
TOWER_{AND}TOWN



St John's Edition

NOVEMBER 2020 50P

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TOWER AND TOWN

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St John's Edition

It has been a year like no other for our students at St. John's in Marlborough. COVID-19 has turned worlds upside down, uprooted us, and brought with it a new and challenging normality. The routine of school was broken and replaced with months of working from home, with new limits placed on students' lives.

In this month's edition of *Tower and Town*, I am proud to be able to showcase some of the writing our students have produced during recent months; their experiences multifarious and their writing equally so. For the readers of *Tower and Town*, I hope the writing in this edition offers an insight into what this historic time has been like for our young people. These pages capture a myriad of feeling; their writing is ponderous and introspective, aware of rising anxieties and growing frustration, full of longing and loss and gratitude.

I too am grateful. I am grateful to *Tower and Town* for carrying the voices of our students into the local community, and grateful to my fabulous student contributors, whose writing has been an undaunted light for me amidst the pandemic.

More of our students' writing will be printed in *Writing While the World Stands Still* an anthology of writing produced by students of St. John's Marlborough during lockdown. If you are interested in getting hold of this anthology, please do get in touch with me (lsankey@stjohns.excalibur.org.uk). Beyond this, you might take a look at our award-winning Newspaper, *The Granham Gazette* accessible through the school's website, in which our students continue to reflect and report on their ever-changing world.

Lauren Sankey, Editor

Cover by Hannah Sidey (year 10)

Covid-19 has created turmoil for all pupils, especially for the year 11 and 13 pupils who have had their exams cancelled. Georgina Donovan (Year 10) talked to those affected.

While talking to year 11s from St John's, a real sense of confusion and mixed emotions was apparent. There was relief, especially for those suffering with bad exam anxiety who would have struggled on the day, but also a sense of being robbed of a "rite of passage" and a "chance to prove" themselves. After all, what was the point of the last two years of hard work now they can't take the actual exams?

One pupil said to me: "I climbed a whole mountain just to walk off a cliff at the end!". I think this says it all.

A common concern was feeling like a fraud, that they will never truly deserve the grade they get. However, on the flip-side, for all the pupils who didn't work particularly hard for the mocks, knowing their grade won't reflect their true ability is upsetting. One student I talked to even finished their final art piece at home, pointing out it was such a waste not to complete it.

I asked them all: "If you could, would you still take your GCSEs?"

The overall consensus was no they wouldn't unless they felt it would significantly improve their grade. One person commented that it feels as if the moment has passed and they want to move on with their life.

I asked some pupils if they felt the school had been supporting them through lockdown and the responses I got were varied. For everyone who plans to attend the sixth form in September, however, there has been good provision of work and "taster lessons" to help them make decisions about subject choices.

Of course, the year 13s are affected just as much as the year 11s, if not more so. For many students, GCSEs are a pathway to A levels, with sixth forms and colleges willing to accept pupils on the basis of teacher assessment, but there is tremendous uncertainty for the year 13s planning to go to university this September. Will they still be accepted without A levels? Will they be able to cope on their own during these trying times? Will university life be as stimulating and motivating as they had hoped?

So what have all these students been doing with their extra free time? As expected, the number one response was, you guessed it... binge-watching Netflix! Others have used this time as an opportunity to organise their lives, after 16 years of being nagged to tidy their rooms the time had finally come. Some have explored their creativity by taking up a new hobby such as pottery, crochet, art, baking and

learning piano. Everyone is enjoying being able to relax, so it's not all doom and gloom.

The final question I posed was: “How was your last day and do you feel you got to say goodbye properly?”

The overwhelming response was that it had been very chaotic with everyone running around desperately trying to finish course work. Was this the apocalypse? The school was pretty empty with many pupils already absent due to concerned carers or health conditions, many missing the opportunity to say goodbye to friends who would not be returning to St John's. The school hastily put together an assembly, where emotions ran high. This was a valiant attempt to normalise the last day for year 11 and 13.

