


Parish News

Kington, Huntington & Titley

February 2021

No Bones About It... You Are Grrreat. 



Happy Valentine's Day 

SARGEANTS BUSES FOR KINGTON

email: office@sargeantsbros.com
Tel : 01544 230481

Mill Street, Kington
Herefordshire
HR5 3AL

HEREFORD 461 via Lyonshall 462 via Eardisley

Journey times vary Kington to Hereford approx 65minutes

Departs Mill Street Car Park, KINGTON

	461	461	461	461	461	461	462	461	461	461	463
Mon-Fri	0645	0720	0850	0950	1050	1150	1250	1350	1450	1550	1710
Saturday	-	0720	0850	0950	1050	1150	1250	1350	1450	1540	1710

Returns Railway Station, HEREFORD

	461	461	462	461	461	462	461	461	Sat/Hol	Sch	461	461
Mon-Fri	0748	0900	1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500	1600	1615	1700	1815
Saturday	-	0900	1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500	1600	-	1700	1815

LLANDRINDOD WELLS

Departs Mill Street Car Park, KINGTON

	461	461	461	461	462	461	461	462	461	461
M-F Coll Days	0600	0750	1010	1110	1210	1310	1410	1610	1732	1810
M-F Coll Hols	-	0750	1010	1110	1210	1310	1410	1610	1732	1810
Sat	-	0750	1010	1110	1210	1310	1410	1610	1732	1810

Returns from Railway Station, LLANDRINDOD WELLS

	461	461	461	462	462	461	463	462	461	461
M-F Coll Days	0638	0900	1108	1208	1308	1408	1600	1708	1808	1850
Sat & Coll Hols	-	0900	1108	1208	1308	1408	1605	1708	1808	1850

KNIGHTON Route 41

Departs Mill Street Car Park, KINGTON

M-F	0610	0820	1010	1210	1520	1730
Sat	-	0820	1010	1210	1520	1730

Departs Bus Station, KNIGHTON

M-F	0638	0911	1111	1307	1617	1805
Sat	-	0911	1111	1307	1617	1805

TOWN SERVICE

Tue & Fri Arrives Serves all areas of Kington
DOCTOR'S SURGERY 10.02 & 11.20

ARROW VIEW

Tue & Fri Departs Kington Museum 9.20 11.15
Departs Arrow View 9.30 RQ

TIMETABLES FOR ALL SERVICES AVAILABLE ON MOST BUSES
& OFFICE IN MILL STREET

Also available on www.sargeantsbros.com

THE KINGTON PARISHES



St Mary, Kington St Thomas a Becket, Huntington
St Stephen, Old Radnor St Mary, Kinnerton St Peter, Titley
www.kingtonparishes.org.uk

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St. Mary's, Kington PCC is a registered charity and its number is 1185453

Message from the editor

Here is the February edition of the Parish News, and I'm so grateful to the many distributors who have willingly agreed to take out the magazines. I was worried at first that it might have to be an on-line only edition, but thankfully we can continue with the printed copies as well as the pdf version that is available on the kingtonparishes web site - you will find it (and previous issues) under the News heading.

We are fortunate that, again this month, we have some really interesting articles that people have sent to me following a request, but I really need more people to send in items of interest so that we have a broader spectrum of news. You don't have to necessarily send it in typed into an email - old fashioned pen and ink on paper sent through the post will do very nicely - or it could be an extract from a magazine that has caught your eye. I'll be really pleased to hear from you.

Freda (Editor)

Letter from the Bishop

The great Spanish saint, Teresa of Avila, was both witty and wise. On being thrown out of a carriage into the mud during a long journey, she records her conversation with God beginning, "If this is how you treat your friends, its no surprise you have so few!" Some of her thinking is surprisingly contemporary and relevant. She once said that most problems in leadership stem from a lack of self-knowledge. Recent events in America certainly bear this out.

As we continue through this second lock-down, a more mindful understanding of what is going on inside us could be a great help in fostering good relationships. Current circumstances put us all under a great deal of stress. If we're unaware of what is really going on inside us, that stress can emerge in unhelpful and relationship destroying ways. Even within the church, I have encountered people who are delightful and caring in normal circumstances, but when under stress can erupt in explosive anger. The strength of that has surprised even themselves, never mind the bruised recipient of the outburst.

Voices from the past, even voices long since dead, can still echo in our present experience. The child who was never good enough for their parents, can get into the habit of justifying their existence through driven activity. The child who was only praised for good performance can feel hugely threatened if they don't meet their own standards. I think that was what was going on in the anger I spoke of earlier. But these habitual patterns of coping and doing life are ultimately destructive.

This month, we begin the journey of Lent. Traditionally this is a period of spiritual examination. It may be that lockdown affords the opportunity for greater self-scrutiny this year. Perhaps a meditation on the words God spoke over Jesus at his baptism could kick us off. "This is my child, the beloved, in him I am well pleased". As people 'in Christ' these are words God speaks over us as well. These are words to counter the narrative of inadequacy, or being valued only for what we can achieve. They are words that affirm God's unconditional love. They are words that transform and renew. May we hear those words rather than the unhelpful ones this Lent.

Richard

View from the Vicarage

Dear Friends

I can see clearly now the rain is gone. I can see all obstacles in my way

Those famous lines summarise it seems quite neatly what all of us at the moment are hoping and praying for during this time of a global pandemic. I heard a leading British Virologist describe the current position in the UK as "a pandemic within a pandemic". During such times the ability to see clearly what lies ahead seems tantamount to impossible.

Yet although circumstances such as these exacerbate our inability to see clearly what lies ahead, what they actually do it seems to me is to accentuate what is present all of the time by making what is true for us as individuals true for us as a wider society indeed as a global family.

For the most significant influences upon our lives we generally neither have the clairvoyant powers to see precisely what lies ahead or indeed the ability to radically alter even what we can.

In general terms, those things in life which we can see are the insignificant and insubstantial. Our health, changes in society or even family are often unseen and even less anticipated.

In a famous passage St. Paul describes the conundrum better than Johnny Cliff:
"For now we see clearly, but then face to face, now I know only in part, then I shall know fully even as I have been fully known".

This sense of uncertainty is nothing new rather, as St. Paul discovered, it is an integral part of being human. It strikes me that as Christians we have the perfect answer to the paradox. We're reminded that the here and now what seems so permanent and unchanging is actually what is transient. To find permanence and immutability we must look "*with the eyes of the heart*" because taking that very long view we begin to appreciate what is valuable and worth focussing upon.

The price which Covid-19 has inflicted upon the world has been truly horrifying with a death toll which seems almost incomprehensible, and our hearts and prayers must surround all those who have been infected and all those who have been bereaved and all those whose lives have been devastated in other ways as a consequence.

Perhaps, however, when we can eventually see with complete clarity what we will also discover is that as well as its appalling impact, Covid-19 has also had some positive impacts in helping all of us to re-focus our attention on what really matters on the permanent rather than the transient and if that is so then we will I'm sure all be able to proclaim.

"I can see clearly now".

With my love and prayers as always.

Ben

Thank you

It may seem somewhat belated in February to be saying thank you but owing to publication deadlines for this magazine; it is only now after everything has taken place that it is really possible to say thank you to everybody who worked so hard to ensure that Advent and Christmas 2020 were the truly joyful times that they proved to be.

Each and every one of our five churches worked incredibly hard to ensure that there were visible reminders of the true meaning of Christmas.

The highlight – quite literally must go to the amazing star on Old Radnor Church, but how could we forget the floodlighting at Titley, the memory tree and Gill Pennell's astounding crib figures in the Lychgate (over 200 likes on social media – how good is that?!). Or the walking Nativity at Kinnerton for which a huge thank you to Kate Matthews-Jones or the open air carol services, some in the rain, and a few not, and the list goes on and on, but to everybody who rose to the challenge with such skill, dedication and enthusiasm ... Thank you!

I'd been saying for months that Christmas 2020 would be different but that doesn't mean worse. Thank you to everyone who helped in whatever way to make those words truly prophetic.

Ben

Lent Group via Zoom

The Church of England's campaign for Lent this year is called #Live Lent.

I'm proposing to offer a discussion group based around this weekly during Lent this year. Because we are still working under Covid-19 restrictions this will have to be via Zoom: if you would like to be involved please email office@kingtonparishes.org.uk. We'll hope to begin during the second week of Lent.

If you would like to join in but don't have access to the technology please also let me know so we can see how we can enable you to join in: it can be done!!

