
TOWER^{AND}TOWN

THE MAGAZINE OF MARLBOROUGH'S COMMUNITY AND CHURCHES



ST JOHN'S EDITION

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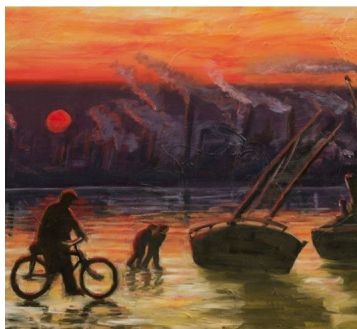
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TOWER AND TOWN

St John's Edition

Looking through these pages, I am incredibly proud of every student who has contributed. Every photograph, illustration, and piece of writing in these pages reflects the creativity, curiosity, and hard work of our school community and it has been a pleasure to see so many brilliant ideas come together.

This edition explores the things we value most, especially nature and music. They are often such a familiar part of our lives that we hardly notice them—until something reminds us not to take them for granted. After the recent heatwave, when walking to school felt less like a commute and more like a trek across the Sahara, it seemed like a good moment to reflect. Imagine a world without cool green

spaces, birdsong on a summer morning, or the music that accompanies our happiest memories. They're easy to take for granted until we're reminded just how important they are. Without these small things, our world would be a much poorer place, and that's why these things are worth both celebrating and protecting.

I hope this edition encourages you to think about the things that matter most to you and inspires you to appreciate them a little more. Above all, I hope you enjoy reading this magazine as much as we enjoyed creating it.

Happy reading!

Lottie King - Editor



Soundtrack your Story: 'Papercut'

Arabella has won a place in an anthology of young writers based off the National Literacy Trust's 'Soundtrack your Story' competition. This was inspired by her listening to the song 'Papercut' by Linkin' Park.

My footsteps pounded drums into the crunching gravel as the pelting rain hammered into the soaking ground.

The icy wind whirled past my pallid, gaunt face, sparking salty water to my stinging eyes. My sweaty palms clutched my dripping back-pack, gripping it tight to my sodden body, as if it would be snatched from my shaking grasp at any moment. Nervously glancing sideways, I saw the ugly, worn misshapen houses that seemed to loom over me like lions, ruthlessly hunting their prey. I quickened my already fast pace until I was breathless running through the twisting alleyways, trying to escape this mental nightmare consuming my mind.

Cautiously I wiped my eyes, clearing my blurry vision, but an itching voice seemed to come alive at the back of my brain, it was back. That horrible voice, ringing in my ears. Staring me out like I wasn't meant to exist. Laughing at me when I tentatively I lifted my bony fingers up to the back of my head, stroking it gently, trying to feel what was causing me much pain. Yet it was invisible, just a feeling, just another agony in my pitiful life. Letting the feeling of defeat wash over me like a river removing its marks.

Disconnected.

I fell to the floor with an unearthly crash, it sounded even greater in the silence of the sleeping streets. A mocking laughter filled my brain as I shakily began to pick myself up, nearly dropping back down obeying the laws of science.

Gravity.

Still striding forwards all I could hear was the short, rattling, grasping breaths thundering in my weak, little chest.

Anxiously glancing over my shoulder, just to check that the whisper in my head was wrong. A muffled cry escaped my lips I could have sworn there was a shadowy figure creeping, advancing, stalking me. But when I finally plucked up the courage to turn my trembling head.

There was nothing.

Not a single creature, not a single sound. I began to mutter under my breath, as if hearing my own voice would stop me feeling alone. "This isn't real, you will be fine, there is nobody behind you."

Yet, I couldn't shake the feeling.

Couldn't stop the hunch from flowing into my veins, intoxicating me. It felt like eyes were boring into me.

Nervously I peered around my hunched shoulders, I hoped I didn't see anything, wished I hadn't seen anything

But.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a glint

of white. Just a flash in the darkness but enough for my arms to become lined in goosebumps and for my face to turn ghostly white. The feeling crept over me again, the hairs on the back of my neck stood up, and my skin prickled with unescapable fear.

And that’s when I ran.

I sprinted through the darkness, straining my ears to hear footsteps.

And I heard them pounding behind me, getting closer every second.

It was over.

Arabella Broomham (Year 7)

Perspective on Language Change

Imagine you own a classic car. You drive it whenever you can, but eventually you buy another classic, the first becoming unused, uncared for, rusty and broken.

However, if you don’t stop using it, it will continue to work, and you can still drive it. This is like the English language, where some words become unused and forgotten, but if they are used more, they will return.

In the past, the English language has gone through various changes, from old English to modern English, and everything in between. During the old English era, the United Kingdom was invaded numerous times, each invader bringing their own languages and words, making up the English language as we know it today.

