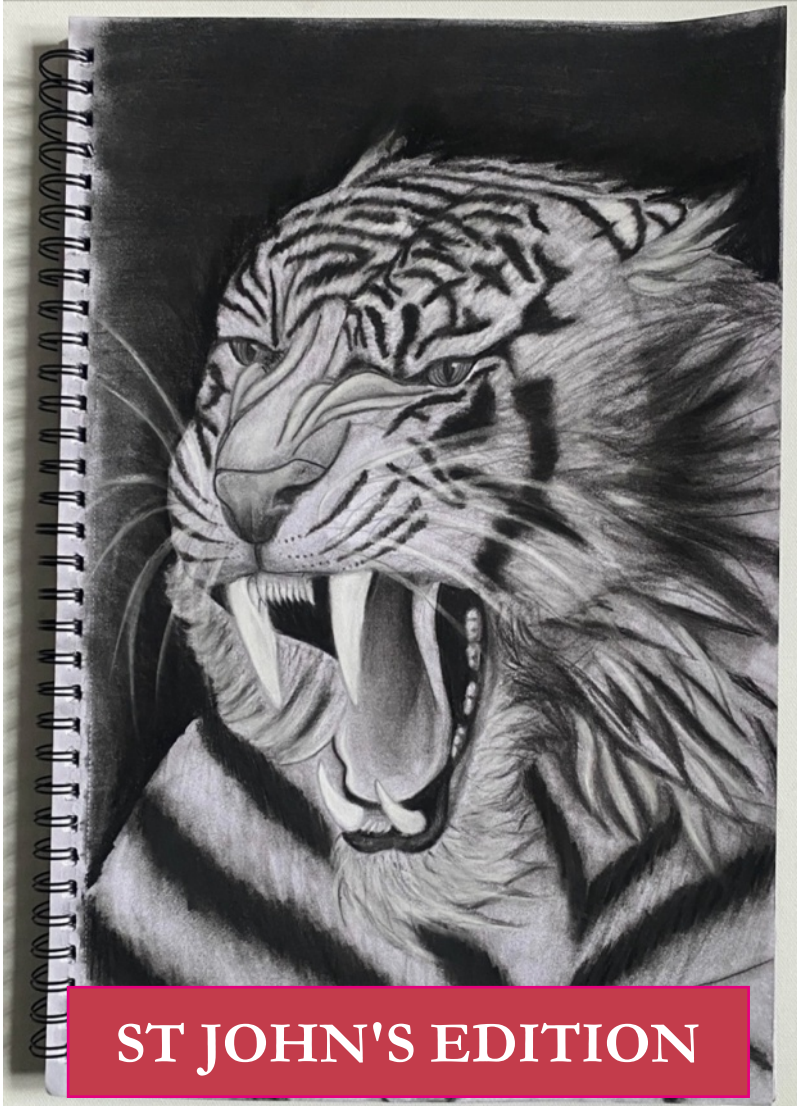


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# TOWER<sup>AND</sup>TOWN

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THE MAGAZINE OF MARLBOROUGH'S COMMUNITY AND CHURCHES



**ST JOHN'S EDITION**

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# TOWER AND TOWN

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## Editorial

In a world where it's all too easy to stay stuck in our own viewpoint, the ability to understand others—to empathise, to imagine different lives, and to walk in someone else's shoes—has never been more important.

Through their writing, our students show that they're not only creative thinkers, but thoughtful and compassionate ones too. Each piece is a reminder that storytelling builds bridges, opens minds, and makes us more human, even when they are exploring non-human perspectives.

Our students' willingness to explore unfamiliar perspectives and give voice to different experiences is something we can all benefit from. I hope that, as you read, you'll be encouraged to pause, reflect, and maybe think a little more deeply about the

world through someone else's eyes. Every day I find myself reflecting on something profound a student has said or written, albeit it occasionally leaving me slightly baffled!

Our thanks go to 'Tower and Town' for once again giving a platform for the voices of students from St John's, Marlborough. I hope that readers will be left feeling as hopeful as I have been in compiling their work. Seeing the insight, sensitivity, and bold imagination these students bring to the page gives me great confidence in the future generations; if these are the minds shaping tomorrow, we're in very good hands.

**Lottie King - Editor**

English teacher, St John's

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**August Edition No 761.**

Compiler: Hugh de Saram

Proof Readers: Julia Peel, Diana Foster-Kemp

Marlborough Churches  
**Together**



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# “Is the English Language becoming progressively worse?”

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**As part of their unit of work on the Evolution of Language, Year 8 pondered the question.**

“Speak properly”

“Young people have no manners these days”

“That is not how you pronounce it.”