Ben

Lockdown Lodge Tier 2

In the period leading up to Christmas there was a hive of activity going on in the lodge and garage. I had promised Sarah that I would make a crib and stable for the Christmas celebrations at the school where she teaches the pre school and reception class. After several modifications and constructive advice from Sonia the crib was completed. Next came the stable made from pallets - here I learnt a valuable lesson after running out of screws and suitable timber, more delays and trips to J Mart. Preparation, preparation, preparation - have everything ready before you start a project!

The plans for the stable evolved and then completed in time for the school nativity play. I learnt another skill that gave great pleasure especially when countersinking all the 50+ screws used.

The feedback made the whole effort and many hours spent worthwhile. One pupil in the nursery group sat transfixed with baby Jesus in the crib and did not want to let it out of her sight. Others found great delight in putting the toy animals in the stable and sitting in with them.

We also added a little sparkle to Lockdown Lodge by stringing twinkling lights around the rose bush in the front garden and above the garage door also linking along the side of the house.

Christmas Day was a time of quiet recollection knowing that nothing can cancel the

Good News of Jesus' birth. In the remaining days of 2020 I hope to reorganise the garage. I am sure this will take us well into 2021. Also as we hold out hopes of a Covid vaccine we can look forward to some form of normality returning in 2021.

Belated wishes for a Happy New Year.

Tony Jardine

Kington Parishes Service Schedule January 2021

Dependant on Government announcements,

please see our website for up to date information.

All services in Kington marked * below will be available via livestream at:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCho108zE6VUpNGQAmmfA9OA>

Sunday 31st January: The Presentation of Christ / Candlemas

<i>Malachi 3. 1-5</i>	<i>Psalm 24. 7- end</i>	<i>Hebrews 2. 14-end</i>	<i>Luke 2. 22-40</i>
10.00am	Group Eucharist	Kington	

Sunday 7th February: Second Sunday Before Lent

<i>Proverbs 8.1,22-31</i>	<i>Psalm 10426-end</i>	<i>Colossians 1. 15-20</i>	<i>John 1.1-14</i>
8.30am	Morning Prayer	Titley	
* 10.00am	Holy Eucharist	Kington	
11.30am	Holy Eucharist	Old Radnor	

Sunday 14th February: Sunday Before Lent

<i>2 Kings 2.1-12</i>	<i>Psalm 50.1-6</i>	<i>2 Corinthians 4. 3-6</i>	<i>Mark 9. 2-9</i>
8.30am	Holy Eucharist	Huntington	
* 10.00am	Holy Eucharist	Kington	
11.30am	Holy Eucharist	Kinnerton	

Wednesday 17th February: Ash Wednesday

<i>Joel 2. 1-2,12-17 Or Isaiah 58. 1-12</i>	<i>Psalm 51. 1-18</i>	<i>2 Corinthians 5. 20b – 6.10</i>	
<i>Matthew 6.1-6, 16-21 Or John 8. 1-11</i>			
* 7.00pm	Holy Eucharist with Ashing	Kington	

Sunday 21st February: First Sunday of Lent

<i>Genesis 9. 8-17</i>	<i>Psalm 251-9</i>	<i>1 Peter 3.18-end</i>	<i>Mark 1.9-15</i>
8.30am	Holy Eucharist	Titley	
* 10.00am	Morning Praise	Kington	
11.30am	Morning Prayer	Old Radnor	

Sunday 28th February: Second Sunday of Lent

<i>Genesis 17. 1-7, 15-16</i>	<i>Psalm 22.23-end</i>	<i>Romans 4.13-end</i>	<i>Mark 8.31-end</i>
8.30am	Morning Prayer	Huntington	
* 10.00am	Holy Eucharist	Kington	
11.30am	Morning Prayer	Kinnerton	

St. MARY'S CHURCH, KINGTON

When I wrote for the January Parish News I mentioned what was already in situ and what we had in the pipeline to mark the festive season.

The lighted Memory Tree became a welcoming beacon to St. Mary's and we do thank all who contributed so generously to this new venture. The sale of stars for the tree, together with donations, has enabled us to send £275 to St. Michael's Hospice

and put an equal amount into St. Mary's General Fund. The latter has, of course, suffered because we have not been able to hold our annual fundraising events.

Our Lych Gate became the stable at Bethlehem where we found Mary, Joseph, the Baby Jesus, and a shepherd boy with his sheep, all beautifully sculptured and dressed by Gill. On Christmas Eve we gathered for the Crib Service, at which we sang, heard the Christmas story and were pleased to welcome all who came.

Our five churchyard Advent candles were "lit" over the season of Advent and became an Advent calendar for all to see.

Our Carol Service went out via the livestream and those of us in church envied those at home able to sing.

We held our Midnight Eucharist in a beautifully decorated church and welcomed more worshippers on Christmas morning.

We give special thanks to Ben and Linda who did their very best to see that we were able to celebrate Christmas as a Church family.

Now we find ourselves in further lockdown and opportunity to visit St Mary's limited. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday it is open from 10.30 to 12.30 and we thank members of the Ministry Team, one of whom will be there to welcome you. We shall have our regular 10am. service every Sunday and we are blessed that, through live streaming, we can share that service with the wider community.

Greetings to you all, take care and keep safe.



Ann Edwards and Rodney Bowdler.

Candlemas Day 2nd February Presentation of Christ in the Temple

Candlemas is celebrated 40 days after the birth of Jesus. It marks the date when Mary and Joseph brought the baby Jesus to be presented to God in the temple. Here, they met Anna and Simeon. Simeon held up the baby Jesus and named him, 'the Light to the World'.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright
Winter will have another fight.
If Candlemas Day brings cloud and rain,
Winter won't come again.

Reader Writes

Just past the winter solstice, ground as hard as iron, night sky swept clean and black with a firmament of bright stars, no moon, still still celestial night slowly turning. A wolf spoke far off, then another and another. The dogs' ears pricked; the flock lay still. He pulled his long sheep skin tighter against the intense cold. He liked this place, its perfect symmetry of volcanic rock (we know it as Hanter). A good place to fold the sheep, where dogs could sense the approach of danger; they had fought off predators many times. Looking up he was amazed by the stars; so many, such a splash of uncountable tiny lights, and larger lights that dipped and rose and sometimes stayed into the dawn. What mysteries, what joy!

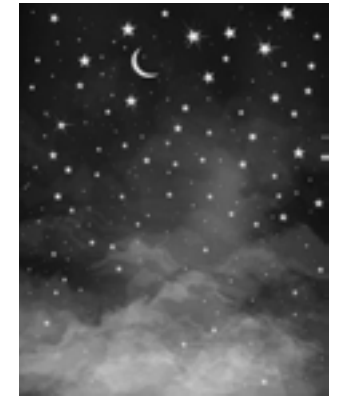
I'd like to tell you his name, but I can't; not even speculatively. A Celtic people with languages and stories and names and lore that hailed once from far away, even beyond the Danube and Europe's great mountains. Dark voyagers, shepherds, hunters; they had come. When Abraham looked up at those same stars and spoke to God and heard his promptings to get up and travel, our shepherd was already here and spoke to our same God. Why? How? Because "God made man in his own image, in the image of God he created him, male and female he created them". Putting it another way, as recorded in Ecclesiastes, "He has put eternity in the hearts of man".

All of us are touched by God's fire; a homing instinct calls us to our maker and our God. This shepherd looked up and wondered in delight; grief for a lost parent or a dead child gave way to hope. If the sun came up bright in the still dawn, and a lark flew up and sang, he would say thank you for mountain sermons, the Creator's handiwork. Eternity in his heart, although he had no language for such an idea; but it was there.

Paul in his letter to the Galatians lists the fruit of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. Did even bronze age tribes know such things? Did our very distant ancestors debate in their minds the measure of such virtues against the costs and risks of survival? Of course they did. Look in archaeological collections. The clay pot, the clever tool, the crafted weapon; they are all testament to prehistoric ingenuity. But here too is the fractured and mended femur; a horrible accident, a kicking elk, who knows? Yet there it is, testament to kindness, care, the risk of love in nursing a kinsman unable to hunt or care for his family.

Is it possible that the argument about value is just the same today as it was say 3000 years ago? Strange thought! Our world has pitched itself on monetary measure, inevitably on short term revenues. We need them to pay our rent, to buy new trainers, to put fuel in the car. But that's not real value. Perhaps even the pandemic has made us see better our shared mutual dependency. Look up and see the stars, the dipping planets, our Radnor hills; and marvel. More than anything, seek kindness and joy, perhaps not through the mended femur but in the mended relationship, the healed brokenness, the circle of human sympathy.