Although many pupils plan to have celebrations of their own when lockdown is lifted, they have missed out on a key experience. I am sure the rest of us wish all the year 11s and 13s the best of luck with their future endeavours.



Polly Baker (year 9)

If My Suitcase Were Stronger:

Becky Turner (Year 8)

If my suitcase were stronger...
I would put the whole world inside.
Not all of it: leave out death,
balloons going POP,
danger, darkness.
I would keep the rainbows,
the blue sky, the singing birds,
the countryside, its tall trees
and its clean air.

If my suitcase were stronger still,
I'd carry silence; extinguish traffic,
crying and screaming.
For them I would risk the world,
tip the suitcase and show them the way out.

And if there was not an inch of space left,
I would keep the peace
by carrying a spot of stardust
in my pocket.
A moonbeam in the fold of my jacket
and a rocket
for when we must travel to the ends of the Earth,
to give my suitcase to someone else.

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If My Bag Was Big Enough: Niamh Hourd (Year 9)

If my bag was big enough
I would bring:
the swaying waves of slender trees
and the peppered spots of twilight;
the restless night sky full of crystal stars
with another to share them with;
the delicate shell of a china egg
with signs of hope printed on its scars;
the flecks of silver running down tender leaves
and a crinkled basket to catch them in;
the sharp, crude laughter of chequered crow;
and the rift of sun kisses through the canopy.
If only I could bring all these things to you.
If only my bag was big enough.

From the Revd Pete Sainsbury:

Dear friends,

It is good to be settling in Marlborough after quite a long wait! My new post has been 'in the mix' since this time last year. The interview eventually came around in July and I started almost a month ago as Team Vicar and Worship Director in the Anglican Team.

My post is split between overseeing St George's Preshute as their vicar and working alongside rector Chris Smith across the town but especially in developing worship and music at a new Sunday evening worship gathering at St Mary's.

I'm looking forward to meeting you all in the coming months, and I'm sorry this won't be as straightforward as it might have been. I am praying with you and with countless millions for a Covid19 vaccination and the end to the loss and difficulties we face not only here in the UK but around the world.

Family-wise, I am married to Nance, and we have three children, 23, 20 and 15, complemented by an elderly black Labrador called Blue.

Every blessing for Advent and Christmas when it comes. We will celebrate, safely but appropriately!

The Colours Of Today: Charlotte Walker (Year 12)

Maybe you think the colour of today is grey.
But it isn't.
It is the intricacy of your iris against the blank of the white.
At first glance, it is grey, but every fleck, every spark is imprinted on my mind.
It is not grey.
It is the rumbling clouds of a storm in your mind, and shining silver when you smile.
It is cold and clear and pierces my soul.
Your iris is made up in hues of a storm;
There is silver and metal and a ring of gold, there are swirls of slate and indigo.

It is the inky mass of your dark hair, head bowed,
your mind invested in the task at hand.
But when the sun finally shines on those ebony strands you realise,
it is actually cedar, and umber, and wood – turned golden like the Tuscan sun.
But in the dark,
under sparkling stars,
it is midnight waves on the nape of your neck.

It is the faded iron of your ring, that bands the finger of your right hand.
That band seems grey, but it is not.
The hammered metal sparks in the lights of the stars that night –
you know the one I mean.
That band was no longer iron and cold,
but was made solely of shadows and light.

It is the bronzed glow of the skin on your arms.
Honey and almond and
flecks of white scars.
It is more than this though.
It is the slowly purpling bruises across your knuckles and
the labyrinth of teal and azure and olive beneath your skin.
It is the dusting of flaxen freckles that only arrive in the late summer.

It is the ivory of the shirt you wore when we last met.
Ten weeks ago; and yet,
not a day goes by when my mind isn't coloured by
thoughts of you and your white shirt.

Today is all the colours I cannot see.
It is all the colours that make up you.

It is not grey.