I am sure someone has said something like this to you at some point. However, the question is not about language use declining. The big question is: are we willing to accept the fact that words are changing or are we going to stick in the past and let other languages progress faster, further, and better than ours?

Many modern trends have influenced the language of young people - take TikTok, Instagram and Snapchat, for example. This builds a language barrier between adults and children. With millions of teens on social media, how are the older generations meant to keep up?

Change isn't nice. But with language evolution and word adaptation constantly happening, what can we do to stop it? Nothing. Word meanings change constantly.

I believe language is not getting worse, nor getting better. Language is changing and I think it will always unsettle people. As much as we can try to stop it - many have - I don't believe it is possible to. Let's join together and help find a happy medium where we accept language evolution and,

instead of grumbling, we grow and mature alongside of it.

**Maya**

Language is like the seasons; always changing. Words fall from the English language like the leaves on a breezy Autumn day. New words are created, others are restored, and some are reformed. Different words are made and spoken every day, with words like internet and Wi-Fi, both coming into use because of technological advancements.

In my opinion, there is not, and has never been a “Perfect English”.

**Adam**

It could be said that the English language is getting worse but personally I would disagree. The evolution of the language is a particularly important part to each generation; I would describe it as an antique, that it is transferred to the next generation and the next.

**Aurelia**

It could be said that our language reflects us; like the world's constant evolution, language will always change to survive in a new world. It is important because it will

stop our language dying out.

We, as humans, look for perfect; we try to prune and clean and tinker until all the dust leaves and only the perfect remains: the light at the end of the tunnel.

Overall, I think that it is important to let our language change, so that we can too.

**Serena**

We need to take a different perspective on this matter. What if this sentiment reveals the nature, not of language change, but of humanity? Nostalgia is a powerful

emotion. It tugs one's mind back in time to the halcyon days and tugs one back with an irresistible lure. This feeling, unlike many things, grows much stronger with age. Perhaps those who are older look back on their childhood with such an unshakeable belief in its perfection that they see what is now as inferior. What if it is this mindset, restricted by the strength of their emotions, that prevents them from accepting the inevitable progression of speech. But I wouldn't know, I'm young.

**Henry**



*Hand, by Eva, Year 8*

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# Story - a dramatic opening ...

---

Hope is fickle. I know this now. It was foolish to even believe we had a chance of victory. Alas, men like myself joined the military for one sole purpose: Glory. Oh, how foolish we were.

Their archers let loose a volley of glinting, seemingly sentient death. The arrows lodged themselves in the reddening snow, or a leg, torso or eye socket depending on the skill of the bowman. Their champion (imbued with powerful artefacts and ancient relics) tore through our ranks, sending splinters of bone and sinew careering into unlucky witnesses of the slaughter. They were the hunters, and we were their prey.

Triumph morphed into terror and the so-called “saviours” of humanity turned on their heels and ran for their meaningless lives. They deserted Fort Rupture and so deserted humanity’s second to last bastion of defence against the demonic tides of hell. Cowards. I held my post until the Demon Lord himself appeared and cast me off the battlements.

That is all I remember...

Consciousness gripped me and revitalized me about an hour ago and since then, I have been curating this log so that someone may know what happened. The cries of the dying have all but ceased. The silence of the dead, though, is suffocating. Who knows? I might be the only survivor.

A tide of inertia enveloped me. I had been

dispossessed of the will to continue clinging to life. My physical pain was matched only by my mental exhaustion. Dear reader, I cannot describe in meaningful words the bleak landscape that confronted me and the equally bleak choice laid before me: to move forward or to die.

The human spirit within me, striving to survive, caused my aching body to struggle to its knees and then (with much effort) to stand.

The only raised ground on the horizon was a rocky outcrop of indeterminate distance from my current position.

Sufficient vigour of purpose raised itself within me and I took the first step towards the higher ground. After what seemed like a lifetime shuffling slowly and numbly across the wasteland I approached the base of the rocky outcrop. The rocks resembled the thoughts in my mind; they were jarring, irregular and sporadic, each one a challenge to be overcome. Each footfall sent shards of pain shooting up through my leg and embedding in my spine like thin sharp iron rods. I reached the summit and sank down wearily onto a patch of rough foliage dusted with a mixture of powdery paper-white snow and ash from the dying fires.

Wait...

Faint movement on the horizon granted me a surge of adrenalin. A shadowy figure  
*continued on p.7*





Daisy, by Maja, Year 10

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*Atlantic Puffins, by Susie, Year 9*

*Streets of Bali, by Lizzie, Year 8*



*Untitled, by Imogen, Year 12*



*Raw Beef, by Lochie, Year 7*



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*continued from p.4*

appeared in my peripheral vision. Possibilities clamoured for supremacy in my fractured mind: it might be a fellow survivor, offering support; the Demon Lord with knowledge of my survival; or one of

the many feral predators that roam these lands in search of prey.