Robert MacCurrach



ST THOMAS à BECKET, HUNTINGTON CHURCH NEWS

Church Repair/Maintenance:

Further to last month's piece on church maintenance and repair, the PCC would like to acknowledge the contributions from Herefordshire Historic Churches Trust, Allchurches Trust, The Rowlands Trust and The Prince of Wales Charitable Fund, each for their generous support. With such help for our project, St Thomas a Becket and many other local churches can continue to stand for many years to come as they have done for ages past. We are very grateful to them all.



Susan Maiden

Christmas Day Morning Service:

Not unexpectedly, a normally well attended Christmas Morning service saw somewhat depleted numbers - no large family groups or friends staying, but nevertheless, the astounding message of the birth of Jesus was celebrated. Ben took his text from the Gospel reading; John 1. 1-14 *"The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it"*. He pointedly reminded us that in these days of so much depressing news, there is cause for some optimism - the light, and we should embrace it.

Peter Kelly (Churchwarden)

Wedding Celebration:

Wednesday 16th December saw a very special event here at St Thomas a Becket - we had a wedding! In fact the only wedding there's been in the whole Benefice during 2020.

Penny and Seth who live in Kington, found our little church during a walk one Sunday afternoon and thought it would be the ideal location to hold their wedding.

It was a chilly but bright day and the church looked and smelled wonderful, filled with beautiful decorations made by Penny, who looked stunning in her traditional bridal attire.

The bride, given away by her father (who was also the Best Man), entered church accompanied by Mendelssohn's Midsummer Nights Dream. Linda Macdermott our Curate took the ceremony (it was her first wedding) and I operated our new sound system, which filled the space with beautiful music. Malcolm (the bride's father) gave the first reading 1 Corinthians 13 and I gave the second; John 2 1-11. Obviously we couldn't sing any hymns but we listened to The Lords my Shepherd (Crimond version) and then Brother James' Air. During the signing of the register we had Pachelbel Canon and Gigue in D major. The very happy couple left to Billy Doze 'one more step along the road I go'.

We wish them many happy years together and hope to see them in St Thomas a Becket again soon.

Fiona Shone - (who also threw the confetti!)

My Journey to Lower Gaer, Huntington

For as long as I can remember, I have always had a dream to live in the countryside and have a beautiful garden. This dream kept me going through stressful times at work - not knowing how the dream would be fulfilled, but holding on to it nevertheless. It was always my light at the end of the tunnel.

Living in Sutton Coldfield, on the outskirts of Birmingham, I had only ever known a suburban life. However, I was fortunate to have Sutton Park on my doorstep. This is a 2,400 acre Nature Reserve, and one of the largest urban parks in Europe. The park has seven lakes, woodland and heathland, so I could always get out into the open whenever I wanted to.

Being in the countryside and appreciating the natural world is in my DNA. My great-grandfather had owned a dairy farm in Hammerwich, Staffordshire, although this had been sold by the time I was born, as my grandfather was unable to take on the farm due to injuries sustained in World War I.

My father always kept a tidy garden and my love of gardening began at a very early age when I would help him with the weeding. Later, when I was first married, we lived in a flat but I was desperate to live in a house with a garden. The first house we moved to (when my daughter Michelle was one month old) had been neglected for years and the garden was completely overgrown. Despite having to renovate the house and look after a baby, I still managed to create a small garden I was proud of.

Eight years later, now with the addition of my son Jonathan, we moved to another house and again developed the garden. By that time I was also working as a part-time secretary in an architect's practice, which limited my time to garden.

When my marriage broke down, I moved with the children to another house and once again set about creating a garden. I was now working full time at the Professional Golfers' Association at The Belfry. Initially as a secretary, before becoming PA to the Director of Training. A few years later I took on the role of Administration Manager. I worked at the PGA for fourteen happy years, until I took early retirement in October 2010 to fulfil my dream.

I had met Mark ten years earlier – and yes, I created a garden for him too. Mark had worked as an engineer for the Royal Mail since his early twenties and he too had a wish to retire to a place in the country. In 2010 the time was right for both of us and so, in my lunch break at work, I would scan through properties on Rightmove. As soon as I saw the photograph of Lower Gaer I knew it was going to be our new home.

We put our houses on the market and waited. Mine sold immediately and I had to be out within ten weeks, so everything went into storage and I moved in with Mark. Mark's house sold five months later and so now we were in a position to start viewing. Lower Gaer had been sold, but had come back onto the market. As soon as we drove onto the courtyard of Lower Gaer we both knew this was the house for us – and we hadn't yet looked inside, or seen the wonderful views at the rear. Everything was perfect and after a second viewing we put in an offer, which was accepted.

We moved into Lower Gaer in October 2010 and the following month had the first snowfall of what was to become one of the coldest winters for a very long time. Snow covered the ground for ages and the only person we saw was Bill the postman.



But as spring arrived, so did our neighbours. Richard and Jo invited us to join their Quiz Night team, Grace invited us for coffee and Sandra invited me to afternoon tea. Each time we were introduced to more Huntington folk. Anne also took me under her wing and got me involved in the annual summer Huntington fete, where we took on the bottle stall, which Mark has continued to run ever since. The following year I teamed up with Pippa and together we have run the plant stall at the fete.

Lower Gaer had been totally renovated by the previous owners, Rob and Margaret and although we are gradually putting our own stamp on the interior, there was nothing structural to undertake. Our first major task was to get the dilapidated barns renovated, which was accomplished during 2011, giving Mark a workshop and me a potting shed. There was no garden, but Rob and Margaret had planted a small orchard and soft fruit bushes.

My first priority was a greenhouse, so we erected one in the middle of the field. The area was to become the veg plot and nursery beds for all the plants I intended to grow for the garden, which was still a picture in my head. Later we had the veg plot area ploughed and harrowed and the field fenced off into various sections – veg plot, another new orchard with chicken run and an area for pigs.

We started clearing the other derelict barn areas and the garden project began to come to life. Borders surrounding the house and to the rear of the restored barns were created and gradually the garden started to grow. I grew plants from seeds and cuttings, kept splitting the plants I had brought with me to make more. Anne and Christina kindly allowed me to raid their gardens for divisions. Grace and Bunty gave me snowdrops and over the years Chris has generously given me plants she has dug up and split. So my stock of plants kept increasing. Little did I know just how fertile this Herefordshire clay is – and the plants and shrubs just didn't stop growing. The area for growing plants soon encroached into the area for growing veg and so we needed to make more borders in the garden - quickly.

As soon as planning permission was granted for change of use from a field to a garden, the old garden fence was taken down. We now had the full length of the field and I could start to develop the ideas that had been in my head for so long. By this time we had the help of Dean (and his mini digger), otherwise we could not have accomplished what we have done.

We enlarged the pond, built a bridge over the stream, erected a pergola and an arch and I began to mark out the new borders. These were prepared and then planting began in earnest. What had once been twigs were now huge shrubs. Thankfully, Dean was up for the challenge and after a lot of hard digging work (and a few expletives!) the shrubs and plants were moved from the veg plot into their new homes. A garden was instantly made. It's not finished – and perhaps it never will be. I have more borders planned and more plants and shrubs growing ready to fill them. But at least an area is now cleared so I can grow veg again.

My dream has come true in more ways than one. We are creating the garden I have dreamt of doing for as long as I can remember. We live in a lovely house in such a beautiful part of the country, and we have been warmly welcomed into this small friendly community.

Susan Maiden

Kington Food Bank

I would like to thank everybody who has donated either money or food to the Kington Food Bank. Because of your generous donations we have been able to support the growing number of people who have been referred to us with basic food and at Christmas a special bag of festive food. We are expecting the numbers to continue to rise as more people are losing their jobs and the government lowering universal credit from April.

We welcome all donations, but we are often short of tinned meat, tinned fruit, custard also sugar and tea, washing powder and toilet rolls.

Food can be dropped into the Coop where they have a box for donations or ring me on 01544 231000 and I will arrange collection.

Monetary donations can be sent to Mr Stephen Gilling 2 Coronation Road Kington HR5 3BU. Cheques should be made payable to "Churches Together in Kington (food bank)".

Thank you so much for all your help - it is greatly appreciated. *Pat Roberts and the team.*



I've had my Covid Jab!