Take a word like shivelight. There is a high probability you don’t know what that means. That’s because this word has been left in the depths of time, uncared for and forgotten like that classic car. Shivelight are the rays of sunshine that pierce through

the canopy of a wood. A useful word depicting something so beautiful, yet entirely unused. I personally think that words like this should be renewed and brought back into the use that they so rightfully deserve.

Now, the question arises: what’s next for language change? Seeing as man words relating to nature have been left behind, I expect that more will unfortunately follow, such as mildew, pasture and copse. However, I hope that these words would be preserved as stated in the famous ‘crumbling castle’ metaphor: At some point, the castle was perfect and beautiful. Over time, people stopped living in and using the castle, and work had to be put in to preserve its original perfection. If we don’t put work to preserve the castle, over time it will crumble into a ruin. I feel that if we can put in enough work to preserve a castle, we can put in enough work to preserve some words.

Oliver Thomas (Year 8)

Soundtrack your Story: Beethoven 3

Lucas has won a place in an anthology of young writers based off the National Literacy Trust's 'Soundtrack your Story' competition. This was inspired by him listening to the Beethoven's 3rd Symphony.

"And here, we lay to rest Jasper Bunker, a good friend of many of us, a fine man. He was a diligent worker, a loving father, and a devoted husband; but more than anything, he was a man of music.

It was his solace from the troubles of the world, as many of you close to him would know, and nothing but a smile was visible on his face when listening to Beethoven's 3rd symphony, his absolute favourite work. It wouldn't be a true send-off if we didn't play that piece now".

The opening chords, definitive and strident, resonated and the crescendo seemingly filled the high ceilings of the church, the sound almost palpable.

Standing quietly at the back of the church, the congregation oblivious to his presence, Jasper closed his eyes and smiled softly; happy memories of times gone by flooded my mind and the rhythmic ostinato swept me back to my days of playing in the local marching band. It was a small ensemble, nothing more than a group of friends, yet every time we performed, the people genuinely enjoyed it. It wasn't just about the size or skill of our group, it was something deeper, more profound. We

played music to make others happy, not for personal fame.

The acoustics of the church seemed to absorb the sound, Eroica is said to be representative of Beethoven's musical triumph over the physical ailments that afflicted him during the latter part of his life – music as a healing balm.

A sense of warmth washed over me as multicoloured sunbeams shone through the stained-glass windows, a gentle rainbow on the church floor. I felt a strange sensation, one of fading away gradually, peacefully. It began with my senses and before long I could not smell nor taste and soon, the sense of touch became elusive as well. My vision faded and it seemed as if some sort of infection was spreading swiftly across my body, yet I felt no pain nor discomfort. If anything, I felt strangely at ease. Black spots appeared, sporadically scattered across my vision, and my sight was swallowed up also, leaving me with only my hearing. As I drifted off to some place elsewhere, the speaker said his final piece: "a famous person once said that death is not extinguishing the light. It is putting out the lamp because the dawn has come." Well then, let us discover what virtues come with the dawn.

Lucas Barr (Year 8)



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Eabha Barrett (Y8)



Evie Little (Y8)



Will Wilkinson (Y8)



Isla Spokes (Y12)



Tilly Strode (Y8)



Janice Chiu (Y8)

The Ultra-Violet Heatwave

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" - an unforeseen wail meandered its way across the sun-beaten town of Marlborough. "I'm purple!" The shrill, northern voice continued. Grandma Mildred hadn't been this surprised since she found out what AI was last week (apparently, Gen Z is " 'aving a laugh!")!

The ultraviolet conundrum spread like the plague. Everyone, in the blink of an eye, seemed to have turned the exact same shade of deep violet. It felt as though the sun was cursing everyone with its cruel, concentrated ultraviolet waves. It smelled like sweat and heavy chemicals; the odour suffocated the air and even smelled and made your nostrils sting.

These vulnerable amethyst people suffered from the excruciating heat; and there was nothing anyone could do. The local supermarket flooded with the townspeople in the freezer aisle, rubbing frozen peas, ice lollies, anything against their skin tending to their desire to cool down.

As this happened, a peculiar purple puddle beneath them progressively expanded, while the violet on their skin gradually faded into their natural colours. While everyone was distracted by cooling themselves down, the automatic doors angrily slammed shut, due to the immense heat altering the building's structure.

"Wait" Grandma Mildred - elderly yet eagle-eyed - said, her blood running cold "We're all trapped!"!

The supermarket descended into chaos. "We're doomed!" Said one voice, "Tell Gary I love him!" said another. Meanwhile, a small, curious child scavenged, and in his big boy's voice shouted, "I found an air vent, follow me!"! So, one by one, first out of curiosity, then out of herd mentality. The townsfolk, now clear-eyed and clear-skinned, crawled into the air vent and out to a crisp, enchanted summer evening and thought back on what a normal day they'd had.