**Lucas, Year 7**

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## A market scene

---

A cluster of pigeons fight for space on the railing of the clock tower, its red bricks old and beginning to crumble. Screech and squawk, each gazing down hungrily at the bustling market down below.

Buyers and sellers throng the cramped square, all but hidden under a canopy of mismatched, yet somehow pleasing, tarps and canvases, each hiding beneath it a jungle of fresh produce.

One pigeon fixes its imperious stare at one such stall as if it could even see the delights within, and darts down hoping to find something to steal away and enjoy away from the shouts of the market.

Underneath the baby-blue canvas, huge crates stuffed with exotic fruit are piled precariously up as if thrown aside by a giant. Yellow bananas, tangy oranges, ripe pineapples, juicy mangoes, hairy coconuts, bristling kiwis and other fruits never seen

before by any London pigeon all seemed to jostle with one another to reach the top of the pile. They wink cheekily at passers-by, reflecting the sunlight in just such a way as to be noticed and bought, then enjoyed with juice bursting out and dripping down the eater's chin. The seller, hardly visible behind the towering towers of fruit, barter nobly with a buyer, both of them laughing and shouting.

No food for the pigeon here. A flap of the wings and the bird catapults into the air, this time angling for a green-and-white stand teeming with fish. Cod, octopus, swordfish, tuna, salmon, lobster - the glaring eyes of all the fish gaze coldly up at the crowds passing them. Sitting in beds of ice, their scales, sheet metal on fleshy body, gleam and shine in the afternoon light.

**Henry, Year 10**

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# Two narratives disastrously converge

---

Little Joey had begged to come on the group's annual camping trip and was finally accepted – with a little persuasion from Mum and a lot of pestering.

Joey had to put a brave face on as his feet began to flop, his shoulders began to sag and his head began to hang from the intense hike. And it was only 10am. The wind stung his cheeks as they trudged higher and higher into the mountain. One of Joey's brother's friends yelled into the sky. It felt as if there were no other ears except their own to hear them.

Its ears pricked at the faint displacement of air which wriggled through the grooves and blades of the mountain, awakening it from its slumber. The harsh gleaming light seeped into its deep eyes. A gruesome grey swept over the sky, coaxing the sun's beams away; it closed its eyelids in an attempt to return to sleep. But not for long.

The group veered off the path as someone spotted a nice path of grass, perfect to set up camp. Little Joey hardly needed to duck under the "Please stay on the path" sign as he followed the group, like a pig on its way to the slaughterhouse.

"Are you guys sure we should be here? The sign says –"

"What did I say about complaining? It's fine." his brother interrupted.

The sun was low. Well, that was what they all assumed: a great cloud engulfed their sense of direction, and time. Little Joey clambered into his stiff sleeping bag facing the waves of orange to try and warm up. Joey hadn't bothered to mention the "No fires" sign he had seen repeatedly on their trek. This may have been his worst mistake.

The creature systematically navigated towards it – following the prickly sensation travelling over its body. Spotted. A small group of hikers huddled around the remains of a fire. Every single one asleep. The beast suppressed a deep grumble from its stomach. In one swift movement, one was snatched. The smallest.

Joey's brother was the first to awake. Screaming at the lack of his little brother and the claw marks scratched with the message, "Should have read the signs".

**Kitty, Year 11**

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# A compelling glimpse of the world through the eyes of a tree

---

Waiting. They always wait. Laying out time before each other and deciding to spend it here. Never have I seen such a patient event, never in my youth nor when my trunk threatens to buckle.

The sky is a thick, soupy red, sloshing about with tendrils of white. Thick coats of snow blanket the world, bleaching all that it lay a steady hand upon. My own branches are dusted in a light coating of the stuff, sagging with the weight of holding myself up.

I wait, as well.

In the sense that all trees wait.

Roots nestled into tightly packed earth. I am content. In the sense that all trees are content. All that drains our mind with sharp talons and blood-stained, gnarly teeth is when the next rain will come, and claim the land. For now, I am safe.

I wonder if these humans are safe?

Is it a choice to go somewhere safe?

Trees cannot scamper away from droughts nor floods. We are forced to stand rigid against the elements, through hurled bullets of ice to snarling rays of sun-kissed light baring down on our bark.

Why does one wait?