I have just come back (Wednesday 20th January) from Leominster where I received my Covid jab, and thought I'd share the experience with you. I received the invitation by phone about four days ago, and my appointment was at 8.40am today. I drove (in driving rain and through a lot of puddles) to the Leominster Sports Centre and was met by a marshall, handed a clip board, pen and form to fill in, and told to go to the entrance at exactly the right time to avoid waiting outside in the rain.

Once inside, I was directed to the reception desk where my form was checked and after about a thirty second wait I was sitting down and the vaccination was done. It was virtually painless - the tiniest little pin prick - and then I was given a kitchen timer set to 15 minutes, and moved to the recovery area which looked a bit like a school examination room set up with 34 chairs spaced several meters apart. There were a few people sat down already, and every so often a timer would ring and that person would get up and leave their timer on their chair before going out of the emergency exit and back to the carpark. The lady on duty in this area sanitised each chair as it was vacated and it was ready for the next occupant.

I was very impressed by the organisation of the event and the friendly attitude of the staff, and would like to reassure anyone who is worried, that it is very straightforward. If you want to have a family member or carer with you throughout the process, there is no problem, as I saw several people who were obviously there in a supporting role.

As I write this article I can honestly say that I have had no adverse effects whatsoever and actually rather enjoyed the outing to Leominster despite the appalling weather.

Keep safe and let's all look forward to a brighter, fully vaccinated future. *Freda*



Winter living on Narrow Boat Theodora

Margaret and I like winter. Mind you we like spring, summer and autumn as well. One of the delights of living in northern Europe is that each season is so different from every other one. We like winter for the long views. At other times of year the leaves on the trees often restrict your view of the surrounding countryside. In winter the views open out and you can see deep into the woods and through the hawthorn hedges. Things hidden are revealed. Margaret read out to me at one point a



comment in the Nicholson's Guide that along the Shropshire Union Canal there are many beautiful views. This was true in the past but summer cruising now has its views restricted by trees that have grown up in the past forty years. In winter you can see so much further. Another rather lovely thing is that you can cruise for days without seeing another boat on the move. When you do eventually see one you are greeted like a long lost friend by someone whose intrepidity you admire while feeling proud of your own.

There is another thing to like about winter. You get to light the stove each evening. There is something rather lovely about the sight of a trickle of smoke rising into the calm air from a boat's chimney. The smell of wood smoke is a treat not to be missed. I find that burning wood on the cabin stove is a delightful thing. It is thrice warming. It warms you in the cutting. It warms you in the stacking. It warms you in the burning. It is very low cost. The Canal and River Trust has a duty to cut trees that are becoming an impediment to navigation and towpath walking. Often they will leave logs beside the canal for anyone to use as they wish. They don't cut them up small enough to put on the log burner. If they did the logs would be devalued by a third.

I have a bow saw. Other boaters have chain saws. I like a bow saw because it is quiet. I have a device called a Smartholder. My dear departed mum said one day that she would like to buy me a useful present and the Smartholder is what I chose. It packs flat and tucks down the side of the hold behind my rather large tool chest. When it opens up it can grip, in steel jaws, logs up to about nine inches in diameter and about fifteen feet long. It can also grip a broom handle and logs down to about a foot long. It presents these logs at a convenient height for cutting. It is, in a word, brilliant! Mum bought me the Smartholder a little after I bought a Smartsplitter at an Inland Waterways rally in Redhill on the River Soar. The Smartsplitter splits wood and is, take it from me, very good at it. It is hand powered and uses gravity. No hydraulics, nothing to go wrong. I like it.

The stove also burns solid fuel. (Is wood not solid?) Always smokeless for me. House coal can be burned and for those, like me, who have reached a certain age, there is a certain nostalgia. The smell of house coal is the smell of my childhood. Yellow Nottingham fogs in the 50's down by the Trent on Victoria Embankment. I now eschew house coal as anti-chimney and anti-social. The acid in it rusts the steel chimney at an accelerated rate and the smeech is upsetting for local householders who probably live in a smokeless zone. Legally

boaters can get away with burning house coal, I believe, because boats, I have been told, are exempt from clean air regulation. The smokeless fuels release carbon into the atmosphere that was last there 100 million years ago so I try to burn as little of this as I can manage but if you need to keep a small stove going overnight (I don't) then there is no alternative.

If you take up life on a narrow boat and have a stove you will soon learn that stoves cannot be bought that are small enough to fire normally and not overheat the boat. The answer, we discovered, is not to put too much fuel in at a time and as soon as it gets going shut the stove down to a suitable low level that you must learn by experience. Of such small decisions is life aboard made up. We all have our own preferences for heating. Fortunately Margaret's and mine are congruent. We like to sit in the warm but like a cool place to sleep.

What about the morning? How do we get up on frosty mornings without being chilled? The log burner is not kept alight all night so what do we do? Well, what I do is I get up at the alarmed time and put the kettle on and the central heating. The kettle on a boat is almost never electric. Ours is gas and much heat escapes around the base of the kettle and heats the air in the galley. This is A Good Thing. By the time the gas kettle has boiled ready to make the tea the boiler has got going and is pushing the first of its heat through the radiators. By the time we have drunk the tea and I am thinking of getting up the cabin has the chill off it and by the time I am dressed it is reasonably civilised. Winter time is porridge time and the making of that injects a bit more incidental heat into our environment. The second pot of tea for breakfast usually makes the cabin as warm as we want and I turn off the central heating boiler.

Now the central heating boiler is one of the bits of kit on the boat that I really enjoy from a technical point of view. It is really small (about the volume of two toasters), lives in the engine hole and is powered by diesel fuel. It's name is Mikuni, a name that is reviled among boaters, but then so are the names of Eberspacher and Webasto. They are all rather small for the job that they have to do which makes the power concentrated in a rather small volume. Our Mikuni is a treasure, though. It has been functioning faultlessly for the last few months heating the water in the summer months and giving us 45 minutes of central heating. I never service it until it refuses to work which is about every year unless it throws a hissy fit and refuses to start for no apparent reason until spoken to severely. It then gives up and works perfectly well for several months more.

An important thing that the Mikuni does for Theodora is to preheat the engine in the coldest of mornings. This was the serendipitous result of the plumbing that I did when we first did up Theodora after buying her in 2006. It was only after I had done the plumbing that I realised that the Mikuni would do this and that this was the job for which it was originally designed, to heat up lorry engines on cold mornings in intemperate climates. It makes such a difference!

(To be continued) Nick Cooke



TALES FROM THE CHALK FACE : (1) Never work with children or animals!!

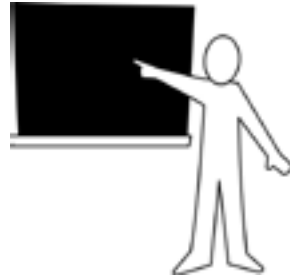
It was the summer of 1976. After three years of training, I was finally ready to start my career as a primary school teacher.

I was fortunate in that, as I prepared to leave college, I had a choice of three posts available to me. Following an interview at County hall Westminster, I had been offered a post with ILEA (the Inner London Education Authority). I had also attended an interview in Warwick and was offered a post there. The third offer came from the London Borough of Enfield. I decided to take that job, as it was the closest to my parent's home.

In those days, newly qualified teachers were appointed to a pool of new entrants and later deployed to specific schools. So once I had accepted the post I had to wait to be assigned to a school. That was an exciting period, waiting for a letter to arrive to tell me which school I was to be sent to. BUT, before I could start work, there was a far more exciting event on the calendar. A month after leaving college, Deborah and I got married. Deborah was my souvenir from the course! We had met on the first day and I knew immediately that she was 'the one', and then spent the first few terms trying to convince her that I was the one for her!

After our honeymoon in St Ives, we returned to find the letter telling that I was being sent to the Prince of Wales (POW) Junior School in Enfield lock. I was delighted. It was only a few roads away from where my favourite Aunt lived, and I already knew the area. For those who don't, I should tell you the school was at the edge of the marshes, close by the Royal Small Arms Factory and next to the River Lee. A fact that later had an impact on my teaching experiences! Before I started as a teacher, I went to visit the school and met the Headmistress (as she liked to be called). She was a formidable, Scottish lady with piercing blue eyes and steely grey hair, strong opinions, demanding standards and high expectations. But, she was also a good musician, so we got on well. She was pleased to have me there as a pianist, as she was finding it increasingly difficult to play the piano for assemblies, because her hands had become very painful with arthritis.

