business and I bought one of two mopeds from them! Thomas Brick, I remember as a nice quiet Irishman who came to St. Pancras' and helped on the door. Joan Norfolk with her husband Edward who used to in Father Leeder's time. Their name was Norfolk, they lived in Essex (Colchester) and came to church in Suffolk! Mr Norfolk took a great interest in my moped.

Michael Morgan: I used to teach some of the Mongam children and I remember Patrick being very good at maths. George Stocks will be familiar to many in the Parish still. He was the devoted husband of Consuelo who was a daily Mass attender and led the rosary. In fact, George was a dab hand at mending broken rosaries. Winfride Adamson, the last name on 25th August newsletter, was a very good little parishioner who taught the youngest children in our Saturday classes in the hall and, besides this, she ran the repository.

May God richly reward our dear departed fellow parishioners for their devoted services to His church here at St. Pancras.

Triumph of the Cross

By Stephen Griggs

Saturday the 14th September was the Triumph or Exaltation of the Cross. At the end of Mass we said prayers and venerated a relic of the True cross. Many will doubt the authenticity of this relic, after all St Helena's pilgrimage was in the 4th century over 300 years after the crucifixion, but at the same time who would dispute the timbers of the Mary Rose some 500 years old. So this is quite special that we get to kiss the reliquary containing



something where Christ was present 2000 years ago, but only 10 minutes previously we had received Holy Communion in which Christ is present. Do we really appreciate the enormity of receiving this sacrament?

Response to Music, 'The Old Rugged Cross' and 'Ordinary World'

By Mim MacMahon



Yes, 'double bubble' this quarter, as there are two pieces up for consideration. Widely differing, but both short. What they have in common is that both evoke a deeply personal response from me, for varying reasons. However, bear with me; I'll try not to risk losing my audience by unnecessary self-indulgence. 'The Old Rugged Cross', written by George Bennard, an American, in 1912, was my late father's favourite hymn. It is usually regarded as a hymn, though its music uses the form of early 20th century popular song in an emotive, sentimental kind of style, and in 6/8 time - the same time signature as 'House of the Rising Sun'.

There, all resemblance to other popular music ends, because its four verses and repeating four-line chorus are a deeply personal response to the Cross and Passion of Christ. The story goes that Bennard, who was a Methodist minister, received some unkind heckling at a revivalist meeting at which he spoke. 'The words of the finished hymn', he explained later, 'were put into my heart in answer to my own need'. It is rather edifying to follow him, in imagination, returning home hurt and humiliated after the bruising experience of the meeting, going to some quiet place, and turning it over in his mind. Being a man of prayer, what came to him, in his humiliation, was the far greater humiliation of the Son of God on the bloodstained cross. From the overflow of his heart, he wrote:

'On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame. And I love that old cross, where the Dearest and Best for a world of lost sinners was slain ...'

I am guessing that most of the readers of this magazine will be of a different religious tradition from that of Reverend Bennard, but the words of 'The Old Rugged Cross' tap into a tradition of devotion to the Holy Cross that goes back in time through the souls of the English speaking peoples, Protestant and Catholic alike. 'When I survey the wondrous cross', written by the Congregationalist Isaac Watts, and sung in our church on Good Friday, casts

us down before the Crucified in just the same way. Hundreds of years before, Julian of Norwich saw in a vision 'the discolleuring of His faire face in tokenyng of His deareworthy passion'. Back and back ... The words are powerful and simple at the same time; they are easily available online (Google is your friend) and are included in many hymn books. I am currently arranging it for my group Triangle to perform at a friend's mother's funeral. And, I hope, re-connecting to my late father, whose love of the piece I never understood in his lifetime. Sorry, dad. I think I get it now. If you want to hear it, there are many versions on YouTube, but the one that struck me most is the singing of Alan Jackson. Mr Jackson is the possessor of a fine baritone voice and a magnificent white cowboy hat, and his rendition is simple and sincere. Look him up:

<https://youtube/-JS9P8dz2iOc?si=KHTg3WtP6UCftwv>

'Ordinary World' could hardly be more different. And, to make it clear, I don't usually like Duran Duran. The 1980s were a decade with which I felt totally out of step, even while living through them. Duran Duran's early output - Girls on Film, Rio, Hungry Like the Wolf - left me cold, and not only cold, but faintly disgusted. 'Thatcherpop', said I to myself, with absolute disdain. And then, in 1986, frontman Simon Le Bon's best friend died of a drug overdose. By Le Bon's own admission, processing the grief took him years; it may be that he is processing it still. People who create, however, often channel pain through what they produce. Le Bon's grief produced a trilogy, of which 'Ordinary World' is the last and, by far, the standout.

It would, at this point, be helpful to listen to the song. It's on YouTube, of course. It was on 'The Wedding Album' of 1993, but the official music video seems to detract from the sense completely. The 'Ordinary World Live (A Diamond in the Mind)' video from Parlophone, lasting 5 mins 41 secs, is far better. Musically, it is as far from the likes of "Rio" as it could possibly be. It starts, gently,

almost dreamily, and then the vocal comes in, recounting the singer's 'hearing' his dead friend's voice - a common experience of bereavement. "Where is the life that I recognise?" he sings, meaning the life in which his friend is still living. And then:

'But I won't cry for yesterday,
There's an ordinary world somehow I have to find, and as I try to
make my way to the ordinary
world, I will learn to survive.'

I can only speak for myself, but for me this sums up perfectly the disorientated nature of bereavement, the feeling of unreality, of being ejected from the "ordinary world" and having somehow to make your way back to it. Even for a person with faith, the rawness and unfamiliar quality of an early bereavement is somehow like being cast adrift in an alien place where the familiar landmarks no longer exist.

Earlier this summer, my cousin died suddenly. We hadn't seen each other recently, but when we were children we were together a lot, and he was certainly a part of my 'ordinary world'. Since his death, this song has barely gone out of my head. For some nights, when it was warm, I slept outside in the garden, and played this song on my phone over and over, like an obsessed teenager. As I said before, I don't even like Duran Duran, and Simon Le Bon is possibly not a person with whom I would have much in common. But "Ordinary World" is one of the world's great songs, and one of the most intelligent descriptions of the grieving process that I have come across. Please give it a try, if you don't already know it. Oh, I nearly forgot. There is an absolute blinder of a guitar solo, which - trust me - you would not want to miss.

It was composed by Frank Zappa's former guitarist, Warren Cuccurullo, and he plays it on the recording. Later, when he had left the band, he had to teach it to the guitarist who replaced him. My cousin loved his rock music. I hope that guitar solo, or a similar one, greets him in Heaven.

Funerals

By Stephen Griggs

Funerals, generally people don't want to contemplate their mortality, you will often hear comments such as when I'm dead I don't care what happens to me, or don't make a big fuss, funerals are a waste of money. Yes a funeral can be costly but funeral directors are now obliged to display their charges and you should not shy away from approaching more than one funeral director, maybe not just on cost but on what they provide. Not so easy if you are a relative left with making the arrangements with the associated grieving and urgency to get things sorted.

Having worked in the industry I have seen many instances where the family don't know what their loved ones' wishes were or if they did how they can be fulfilled. So consider what your funeral should look like, speak to a funeral director and family members and either write your wishes down as part of your will or consider a pre-paid funeral plan. As a Catholic one assumes that you care very much about what happens after your death. Years ago it was simple, there would be a funeral service in church appropriate to your denomination followed by a burial or cremation. In the ever increasing secular world the church service has been dispensed with and only a ceremony at the crematorium will take place.