Sasha Bleasdale

Year 7 Heatwave Writing Competition winner

Heat-Pocalypse

At first, Britain rejoiced. Our country had always felt like a disgruntled old man; one who was always snoring, and therefore the rain kept pouring- while countries like Spain waltzed with Lady Summer and enjoyed perfect heat and temperature, with their perfect tans and exotic food.

But now, we could experience our summer holidays all the same, from the comfort of our own home. Even more so for the children, as the glorious sunshine allowed them some much needed mid week vacation, a joy previously experienced only in hopes and dreams.

Continued p.8

One day after another, the acclaimed temperature rose and rose, like an angel ascending into a seasonal heaven. It rose and rose and rose and rose, but then it kept rising, and rising, until soon the heat, seemingly gifted to us as salvation, became a divine punishment. Cars overheated mid drive, causing catastrophic crashes, and anything made of metal became a searing, uncontrollable vessel for unmatched burns. The heat pocalypse had started; at least, that's what the news called it.

And it didn't stop. It never stopped.

As the sickening warmth continued to skyrocket, so did the consequences of the curse. Heat has a way of invading your mind and waging wars on your mental state; it drives you mad and bloodthirsty, torturing you with illusions of angelic rain falling from parched clouds, while the sun mocks you by revealing the mirage it casts to taunt you. Waves of excruciating temperature warped and expanded the body and veins, creating hideous lumps and bulges - a pale, forgotten memory of

what a human should look like. The wild mugginess of the air clung to everything like a maniacal scientist fawning over his latest hideous creation.

And that leads me here, to where the world burned.

Jax sat down onto his chair, the cold, soothing wood restoring his spirit for a short while. As he rocked back and forth, contemplating what went wrong with this world - what they did to deserve this scorn he gazed in disgust at the melting windowpane, folded over like someone had poured water down it and frozen it in time. He'd forgotten what that looked like. Water. Looks like it's not just my vision that's hazy because of this heat; my memory falters just as well, he thought, pressing off the cool, soothing rocking chair to trudge out into the sweltering world that remained.

Kasper Barkholt

Year 8 Heatwave Writing Competition winner

The Scorching Surface

"2:00 AM... (I think) , 20th October, 2037. 11 years since. 132 months. 4017 days. 96360 hours. At least that's what we're told."

Hot. So hot. They had never seen anything like it! The United Kingdom were thrilled. Life was good. Hot, but life was good.

"Cora! Look on tv, it's the new Prime Minister, Andre Burdoo. If he keeps this weather up, the country will love him!" my mother tells me without a care for the

words that have inconspicuously slipped out of her mouth. Well, she got her wish. The sun never stopped...

September – the driest in centuries.

October – resources are running low and water is in finite amounts. November – skin cancer kills 100 per week. Without sunscreen the people's skin fried.

December – the rich people are moving underground. Its far cooler down there and no sun! January – the transition.

Everyone, every county, town, village was

transitioned underground. Told to only bring the essentials. February – life in our private pod is strange. Before we came under, with the lack of water, all the plants crippled in the heat.

That's our last memory of Earth's surface.

All life terminated.

I have to leave. From my time in this place, I've realised that I have to see what's above. Even if – as they say – it kills me.

Dig. Dig up. Don't stop. I must see. Dig. These are the only thoughts that swarm my head. On repeat, day after day, week after week, like every person in this broken society. Dig. Dig wet soil. Something new.

Green.

I almost burst in a flame of excitement. I can't believe my eyes. A small sprout of life before me, glimmering. Hope, when everyone believed it was lost.

I remember to contain myself as any

discovery of my rebellious actions could cost my life. I clamber down and grab my fully packed bag ready to go.

My heart is exhilarating in a rapid rush. I break the damp surface with my bare hands revealing all that was lost. Rain. Rain patters against my forehead as gorgeous blades of grass explore in between my toes. I let it nourish my achy limbs that have longed for so long.

The heatwave is over. The sun era has ended. Questions infect my headspace like a bad disease. Why? What have they hidden from us? What do we not know?

My mind is only certain on one thing. I must save the others. I must save society.

Mimi Bevan

Year 9 Heatwave Writing Competition winner

Nature Poetry: Year 7

Blossom flutter; blossom fall,
Cascading down from trees so tall,
Morning awakes in pink and white
To chase away the silvery night
A leaf is whisked away by a playful warming breeze,
Whispering secrets among the swaying trees.
Then scattered on the velvety carpet below
Pirouetting and turning, dancing to and fro,
So blossoms flutter; blossom fall
Spread the spring awakening around to all.

Chloe Butcher

Nature Poetry: Year 7

The last acorn swings where the old branch sighs,
Beneath the empty canopies, the patient skies
The wind tells stories of roots long gone,
of shade that once danced, then drifted on.

I dream of more scatter of life,
More acorns and more wildlife
But all is there to view, across the hills and far to the sea,
something beautiful, you could call it a fantasy.