I was assigned a 3rd year junior class (year 5) of 36 very lively children that had got a bit out hand the previous year. The Headmistress told me it would be a challenge, and it was! My first day went smoothly. I came away thinking it was the end of the first day and it was good! Unfortunately, the next day wasn't so smooth. We were going to do some art work in the afternoon and I had made a bucket of wallpaper paste ready for it. It was a wet day, so the class were to remain in the classroom for the break time. The teacher next door told me it was time to take a break and that I could go to the staffroom. As I returned I could hear a terrible commotion going on - and a chant of "JUMP, JUMP!". To my horror, as I approached the classroom, I saw Jason 1 (There were three Jasons in the class) standing on the tall cupboard, being egged on to jump off. As I entered the room he did...straight into the bucket of paste, which splattered everywhere. Some children rushed forward so they could slip and slide in it. One crashed into the cupboard and the door came open and box of feathers spewed all over the floor, all over the children and into the paste. Some children were squealing with laughter, others were gasping for breath because of the feathers.. and it was chaos!! Like an explosion at the turkey farm. THEN...in came the Headmistress. "WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON MR SELL?!!!" she shouted. An immediate silence fell upon the class and the children scurried back to their seats, several slipping over as they did. She then told various sensible children to make various remedial actions. Then she told Jason 1 he had been very naughty and he knows what will happen. "Mr



Sell" she said, "You will have to give him 6 stokes of the slipper, as my hands hurt too much today!" I was horrified. Although corporal punishment was still permitted in school in those days. It certainly wasn't something I could endorse. I said "I am sorry, but I just won't do that!" So Jason was marched off to the deputy head and dealt with accordingly. That was the end of the second day, and it was not so good.

Every Monday morning at The POW, children were given a list of 12 words they had to learn to spell by the end of the week. They had to copy the list into their book, find out what the word meant by using dictionaries, and then write a sentence using that word. Some amusing sentences arose, which I still recall:

- Paint is somethink what sticks to anythink
- A stem is a long green thing that makes the flower look tall
- I suffer. I suffer from cabbage
- A plum makes a juicy fart (she meant to write tart)

One important duty of a primary school teacher, is taking a turn to supervise playtimes. I enjoyed doing that, as I got to talk to children from other classes and it was good to see how the children got on with each other at play. Usually playtimes passed without incident. However, there were times when it wasn't so. One of the features of having the school on the edge of the marshes, was that marsh mist could spring up without warning and sweep across the fields. On one Autumn morning I was on duty when this happened ...the children were playing and within a few minutes, mist rolled in, so thick that it was hard to see the children. I sent a child to get the bell to ring for end of playtime, so that I could get the children in. But before the child returned, the mists became so thick that I could barely see ahead of me. At which point I heard screaming and the loud neighing coming from the wild horses that had somehow got disorientated in the mists, wandered off the marsh and into the playground. So, we had running wild horses, mixed with children all shrouded in thick mist. ... Fortunately the children got into the building safely, and the caretaker, Mr Brown and his wife, Ruby, and I went to round up the horses. "Don't worry," she said, "I used to work in the circus!" How useful, I thought!! Later the Headmistress told me I had done well - and made me a cup of tea.

A few months later I introduced a topic for the week, and made all my lessons fit to it. One particular week, it was centred on the theme of OUR PETS. The children wrote about their pet, made a booklet on how to care for it, etc. I asked the Headmistress if some of the children could bring in their pets for the day on the Friday, as they were going to give a little talk to the class about them. She agreed, but said no dogs or cats- which I thought was fair enough. (NB such activities are no longer permitted under Health and Safety rules, the Welfare of Animals Act, Equal Opportunities, and, of Course COVID restrictions). As I arrived at school, various parents were there with their children, who were there with their gerbils, gold fish, stick insects. etc. I was helping to get them settled in with their pets, when the Headmistress arrived. "MR SELL", she asked sternly, "Have you looked outside?" She wasn't very happy, so I knew I was in trouble... to my horror there was a goat...and it was eating the roses she so lovingly tended each day. Jason 2 had brought that along and his dad was there, too, with two ferrets in a sack!! "Where do you want these?" he asked!! Just keep them away from Donna's white mice, I thought. But...THE SACK...that's what will happen to me, I thought ...but, by then, I had clocked up my Brownie points. The Headmistress liked my piano playing and I had formed a choir.

We ended up the best of friends. After two and half years there, I was sad to leave. But we were by then living in East London and my travelling started at 630am and ended around 8pm - and a baby was on the way!! (to be continued)

Philip Sell

ST PETER'S CHURCH TITLEY NEWS



St. Peter's stays open.

With over half the churches in the country closed it is so refreshing that all the churches in our group are open and are holding regular services. This is a credit to Ben and Linda and we thank them very much.

Titley church is open daily for private prayer and reflection and we have a service of Holy Communion on the first and third Sunday of each month at 8.30am

Carol Service.

I could not report on the carol service in last month's magazine but 25 adults and several children braved a wet Friday night to sing carols in the churchyard. It was a lovely atmosphere and it was great we could actually sing. We even managed to have a very safe "Titely Tipple" afterwards. The church was beautifully lit with the help of David Forbes and Tony Adlard. It was so good that Tony went to the church each evening over Christmas and adorned the church with light for which we thank him very much. It has been said that it would be nice to do this on a permanent basis but this will cost. Once we have come out of this pandemic we can possibly fund raise to get some proper outdoor lighting fitted.

Paraffin Heaters.

Alan Taylor has 2 domestic paraffin heaters which are in excellent condition. He no longer has any need for them and has kindly offered them free of charge to anyone who could use them. He also has some fuel for them. If you are interested in them please give Alan a ring on 01544 23056.

Dick

Answers to Christmas Book Music Quiz

O Little Town of Bethlehem
Once in Royal Davids City
Silent Night Holy Night
Let it Snow Let it Snow Let it Snow
I Saw Mummy Kissing Santa Claus
Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer
We Wish You a Merry Christmas
Jingle Bells
I Saw Three Ships
Ding Dong Merrily on High
The Twelve Days of Christmas
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
Adeste Fideles
In Dulci Jubilo
Past Three O Clock

When Christ was Born of Mary Free
Whence is that Goodly Fragrance
Hark the Herald Angels Sing
Here We come a Wassaling
The Zither Carol
On the First Day of Christmas
Away in a Manger
What Child is This
The Cherry Tree Carol
Joy to the World
Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly
Good King Wenceslas
Jingle Bell Rock
In the Bleak Mid Winter
We Three Kings

February Crossword

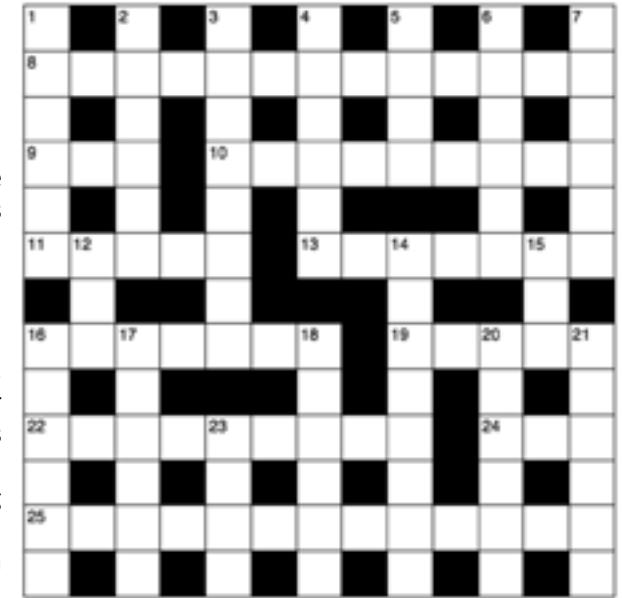
Across

- 8 Interrogated (Acts 12:19) (5-8)
9 'Burn it in a wood fire on the — heap' (Leviticus 4:12) (3)
10 Tobit, Judith, Baruch and the books of Esdras and the Maccabees are part of it (9)
11 Science fiction (abbrev.) (3-2)
13 Clay pit (anag.) (7)
16 Went to (John 4:46) (7)
19 'Therefore, I urge you, brothers, in view of God's mercy, to — your bodies as living sacrifices' (Romans 12:1) (5)
22 David's plea to God concerning those referred to in 14 Down: 'On — — let them escape' (Psalm 56:7) (2,7)
24 Royal Automobile Club (1,1,1) 25 How the book of Ezekiel refers to God more than 200 times (Ezekiel 2:4) (9,4)