This can range from one conducted by a cleric, a civil minister or a humanist. Please be aware of the difference between a civil minister and a humanist, a humanist ceremony has no reference to God, no prayers or religious content. A crematorium ceremony will generally centre on celebrating the life of the departed person, soothing the grief, humorous stories will be told, comforting videos or photos displayed. We have now gone a step further in separating the deceased from the funeral, with direct cremation the deceased is cremated without any ceremony or anyone present. So you can see that the focus has gradually shifted away from the person who should be central to the whole event. As a Catholic what do you want? Simply that your soul enters heaven. We believe that we should pray for the dead and the most powerful way we can do this is through a Requiem Mass where not only is a Mass offered for the departed,

(Missa pro defunctis) but prayers especially for the repose of the soul are said. Remember the body became a dwelling place of the Holy Spirit through baptism and so great reverence is shown to what was the tabernacle of your soul. The coffin is blessed with holy water on entering the church and incensed at the final commendation with prayers for the soul to be carried up to heaven. The church now permits cremation and so there is now a choice, burial or cremation. Burial is generally regarded as more environmentally friendly but more importantly as Catholics, the complete body is laid to rest in the ground awaiting the day of resurrection and the burial usually takes place immediately after the funeral Mass, whereas the cremated remains, (not ashes) are often stored for weeks months or years before being buried. Don't leave it for others to sort after you die, you may not get what you want!

A loving tribute to Bernie Wood,

who died on Sunday 8th September 2024

By Jan Patrick

Dear Bernie, first and foremost a beloved wife, mother, grandmother and friend to many. The warmth of your smile will long remain in the memory. Throughout the years Bernie was involved in so many of the church's activities to which she gave herself wholeheartedly. A member of the parish council, marriage preparation, catechism, confirmation, safeguarding representative, National Association of Catholic Families (NACF). She loved her garden and allotment and her dog, and was often seen in the church's front garden, weeding, plant-

ing and disposing of the rubbish left in the car park.

No task was too small for Bernie! She also wrote several articles for St Pancras' magazine. Bernie's faith was deep, strong and personal. She showed outstanding courage throughout her illness, always positive, always grateful, a shining example of God's eternal love. We pray for your family and thank God for the privilege of having known and loved you. Dear Bernie, 'thou good and faithful servant rest in peace.'



' They whom we love and lose are no longer where they were before. They are now wherever we are!'

St. John Chrysostom

Praying for the Pope's intentions

By Father Joseph



People often ask, What does it mean to pray for the Pope's intentions? Simply put, it means praying for whatever the Pope's personal intentions are whether or not those intentions have been made public. In fact, the Holy See publishes a list of formally stated intentions for each month which can easily be found with the help of Google. However, historically the Pope's intentions have long been listed under five 'official' categorical headings, as it were, and do not change even when we have a new pope. Nor are they dependent on the more personalised intentions listed by the Holy See for each month of the year. These are:

1. Exaltatio S. Matris Ecclesiae (that is, the exaltation or triumph, and the stability and growth, of Holy Mother Church);
2. Extirpatio haeresum (that is, the extirpation or rooting out of heresies);
3. Propagatio fidei (that is, the propagation, or spreading, of the Faith);
4. Conversio peccatorum (that is, the conversion of sinners),
5. Pax inter principes christianos (that is, peace between Christian rulers).

The five headings still apply. So, whenever we are asked to pray for the Pope's intentions, for example when trying to gain an indulgence, it is chiefly these intentions for which we are praying. This may be helpful as we approach the Holy Year of 2025, about which more in the Christmas issue of the parish magazine.

Picture above: Pope Francis' Portrait, by Oscar Casares

Reflection on our hope that God will continue to bear fruit through our lives

by **Kenneth Utenner**,
selected by **Laura Isaac**



It helps now and then to step back and take a long view. The Kingdom is not only beyond our efforts it is even beyond our vision. We accomplish in our lifetime only a tiny fraction of the magnificent enterprise that is God's work. Nothing we do is complete. Which is a way of saying that the Kingdom always lies beyond us. No statement says all that can be said. No prayer fully expresses our faith. No confession brings perfection. No pastoral visit brings wholeness.

No program accomplishes the church's mission. No set of goals and objectives includes everything. That is what we are about, we plant seeds that one day will grow. We water seeds already planted, knowing that they hold future promise. We lay foundations that will need further development. We provide yeast that produces far beyond our capabilities. We cannot do everything, and there is a sense of liberation in realising that. This enables us to do something and to do it very well. It may be incomplete, but it is a beginning, a step along the way, an opportunity for the Lord's grace to enter and do the rest. We may never see the end results, but that is the difference between the master builder and the worker.

We are workers, not master builders, ministers not messiahs. We are prophets of a future not our own.



By Bartolomé Estéban Murillo, 16th Century

Jury service

By Aida Bissett



I should imagine that receiving a letter requesting one's presence at court on mandatory jury service would not appeal to many, except those with a keen interest in criminal cases and the workings of justice. It is necessary to plan one's life to free up a fortnight for such a task over which one has no choice other than requesting a different fortnight should the one designated be really impossible. So, having received such a missive, I set about rearranging my usual commitments to fit in with the requested jury service. In my case this meant altering my young grandson's routine as I am tasked with collecting him from nursery and looking after him on certain days.

As for attendance at court, several rules apply, especially regarding what may or may not be taken into the courtroom. Individual lockers are provided for one's belongings and even water brought from home had to be checked. It has to be in a clear bottle and one has to take a sip in front of the steward to prove it is only water and nothing more sinister. Even medication has to be left in the security lockers. Having recently undergone a cataract operation, this meant leaving my eye drops with security (there would be an opportunity to apply the during lunch break). Another necessary check is to ascertain that no jury member knows anyone involved in them trial.

As you know, there are twelve individuals on a jury. Actually fifteen are called but three are not needed. I was one of the twelve, we entered the courtroom and we were there to assess one trial only and in our case this lasted the five days, by which time we had reached a verdict. The process

required intense listening to all the statements from witnesses, the prosecution and defence lawyers and from the judge, as one felt the responsibility of arriving at a true verdict, neither condemning an innocent defendant to a sentence nor of letting a guilty one go free. If one jury member needs a break, the jury officer has to let the judge know and proceedings are stopped while all twelve jurors exit the courtroom into a small room with twelve chairs and a toilet where they have to wait with no discussion of the case allowed, while being overseen by the jury officer.

Lunch break can either be at a sitting room where a fridge is provided where you can leave such as sandwiches for your lunch on arrival. Drinks and snacks can be purchased from a vending machine. Water dispensers are also available for free. One is allowed to go out of the building during lunchtime but will have to undergo security checks again to re-enter the building. There are five court rooms and each has its own subsidiary rooms as I have described. At the end of the trial we had to listen to the summing up of the prosecuting and defence lawyers, with a shorter statement from the judge, before we retired to consider the verdict.

This was quite a difficult process as we did not all agree, and most people did not change their minds, though a small number did. We ended up with a verdict of 'Guilty'. This having been declared such by our spokesman before the judge.

next stage was up to the judge and the prosecution and defence lawyers to pass a sentence, which required a date when all three were free to attend. This would not be until July and in the meantime the accused person was not granted bail though he had been at liberty before the case was tried. You will appreciate that I am not free to disclose details of the case but I hope I have thrown some light on what happens if you are required to do jury service, which anyone I may have to face.

Incidentally, there is no provision for any jury members affected by a case; one is told to contact the Samaritans or your G.P. As for week two, there was nothing on the Monday (a bank holiday) or the Tuesday, and when we arrived for duty on the Wednesday we were sent home again as we were not needed, nor were we on the Thursday or Friday. It was good for me as that Thursday was Ascension Day and I was wondering about a time to come to Mass. Problem solved!



The most recent edition of the parish magazine, parish calendar, suggested readings and more can be found on St Pancras' website:

<https://www.stpancraschurch.org.uk/>

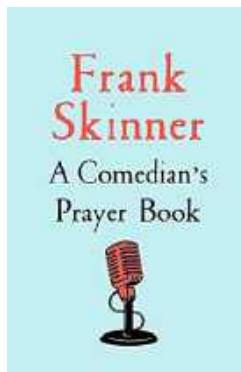
Just a reminder that this publication is produced and printed professionally, and donations are most welcome to cover the production costs. In other words, the survival of this magazine is dependant on parishioners' support.