Seasons pass, and still I stand,
I am the last acorn of this land.

Charlotte Pontoppidan-Toms

The river runs behind my house,
Past trees and rocks and one small mouse.
It isn't always smooth and bright,
Sometimes it's loud, sometimes it's quiet.

It pushes hard on rainy days,
And carries sticks and leaves away.
I like to sit and throw in stones,
And listen to its splashing sounds.

The water feels so cold and fast,
It never stops, it never lasts.
It flows somewhere I cannot see,
Maybe all the way to the sea.

Isabelle Lewis



Jemima Prest (Y9)



Jenon Chenoweth (Y12)

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Understanding Eden

'Adam' is the Hebrew word for Mankind. It is not primarily a person's name. So the first thing to understand about Eden is that it is not historical. It's a representative story, a Creation Myth.

So we should think in terms of First Man and First Woman, not of historical characters named Adam and Eve.

We also now understand our world in terms of slow evolution, not instant creation. So it makes little sense to think of Mankind as having full moral awareness and maturity from the moment of creation. Moral awareness and sensitivity must have built up gradually with the passing of centuries through the experience of trying to live together in communities.

It is perhaps not surprising that writers from the years before Darwinian evolution fell into the trap of taking the Eden story more literally than it warrants. Our typical understanding comes from that era and has been fundamentally shaped by the interpretation of St Augustine along pre-evolutionary lines.

But church history shows that there were other understandings of Eden of a rather different nature, but which were perhaps not fully worked out and were therefore eclipsed by the more comprehensive explanation of St Augustine.

One such was hinted at by St Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons living some 200 years before Augustine.

Irenaeus understood Eden to be about the Childhood of Mankind. He saw First Man and First Woman as being moral innocents, lacking the life experience necessary to build up a body of moral decision-making and the resultant moral character.

Above all, when he read that God saw his creation, that it was very good, he understood it to mean that it was **good for God's purpose**, namely, that men and women should accumulate moral character by virtue of the decisions they make and the struggles and conflicts they face along the long dusty road of life. That is a quite different view from that of Augustine, who assumed that Mankind was created with instant moral maturity achieved at no cost and without struggle.

There are theologians who feel that Irenaeus was right and Augustine was wrong. Moral maturity, they argue, cannot be achieved except by facing a string of real, hard decisions, learning from our mistakes what works and what doesn't and developing moral character as a result.

That perhaps explains why our two First People were 'driven out of Eden': to face the hard graft and difficult decisions of the real world. That, we may surmise, was always God's purpose and we were made perfect for that purpose.

Hugh de Saram

Footprints to Marlborough

Elaine Ferry, Director of Elaine's Travel Co, answers some questions from Matt Gow

I was born in Marlborough at Savernake Hospital and spent the first 22 years of my life in Burbage before settling in Marlborough and Manton with my husband.

I had a wonderful family life growing up in the small village of Burbage with my mum, dad, and sister. I attended Burbage Primary school, a lovely village school. Our family became involved in school fetes and village life – I even played guitar in Burbage church. Then came Pewsey Vale School, where I excelled in tennis and badminton, and was proud to become head prefect. At an early age, our parents gave us a choice: have pets or enjoy holidays abroad. It did not take us long to decide! We were among the first of our friends to experience travel to places such as Florida and Spain, sparking my lifelong passion for travel.

I have always had a strong work ethic and got my first job at the age of 14 in the local Spar shop. I soon began travelling abroad, where my real passion for travel first began. In 1986, I started an apprenticeship with Lunn Poly before moving to an independent travel agency while studying for my tourism exams. In 1988, I was proud to be awarded Student of the Year in Tourism before eventually setting up my own company. I recall the days before computers, when all we needed was a telephone and a notepad — how times

have changed! I have since travelled to every continent, including Antarctica, and most recently Uganda, where I fulfilled a lifelong dream of seeing gorillas up close. Antarctica and Uganda had always been on my bucket list. My second passion is sport. I played County League tennis and badminton, competing in ladies' and mixed teams for over 25 years. Recently, football has become a big interest, and I now share my husband's passion for Coventry City. We are proud season ticket holders and were thrilled to see them recently win the league.

The travel industry has shaped my life and allowed me to experience many wonderful places, but I always love returning to Marlborough and driving down our High Street. As I often work abroad, returning home is even more special. We always say, "Marlborough is like being on holiday".

When I say that I'm from Marlborough, people often tell me how much they enjoy visiting. Many see it as the perfect stop when travelling to Bristol, London, or the South Coast, highlighting just how well-regarded Marlborough is. Travelling the world and living in the best part of the UK - what more could a girl want?

I seem to have become Marlborough's unofficial tourist information bureau, as everyone sends people to me with questions — "Elaine will know, go and ask her!" — and honestly, I love it!