The one with the close-cut, inky-black hair sprawls himself against unnatural green slats. He seems content – if it weren't for the hand clasped against furrowed brow, lips drawn back into a glower. His clothes adorning skinny branches seem ruffled, unkempt.

I am well-presented.

In the sense that all trees are well-presented.

The woman beside him has her branches folded in such a uniquely human way, dressed in a sunken, brooding blue. She has silenced even the steady hum of her breath to wait. She is a statue. Covered in a constellation of speckles of ice, so unlike the speckles one may observe on an egg, perhaps more . . . sharp, bold – if speckles can be described that way.

My attention is cast away, settling upon a young lark, banking with unfurled, golden feathers outstretched to catch a gust of wind. For a bird, they have no rules, are they guided by a morale?

Do birds wait at the same spot, same time, same day?

The world is peculiar.

And so I wait.

**Anya, Year 8**

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# "In a Flicker", based on "World Burn Down", by Stephen Cole

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Monkeys glide from tree to tree,  
Exotic birds call with glee,  
Dappled sunlight from the sky,  
High above cockatoos fly.

Fire, flicker, flame, ember,  
Animals of past, all to remember,  
Crash, thud, snap, splinter,  
Nature destroyed, faster than ever.

Animals, plants, trees to timber,  
Everything gone, all in a flicker,  
Distressed infants shout and cry,  
Their parents gone in the blink of an eye.

Silence fills the eerie place,  
Nothing there except ash and waste,  
Vans, trucks, humans, cows,  
Agricultures grip, all most fowl,

Beyond the wasteland, creatures whisper,  
All so calm and then a flicker,  
Wildlife doesn't notice, slumbering in the  
trees,  
Nature rests, all at ease.

Fire, flicker, flame, ember,  
Yet again gone, all to remember,  
Drip, splash, fire, water,  
Many animals saved from cruel slaughter.

Insects crawl on the forest floor,  
Nature heals from being so sore,  
A mighty force, stronger than ever,  
Don't make nature a place to remember.

**Tom, Year 7**





*Lemons, by Zeb, Year 9*



*Owl, linocut by Serena, Year 8*

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# After Alcott's March, "Little Women"

---

Dear Diary,

Today was utter mortification! I am never going back to school again for as long as I live. I am sure I shall never get over such humiliation.

Mr Davis is a perfectly horrible man. Imagine confiscating 24 exquisite, pickled limes just for the fun of it! All because Jenny Snow is too selfish to let other people have nice things. Oh, diary, it was awful. I had to stand up in front of everyone and throw the sumptuous limes out of the window - torture! And then, to rub salt into the wound, he hit my poor hand several times. Thank goodness I managed to hold in my tears until I got home. Marmee was furious (as she should have been!) and permitted me to have a vacation as long as I study a little with Beth.

Laurie was lovely, he cheered me up no end, and I think I should aspire to be like him. He is accomplished, elegant but not selfish at all. I am well aware that vanity is my burden, and it is truly the bane of my life. I will say a prayer for it tonight, as well as praying for father's health.

Luckily, Marmee was distracted from my shortcomings because Jo had stained her new linen glove (for the second time this month) and instead of soaking it instantly, she carried on romping around with Laurie for hours! Honestly, they are a disgrace. Meg was in an unusually foul mood in the evening, she teased me dreadfully about my nose, though she knows it is my one

weakness.

Marmee is calling, I must now say my prayers, and you'll be sure I'll be praying for a better day tomorrow!

Amy March

\* \* \*

Dear Diary

Today was simply capital! I received a handsome brown parcel from the mailman, containing (to my immense surprise) a brand-new copy of Volcano Press, and guess whose story was front and centre? Only a Miss Jo March, would you believe. I actually won the competition, and inside the envelope there was a cheque containing 100 dollars! Laurie raced over, and we had a jolly laugh about it. Oh, it was simply marvellous, but what a pain to pretend everything was ordinary to Marmee and the girls. I kept dashing up to the attic to peek at my name on the cover.

It was Beth's Birthday today, and we all helped Marmee and Mr Laurence sneak the most gorgeous piano into the sitting room. It was so lovely to watch her, she hardly ever gets nice things and is so unselfish. You should have seen her; her face was as pink as the evening sky! I envy her, though, for she can make the most beautiful sounds with it- when I play, it just sounds like a jolly clatter.

In the afternoon, I went round to Aunt March for several hours of torture as she grumbled and muttered about 'excitable

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girls who can't control themselves'. Honestly, that woman! It's days like these that make my promises to father go out the window, for how can one be ladylike while they're in a state of such heavenly joy?