Monday book club

By Brian Price

Sadly, Father Joseph could not attend the Monday Book Club and we were left to our own devices. I anticipated that we would quickly descend into a lawless rabble without Father Joseph to guide us. It turned out that I was wrong and our only act of rebellion was to choose the comfy seats. The book was 'A Comedian's Prayer Book' by Frank Skinner and its focus was on prayer rather than on jokes. Interestingly, some of us saw Frank's views as jokes whereas others assumed that he was being serious and wondered how he could really think that. As always, comedy is a risky business. Many ideas were raised and discussed and I can include only a few here.



'Believers are notoriously po-faced, as indeed are atheists', says Frank. I think we all took issue with this, arguing that it could not apply to all believers (or, indeed, all atheists) and that there were probably po-faced stamp collectors, po-faced fishermen etc. (Probably also po-faced grammarians who hate my use of etc. in that last sentence.) However, there was a sense that when a person is known to be a Christian, they tend to be treated with a curious sort of diffidence. 'Don't tell any rude jokes, that person's a Christian', 'don't swear in front of the Christian'. 'Don't invite X to the Sunday barbeque, X is a Christian and X will be in church'. We were pretty sure that this was a perception of Christians rather than the reality (there are Christians who could make a docker blush) but we were unsure where it came from.

My personal view is that the Christian view of what it means to be a Christian is not what other people assume it to be. Frank tells a story about Johnny Cash and Bob

Dylan, who were great friends and used to go fishing together. They could sit side by side, for several hours, in companionable silence and Frank's hope was that he and God could be as close as Johnny Cash and Bob Dylan. We all agreed that that was an excellent thought and this moved us on to the idea of the importance of silence when trying to communicate with God. One of our number said that 15 minutes of silence in church made her feel very content. It was also explained, by another member of the group, that human beings are incredibly noisy and that silence is not only hard to find but quite unsettling when we do find it.

Maybe, as a species, human beings make too much noise and that makes it harder for them to listen, including listening to God. On two occasions, Frank says to God, "You seem a long way away tonight." Perhaps it is the listening part that is the problem. So if silence is good, what is the role of prayer, the book being all about prayer, after all? The general view was that prayers articulate our thoughts. After all, if you have a good idea, you put it down on paper; if you have a brain-storming session at work, words are written on the flipchart or whiteboard.

We felt that when we pray we are checking in with God to see if we have understood things correctly.

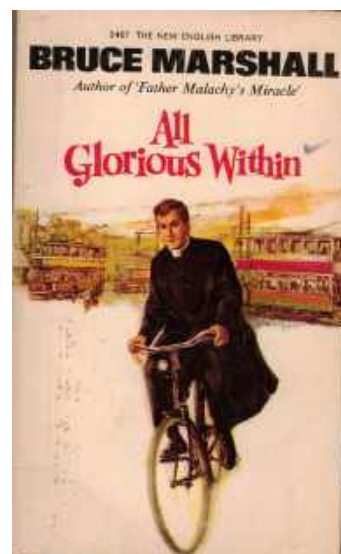
There was a sense that this was rather like having an exam paper marked but that is not really an uncomfortable analogy. Neither God nor our teacher is trying to catch us out in our errors and ridicule us, it is simply a matter of trying to eliminate such errors. It seemed to us that Frank had a bit of a problem with science versus faith, as if the two were in opposition to each other. Admittedly, Richard Dawkins is a scientist but the author of 'The Dawkins Delusion', Alister McGrath, has a doctoral degree in molecular biophysics and is also a Professor of Divinity.

McGrath suggests that science and religion co-exist as equally valid explanations for two partially overlapping spheres of existence, where the former concerns itself primarily with the temporal, and the latter concerns itself primarily with the spiritual, but where both



can occasionally intertwine. Here I think the book club can pat itself on its collective back for coming up with that argument all on our own and without recourse to Wikipedia. For us, science is about the 'How', faith is about the 'Why'. Finally, Frank was very interested in the fact that TK Maxx sells Buddhas, whereas there were no Jesus images on sale. 'I know a crucifix is no mere decoration but if we could come up with a mass-produced Jesus image that was more user-friendly - something that, like those Buddhas, appealed to those outside the Faith - we'd have a foot in the door and maybe a tiny seed in their consciousness'.

There was not much support for this idea. The crucifix is an essential symbol of the Faith... err nothing else to say on that one. Next time, a novel, 'All Glorious Within' by Bruce Marshall. I have been able to download it but I loved it so much that I have bought a copy. Any book that makes me laugh out loud is a hit. Monday, December 9, is when we discover how many other people found both humour and insight in a book about a Catholic priest in 1920s Scotland.



Gardening updates

By Peggy Ayers

The broad beans planted at home did really well but I wish I had planted more. Last year on the allotment they were straggly and not very good, I am thinking of growing in both places next time. The early potatoes, swift, and rocket did very well. That was the first time I grew rocket and they had a lovely flavour. So, I will grow them again! Clare and Jim from church gave me some of the Casablanca potatoes which they grew and I really liked those, hopefully I will grow some next year.

My granddaughter planted pink fir apple potatoes for me and we all laughed at the knobby potatoes which were produced (which is normal), I like to boil them in their skins, peel and then shallow fry them, delicious! My eldest grandson aged 10 planted Picasso and also Maris Piper for me. The Picasso have been harvested and are in a hessian sack in a cool place but the Maris Piper are still in the ground which won't hurt them.

The tip about growing one row of leeks then one of carrots alternately was a good one as I have never before had such perfect carrots. Leeks are looking good too. I recently sowed some more carrot seeds at home but am not holding my breath there. The purple carrots my granddaughter planted struggled at first but are now progressing and we hope to see what they look like in a few weeks' time. Because I had problems with the sweetcorns germinating, I only had 7 plants at the end so a trip to my nearest nursery on Wherstead Road for some plants from. Most annoyingly I think it was birds who started to pull the plants out of the ground.

Luckily we did end up with enough plants so that my grandson was very proud this week when they had corn on the cob for tea which he had planted for me. Runner beans, have done really well as have courgettes both green and yellow. I have been able to share these with lots of people as there were so many. Onion shaped squashes also did well but my daughter in law is waiting for the ones called delicata to be ready as

she likes them best; at the moment they are too small. The other thing she is waiting for are the borlotti beans. We are waiting until September so that they will dry in situ and then be used over winter in vegetable stews. Tomatoes have been slow but there were enough for me - not many to share though- my favourite are the roma because of their delicious flavour when really ripe. Good crop of strawberries this year, but raspberries were slow to start.

Although they are called autumn raspberries they usually produce fruit early on - not this year though. Never mind doing well now. An allotment neighbour strims my grass path for me and won't accept monetary payment but will accept strawberry and raspberry jam. He has already had his strawberry jam but I still have to make the raspberry one. There is an abundance of apples this year which makes up for the poor crop last year. With 3 fruit loving grandchildren they are very welcome.

Their mother has made juice, and compot, and also dried apple rings, she also has trays of apples for the children to munch on. Victoria plums also did very well. I put the plum moth trap in the tree at home which I believe helps enormously. As in previous years the first few plums had wriggles in them but after that they were perfect and delicious. I have apple trees on the allotment and also at home, my favourite is the bramley which cooks so well. The rhubarb eventually woke up and went into mass production.



Rhubarb and ginger jam: one jar went home with my cousin to Vienna, other people made crumbles or froze it to use during winter. Purple sprouting broccoli: two plants had to be replaced because I could see they had club root. This was most likely because I planted them in the same place as last year as it saved me moving the netted frame which I grow them in to keep the white cabbage butterflies away from them. Must do the job properly next year and move the frame!



Lots of lovely gladioli this year. Sweet peas were a failure. My neighbour has perpetual sweet peas on his plot which he allows me to pick. The more you pick the more they come. Although they have no scent they are such pretty colours and many people have been pleased to receive a bunch of them. I used to grow them but found it too much work, and I am now pleased to pick those from my friend! Needless to say that recently I have needed to water a lot. Thank goodness there is a water supply next to my allotment which makes that easy. Also thank goodness for young children who love going there and are so pleased to help with a bit of weeding but mostly harvesting and yes munching as they do particularly strawberries, raspberries and blackberries.