Matt Gow

What's On in August

St Peter's Presents Tom Gamble

1st Saturday 6.30pm – 9.00pm St Peter's Church, Marlborough. Celebrating the release of his sixth solo album, "Six String Vagabond", join Tom as he returns to Marlborough for a genre-bending concert featuring original music, songs and virtuosic arrangements from the new record.

Tom's live performances have been praised for their "virtuosity, spontaneity and humour". His recordings have been featured regularly on national radio, and his live tours have encompassed six continents and stages such as London's Southbank Centre, Bridgewater Hall, RMS Queen Mary 2 and the Olympics. For tickets see stpetersmarlborough.org.uk

Ken White Exhibition

Ongoing until 12th Wednesday 10.00am – 4.00pm (Mon – Saturday) The Little Gallery, Marlborough <https://thelittlegallery.co.uk/exhibitions/19-ken-white-coming-soon/overview/>

Community Tree Pruning

8th Saturday and 15th Saturday 9.30am – 12.30pm Transition Marlborough and Marlborough Community Orchard invite you to the upcoming pruning events. On the 8th pruning will start at the Diamond Jubilee Plantation on The Common, just below the Rugby Club, moving to Roger's Meadow time permitting. On the 15th it will start in Wye House Garden, moving on

to the trees in Waitrose car park as well as those in Priory Gardens, St Mary's and St Peter's churchyards. Primarily we will prune the damson and plum trees but we will give any apple trees that need it a summer prune. If you cannot attend from 9.30am call 07771 937183 to find out where we are on the day. All welcome (children under 18 must be accompanied by an adult). No experience needed as an experienced horticulturist will demonstrate how to prune fruit trees, a useful skill for your own garden. Please bring secateurs, loppers and/or long handled pruners. A trowel or small fork as well as a kneeler would be useful for weeding around the trees.

Marlborough Gardening Association

12th Wednesday 6.45pm for 7.00pm

Town Hall, Marlborough. Herbal Lore with Melinda Smith. Visitors welcome £3. For more information contact marlbgainfo@gmail.com

Recharge Café

13th Thursday 10.30am – 12.00pm (and every Thursday) Mustard Seed Café, Marlborough. A space for connection and support. Hosted by Alison and Karen, your Social Prescribing Link Workers (EKPCN). Weekly themed sessions, peer support, advice & information, friendly chat, wellbeing boost. All welcome.

What's On in August

Giffords Circus

13th Thursday – 24th Monday

Marlborough Common. Tickets Adults £23 - £36, Children age 3 to 14 £14 - £27, Under 3 free (to sit on lap). For more information and to book see: tickets.giffordscircus.com

Outdoor Theatre in Avebury Manor Garden: King Arthur and the Holy Fail

21st Friday and 22nd Saturday gates open 5.30pm, performance starts 6.30pm

The Three Inch Fools return to Avebury for another epic night of mayhem as they perform their new, fast-paced, musically driven, mystical adventure. Destiny awaits, chivalry calls and the quest to end all quests begins when a tragic – frankly improbable – incident rocks Camelot to its core and would-be hero Arthur is thrust into the quest of a lifetime. Will he bravely battle through to save his beloved realm or crumble as fate refuses to cooperate? Saddle up – things are about to get legendary. The performance will last approx 100 minutes (plus a 20 minute interval) and continue come rain or shine. Booking essential on the Tree Inch Fools' website: <https://www.threeinchfools.com>

Coming Up in September

The Arts Society – Pewsey Vale Tuesday 1st September 2.30pm Bouverie Hall, Pewsey. Hilary Williams will speak on

'Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" – The Anatomy of a Masterpiece'. This is the most famous painting in the Netherlands and Rembrandt's greatest. But why is it so special? How was it commissioned and constructed? How did Rembrandt paint it and where has it been hung throughout its life? Who are the characters represented. Why is there a lone woman and what is meant by the dead chicken trussed up in her waistband? What does this tell us about changing Dutch society? This work redirected how group portraits were conceived. Doors open at 2.00pm, refreshments available. Visitors welcome. £7 on the door.

Marlborough LitFest 2026 24th – 27th September

New festival Main Event Sponsor is St Mary's and St Margaret's Calne. Author Satham Sanghera and novelist Louisa Young join already confirmed historian and educationalist Sir Anthony Sheldon, award-winning novelist Kit de Waal and LitFest's 2026 Golding Speaker, Sebastian Faulk.

The full LitFest programme launched at the end of June with priority booking for Friends of LitFest open from 29th June. General booking opened on 10th July from The White Horse Bookshop.

Linda Illsley - What's On Editor

Gardening: MGA Annual Weekend Away

It was with some trepidation that I went on my first Marlborough Gardening club annual visit, last year, but I need not have worried. Everyone was very friendly, the gardens were superb and it was great fun talking gardens and plants all weekend

This year my new friends all signed up and on a warm sunny Friday morning in early June we set off for Essex. We stopped at NT Cliveden, in Buckinghamshire, and the gardens surround and complement the majestic house with all its political history. There is a formal parterre, rose garden and water garden, with fountains, and a Japanese pagoda. It was a good first stop as the gardens, whilst beautiful, are more pleasure grounds.