Down

- 1 Seas (Proverbs 8:24) (6)
2 One of the sons of Eli the priest, killed in battle by the Philistines (1 Samuel 4:11) (6)
3 Specialist in the study of the Muslim religion (8)
4 'Do not rebuke an older man harshly, but — him as if he were your father' (1 Timothy 5:1) (6)
5 One of Esau's grandsons (Genesis 36:11) (4)
6 Taking a chance (colloq.) (2,4)
7 God's instructions to the Israelites concerning grain offerings: ' — salt to — your offerings' (Leviticus 2:13) (3,3)
12 Confederation of British Industry (1,1,1)
14 'All day long they twist my words; they are always — to harm me' (Psalm 56:5) (8)
15 The crowd's reaction to Jesus bringing back to life a widow's son in Nain (Luke 7:16) (3)
16 Disappear (Psalm 104:35) (6)
17 How Jeremiah was likely to die if he wasn't rescued from the cistern where he was imprisoned (Jeremiah 38:9) (6)
18 What the prophets do to a wall, with whitewash (Ezekiel 13:10, RSV) (4,2)
20 Made by a plough (Job 39:10) (6)
21 Noah was relieved when the flood waters continued to — (Genesis 8:5) (6)
23 Jesus gave the Twelve the power and authority to do this to diseases (Luke 9:1) (4)

Answers to January Crossword ACROSS: 1, Cock. 3, Shackles. 8, Play. 9, Paradise. 11, Faithfully. 14, Enmesh. 15, Unseen. 17, Armageddon. 20, Benjamin. 21, Beri. 22, Capitals. 23, USPG. DOWN: 1, Cup of tea. 2, Charisma. 4, Heap up. 5, Challenged. 6, Lois. 7, Slew. 10, The Servant. 12, Lewdness. 13, Unending. 16, Daniel. 18, BBFC. 19, Snap.



Not a (proper) Gardener (Part 4)

I came into lunch the other day and discovered that Emma had baked a nut roast made from our own harvest of cob nuts gathered by Giles from beneath the trees we inherited when we moved here. These grow along what must once have been the boundary hedge of the old Methodist Chapel before they demolished the poor thing and threw it into the river! These nut trees always yield well and fortunately the squirrels from trees in the meadow don't come this far.



A recent O.T. Reading from Jeremiah proclaimed that for the exiles returning from Babylon, their life would be like a well-watered garden. Well, I've always said I would sooner have too much rain than too little, (I hate drought) and fortunately our soil does drain surprisingly well. So I'm not too upset when our garden is excessively well watered and we can't get out and do anything much in it because everything's so wet and muddy. And at least it doesn't rain in our little greenhouse, where the salads are doing well and some broad-bean plants are almost ready to be planted out among them. I usually grow on a few in the greenhouse until the tomato plants simply can't wait any longer for the space, and we always eat the bean tops as well as the baby pods as a tasty vegetable.

When we can get out on these short dark days there's more than enough to keep us busy, for the growth of shrubs and trees has been rampant. I find I can't easily manage a hedge trimmer now, so I get Mr Evans to trim the hedges twice a year, but the shrubbery and the fruit trees, raspberry canes etc. all need attention. We try not to have bonfires as far as possible, and the recycling centre is useful; but where we can we shred the cuttings and pruned stuff for the compost heap, using our small electric garden shredder. Particularly rampant was the vine which spread wildly and unchecked. A proper gardener would have dealt with this earlier, and the fig tree too would have been correctly pruned. This year the birds had all the little grapes so we failed to produce any Mayfield Castle organic Chateau Bottled Plonk. Emma used the dregs of our last bottle in a chestnut stew.

Our kale, protected from birds, and our leeks, are quite productive, and of course we have our frozen beans and tomatoes, stored beetroot and apples and bottled fruit enough to see us through the dead days of winter.

Which are not really dead after all, for there are catkins on the cob-nut trees, bulbs pushing up through the grass and the first snowdrops in flower just before New Year's Day! And by the time you read this the first daffodils will be flowering. So many wonderful signs of the spring to come. The mahonia is in flower and so is the pittosporum; the buds on the camellias are already swelling and, O, my favourite! the winter jasmine which flowers all winter through.

And there are the garden birds; plenty of busy little sparrows, various tits, doves, the robin redbreast of course, crafty crows and nasty fat pigeons and best of all, the most intelligent and friendly thrush, which searches out Emma for food, even now coming right up to the kitchen window (at lunchtime!) to ask for some and, one day, she followed us round to the garage insisting that she be fed before we went out, if possible avoiding the greedy, aggressive blackbirds who drive her away.

Well, to end this episode about not being a proper gardener, a hymn to cheer you up; it can be sung to the tune Ellers (*Saviour again to thy dear name we raise*)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
see how these catkins offer of their best;
though still tight closed, they seem to dance and sing,
pregnant in hope, gay harbingers of spring.

This winter jasmine dares the sleepy sun
cast of the blankets clever clouds have spun,
wrapping him round and smothering his rays
which else might lighten these dark winter days

Her show of sparkling flowers puts him to shame,
hundreds of little yellow suns aflame!
Lights in the gloom our torpid spirits raise
giving us hope, they fill our hearts with praise.

Armed with such hope, we may not be depressed;
each season has its worst side and its best,
and signs of hope, faith's anchor firmly cast
into our Rock, will ever hold us fast.

Denis Parry

Kington Household Recycling Centre

It is located on Eardisley Road, opposite the Kington Surgery. Please note there is no access to the site via the Old Eardisley Road. Access is from the A4111. The site is operated by Severn Waste Services Ltd on behalf of Herefordshire Council and Worcestershire County Council.

Covid-19 information

Open for pre-booked vehicles only

From 1 October 2020 to 31 March 2021 open 8am to 4pm Friday, Saturday and Sunday

Open hours: 8am to 6pm Friday, Saturday and Sunday

How to book

You must book online to visit Kington household recycling centre
www.herefordshire.gov.uk/directory-record/35/kington_household_recycling_centre
You must be a resident of Herefordshire and provide your address and vehicle registration number. You can book a slot up to 14 days in advance.

A pass will be provided that you can show on your mobile device or print out
Residents may book up to 4 slots every 14 days

Anyone wishing to use a commercial type vehicle or a trailer larger than 1.3m in length will still require a (CVT) permit, which you must apply for separately
Bicycles and pedestrians are permitted at this site. Pre-booking is required as for any other user

Please do not visit unless it is necessary for you to do so and read the full guidelines before you visit to see how the site will operate.

Wordsearch for February

In New Testament times 40 days old was an important age for a baby boy: it was when they made their first 'public appearance'. Mary, like all good Jewish mothers, went to the Temple with Jesus, her first male child - to 'present him to the Lord'. At the same time, she, as a new mother, was 'purified'. Thus we have the Festival of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, 40 days after Christmas. Jesus is described in the Bible as the Light of the World, and so early Christians developed the tradition of lighting many candles in celebration of this day. The Church also fell into the custom of blessing the year's supply of candles for the church on this day - hence the name, Candlemas. The story can be found in Luke 2:22-40. Simeon's great declaration of faith and recognition of who Jesus was is of course found in the Nunc Dimittis, which is embedded in the Office of Evening Prayer in the West.

Forty	Light
Days	World
Baby	Candlemas
Boy	Simeon
Public	Nunc
Appearance	Dimittis
Mary	Office
Jewish	Evening
Mothers	Prayer
Temple	West
Jesus	
Purified	
Present	
Lord	
Festival	
Presentation	



Brilley Events

With yet another indefinite lockdown, we have decided to cancel all films and live events planned for Brilley village hall. We remain optimistic that we can get going again in September

Fiona Ritchie

A Message of Thanks

Pauline Traylor and daughter Karen would like to thank all family, friends and neighbours for their kindness shown during Owens long illness. Also for the many cards, flowers and donations received. Thank you

St. Michael's Hospice

I have spoken with the Hospice who say they have enough teddy jumpers for the time being. However they are most grateful to everyone who has kindly made jumpers and appreciate all your help with this project.

When I have received all the items I will forward them to the Hospice.

Once again many thanks for your help

Lesley

KINGTON MEDICAL PRACTICE: COVID-19 VACCINATION PROGRAMME

Dr S. McCaffrey, GP and clinical operations manager, 19th January 2021

Since Dr McCaffrey's last report (16th December 2020) a number of changes have been made to vaccination clinic procedures in response to Government and/or NHS directives, or in response to "hiccoughs" encountered as the vaccination programme has been rolled out.