St Catherine's fayre

By Lisa de Pasquale



By Lo Spagna, 15th Century

You may have seen the St Catherine's fayre entry in the newsletters recently, a make and sell market being held on the 23rd and 24th November in the parish hall, the finer details of which will be made available soon. Here is a short piece about it. If you are an aspiring craftsperson, professional or hobby, you might just be interested in selling your goods at this event. It can be almost anything you make from food stuff like jams and chutneys, material or knitted items such as cushions, clothes, or toys. It could be model pieces such as ornaments or figurines, furniture or homeware goods, or indeed paintings or prints. Or beautiful rosaries, jewellery pieces, or stationery items, such as greeting cards, book markers, or keyrings.

The list is endless, but whatever your talent may be, and whatever you produce, why not showcase it at our indoor craft market. stalls will be available to parishioners from St Pancras and their family or friends, and we are hopeful to have many stalls. Family and friends can come along to

enjoy the event too and there will be tea and coffee available with games for children to play. You can rent a stall in the parish hall for the weekend. The rent fee will be determined nearer the time but will be a small donation at the event and will go straight to the parish. Best thing of all, parishioners, family and friends will have the opportunity to stroll along and admire the delightful array of goods on sale whilst shopping for gifts too, just in time for Christmas. Whatever your talent may be, whatever you make, why not share it and sell your goods at the indoor craft market in November.

The more stalls we have the more fun it will be. We hope if this year's event is a success, to carry it on each year and perhaps include a workshop or two on how to make some of the items on sale. In the meantime, however, please do let us know your interest so that we can add you to the list of stall holders for this year's event and most importantly, get busy and start making!

And for those who may not make things, why not come along and support the event and enjoy the shopping experience instead. The event will be just in time for the festive season, so those special gifts for loved ones and friends can be bought and perhaps a treat or two for yourself too. Most importantly we hope it will be a truly joyous event for all, showcasing the talent we have at St Pancras whilst enjoying the shopping experience too. St Catherine's fayre Saturday 23rd and Sunday 24th November.



Dates for your diary



Parish quiz night, Friday 25th October at 6pm

St Catherine's fayre, Saturday 23rd and Sunday 24th November. More details to follow!



Tavern evening, Saturday, 25th January 2025, at 7pm.

Gas

by Brian Price

This was a day that Ulysses would remember for a long, long time. There was little enough excitement in his remote gas station so that even the smallest incident could become memorable but that day's events would have been extraordinary anywhere. The day had been normal enough at the start. Ulysses had risen early, as usual, breakfasted and opened the gas station for business, though this consisted of nothing more than switching the ancient metal sign from CLOS (rust had largely obliterated E and D) to OPEN. Ulysses' name was unusual; it had been the choice of his father, a man whose enthusiasm had been for the Union cause in the Civil War. Ulysses sometimes reflected that had his father's sympathies lain with the Confederacy he might have been given the more normal name of Robert instead. Still, Ulysses was a man who accepted his lot in life, which included an unusual first name and a fairly solitary existence.

Customers were few in number, though there were enough of them to make the gas station a viable business: mainly farmers and their families heading into Hopperville; later in the day it would be people on their way out of Hopperville. A tankful of gas, a pint or two of oil, a bit of conversation about the weather or the prospects for the crops; so far, so normal. Ulysses had not seen the artist arrive but then he was not much given to staring down the road when the gas station was quiet. However, when he had gone out to gas up Big Ike's truck, the artist had been up the road a spell, seated in a canvas chair and sketching away in a big pad. Next to him, also sitting in a canvas chair, was a lady that Ulysses assumed was the artist's wife; she had a book on her lap and a bag by her side. Ulysses did not walk over to them, folks did not always appreciate too much curiosity, but he nodded in a friendly way and the lady nodded back though the artist did not.

Whenever Ulysses went out to serve a customer, the artist and his wife were there, though their positions sometimes changed and as the day progressed there was a growing pile of screwed up sheets of paper on the ground.



By Edward Hopper

It did strike Ulysses as strange that anyone would choose to draw his gas station but Ulysses was no artist, so what did he know? Now, Ulysses was not an unfriendly man, despite living alone in this remote spot. He regularly used his trusty Buick for trips into Hopperville to get his supplies. On these trips he would usually take the time to visit a bar, play some pool and maybe have a chat with people in the street. So he felt it might be neighbourly to check and see if the two folks up the road needed anything. 'Hello there. You folks OK?' 'We're fine, thank you,' replied the lady.

'Can I get you anything? Coffee, water?' 'That's very kind but we have everything we need'. The lady pointed to her bag, which seemed to contain plenty in the way of food and drink. 'OK. Well if you change your mind, just come down to the gas station. No charge'. 'Thank you again, Ed and I really appreciate that'. The artist, Ed, had maintained a moody silence throughout this exchange. By the evening, the couple had gone and like good, tidy folks they had taken all the paper with them. Not the sort of encounter that Ulysses was used to, certainly enough to make the day memorable. However, they were not the only strange couple that Ulysses met that day. It was all his own fault really. He should have turned that old sign to CLOS and doused the outside lights but he had simply forgotten. He was in the middle of supper when he heard a big noisy engine in the distance.

It was pretty clear that the car was on a fast road to somewhere and so Ulysses paid it no mind, until with a sudden screech of brakes as it stopped by the pumps. Supper or no supper, Ulysses was here to sell gas and so he went outside. The car was a Ford V8, which explained the noise it had been making. It was very dusty, suggesting that not only was it go-

ing somewhere in a hurry but also that it had already travelled a long way from somewhere else. The couple were both standing at the rear of the car, suggesting to Ulysses that they were in a mood for a little conversation; folks who wanted to be quiet just sat in their cars and let Ulysses fill up the tank. They were very different from the artist and his wife, much younger and this time it was the man who did the speaking while his lady kept her own counsel. 'Wow. That was lucky. I worried that we might run out of gas'. The young man walked towards Ulysses, limping slightly.

'Yes. By rights I should have closed up. You folks travelled far?', 'Certainly have. Feels like I've been driving most of the day'. 'Where you heading?' 'Got a friend in Bienville Parish'. The lady looked stonily at the man, as if she did not want him discussing their business with a stranger. Ulysses knew how to be discreet and so he asked no further questions. The young man paid for the gas with a 5 dollar bill and when Ulysses returned with the change, the V8 was already up the road, trailing dust behind it. Ulysses set the sign to CLOS and doused the lights. He finished his supper and sat down to read the Hopperville Advertiser. The paper lived up to its name and had advertisements on its front cover, with the actual news, such as it was, on the inside pages. Ulysses enjoyed reading the advertisements, however. He was curious enough to learn who had died recently.

Also the 'For Sale' notices told him who was coping with the Depression and who was going under; too few of the former, too many of the latter. The gas station saw its fair share of Model T trucks, overloaded with families and their possessions, heading towards the promised land of California. At length he turned to the inner pages and saw a photograph

of the artist and his wife. The caption read, 'Famous artist visits Hopperville' though Ulysses wondered why this man was famous, since he had never heard of him. It was curious that he had the surname Hopper and was visiting Hopperville but strange coincidences do happen. Remarkably, there was also a photograph of the other couple, the people in the dusty Ford V8 and this time Ulysses knew exactly who they were. For the first time in his life, Ulysses felt grateful that he had had the telephone installed. Until now he had wondered if it had been money well spent. He cranked the handle to get the attention of Sylvie at the exchange; did that woman ever

sleep ? 'What number do you require ?' 'Highway Patrol.' 'Do you have the number ?', 'Nope. Never called them before.' 'Louisiana Highway Patrol?' 'I guess so.' There was a lengthy pause, punctuated by clicks and crackles. Finally, a tired voice came on the line. 'Louisiana Highway Patrol. Please state your business.' 'I've just served some gas to Bonnie and Clyde.' 'Can you repeat that ?' The voice no longer sounded tired. 'Bonnie and Clyde were here at my gas station outside Hopperville. They said they were on their way to Bienville Parish. I think that's Gibsland way.' 'Leave it with me'. The line went dead. May 23, 1934, was to become a famous date in the history

of Louisiana law enforcement, the day Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow died in an ambush. Ulysses' phone call was never mentioned but Ulysses himself would always remember May 22 as the day that Bonnie and Clyde did not hold up his gas station but chose to pay for their gas instead.