Both weekend mornings we left at 9.30 which gave you time for a quick swim or a leisurely breakfast. Saturday morning's visit was Green Islands garden near Colchester which is a private nursery with large island beds, a woodland area and a jasmine terrace. After lunch there was a short drive to Beth Chatto's garden. This was a real wow factor garden with a luscious green area with a pond and stream, and a dry garden showcasing coastal plants and plenty of purple Eryngium which seems impossible to grow in Wiltshire.

Sunday saw a whole day visit to RHS Hyde Hall. Of particular note were the

cottage garden, which was at its best, the formal garden and the vegetable dome. There was also a flower fantasia area which was outstanding. Here, the RHS is carrying out a study of Antirrhinums, the snap dragons from our childhood gardens, and there were rows of every colour and size.

Our coach driver was ready at 3.00pm and valiantly stored all our purchases on the coach. We had a smooth journey despite it being a Sunday and were back in Marlborough at 6.15 with sore feet but lots of garden ideas. The MGA work together to devise such great trips and next year's will be in Dorset and staying by the sea.

Sue Hine

Marlborough Gardening Association



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Nature Notes: A Butterfly Summer

Well, what a summer it has been so far! The long spells of warm, sunny weather have been wonderful for butterflies, and I hope you've noticed more of them in your gardens and out in the countryside.

The UK is home to 59 species of butterfly, including two remarkable migrants – the Painted Lady and the Clouded Yellow. This year has been exceptional for both species. Painted Ladies undertake one of the most extraordinary migrations in the insect world, travelling thousands of miles from North Africa. They don't make the journey in a single generation but breed as they move north through Europe, with each new generation continuing the journey. By the time they reach the UK, the butterflies we see are the descendants of those that first left Africa. Clouded Yellows are also powerful migrants, crossing the English Channel from mainland Europe during

favourable weather, and this summer they have arrived in impressive numbers.

Around Marlborough, we are fortunate to have around 38 butterfly species within just a few miles of the town. Venture a little further across Wiltshire and you can add another 9 species to the list.

One of the things I enjoy most is looking for the subtle differences between males and females. The male Chalkhill Blue is unmistakable with its brilliant pale sky-blue wings, while the larger female is chocolate brown with a row of bright orange spots around the edge of her wings. Other species, such as the Holly Blue, are much harder to tell apart, with only the female's broader dark wing edge giving the game away.

Many of our butterflies have more than one brood each year. After laying their eggs, a second or even third generation

Credit Helen Llewelyn

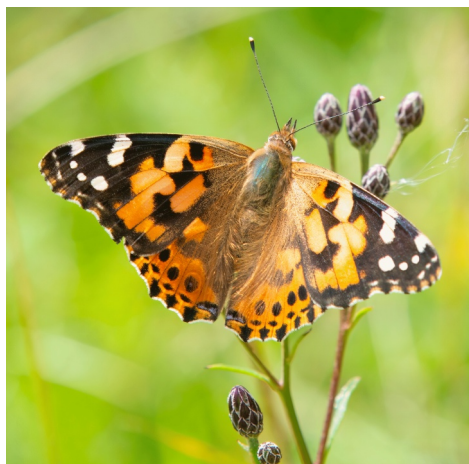


Chalkhill blue (*Polyommatus coridon*)



Female Chalkhill blue (*Polyommatus coridon*)

Credit Helen Llewelyn



Painted lady (Vanessa cardui)

can emerge later in the summer, meaning species such as the Common Blue, Holly Blue and Small Copper can often be seen well into August. If the warm weather continues, there's still plenty of time to enjoy some of our most beautiful butterflies before another butterfly season comes to an end.

Helen Llewelyn

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Wiltshire Air Ambulance

Mission figures so far this year

We're here when you need us most – but in the nicest possible way, we hope you don't.

We provide critical medical care by land and air across Wiltshire and Bath, delivering the same level of care as a hospital by bringing our expert team and specialist equipment directly to those in need – as fast as humanly possible.

We are on call 365 days a year, 19 hours a day. Our team responds to an average of three incidents daily – attending by helicopter or critical care car. This vital work is only possible thanks to the generosity of our Wiltshire and Bath communities. As a registered Charity, we receive no regular government funding and rely entirely on the generous donations and support of our local communities.

Based in central Wiltshire, our helicopter can reach anywhere in Wiltshire within 11 minutes – and the centre of Bath in just four.

So far in 2026, we have attended 595 missions, including **17 missions in Marlborough and the surrounding areas.**

February was our busiest ever, making it the first February in our history to respond to more than 100 missions.