On a more positive note, Marmee was a brick about the dreadful stain on my glove. Meg was right, it should have been soaked immediately, but Laurie and I were having such a good time that I simply couldn't tear myself away- that boy gets wilder every second. I hope college mellows him, as he is a danger to himself! I'll bet a nice young lady comes along and steals his heart, and then we'll see.

I sent father a copy of my story in the newspaper, and prayed he was safe and returning soon.

Goodnight, Jo.

\* \* \*

Dear Diary,

Today was a fairytale, just like in the stories Marmee used to read to me before tucking me into bed, and my head escaping into the dream land. It was my birthday today, but I had not expected anything much as we were all frightfully busy dealing with our chores. A very unexpected gift had arrived though, from Mr Laurence, the kind gentleman next-door, he had gifted me the daintiest little piano.

I mustn't burden my soul with vain thoughts of my new piano though, for I know many little girls are not as lucky. Although I know I shouldn't have spent all afternoon on the piano, neglecting my

chores, which was a terrible thing to do but oh what fun I had. The little piano was so sweet sounding and filled our rooms with melodies fit for a lady. As soon as I had walked in to find the piano, I rushed to Mr Laurence, he seemed very shocked to see me so happy and quite unshy as I normally am. I thanked him and his smile lit up the old, worn study that he worked hard in. The only thing that weighed on my mind was poor father; he was out there somewhere in the world fighting for our country. I couldn't help thinking where he was and whether he would be home in time for Christmas. It was not Christmas without father.

In the morning before the sweet birthday gift, Me and Marmee baked her famous gingerbread stars, in preparation for the busy Christmas baking season. With father coming home it would be even more busy. While I was waiting for the delicious stars to bake, Mittens bounded onto the old, worn-out piano causing a most unearthly chord, which unintentionally made dear Jo to fall out of the apple tree outside in the most Jo-ish way. Laurie looked as if he was going to turn into one of the roses I am growing in my part of the garden, as it seemed like he was going to explode with laughter.

What a perfectly excellent day I had! I must now say my prayers with Amy. Then I must turn into bed and say goodnight.

Loving yours

Beth xx

**Clemmie and Hannah, Year 7**

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# What's On in August

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## **Marlborough Gardening Association**

**13th Wednesday 6.45pm for 7.30pm**

Marlborough Town Hall

Over The Wall with Lesley Andrews.

Display Table: Sweet Peas and Herbs.

Annual subscription to join MGA is £15.

Visitors are welcome to attend any of the meetings for £3. Information on talks and events at [marlbgga.org.uk](http://marlbgga.org.uk)

## **Collections Handling Day**

**16th Saturday 10.00am to 4.00pm** The

Merchant's House.

This is an opportunity to engage with fascinating objects from The Merchant House collection – some items that are not usually on public display. Discover the stories behind these treasures, ask questions, and experience the past in a truly tactile way. Whether you're a history buff, curious visitor or budding museum enthusiast, this is your chance to quite literally hold history in your hands. Tickets Adults £5.00 at [themerchantshouse.co.uk](http://themerchantshouse.co.uk)

## **Black Honey – Live Album Launch**

**17th Sunday 4.30pm – 7.30pm** St Peter's

Church. Sound Knowledge introduce this acclaimed indie four-piece who return to Marlborough to celebrate the release of their brand new album 'Soak'. More information and tickets at

[stpetersmarlborough.org.uk](http://stpetersmarlborough.org.uk)

## **Jack Garrett – Live Album Launch**

**26th Tuesday 6.30pm - 9.00pm** St Peter's

Church. Sound Knowledge introduce this

singer-songwriter/multi-instrumentalist

who will be playing from 7.00pm to

celebrate the release of his new album

'Pillars'. Details and tickets at

[stpetersmarlborough.org.uk](http://stpetersmarlborough.org.uk) or from Sound Knowledge or phone 01672 511106

## **Looking Ahead**

### **Marlborough LitFest 25th – 28**

### **September**

This year's LitFest Programme has been launched and is packed with more than 45 events for all ages. These include 2025 Golding Speaker Alan Hollinghurst, Brian Bilston, Mary Portas, John Suchet, Rupert Everett, Jessie Burton, Clare Chambers, Andrew Miller, Lucy Hughes-Hallet, Valentine Low, Poppy Okotcha, Olia Hercules, William Hanson and Sam Dalrymple.

The programme has something to tempt everyone from Jane Austen fans to lovers of biography, history, memoir, music, politics, nature and gardening. Topics range from Beethoven to Russian spies and Ukraine, from psychiatry to shopping and how to navigate modern day etiquette and our digital world. For more



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# What's On in August

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information and tickets see

[www.marlboroughlitfest.org](http://www.marlboroughlitfest.org)

Programmes are available from The White

Horse Bookshop or view on line.