Trip to Falkland Islands

By Paul Shilling

Last November I embarked on a trip to the Falkland Islands. The primary reason was to experience the delights of its unique fauna, flora and culture. It lies about 300 miles (480 km) northeast of the southern tip of South America and a similar distance east of the Strait of Magellan. It most certainly did not disappoint. With five species of penguin, Orca (Killer Whales), Southern Elephant Seals, rugged scenery akin to the Scottish lowlands and a people still affected by the war in the early eighties there was a lot to absorb. There are still remains of crashed Argentinian helicopters still scattered on the hillsides. There was one aspect, though, that had a Catholic connection.

Father Joseph was aware of my intended visit to the Falklands. When I informed him who was officiating at the only Catholic Church on the islands, Father Hugh Allan, he stated that he knew him from his time in Oxford and asked me to pass on his best wishes if I was fortunate enough to meet him. To add some context, he was appointed Apostolic Administrator of the Falkland Islands and Ecclesiastic Superior of St. Helena, Ascension Island and Tristan da Cunha by Fernando

Cardinal Filoni on 26 October 2016 for a period of five years. When I eventually arrived at Mount Pleasant Airport after a one day delay in Ascension Island (a night in an air force barracks with shared facilities is to be recommended!), I was very fortunate to actually meet him walking along Ross Road. We had a rewarding conversation about his life in these remote islands and he remembered Father Joseph, returning his best wishes. He has to occasionally take the arduous trip to the South Shetland Islands as this forms part of his administrative area, not for the faint hearted (a very turbulent crossing!!). We completed the obligatory selfies (one will hopefully be included with this article) Incidentally, on the Sunday before my departure I managed to attend the 6pm Mass at St Mary's Catholic Church, just myself and three other islanders. It was a real privilege, such an intimate and holy place.



Paul and Father Hugh

Standing Order: Please consider making your donations as a standing order instead of in cash.

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Getting to know St Pancras' parishioners

Part 1: Alex Smith

Interview by Jo Shevlin



Where do you come from, Ipswich or further afield?

Further afield, I was born in Northampton General Hospital in Northampton.

How long have you been a parishioner of St Pancras, and do you have any special memories you'd like to share with us?

I've been a parishioner of St Pancras for about 12 years. I moved to Ipswich from Kent in 2009, I came here for a job at Suffolk Independent Living where I worked for 3 years.

Tell us one thing about yourself that might surprise your fellow parishioners (this could be an achievement, a talent, an experience)

I have a black belt in Ju Jitsu!

What has been your line of work?

After finishing uni, I was Disability Development worker at Suffolk Independent Living

What are your hobbies/interests?

My main interests are anything historical but particularly military history, Napoleonic, WW1 and WW2

What is your proudest achievement?

My proudest achievement is obtaining my history degree at The University of Kent

Tell us about your favourite holiday destination

My favourite holiday destination is Hillside Animal Sanctuary in West Runton, North Norfolk. We stay in one of the holiday homes there. We try to go every year and it's dog friendly so of course Jessie comes too.

What was the last book you read?

The last book I read was The Sword and the Scimitar by Simon Scarrow which is a historical novel about the siege of Malta in 1565, also known as the Great Siege of Malta.

Who is your favourite Saint and why?

St Anthony because I'm always losing things

What is your favourite prayer?

My favourite prayer is the Soldier's Prayer: 'Lord, if this day I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. Amen.'

Anything else you'd like to add

I have a dog called Jessie who I'm sure most people will know. I got her through a charity that trains dogs as companions for disabled people. The way the scheme works is they work with local animal charities who contact them when they have a dog that is suitable, and they take the dog and train it. The training is done in part by prisoners from Hollesley Bay who would then have a skill when they are released. The dog is then paired with a disabled person and further training is carried out. In Jessie's case she had to get used to walking with me both when I was in my wheelchair and mobility scooter. We also had to practise using public transport. I've now had Jessie for over 12 years.

When I was young (age 4-7) I spent three years at the Peto Institute in Hungary doing Conductive Education which is similar to physiotherapy but much more intensive. I was a live-in student and boarded there during the week. By the time I left and came back to England in 1989, I could speak Hungarian fluently.

Seville Orange Marmalade

By Peggy Ayers



- 1.5 lbs Seville oranges (available in shops January/February)
- 1 Lemon
- 3lbs granulated sugar
- 2.5 pints of water

Method:

- Scrub oranges and lemon
- Boil whole in the water until very soft
- Remove oranges and cut in half and take out the pips
- Put pips in the water and boil for 5 minutes
- Strain liquid to remove pips
- Chop oranges and add to liquid. (I use the lemon too)
- Add sugar and boil until until marmalade sets on a cold plate.
- Put marmalade in sterile jam jars
- Leave for 2 weeks at least before eating - flavour will be better as it is a bit bitter to start with.



Tips: For a very fine marmalade use a whizzer before putting into jam jars.

Why not try adding some chopped crystallised ginger ?

Jessie writes...



Woofs and waggy greetings friends. I am soo happy to be out and about on these pawsome Autumn days. But sometimes the cold bites me - ouch! Dad says there's a nip in the air. We K9s know all about nips, I gave Loulou one when she tried to steal my dinner. It was only a little nip and we are friends again. Christchurch Park is still top of the list for my favourite places. I just love meeting friends for a few zoomies. After that, I'm happy to trot along beside Dad for a relaxed walk. As we go, I can hear the trees yawning - whisha whisha. I think they are tired and getting ready for a long sleep. Dad

says some animals also do this. He uses a big word - hibernation - seems a good idea, snuggled up in my cosy armchair mmmmm! But no I would miss all the special autumn smells and running through the piles of leaves. After an hour we go home. Dad says that's 60 minutes. I wondered what that meant? It must be a long time. Even more puzzling, it seems that 24 of these make a day. That really is a lot. Back at Maison Jessie, I settled into my armchair to ponder these deep things called numbers. Well, I do know I'm the proud owner of 4 paws, 2 ears, one nose and a tail which wags. Looking around the room, I



can see 1 door and 2 windows. I'm very clever, aren't I? But I don't stop yet. I understand all gone and I'm working on 1 to 10. Of course I know there are times called seasons because of the different smells. My birthday is on 13th January and no I'm not telling my age, a girl has to have some secrets after all. Dad tells me that the St. Pancras Magazine is printed 4X a year - so you may have guessed what this quiz is about - numbers of course. PS Dad helped me a bit.

In memory of John Edward Sales, former sacristan at St Pancras

By Joseph Sales

13th September marks the fourth anniversary of my father's passing, John was a regular participant to services as a loyal friend and server at St. Pancras to Father Leeder, even though his home and many of his commitments were in Colchester. Prior to that he had been Sacristan at Westminster Cathedral where he had served since converting in the 1950s, first as a volunteer, then later full-time. The coming of the Second Vatican Council led to major changes in the Catholic Church that he had overcome so much to convert to in its original form (at the age of 17), and this was gradually felt at Westminster, where John felt the need to move on, as great a wrench as this was. Not however, before he married my mother Teresa at the Cathedral in 1970!

With a family in later years to support, he joined the Post Office in Aylesbury, but continued to practice his profound Catholicism. I can well remember being taken to the Great Western Royal Hotel in Paddington station of all places, where the pre-Vatican II Tridentine Mass was still being said, in the absence of any Catholic churches that were allowed to cel-

ebtrate the old rite. Among others who celebrated Mass in those days at the GWR Hotel was Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre. It was also there that I received my first Holy Communion. As his Post Office career flourished into a promotion at the Eastern Postal Region headquarters in Colchester, a move further east beckoned, closer to my mother's native Suffolk. He also followed the traditional form of the Mass in whatever form it was still being practised, including Fr. Oswald Baker, then a serving parish priest at Downham Market—where restrictions meant that he was required to celebrate a Tridentine service in a former Woolworths store!