The proportion of missions attended by a critical care doctor has increased from 61% in 2025 to 65% so far this year. That means more patients can receive advanced procedures and lifesaving interventions at the scene, bringing hospital-level care directly to the patient.

Get involved!

wiltshirebathairambulance.org.uk



Credit W+BAA



Credit Enda Doran

Clergy Letter: Return to Your First Love

At Emmanuel we've loved discovering the letters to the seven churches of Revelation. What a revelation of Jesus Christ for real people in the real world! The first letter was to the ancient church in Ephesus—a thriving city of wealth, power and idol worship—but its message also speaks to Christians today. Why not read it in Revelation 2:1-7?

It starts with Jesus. Before he says anything about the church, he reminds them who he is: the glorious risen Lord who holds his messengers in his hand and walks among his churches as among lampstands. Christ is not distant from his people; he is present with them, sustaining, protecting and shining through them. The Christian life begins not with what we do for Jesus, but with what Jesus has done for us.

Then comes a beautiful encouragement: "I know you". Jesus knows their hard work, perseverance and costly faithfulness. He knows how they have resisted false teaching and remained steadfast under pressure. Nothing done for Christ escapes his notice. He sees the hidden service,

quiet obedience, unseen prayers and patient endurance through suffering. How much more his smile is worth than all the applause of the world!

Yet Jesus also speaks a searching word: "You have forsaken the love you had at first". Outwardly the church was busy and orthodox; inwardly its love for Christ had cooled. It is possible to defend the truth and serve faithfully, yet gradually lose the joy of simply loving Jesus. Our experience of prayer becomes duty; of scripture becomes familiar; and of service ceases to be worship.

But Christ's rebuke is also an invitation: "Remember... repent... and do the things you did at first". We cannot manufacture greater love, but let us return to the One who first loved us and gave himself for us. As we abide in him, he rekindles our hearts by his Spirit. The One who walks among the lampstands still calls his church today: come back to your first love, and remain with Jesus until he welcomes you to the heavenly tree of life.

Reuben Mann

Family News

We are sad to hear of the death of **Rt Revd Jeremy Walsh** who served Marlborough Parish in the 1960's a fuller report on his life will follow in future editions.

A Good Read

I've been reading rather randomly lately, so forgive me if this column seems a bit haphazard and disconnected.

Blame the heat and the World Cup, at least one of which will be over by the time this goes to print. I'm really not remotely interested in football except, like a lot of people, every four years when I become unreasonably invested in the progress of some random African or South American country which I probably couldn't find on the map. And it's a hot summer. So light and diverting books are what I want, and that's what I'm sharing with you.

You already know about my borderline deranged enthusiasm for the various works of Lissa Evans. Her latest book ***My Name is Mackenzie Bly*** is, like the diaries of Adrian Mole, or Nigel Molesworth, hard to categorise. Is it for adults or children (young teens)? Well, really anyone who will appreciate poor Mackenzie (real name Philip)'s trials; he's tall and clumsy, amiable, surprisingly good in a crisis, and with agonisingly embarrassing parents and tiresome schoolmates. "It's unbelievable what I have to put up with" he says, glumly. Like all the best comedy it's also insightful and poignant at times, but mostly just very funny. I chortled throughout.

Rules of the Heart is top quality historical fiction by Janice Hadlow, author of *The Other Bennett Sister* (which, like the football, see above, I thought it wasn't my thing, and actually loved). It's the story of Harriet, Lady Bessborough - sister of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire (and now I have to go back and re-read Amanda Foreman's biography of her. There's no let up to this reading lark, I tell you.), mother of Lady Caroline Lamb, friend of Lady Hester Stanhope and a leading figure in Whig society. The novel is Harriet's telling of the story of her notorious love affair with Lord Granville, and the conflict when real emotion exists within a brittle, restrictive and callous social milieu.

And still in the C18th - Happy 250th Birthday, America. Like everyone in early middle age, you're not as fresh and optimistic as once you were, and you'd have to admit that like everyone you had your strop, spotty, tiresome moments in your youth. The American Revolution was prolonged and complex and much mythologised. One day I'll read serious scholarly works about the Patriotic War/ Colonial Rebellion. Till then I'm enjoying ***The British Are Coming***, a graphic version of Rick Atkinson's 'proper' book of the same name. History in pictures, just what I need.

Debby Guest

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Marlborough Churches Together

Usual Sunday Services Times:

Society of Friends, Friends Meeting House, The Parade

10.30am Meeting for worship

St George’s Preshute (Anglican)

8.00am Holy Communion (1st & 3rd Sundays)

10.30am Worship

St Mary’s with Christchurch Methodist Fellowship (behind the Town Hall)

8.00am Holy Communion (2nd, 4th & 5th Sundays)

10.30am Worship

5.00pm Informal Worship (with Energize Children’s Church)

(1st Sunday of the month is All-age worship with Children's tea at 4.30)

St John the Baptist, Minal (Anglican)

9.00 am Worship

St Thomas More, George Lane (Roman Catholic)

11.00 am Mass

Emmanuel, New Road (Free Evangelical)

10.00 am Morning service

4.00pm Worship (every Sunday)

Marlborough College Services are shown at the College chapel

For more information and updates please check the individual church websites.