**Linda Illsley**

What's On Editor

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Every 10 seconds, Samaritans respond to a call for help without judgement or pressure.

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This is where Samaritans come in. We offer people the time and space to talk through whatever is troubling them and help to work through what's on their mind. We don't give advice but listen with undivided attention and with empathy, to help people to find their own way forward. When anyone is in crisis, talking to Samaritans may help to make someone feel calmer and more able to get through that moment.

As Gareth, a Samaritans caller, said: 'I don't remember much about that call but what I do know is the person I spoke to showed me a lot of empathy and they didn't judge me...letting me talk and explain how I was feeling. That's what I really needed.'

Please remember, be kind to yourself today and every day and if you're struggling to cope you can contact Samaritans free, at any time of the day or the night, 365 days of the year:

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For more information: <https://www.samaritans.org>

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# A Good Read

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I have said many times that I can't get to grips with science fiction. I've read HG Wells and John Wyndham, but current SF and its cousin Fantasy baffle (and slightly irritate) me. Yet they're hugely popular, with a range of styles, subjects, sub-genres and classics. Ever mindful of my duty as bookseller to learn (and sell) more, I asked my colleague Tom to explain, if he could, why I should read speculative fiction.

It's the world building, he told me, the manufacture of fully realised environments and societies in which the reader can become absolutely engaged, with complex narratives covering ethical and philosophical questions. Where to start? Tom recommends Iain M Banks, Adrian Tchaikovsky, Robin Hobb and Joe Abercrombie, excellent writers who create immersive narratives. Even I had heard of those four, so between them they're probably doing something that's worth reading. Anyone who knows anything is aware that SF has often been a metaphor for real-world issues – probably most obviously and notably the Cold War – unknowable and menacing 'others' posing implicit or explicit threats to territories and resources and Life As We Know It. What about the actual 'science' bits of Sci-Fi? Does the depiction of new or alien technology ring true? Gosh yes (Tom didn't say, being a modern youth and not using expressions like 'gosh'). Look at

***Neuromancer*** by William Gibson,

published in 1984 and predicting the whole cyberspace, virtual reality tech-based dystopic thing which we're so exercised about today. The other great SF classic of course is Asimov's ***I Robot***, dealing with artificial intelligence, consciousness and conscience. Tom got positively over-heated telling me about Adrian Tchaikovsky's ***Children of Time*** (Warning. Flashing lights and sirens. Arachnophobes, don't go anywhere near this book!)

I really should give some of these novels a chance. We also talked about 'fantasy' with which I struggle even more than science fiction. We ran through the obvious big names, George R R Martin, Deborah Harkness, Robert Jordan, Naomi Novak....and of course Tolkien. Which is where I come unstuck. Of course I acknowledge Tolkien's achievement in fabricating a mythological world and an enthralling narrative. Of course I do. But nothing will convince me that his prose is any better than pedestrian, and he fails to engage me because, like so many fantasy writers, he doesn't demonstrate one jot or tittle of anything remotely approaching a sense of humour. Sci-Fi doesn't generally have many laughs either. Tom agreed with me. Yes, he admitted, now you mention it, there is a lack of humour. And then he looked stricken and said, "You might just have ruined my reading life."

I am *riddled* with guilt.

Debby Guest

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# Nature notes

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During the peak of summer many adult birds fall silent and keep hidden away as they begin to moult. You may come across a scruffy blue tit or a slightly bedraggled robin in your garden bearing the signs of this natural transformation.

These birds are preparing themselves for the colder months ahead, and for some, the long journeys of migration. It sometimes takes weeks for all the new feathers to fully grow in. Fascinatingly, they emerge in a particular sequence to ensure that the bird can still go about its daily routine. Flight feathers are usually replaced in pairs so that the bird can still fly. Once the moult is complete, birds become more active and visible again.

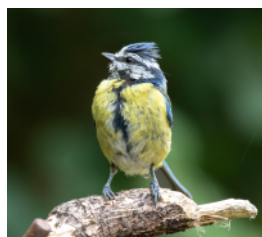
Meanwhile, juvenile birds undergo a transformation of their own, beginning their first full moult, losing the soft, downy feathers and growing into their adult plumage, giving them the durable, weatherproof feathers they'll need for winter and migration.