The Anglia Television coverage of the event in 1976 glimpsed John's face in profile among those kneeling at the service – 40 years later he was recognised immediately by fellow St. Pancras parishioners! It was on one of my irregular visits to Ipswich one afternoon that I also introduced John to St. Pancras Church, and he was greatly heartened by the look and feel of the church and the liturgy practised, and soon began to participate not only as a member of the congregation, but also as server



Mr John Edward Sales

putting his former sacristan experience to good use. He was good friends with the late Fr. Leeder, as well as Fr. Russell Frost at the neighbouring St. Mary Magdalen Church, and he actively supported any traditional form of the Mass whenever he could, and I know he would be very pleased now at the subsequent succession and liturgy practised by Father Joseph Welch.

May his soul rest in peace.



A Simple Outline of the Catholic Faith

By Father Joseph

Originally written as a programme of instruction for converts, A Simple Outline of the Catholic Faith has proved popular beyond expectations. Following its first printing in September 2023, five hundred copies have been distributed to interested readers both in Ipswich and farther afield. Available free of charge to parishioners at St Pancras (although contributions towards the cost of printing have been invited), the slim booklet has been taken up eagerly by Mass-goers, visitors, and even by some members of the clergy. Made up of twenty short chapters covering such topics as

'Creation and the Angels,' 'Grace and the Sacraments,' 'The Life of Virtue,' and 'The Four Last Things,' the booklet introduces readers to the basics of our religion through catechetical instruction as well as quotations from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the saints. Each two-page chapter includes a 'Did you know?' fact. The booklet also includes a collection of some of the most basic and familiar prayers for Catholics to learn off by heart, such as the Apostles' Creed, the Hail Holy Queen, an Act of Contrition, and Prayers for the Souls in Purgatory.



The final two pages gather together a glossary of Catholic words and terms that help to introduce newcomers to various Catholic ideas and practices. A Simple Outline of the Catholic Faith has proved so successful that just twelve months after its launch it is now enjoying a second print run.

Picture: Parish catechist, Lisa de Pasquale, inspects the latest edition of A Simple Outline of the Catholic Faith. Picture credit: Rosa Patten.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

By Anne Abbott

Also known as Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, this icon may have originated in the 13th Century and was brought by a merchant to Italy from a monastery in Crete in the 15th century. It remained in St Matthew's church in Rome for 300 years and after the Napoleonic invasion it was eventually entrusted to the Redemptorists by Pope Pius IX. As a boy, this Pope had prayed before the image in St Matthew's church. He also created a feast day which is now kept on the 27th June.

The image shows Our Lady with the Child Jesus clinging to her with both hands as he looks back at the spear and the crown of thorns held by St Michael and the Cross and the nails held by St Gabriel. On seeing these instruments of torture, he has run to his mother for comfort and help, almost losing his sandal on the way. She looks at us saying 'Look at my Son, my poor Son'. We must help her to comfort him by our love and our prayers. But she also helps us in our troubles, difficulties and sorrows. Many miracles have been attributed to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.



Novena Prayer

Oh Mother of Perpetual Help, grant that I may ever invoke your powerful name, the protection of the living and the salvation of the dying. Purest Mary, let your name be always on my lips. Do not delay, Blessed Lady, to rescue me whenever I call on you. In my temptations, in my needs, I will never cease to call on you, always repeating your holy name of Mary, Mary.

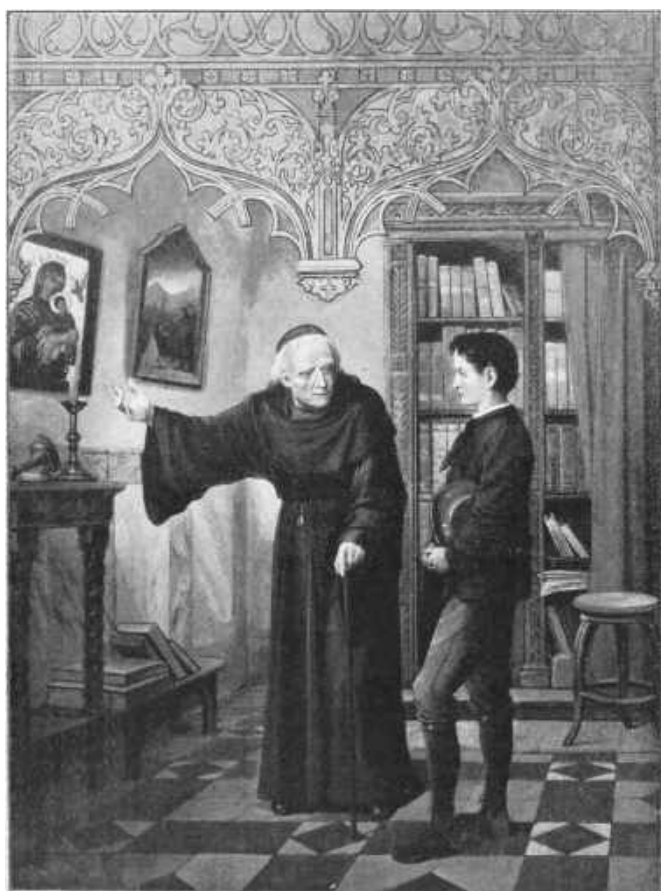
What consolation, what sweetness, what confidence fills my soul when I say your holy name or even only think of you! I thank the Lord for having given you so sweet, so powerful, so lovely a name. But I will not be content with merely uttering your name.

Let my love for you prompt me to call you Mother of Perpetual Help.

Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for me and grant me the favour I confidently ask of you.

Mention your request here...then say three Hail Marys.

Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us.



From 1916, credit: Catholic wire website.

Picture above: Brother Augustine Orsetti gestures to the young Michael Marchi, saying, 'Look closely at this sacred image of the Madonna; she is 'Our Lady of Perpetual Help.'

Editor's note:

- Stars on Our Lady's veil, means She is the Star of the Sea who brought the light of Christ to the darkened world.

- Dark blue mantle, the colour worn by mothers.

- Red tunic, the colour worn by virgins at the time of Christ.

Children's zone!



Just like the leaves on the shamrock I see, there are three parts to the Holy Trinity! First is God the Father, then Jesus, His only Son, and the Holy Spirit together as One!

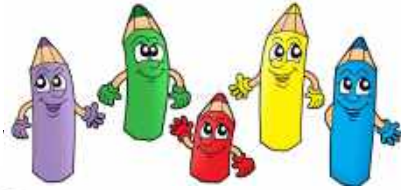


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Word search Word Bank!

- Father Son Holy
- One Three God
- Clover Saint Patrick
- Mystery Faith Spirit
- Parts

Colour in the picture of Saint Benedict



Benedict of Nursia known as Saint Benedict, was an Italian monk who lived a long time ago. He was born in Italy around year 480, and became very famous in the Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Churches. Saint Benedict is patron saint of students and monks. In 1964, the Pope made him the patron protector of Europe. On July 11, the Catholic Church celebrates the feast of Saint Benedict. Here is one of Saint Benedict's miracles: A group of monks were building new rooms at their abbey, but there was a giant stone in their way. No matter how hard they tried, they just couldn't move it. So, what did they do? They called St. Benedict for help! He said a special prayer, and guess what? After that, the monks were able to move the stone without any trouble at all!