FROM THE REGISTERS

Weddings - We congratulate:

11/07/26	Eleanor Lynd and Jason Hull	St Mary's, Marlborough
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Departed - We pray for the families of:

22/06/26	Anthony Sant (86), Town Mill	St George's, Preshute
03/07/26	Richard Allen (72), Purlyn Acre	St George's, Preshute

News from the Churches

Marlborough Anglican Team with Christchurch Methodist Fellowship:

Children/Family Activities:

5pm Informal Worship

Just a note that there is no 5pm All Age service in August. Next All-Age service is on 6th September.

St Mary's Holiday club - Summer Energize, Bookings Now Open!

Looking for something fun in the summer holidays? Come along for three mornings packed with crafts, games, music, Bible stories and activities for Primary school aged children. Running on the 11th, 12th and 13th August from 10am-12pm - everyone is welcome. Booking is essential – visit our website <https://www.marlboroughanglicanteam.org.uk/sundays.htm> or contact Penny Reader to reserve your place.
penny.families@gmail.com

Midweek Activities

Our usual weekly activities will take a break over the summer holidays.

Welcome Wednesdays

A reflection, coffee and doughnuts every Wednesday, 10.30 am in St Mary's.

Social Events

An Evening at Newbury Races

After such a lovely time at Newbury Races last summer, we're excited to plan another
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fun evening together on Wednesday 26th August. The first race is at 4.45pm and the last race at 7:30pm. Early tickets, for those aged over 60, can be purchased at £14. If you'd like to come along, just pop your name on the sign up sheet at the back of the church. We'd love to have you with us.

For any questions or more details, feel free to get in touch with Martyn Johnson 07956 204018 or David Du Croz on 01672 511725.

Emmanuel Church New Road, Marlborough, SN8 1AH:

There will be no Sunday morning Services in August.

Sunday 4 pm weekly. Includes crèche and Sunday School groups, followed by refreshments (for adults) and a sandwich tea for the children.

Midweek activities will take a break from 20 July until September.

Weekly/one-off Events:

Women's Bible Study, every other Friday during term time, 10 am- 11.30 am. All women welcome - onsite crèche available.
women@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Homegroups, Thursdays during term time, Pewsey – 7.30 pm, Marlborough – 7.45 pm, Ogbourne St George – 7.45 pm.
office@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Little Friends Toddler Group, Thursdays during term time, 10-11.30 am at the Wesley Hall, Oxford Street, Marlborough, SN8 1AP. Free play, singing and story time,

News from the Churches

snacks for children and refreshments for carers.

littlefriends@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Explorers, Fridays during term time, 6-7.15 pm at the Wesley Hall, Oxford Street, Marlborough. School years 3-6. Fun, games, tuck and a short Bible talk (bring 50p for tuck).

explorers@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Friday Nights, Fridays during term time, 7.30-9 pm. Our youth club for school years 7-11 at the Wesley Hall, Oxford Street, Marlborough. Friends, fun & faith – everyone is welcome! For more details, email

fridaynights@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Sparklers, Monday, 15 June, 3.45-4.45 pm

(Doors open at 3.30 pm) at the Wesley Hall, Oxford Street, Marlborough. A monthly kids club for school years Reception to Year 2. Games, Snacks and Bible Stories! For more information, or if you have any questions, please contact: sparklers@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Rooted, a discipleship group for Y7-9 and Y10-13: Friday (5 June), 6-7.15 pm at the Prest's home. Through Bible study, training and discussion, we want to grow in love for each other and for Jesus. Held fortnightly with food, before Friday Nights youth group. We'd love to see you there! For more details and the location address, please email ruth@emmanuelmarlborough.org



A colorful poster for 'SUMMER ENERGIZE' at St Mary's Church. The background is blue with white clouds, a yellow sun, and a pair of red sunglasses. The text is in white and blue. At the bottom, there is a logo for 'URBAN SAINTS ENERGIZE' and a colorful beach ball.

KIDS@STMARY'S

SUMMER ENERGIZE

We are delighted to invite you to join us at St Mary's Church over the summer holidays for a morning of music, crafts, games and a Bible story.

Sessions take place in St Mary's Church on
Tues 11th, Weds 12th & Thurs 13th August
From 10am to 12pm
£2 per child, from YR - Y6

Booking essential:
please email penny.families@gmail.com

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Contributions and comments from readers are welcome.

Please send articles and letters to the monthly editor or the chairman,
other notices or announcements to the compiler.

All items for the September issue by Tuesday 11th August please.

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