As you may be aware, vaccinations are to be administered in order of priority to 9 groups or cohorts, the first 4 of which are:

- Residents in care homes for older adults and their carers
- 80year olds and over and frontline health and social care workers
- 75year olds and over
- 70year olds and over and clinically extremely vulnerable individuals

The Practice has received multiple directives about not going out of cohort under any circumstances. This means that it is not always possible for 2 members of a household to be vaccinated at the same time e.g. if one member of a couple is 81, the other 77!

In recent weeks a telephone booking system was contracted to book our patients into a vaccination day but this has not been perfect and we will be looking at other solutions.

Vaccination of the 80s cohort is nearing completion. Clinics on the 22nd and 23rd January are going to be for 79 year olds and onwards in descending order. To be sure that EVERY 80+ year old has been offered a vaccination, each Practice in the network is personally ringing every unvaccinated 80+ year old. This is a considerable workload and is indicative of the great care that is being taken.

At present Dr McCaffrey summarises as follows:

- If there is time we will send out appointment letters, but we had mishaps with the post before Christmas so we only use postal invitation if we have at least 5 days notice of vaccine delivery
- We were offered the use of a telephone service but this has not been ideal
- From now on we will write, send a text to those we have permission to text, or telephone if time is short
- If we have vaccine left over towards the end of a session we will reach out to the unvaccinated (ideally in the same cohort) to come in at short notice.
- Each cohort should now take us a couple of weeks and so we should move onto the next cohorts quite quickly. We will always ring the unvaccinated before moving down the cohort list. We are doing every thing we can to make sure that every one is invited to be vaccinated.

Patients can help us by giving us their mobile phone numbers. If they have a relative who is happy to receive a text on their behalf the patient can let us know the number (we will mark on the record who the mobile number belongs to)

If patients have a query regarding any appointment they receive they can email or ring the surgery. I would ask that all vaccination queries are not called through before 10am so that our receptionists can respond to calls from the unwell that tend to come through first thing.

A note from Kay Birchley, Chair of PPG:

It seems to me that the Practice is making extremely good progress in rolling out the vaccination programme, and that the staff are working with great care and commitment, often in their own time, to ensure that all eligible patients are offered vaccination. I should like to formally record my appreciation of their dedication, which I'm sure is shared by the vast majority of patients. I'm especially grateful to Dr McCaffrey who, as usual, responded very promptly to the concerns I raised with her on behalf of Patients.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR KEEPING US INFORMED!

Music, Music, Music.

On 11th February the Church remembers Caedmon, sometimes called the first English Poet. He was a servant who looked after the cows at the Abbey of Whitby in the seventh century. He slept in the cow shed, bedded in clean sweet smelling straw; but everyone living in the Abbey, governed by Abbess Hilda, including servants like Caedmon, would eat together in the hall. And when there were visitors and the mead was flowing freely, all would be expected to sing a song or ballad, the harp being passed from hand to hand. However, before it arrived at Caedmon's place, he would often sneak out to his cow shed, ashamed because he simply could not sing.

However, on one such occasion, as he lay sadly on his bed of straw, he was suddenly aware of a Presence: an angel stood before him. "Get up, Caedmon, and sing," came a voice. "But you know I cannot sing," sobbed he. "Get up," said the angel. "Climb up towards the stars; rise and sing of the glories of creation and the beauty of the night, and praise our God who made them." Obediently, he softly arose, pulled his cloak around him and started up the hill. And as he climbed, the stars seemed to shine ever more brightly and he was suddenly overwhelmed with joy. Opening his mouth to praise God the Creator, he could not help himself as his words turned into song. It was a miracle. God had given him a beautiful voice. Caedmon returned hastily to the monastery to tell Hilda what had happened. Never again would he fail to take the harp, always ready to sing of the glories of creation.



That harp was, in all probability, a pentatonic harp, one like those popularly made and used from earliest times throughout the world, ten-stringed harps such as we often read or sing of in the psalms. It was probably one like that which was used by David the shepherd boy, who played music to calm King Saul when he was overcome by one of his fits of madness. It was called a kinnor, a pentatonic harp. Perhaps I should explain:

At home I still possess a Pentatonic Song Book which I bought when I was involved in teaching music to young children in a V.A. Primary School. Pentatonic means 5-toned. So, in tonic sol-fa for instance, which was more widely used in the old days than it is now, the 5-note scale would go: do re me so la, and on to do again, missing out fa and te. It is a naturally singable scale because (to be a bit technical) it contains two minor thirds, the interval we tend naturally to use when calling Mu-mmy. It was basic to folk music worldwide. The songs in my book bear this out, 67 of them, European, African, Japanese, Chinese, Indian, Sea Shanties, Irish, Scottish, English etc. Only gradually in the course of time were the notes, fa and te introduced to make our 8 note diatonic scale. If you have a keyboard available, try playing one or two of these well-known songs using only the black notes (with one finger if necessary):

Auld lang syne; Ye banks and braes; Swing low sweet chariot; One more river; Amazing Grace. Also the tune of Lord of all hopefulness, where a little extra passing note has later slipped in where we sing the word at in the phrase "be there at our." And, of course, there's Chopsticks!

This scale is especially useful in primary school music using the usual instruments available in the classroom such as chime bars, glockenspiels, xylophones and various home made things. In a Family Service some years ago, some of you may recall, the children made pentatonic harps using a wooden base and elastic bands for the strings..

The benefits of making music and singing together cannot be over-estimated, as many of us have discovered during lockdown. For making music, singing, whistling, banging and blowing things is as natural a part of being human as bird song is to birds.

However, when Celtic Christians spoke of tuning the five-stringed harp, they were really talking about tuning the five senses, of using all five senses in prayer. It's something we might try ourselves:

To tune this ten-stringed pentatonic harp
making each octave resonate
with sensing of his Presence,
I sit relaxed, prepared to meditate.

I still the body first on G (for God)
hands open to receive,
or reaching out as if to touch maybe.

The breath I tune to A, an exhalation this of all that's bad,
and rhythmic inhalation of the good,
of inspiration!

The eye is B, and should complete a major third,
by inner sight,
focussing on a Trinity of love and life and light'

And then the tongue,
being tuned to D to taste the grace of God,
whispers a mantra, but almost soundlessly,
lest the ear, making a perfect fifth with E,
and listening through pentatonic silence, fail to hear
the soft harmonics, music of the spheres,
the voice of God.

Incidentally there's a modern Song of Caedmon by Arthur Scholey, No.13 in Come and Praise, the BBC's school hymn book of which some copies are yet lurking in our churches. The music is by Donald Swann – a pity he didn't make it pentatonic.

Denis Parry



Note from the editor

Allan has kindly written the article below in response to a request from me. I very much hope that it will be the first of many. Freda

My introduction to Kington

Towards the end of my teachers' training course at Trinity College Carmarthen at the age of twenty two, I was somewhat surprised to be directly contacted by the Headmaster of Monkmoor School in Shrewsbury offering me an attractive teaching post which included living accommodation. My elation was muted, however, because my widowed mother, living in Brecon, had just been diagnosed as terminally ill. My only but prized transport was a groovy red and white Lambretta Scooter: no way could I commute daily on the scooter from Shrewsbury to Brecon if I accepted the desirable offer from Monkmoor.

Consequently, I commenced searching advertisements for teaching posts closer to Brecon. Inexplicably and illogically, newly qualified teachers were not, at that time, welcomed in Wales until they had successfully completed a probationary year elsewhere. A teaching post in the west Herefordshire town of Kington came to my attention: I had to look at the map to discover its whereabouts. I had previously heard of Knighton but not Kington. I applied.

I was requested to attend an interview in early August. Confidence surged when I realised I was the sole candidate and that the school governors would not have sufficient time to re-advertise for the September teaching post. The panel of interviewers were all male, seated in authoritative grandeur at one end of the room, under the chairmanship of the imposing dog collared Vicar of Kington. An isolated lonely forlorn and seemingly vulnerable empty non inviting chair was facing them. I was politely beckoned to sit. I declined.

From that moment on, from a standing position, I seemingly conducted the supposed interview. I detailed my current personal situation, and the terms of the offer from Shropshire, duly emphasising that if accommodation was not forthcoming in the Kington area, then a formal interview was pointless, as I would be unable to accept an offer if forthcoming. The members of the panel conferred among themselves. Overheard, was one of the local doctors Ray Birkett reminding local builder and County Councillor Captain John Deacon that he was soon moving from Deacon's property to accommodation which also housed the doctors' surgery. I interjected that I would first wish to view the said property Oakengates in Hergest Road, and somewhat over directly enquired about the rent. "Ten guineas per month" was the reply, to which I responded "I don't deal in guineas only pounds, and I will only accept a calendar month rental agreement".