Number quiz

By Alex and Jessie



1. How many days in Lent?

2. What is a gross?

3. There are 8 of these in a mile.

4. After how many years married can a couple celebrate their diamond wedding?

5. How many colours in a rainbow?

6. When were the first Olympic Games held?

7. What is the date of the Autumn Equinox in the Northern hemisphere?

8. How many sides in a pentagon?

9. How far is the Earth from the Sun?

10. How many is a baker's dozen?

11. In the rhyme 'Sing a song of sixpence, how many blackbirds were baked in a pie?

12. Who sang and composed the song '8 Days a Week'?

13. How many in a score?

14. In the Bible, how many 'foolish virgins'?

15. Jesus was betrayed because of Judas. He was sold for how many pieces of silver?

16. What famous document was signed in 1215 AD?

17. Who was born on Christmas Day 1642?

18. How are horses measured?

19. Can you name the group who sang 'When will I see you again'?

20. How many yards in a chain?

21. How many degrees in a triangle?

22. What is the 5th planet away from the sun?

23. How many degrees in a right angle?

24. What year is MMXXIV?

25. How many calling birds are there in "the Twelve Days of Christmas"?



Answers on page 26

My birdwatching trip to Sri Lanka, in February 2020

By Gerry Elliott

Sri Lanka has 36 endemic bird species currently recognised. Sri Lanka is a wonderful, warm winter destination and a must visit birding island. Also it is a good place to go whale watching for Blue Whale and also to see Leopard in the wild. To get there you take an overnight flight from London Heathrow to Colombo. We travelled from Colombo to a village called Kitulgala. We then had breakfast before starting our birding trip. In the morning we encountered Sri Lanka Grey Hornbill, Square-tailed Bulbul, Asian Emerald Dove, Black-backed dwarf kingfisher, Long-billed (Loten's) Sunbird, Yellow-fronted Barbet, Sri Lanka Junglefowl, White breasted Waterhen, Sri Lanka Green-pigeon and Sri Lanka Hanging-parrot.

We then returned to the hotel for lunch. Highlights from the afternoon were Spot-winged Thrush, Chestnut-backed Owlet, the distinctive Sri Lankan red-backed form of Black-rumped flameback, Shikra and Crimson fronted Barbet. Next day we visited Kitulgala village for early morning birding. Our sightings included Yellow-fronted Barbet, Black-naped Monarch, Greater and Green-billed Coucals, Orange-billed Babbler, Crimson-fronted Barbet, Layard's Parakeet, Sri Lanka Hanging Parrot, Indian Swiftlet, Little Swift, Brown-capped Woodpecker and Sri Lanka Drongo. After breakfast we travelled to the Makandawa rainforest.

In the forest we sighted Black-hooded Oriole, Yellow billed Babbler, Oriental Magpie robin, White rumped Munia, dark-fronted Babbler, Sri Lanka Swallow and Asian Brown Flycatcher. After lunch very bad weather gave me the opportunity to spend some time at leisure. On day 4 we went birdwatching before breakfast. We added to the list by adding Black capped bulbul, Brown capped Bulbul, Tickell's Blue Flycatcher and White browed Bulbul. After breakfast we set off for Sinharaja for our next two nights. After lunch we set out to see Serendib Scops-owl. Also we had lovely views of Sri Lanka Grey Hornbill. Day 5 we had a very early breakfast and set out to go to the rainforest. Here we saw Sri Lanka Spurfowl, Asian Emerald Dove and Sri Lanka Wood

We also encountered White faced Starlings en route. In the rainforest we viewed Sri Lanka Frogmouth, Ashy headed Laughing-thrush, Red faced Malkoha, Sri Lanka Thrush, The red-backed form of Black rumped Flameback, Lesser Yellownappe and Malabar Trogon. Day 6 we had a pre-breakfast birding session around Sinharaja village and saw Sri Lanka Hanging-parrot, Crested Treeswift, Layard's Parakeet, Sri Lanka Myna, Black headed Cuckoo shrike and Plum headed Parakeets. After lunch we headed to Udawalawa. After reaching our next hotel we went birding.

We encountered Sri Lanka Woodshrike, White tailed (Marshall's) Lora, Scaly breasted Munia, Brown Shrike, Purple Sunbird, Indian Robin, Coppersmith Barbet, Black headed Cuckooshrike, Jungle and ashy Prinias, Forest Wagtail, Indian Peafowl, Indian Scops-owl and Yellow eyed Babbler.



White rowed fantail
(*Rhipidura aureola*)

Day 7 we left to travel to Udawalawe National Park for a jeep safari. We saw lots and lots of birds. They were as follows: Crested Hawk eagle, White bellied Sea Eagle, Indian Cormorant, Black winged Kite, Barred Button quail, Yellow wattled Lapwing, Wood Sandpiper, Gull billed Tern, Orange breasted Pigeon, Blue faced Malkoha, Brown Fish Owl, Grey bellied Cuckoo, Coppersmith Barbet, Small Minivet, Yellow crowned Woodpecker, white tailed lora, Jerdon's Bush Lark, Plain, Jungle and Ashy Prinias, Yellow-eyed Babbler, Western Yellow Wagtail, Malabar Pied hornbill and Indian Roller. On the mammal front we had sightings of Asian Elephant and spotted Deer. We then had lunch. We then went to Nuwara Eliya. On the way we vis



ited the Surrey Bird Sanctuary, we saw Brown Wood Owl. On the way to Seetha Eliya we saw an Indian Blackbird. Day 8 we set off for Horton Plains. In the park we saw Sri Lanka Whistling Thrush, Sri Lanka Wood pigeon, Sri Lanka Bush Warbler, Dull-blue Flycatcher, Sri Lanka White Eye, Yellow-eared Bulbul, Green Warbler, Large-billed Leaf Warbler, Hill Swallow, Pied Bush Chat, Grey Wagtail and Large-billed Crow. Further into the park it yielded sightings of Zitting Cisticola, Pale billed Flower pecker, Long legged Buzzard and Paddyfield Pipit. The mammals were Sambar deer and Dusky striped squirrel.

After lunch we went to nearby Victoria Park. Here, we saw Pied Thrush, Indian Blue Robin, Common Sandpiper, Cinereous tit, Yellow eared Bulbul, Sri Lanka White eye, House sparrow, Forest Wagtail and Indian Pond Heron. Day 9 we then travelled to Kandy. We stayed at the Thilanka Hotel for lunch. Afterwards we visited Udawatta Kale. We encountered White rumped Shama and Orange headed Thrush. Day 10 after breakfast we headed to the Tam-arind Tree Hotel. This was to let some of a group return to Colombo airport for the flight back to the UK. Day 11 after breakfast we set off to our next destination which was Koggala Beach Hotel for lunch. Afterwards we visited Kirala Kele Wetland Sanctuary. We saw Knob Billed Duck, Eurasian Spoonbill, Pheasant Tailed Jacana, Common Snipe, Common Redshank, Little Tern and Pied Kingfisher.



Sri Lanka blue magpie
(*Urocissa ornata*)

Day 12 for me the highlight of the trip. We set off very early for Mirissa in search of Blue Whales. During our cruise we had very good sightings of one of these majestic creatures. We also saw a green turtle and Great Crested Tern, Little Tern, Saunder's Tern, Gull billed Tern, Caspian Tern, Whiskered Tern, White winged Tern, and Lesser Crested Tern. After our whale watching trip we proceeded to our next hotel the Raintree in Tissamaharama. After lunch we walked around the Debarawewa tank and encountered Yellow Bittern, streaked Weaver, Pacific Golden Plover, Marsh Sandpiper, Jungle Owlet and Barn Owl. Day 13 today we went on a full day safari inside Yala National Park.



Red Backed Flameback
(*Dinopium psarodes*)

Our new sightings included Leopard, Sloth Bear, Little Grebe, Garganey, Great Thick-knee, Little Ringed Plover, Kentish Plover, Pied Cuckoo, Indian Nightjar, Chestnut-headed Bee eater, Eurasian Hoopee, Ashy crowned Sparrow lark, Oriental Skylark and Brahminy Starling. Day 14 we headed to visit Bundala National Park for another jeep safari. More new sightings were Cinnamon Bittern, Black Bittern, Yellow Bittern, Watercock, Cotton Pygmy Goose, Collared and Oriental Pratincoles, Black bellied (Grey) Plover, Little Stint, Curlew Sandpiper, Common and Pin tailed Snipes, Black tailed Godwit, Ruddy Turnstone, Saunder's Tern, Caspian Tern, White winged Tern, Common Tern, Bank swallow (Sand Martin), Bay backed Shrike, Hume's White throat and Eurasian Collared dove. We returned to the hotel for lunch.