August is also a month where you start to see and hear groups of this year's fledged birds passing through gardens and woodlands, their calls weaving a lively chorus that fills the air. Juvenile birds flock together for safety in numbers against predators, to learn vital survival skills from one another and to achieve greater success locating food. These flocks are made up primarily of the tit family, and

you'll often hear their contact calls before you see them – blue tits, great tits, coal tits, marsh tits, and long-tailed tits, all moving energetically through the trees and

bushes, hunting down that tasty morsel in chatty groups. Amongst them, if you watch closely, you may spot other small woodland birds tagging along: the agile treecreeper climbing up the edge of a tree trunk, the acrobatic nuthatch clinging upside down on a branch, or the tiny goldcrest; even a young chiffchaff, flitting around the same tree picking up insects.

As the month continues, butterflies like chalkhill blue, adonis blue, brown argus, and wall emerge on the chalk downs, while swifts fill the skies, preparing for their long journey south. In the newly harvested fields, hare and roe deer move silently, blending into the changing season.



Blue tit in moult  
© Helen Llewelyn



Blue tit © Helen Llewelyn

**Helen Llewelyn**





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# News from the Churches

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## What's on at Emmanuel Church Marlborough:

Join us every Sunday at 4 pm for our weekly church service located on New Road in Marlborough, SN8 1AH.

Our service includes crèche and Sunday School groups, followed by refreshments (for adults) and a sandwich tea for the children.

In addition to our Sunday service, we also offer various activities throughout the week, including home groups in Marlborough, Pewsey and Ogbourne St George, as well as community groups. For more information and updates on our events, please visit our website at [emmanuelmarlborough.org](http://emmanuelmarlborough.org).

**All are welcome to join us!**

## Marlborough Anglican Team with Christchurch Methodist Fellowship:

### St Mary's 5pm Informal Worship



If you are new to the area or thinking about the faith, please consider joining us at 5pm on Sunday at St Mary's. We are friendly, informal and open to God's Spirit. On the first Sunday of the month there is a family tea at 4:30pm followed by a service for all ages at 5pm. On the third Sunday of the month, we break bread together.

Energize, our young people's group, usually meets on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Sunday of the month during term time.

All age worship for August is on Sunday 3rd August

## Children/Family Activities:

### Holiday Club - Shipwrecked!

EMMANUEL MARLBOROUGH

HOLIDAY CLUB

**SHIPWRECKED!**  
a holiday club in Jonah

Weds 27<sup>th</sup> - Fri 29<sup>th</sup> August  
9:00-12:30

Emmanuel Church, New Road,  
Marlborough, SN8 1AH

For children currently in school years R-6

*Come and explore the Bible story of Jonah  
with fun & games, crafts, activities, and snacks!*

Please book using this link below or scan the QR code:  
[www.emmanuelmarlborough.org](http://www.emmanuelmarlborough.org)

Charity No. 1162384

27-29 August, 9 am - 12.30 pm, Emmanuel Church, New Road, Marlborough, SN8 1AH

Come and explore the Bible story of Jonah with fun and games, crafts, activities and snacks!

Book here: <https://www.emmanuelmarlborough.org/home/events/shipwrecked-hol-club/>

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# News from the Churches

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## Children's Energize Summer Club



This Summer we would be delighted if you joined the Kids@StMary's team for our Summer Energize sessions. From 10am to 12pm on Tuesday 29th July, 5th August

and 12th August we'll be welcoming children from Reception to Year 6 to join us for a morning of fun, crafts, music and games in St Mary's Church. £2 per head, booking essential as places are limited.

For more information or to book a place, email Penny Reader  
[penny.families@gmail.com](mailto:penny.families@gmail.com)

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

**St Mary's Informal Worship All-age service**

3rd August 5pm, St Mary's, Marlborough  
(with Children's tea at 4:30pm)

## Midweek Activities

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

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## Family news

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Congratulations are due to **Alison and Julian George** who welcomed their first great grandchild Freddie recently. He lives in Kent with his parents and has enjoyed meeting all his family.

Tribute to **David Hicks** on page 27.

**Naomi Painter**

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# Orchids

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Orchids grow in every country of the world except Antarctica. Worldwide there are around 18,500 different species of which 50 are found in the United Kingdom. There are four times as many orchid species as mammal species.

The wild plants have been used to create hybrids of which there are some 120,000. These artificially bred orchids are the ones for sale in garden centres and their numbers increase by some 200 per month.

The Latin name for the family is Orchidaceae, derived from the Greek "Orchis" meaning "testicle". The roots have a resemblance to this organ and were called Ballockworts .