The meeting thus ended. My wife Angela, Dr Ray Birkett, John Deacon, the Vicar and myself walked down Hergest Road, known locally then as 'Teachers' Road', to Oakengates. The brick house had been built by John Deacon's father in 1939 as a wedding gift to his son: it was breathtakingly splendid with a glorious flowering cherry tree adorning the drive entrance, far removed from my family home with its outside ty bach. I gracefully accepted the teaching job – a joint appointment – History and Class Teacher at the Senior School Mill Street, and Assistant Games Master at Lady Hawkins' School. I sometimes wonder if I have been in Kington this past sixty plus years under false pretences, but I have never regretted my unorthodox youthful stand all those years ago. It may not be surprising, but I have never been officially interviewed in my life. In retrospect I would have had it no other way – and I love Kington. *Allan Lloyd*



Dogs, Dogs and more Dogs

Hello everyone. I think that all my friends know that I looked after dogs for Barking Mad. I did it for 13 years but unfortunately the franchise that I worked for in Hereford has had to close due to the pandemic. Over the years I have looked after lots of dogs so can't remember them all. Most are just lovely dogs with nothing to remember them by, but here are few memories.



The first dog I had was a Wire Haired Fox Terrier called Charlie. I used to let him off his lead and he would roll in the fox muck. He would come back so chuffed thinking that he smelt lovely - I didn't agree.

Another one of my early ones was Dotty a black Cocker, Dotty by name and Dotty by nature. She was a very nervous dog but if I coughed or sneezed she would get on my lap to cuddle me. It didn't matter if I was knitting or on my computer - I had to be cuddled. She also loved the water and remembered where she could go for a swim. The first time I had her she nearly pulled me in with her! I was able to let her off the lead after the first time so that was easier for me. She had treats when she came back so I knew she would be back. I had Dotty lots and lots of times. Unfortunately Dotty died last year - she was 13. Bless her she was such a sweetie.

Another one I remember well is Bobby. He was a Lion Pekinese. Bobby didn't walk so the owners sent a sort of a pushchair for me to take him for walks - he loved it. It was the only way he could see different things, and the village got used to the mad woman with a dog in a pushchair. Funny though, since me doing that other people have done that with their elderly dogs.

There was Milly and Ozzy Border Terriers. They had a joint lead and if one stopped to sniff, the other one would drag them - they used to make me laugh.

Then there was Oscar, a Dandie Dinmont. If I stopped to talk he wouldn't go any further so we would have to go home, and Bonnie was a very sweet Westie. She would sit up and beg by patting her front paws together.

Titch was an elderly dog with arthritis. She had a bean bag that she scratched all round the room until she decided that was where she was going to lie on it. Sometimes it would be in a doorway.

And finally, for this little trip down memory lane, there was George, a Jack Russell, who would walk as far as he wanted then stop so we had to go home. The trouble was that it wasn't very far, sometimes just over the road, and he always wanted to go for a walk. Different to Truffle, a Tan Patterdale Terrier. He just didn't want to come back.

Gill Bradford

PS from the editor

One of our Blue Roan Cocker Spaniels had an under active thyroid – amongst other problems and didn't walk very well so we had a push chair for him, too. It was surprising how some people – mostly women – were very critical and thought we were being cruel. The real problem was that after a short time in the push chair he would feel sufficiently rested to want to get out, and he'd do it with no warning and risk getting run over by the pusher.

Alison's aunt's Pekinese, Kola, wouldn't walk and spent most of her time in the basket on the front of aunt's electric buggy. Once when we were escorting her along Weymouth seafront, Kola decided to make a bid for freedom and jumped out over the front, and the buggy went right over the top of her. How she wasn't squashed was a miracle, but she just looked surprised and no harm was done.

A Word from St Hugh's

The Psalms play a very important part in our daily round of prayers, and as we recite the words, we find ourselves praying alongside a people who are in partnership with God as we are. Often their prayers mirror the same problems we experience in life, our frustrations, our despair, difficulties and our relationship with others.

Equally the Psalms reflect people offering thanksgiving, joy and praise as God responds to prayer. The words can be poetic too, especially in peoples' relationship with God's creation. For instance, Psalm 65: You visit the earth and water it abundantly, you make it very plenteous; the river of God is full of water. You drench the furrows and smooth out the ridges; with rain you soften the ground and bless its increase.

Psalms, then, depict all aspects of our relationship with God and He with us. At St Hugh's occasionally we can become unsettled in the direction of our Spiritual Journey. A "home made" composed psalm can be prayerfully effective. During Lent 2018 we found ourselves at a crossroad of spiritual uncertainty.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Oh God we sit quiet and still;
Lent is for listening. | 5. We are confused and heavy hearted;
Lent is for suffering? |
| 2. You seem far away;
Have you forgotten us? | 6. Can we start afresh?
Is your peace for us? |
| 3. We seek solace and forgiveness
Lent is for repentance. | 7. O God, this wilderness is hard to be in;
Lent is for fasting. |
| 4. We endlessly discuss;
Which direction do we go? | 8. We praise and give thanks for Easter,
Our goal and prize—— CHRIST! |

Please feel to contacts us for specific prayers or queries about St Hugh's.

*Peter and Pauline Swain. Tel. 01544 230999 Mobile 07950 877916
Email: pandpswain@gmail.com*

Breadmaking during Lockdown

During these days when you want to keep shopping to a minimum, it's good to be able to make your own bread. I have never had much trouble with large loaves, but bread rolls have been a different matter because they never seemed to be a good, consistent shape. However, I now have solved the problem by using two types of tin. The first uses small "Hovis tins", which produce miniature loaves, shown at the back of this photo, and more recently, flat rolls designed for hamburgers, shown at the front. For these I use two Yorkshire pudding tins as shown here, where each tin has four shallow depressions, which is ideal for the purpose, so I can make four rolls per tin. From a lump of white bread dough weighing about 900gms, I divide it up into four pieces of about 85gms for the burger buns and eight pieces weighing about 70gms for the "Hovis" rolls. (digital scales are essential for this). After the usual proving and knocking back and proving again, I bake them in a fan oven for about 20mins at 200degC. They freeze very well and it means you always have fresh bread. *Freda*



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That peace truly comes
When God's voice is heard
And God's will is done.
So follow the Christ-man,
Hold fast on his way,
Then one day we'll all share
His glorious day'!

By Sam Doubtfire

Easy Sudoku

1	9				5		8
	2	6		3	8	1	9
8				7	4		
				9			6
3	4		8		6		1
2				1			
		4		8			1
7		3	9	2		6	5
6		2					8
							3

Intermediate Sudoku

						7	2
					9	5	3
6	7			3	2	9	
9				1			
4	1	6				7	9
				6			1
		3	1	8			4
2		7	4				
8	4						

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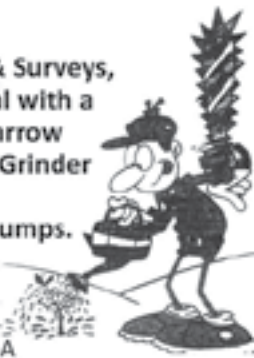
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... and finally

Explaining romantic attraction

A man said to his wife one day, "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time."

The wife responded, "Allow me to explain. God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me; God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you!"



A way with words... one liners that say it all

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.

When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.

A bicycle can't stand on its own because it is two tired.

Marriage

A man inserted an 'ad' in the classifieds: 'Wife wanted'. Next day he received a hundred letters. They all said the same thing: 'You can have mine.'

What NOT to give her for Valentine's Day:

1. A box of chocolates, clumsily rearranged, because you ate all the caramel ones.
2. Lingerie that you think will look almost as good on her as on the model.
3. Any clothing item with the words 'push-up' or 'slim-down' on the label.
4. Any food item with the words 'diet', 'light' or 'high fibre' on the label.
5. Any video starring Sylvester Stallone, Jim Carrey, or Angelina Jolie.
6. Flowers from a hospital's gift shop.
7. Anything you ever gave another woman, including your mother.
8. Any household appliance or power tool.
9. A gift certificate.
10. Cash.

MATERIAL FOR THE MARCH 2021 PARISH NEWS

by

15th FEBRUARY please

to

The Parish News Editor

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Note: The cut-off date is always the 15th of the previous month

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