In the afternoon we sighted Grey-headed Fish-eagle, Yellow Bittern and Clamorous Reed warbler. Day 15 we took the very long journey back to Colombo in time to catch our flight back to the UK. It was a wonderful holiday. We saw 233 birds in total.



Sri Lanka Grey Hornbill
(*Ocyeros gingalensis*)

Easy pumpkin bars

by Tilly Rampley

- 2 cups all purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs (room temperature)
- 2/3 cup cane sugar
- 2/3 cup dark brown sugar
- Pumpkin Puree (1 can, 15 ounces)
- 1 cup unsweetened apple sauce

* Suggestion: sprinkle sunflower and pumpkin seeds over the mixture before baking.

Method:

Preheat your oven to 350°F (175°C). In a large bowl, whisk together the flour, cinnamon, baking powder, baking soda, and salt.

In a separate large bowl, beat the eggs, cane sugar, brown sugar, pumpkin puree, and apple sauce until well combined. Gradually add the dry ingredients, mixing until combined.

You can then proceed to pour the batter into your prepared baking tray, slice into bars once cooked and cooled down!

For the puree:

Cut the pumpkin in half and scoop out the seeds and pulp. Place the pieces on a baking sheet and roast at 350°F for about 45 minutes (until fork-tender and light golden brown).

Once roasted, peel off the skin. Process the pumpkin in a food processor or blender (adding a little water if needed) until smooth. If you don't have these, you can mash it with a potato masher or use a food mill. If the puree is too dry, add water while pulsing. If it's too watery, strain it using cheese cloth or a fine mesh strainer.

The end of year mothers group picnic

By Rosalinda Patten - de Pasquale

If you go down to the park today, you're sure of a big surprise.
If you go down to Christchurch today, you'd better go in disguise.
For Father Joseph, mothers and kids
Will gather there for certain because
Today's the day the Mother's Group have their picnic.



Every mother able to go are sure for a treat today,
There's lot of scrumptious things to eat and games for the children to play.
Beneath the trees and English breeze
They'll chat and laugh as long as they please
For that's the way Father Joseph and the mothers have their picnic.

Picnic time for the Mother's group,
The children run about on swing and slide and hop and play
Watch them, catch them unawares
And see them picnic before the summer holiday

See them gaily talk about
The things they care about:
Family, faith and prayers
At 1 o'clock with blanket and buggies they start to pack and simply hurry
'cause they're busy mums and parish priest



If you go down to the park today, you'd better not go alone,
It's lovely down at Christchurch today; at the play area they will stay
For Father, kids and mothers there were
Will gather there for certain because
Today's the day the mother's group have the picnic

Picture on the right: Mothers and toddlers group met every Tuesday morning in St Pancras' hall.

From 1985 archive.



A poem by Winston Bayross,

Selected by Pat Ware

I've done my good deeds today

*I woke up this morning to a brand new day
everything's feeling Okay
I've washed my face and combed my hair
brushed my teeth Then I drank my coffee
and sat down in my old Armchair
I've done my good deed's today
It's time to sit down and rest awhile
Until I'm ready to go out in style
into the Afternoon, into the Afternoon,
summer sunshine And I will Think of you
I will think of you until The Long day is over
well done, well done, well done,
Yipee,- Hooray,- Hooray*



by carl vilhelm holsøe, 18th Century

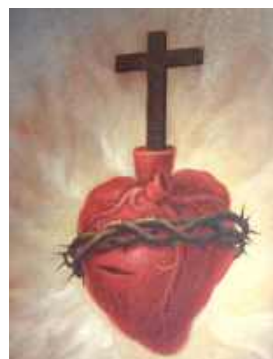
Answers to Alex and Jessie's quiz:

- 1- 40
- 2- 144
- 3- Furlongs
- 4- 60
- 5- 7
- 6- 776 BBC ancient Greece
- 7- 22nd September
- 8- 5
- 9- 93 million miles
- 10- 13
- 11- 24
- 12- The Beatles
- 13- 20
- 14- 5
- 15- 30
- 16- Magna Carta
- 17- Sir Isaac Newton
- 18- In hands
- 19- The Three Degrees
- 20- 22
- 21- 180
- 22- Jupiter
- 23- 90
- 24- 2024
- 25- 4

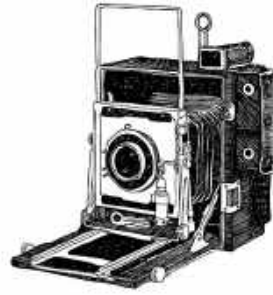
Prayer

*St. Therese of Lisieux
From 'To the Sacred Heart of Jesus'*

*You heard me, only Friend whom I love.
To ravish my heart, you became man.
You shed your blood, what a supreme mystery!...
And you still live for me on the Altar.
If I cannot see the brilliance of your Face
Or hear your sweet voice,
O my God, I can live by your grace,
I can rest on your Sacred Heart!
Amen.*



From the archive



Father Urban Young, 1923

PLEASE PUT THIS IN A PROMINENT PLACE IN YOUR HOUSE



St. Pancras' Church IPSWICH.

J.X.P.

A

WEEK'S MISSION

Will be given in the above Church by

Rev. Fr. URBAN, C.P.

Beginning at 11 a.m.

On Sunday, 11th March, 1923

and Ending, with Solemn Renewal of Baptismal Vows,

Sunday, 18th March, at 6-30 p.m.

Order of Services.

Sundays :- Masses, 8, 9-30 and 11 a.m. with *Sermon*.

3 p.m. Service for Children.

Evening Service, 6-30 with *Mission Sermon* and *Benediction*

Week-Days :- Masses, 7 followed by *Meditation on the Sacred*

Passion: 8 a.m. and 9 a.m.

4.30 p.m., *Way of the Cross*.

Evening Service, 8 p.m. with *Mission Sermon* and *Benediction*.

N.B.—Why should I attend this Mission? Because it is a special grace from God, and a voice reminding us that here we have not an abiding city.

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" S. Matt. xii, 26.

"Behold, now is the acceptable time; now is the day of Salvation." 2 Cor. vi, 2.

"And we helping do exhort you, that you receive not the Grace of God in vain." 1 Cor. vi, 1.

NON-CATHOLICS ARE ALSO INVITED.

British Patent Applied For



Picture on the left: Fire damage to St Pancras, Christmas day 1985

Poetry

Poems by Father Joseph

Sunset in the east

Why do I only seem to write as the summer is coming to an end? It's not true, of course, but it often seems that way. A false setting

sun dazzles into my east facing window, caught in the panes of glass in the house opposite, bouncing back from the wrong direction

so that the sun sets in two places at once. I never know which is the real one unless I stop what I'm doing to look, Janus-like, ahead to what I had hoped -

a season unfulfilled - and behind, a recent distant, or a distant recent, I cannot make up my mind whether the fruit is burgeoning or bursting

in decay. Discouraged, it seems the sweeter is the early summer fancy that the days will stretch endlessly - or at least slowly - before me. Perhaps

that's why I prefer to watch the sun set in the east, a saccharine aftertaste pretending to glaze what in fact has already passed. Reflecting

what is yet to come whilst pondering on what was never there to begin with, end of summer days faltering as both suns drop beneath the compass of what seems.

'live forever and never have the same milkshake twice'

yet the cafe was empty, or nearly so, even on the hottest day of the year so far

a few listless teenagers with nowhere else to go scraping the bottom of their recyclable paper cups

with paper straws gone soggy clinging to snow white lips puncturing pale uninteresting faces

that top their skinny shoulders and boney narrow hips like a mini cookie or a chocolate fruit jazzie

(don't ask) the girls sat surly by the door, a trio of midriffs and gothic black hair with nothing to say

for themselves. do they think the quid pro quo worth it? a million rainbow strands for their souls?

the promise seems as empty as the shops, the combo as stifling as the airless afternoon, but they buy it.



By George Albert Thompson, 1868-1938

Grace

Light, as drizzle, barely felt, eventually damping the skin, and entering in the pores of the soul. Or as a downpour. drenching all and saturating, until the heart is waterlogged with Love



By Jim Rodgers, contemporary