## SANDERS SLIPPER ORCHID



The flowers resemble humans as well as other animals. There are Monkey orchids, Greater Butterfly, Lesser Butterfly, Frog, Lizard, Bee, Late spider, Early

spider, Fly and Wasp orchids. Insects are attracted to the colour, shapes, scent or nectar of the flower. The flowers are also designed to prevent self pollination by a variety of techniques. For example, a male bee is attracted to the Mexican bucket orchid by a perfume P. The bee lands then gets trapped and pollinates the plant by trying to escape. Charles Darwin was so

fascinated by insect activity he wrote a book entitled "On the various contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are fertilised by insects and the Good Effects of Interbreeding."

It was the Victorians who brought orchids to modern attention. In particular James Bateman (1811 - 1882). He collected and travelled widely and with his wife developed Biddulph Grange house and gardens near Stoke.

Orchids can live for up to 100 years. They can be used for treating almost every ailment imaginable.

## THE BURNT TIP ORCHID WILTSHIRE'S COUNTY FLOWER

There are Coral Root, Fen, Bog, Military, Green winged, Musk, Spotted, Pyramidal, Heath Spotted, Narrow leaved Marsh, Fragrant, Dwarf and Loose flowered orchids. The Ghost orchid once thought extinct, reappeared in 2010. There are also species of blue orchids.



No orchids should be picked and though some are rare, most are more common than we think. All are fascinating.

**Allan Skipper**

Marlborough Gardening Association

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# Marlborough Churches Together

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**Usual Sunday Services Times:**

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**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)**

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.

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**FROM THE REGISTERS**

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**Departed** - We pray for the families of:

15/06/25            Colin Goldsmith (93), Aldbourne Nursing Home

St George’s, Preshute

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# Clergy Letter

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I recently loved preaching this verse at Emmanuel Church: ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners – of whom I am the worst’ (1 Timothy 1:15).

What a different man the author had started out as – not Paul but Saul, who launched a vicious persecution, throwing Christians into jail. What a hating, violent, self-righteous man Saul was! But then the risen Jesus stopped him in his tracks, forgave him and gave him a new identity. What amazing mercy, when God deals with us not as we deserve! Ever since I first received God’s mercy, forty years ago, I’ve stood under the sweet, refreshing, thundering waterfall of his mercy.

What a waterfall of loving mercy God poured out when Jesus came to save, not the self-righteous, but sinners! He died, ‘for sins once for all, the righteous for the unrighteous, to bring you to God’ (1 Peter 3:18).

What mercy the martyr Thomas Cranmer knew when he taught us to pray, ‘We do not presume to come to this thy Table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and

great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy Table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy’.

A detergent brand might advertise their product by washing clean the dirtiest garment. And if God’s mercy was big enough to save Saul, it’s surely big enough to save anyone who’ll humbly receive it – even us!

In the 16th Century, Christians in Heidelberg asked, ‘What must you know to live and die in the joy of comfort?’. They answered, ‘First, how great my sin and misery are; Secondly, how I am set free from all my sins and misery; Thirdly, how I am to thank God for such deliverance.’

May I say, let’s not be like the pharisee who boasted in Jesus’ parable. Rather, let’s be like the tax-collector who bowed his head and prayed, ‘God have mercy on me, a sinner!’ (Luke 18:13). For Jesus said he was the man who went home friends with God.

**Reuben Mann**

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# David Hicks

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The great characters are never replaced. There was no understudy waiting in the wings to take over for David Hicks. He was unique, which is why those who knew and loved him will cherish his memory.

Great character he certainly was. He could hold a room with his stories, or set it agog with the rendition of his song about how to make a Cornish Pasty, although I'm not sure he ever made one.

Many of his stories related to his nine years in the Royal Navy. He saw active service during the atomic bomb tests in the Pacific, in Korea, Aden and during the Suez crisis. Many a tale ensued from these experiences – and some may even have been true.

The story that he had a toe shot off by a sniper when he was sunbathing on the flight deck of the Ark Royal as she was passing through the Suez Canal may strain credibility, but Dave's mode of telling it convinced the most sceptical, as did his statement that he had been hauled up for insubordination so often that his uniform was full of holes from where he'd been stripped of his marks of achievement.

Yet insubordination can be a mark of loyalty, a desire to get things right and loyalty and commitment were Dave's stocks-in-trade. He was much involved in

the local community, particularly through the Marlborough branch of the Royal Naval Association that he helped to found. He led an annual pilgrimage to the grave of John Chivers, who served on HMS Victory at Trafalgar in West Overton.

Dave was a loving husband and father to Paul, Beverley and Candi, but his life had its great sorrows. His son Paul was killed in a road accident. His wife Anne died long before her due time. Later in life he married Sarah and became a revered father figure to Alex, Jason and Susie.

David died after a long illness with his extended family by his side. His faith and resilience were well expressed in the poem he chose for his funeral.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and  
Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see the pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

**Nick Fogg**

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