In Lockdown I Have Noticed... :

Imogen Granger. (Year 7)

The way the biscuit tin is never full for more than two days
and how many chocolate wrappers I have found stashed inside my brother's bin;

How my dad's hair
gets all curly when he hasn't been to the barbers,
although his mother thinks it makes him look sweet;

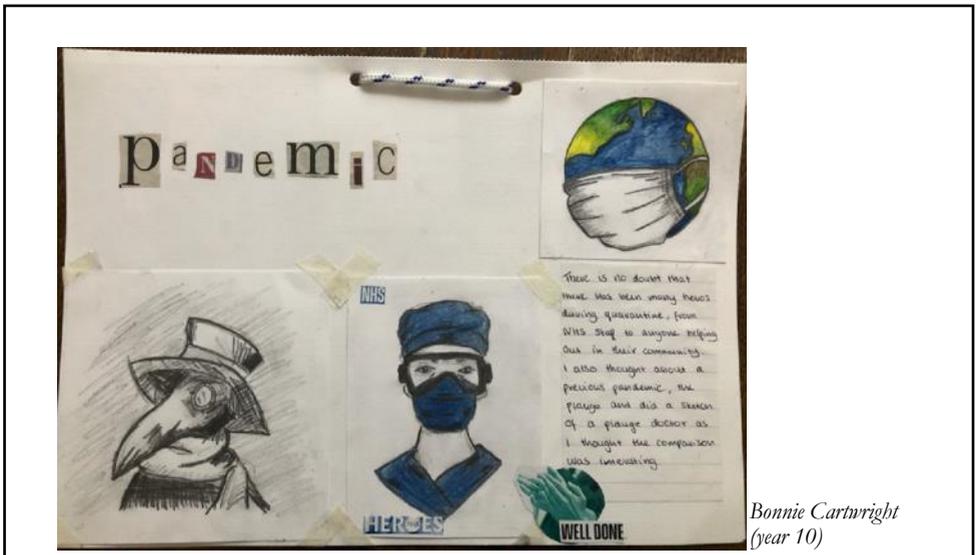
How much of our bickering
can float over the fence to our neighbours,
who argue so little we feel embarrassed;

How the cat
seems to cry every time she sees us in *her* house,
but leaves us little gifts all the same;

How the TV seems less important,
having been stared at for what seems like years,
replaying the same old stuff over and over;

How we are becoming sick of Mario Kart -
we would be simply overjoyed on a normal school day,
delighted at the opportunity;

How little we do when we aren't at school.
There's nothing to do
While COVID-19's still out there.



Bonnie Cartwright
(year 10)

A Sound Breaks The Silence:

Benjamin Mcnerney (Year 7)

It was still, stiller than ice. A bird flew overhead, its wings clapping. It came to land on a bush not far from where I stood. Flapping its wings once or twice to make itself comfortable. A swarm of gnats circled quietly about my hat in the lamplight.

The occupants of the house next door started clapping, so did we, shattering the peaceful aura of melancholy silence, enveloping the houses.

My hands were slowly warming up from their former icy condition, although, my nose was extremely cold. A large insect flew past my left ear.

Pretty soon the entire hamlet was clapping, there was a loud POP, and a shower of gold rain lit up inky black sky. There was a fizz and a pop and a bang. A large bird, frightened by the loud noises, zoomed over the hedge, shrieking wildly. There was whistling, and shouting, and more fireworks. There was another shower of gold rain.

We were still clapping.

A gust of wind rustled the leaves of the trees above my head. A cricket jumped onto my leg, and a cat, purring like a motorbike, curled around my ankles. A car rushed by on the road, its horn blaring.

We were still clapping.

Another downpour of gold rain lit up the dark sky. My ears were getting cold, so I paused and readjusted my scarf. Some bats were flying overhead, dipping and diving. I shivered; I was absolutely freezing. Bang, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, whizz, went the fireworks, covering the sky with blue and white stars.

We were still clapping.

Another car rushed by, leaving the night blacker than before, as the swathes of light dissipated on my retinas. There was a loud bang, from the fireworks, as a large downpour of blue and white rain, filled the sky.

We were still clapping.

The village dogs were barking, and a cat flew over the wall and scrambled up a tree. A train rushed past; its windows little pinpricks of light against the sky.

Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, BANG. Yet another shower filled the sky. BANG, BANG, BANG!

One Student's Experience Of Remote Learning:

Jude Anderson (Year 10)

“Does anyone not understand?” That dreaded question... The crackle of unmuted mics ring out alongside the constant ping of class messages. A minute of radio silence fills headphones. Welcome to Microsoft Teams remote learning! It's a waiting game, waiting until someone plucks up the courage to unmute the mic and speak. It's awkward. Awkward in a sense that you know everyone is thinking the same thing, just waiting for someone to answer so we feel comfortable to raise our own question. The teacher forges on, speaking endlessly about a PowerPoint that appears fuzzy on screen whilst students try to get their attention so it can be sorted.

All over the country kids are facing working in the controlled environment of their own homes awaiting the green light to return to school. For the past few weeks, after the initial excitement of working from home, I know that all I have been waiting for is the announcement of a return to school.

By no means has remote learning been bad. Definitely not easy, but not bad. At first the change from a teacher and classmates to myself and my laptop was strange. Without the ability to chat to a friend beside myself or raise a hand to ask a question, all sense of 'normalness' had gone, dissipated, replaced with endless googling and searching through revision texts. The new normal is messaging friends on electronics, asking if anyone got the work set, or if they'd managed to work out what the work means. Being with just a laptop and its fluorescent glow is a change for us all, no matter what age. As the weeks have gone on, I started to get used to the new routine. That was until the Microsoft Teams meetings started...

The meetings are generally helpful. They give you back the opportunity to talk to others, teachers, and friends alike, it reminds you this is all part of something bigger. Of course, it did not originally occur to me that this 'something bigger' would require a disruption of my sleep schedule and the first proper outfit of lockdown. Granted, normal school started at 8.40am, but do not expect me to be awake enough to be on camera at half past nine these days! Not only do we have to ensure that we are presentable for camera, we must wake up even earlier to make certain that the area we are filming in is 'presentable and neat'! Another hard thing about lockdown has been online exams. The expectation that Year 10 and Year 12 would be able to complete a week of online exams with no IT meltdowns and the self-confidence to do our best was perhaps a taster of how GCSEs and A Levels in 2021 could be. Let's hope not. The first exam I did, I had to email the

tech desk, maths support and my class teacher before I even saw my exam paper. Eventful? Yes. Desirable? I think not.

For many students, learning in lockdown has been a struggle. With the lack of resources remote learning provides, many feel at a loss how to get stuck into a set task. Simple tasks like taking notes from a PowerPoint have suddenly become monumental challenges causing a loss of motivation towards the work.. A motivation desperately needed when working from home. In a classroom we'd have a class discussion to cover any gaps in our note taking. This is now gone. The support we've grown accustomed to has dispersed. Some find it hard to decide how much time to take on a piece of work. I think this whole experience has shown how differently people work and learn.

Home schooling has definitely been an adventure - an experience which I doubt many outside our generation will face for a long time. An adventure that we shall continue to plough through with the return of something like 'normality' in sight. The sooner we get back to school the better.

I Didn't Know I'd Miss... :

Susannah Whiston (Year 7)

I didn't know I'd miss the strangers on my bus,
The buzz of the canteen, the friends that make up "us".
I didn't know I'd miss the wraps they sell at lunch
That melt away in your mouth; but have a satisfying "munch".
I didn't know I'd miss the jostle out of the classroom;
Year 7s would be more patient, most people would assume.
I didn't know I'd miss some of my favourite lessons,
For me, a lot of those were hour-long English sessions.
I didn't know I'd miss the "forbidden" sixth-form stairs,
Not really forbidden, because they're something the school shares.
I didn't know I'd miss the legs sticking out in the corridor,
Sometimes you'd think they were *trying* to knock you to the floor.
I didn't know I'd miss the disappointment of a bad test,
That moment when you know your score is worse than the rest.
I didn't know I'd miss the whole idea of school,
But now I look back, I think maybe it's quite cool...

I Didn't Know I'd Miss:

Niamh Hourd (Year 9)

I didn't know I'd miss
the smell of musty parchment paper,
in a world full of books
free to sit
and climb into the pages:
a looming tower of different worlds
just a read away.

I didn't know I'd miss
the sight of bustling crowds,
a nest full of ants,
scattered,
each with their own story to tell.

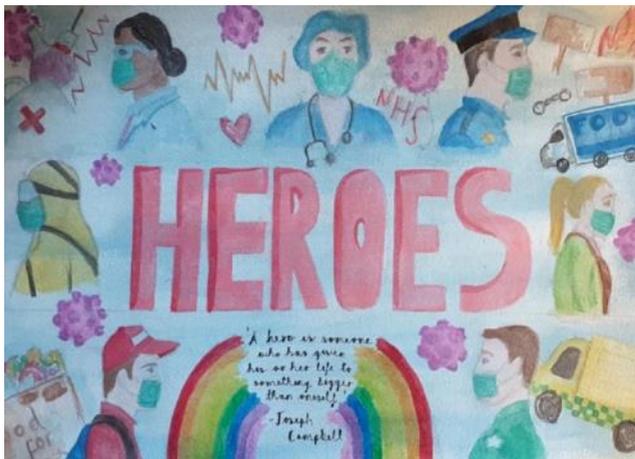
I didn't know I'd miss
the touch of another's hands
without fear or surprise
but in normality of the gesture.
The rough woven crinkles,
of somebody else's story.

I didn't know I'd miss
the taste of sweets in town,
the freedom of the sugar,
surrounded by laughing friends
and the many coffee shops we'd go to
where we'd enjoy each other's company.

I didn't know I'd miss
the sound of church bells ringing
to signify someone's happy day,
a wedding or maybe a christening,
and the parade of flowers and
bouquets,
we used to watch with curiosity.

I didn't know I'd miss
the liberty of these senses.

And how I used to think,
that my life was a bit boring.



Eddie Liddiard
(year 10)

On a bright, crisp November afternoon, there is no better place for a wintry walk than Fyfield Down, accessed from the car park at the end of the road that leads north from the A4, almost opposite the turning into Manton.

From the car park, head along the main track for about half a mile and then turn left though the gate warning of “Bull in Field”. By this time of the year the cattle have usually been taken off the Downs and you should have the valley to yourself. Keeping the fence line on your left, drop down into the valley bottom and then turn right to the area littered with sarsen stones.

If you are lucky, you should encounter flocks of fieldfares and redwings, winter migrants from Scandinavia. Fieldfares are large thrushes, identified in flight by their distinctly pale grey rumps and vigorous “chacking” calls. Always restless, the flocks scour the fields for invertebrates and when the ground freezes, they gorge on the red berries of hawthorn, holly or dog rose.

Smaller and much more discreet is the redwing. Perched birds show a bright rufous crescent along the flank but the redwing’s name actually comes from the large patch

Fieldfare of rufous chestnut across the underwing which is only visible in flight. Redwings are nervous characters; at first signs of danger they retreat into trees and they will usually move along a hedge line well in advance of walkers.

In an average winter, over a million of each of these thrush species will arrive in Britain. Hard frosts push them west and when conditions are really tough they come into urban gardens, scavenging for windfall apples or the berries of cotoneaster and pyracanthus.

Redwing

As the evening draws in and the thrushes head to roost, another ornithological drama begins to unfold in Delling or Wroughton Copse. Jackdaws and rooks, returning from feeding all over the Marlborough Downs, have been quietly massing in the surrounding fields, mostly on the ground, some posted as sentries to spot potential danger. Just before dark, huge flocks lift off and head for the trees where battle commences for the best roosting sites. A cacophony of cawing finally subsides as the colony of corvids settles for the night and a blanket of darkness descends over the ancient sarsen stones.

The Biggest Apple In The World: Jonathan Hinks

Once upon a time, in a land far away, a tall handsome man and a pretty petite lady were walking along by a canal. They had not got very far when they met an elderly lady carrying a very large apple too big to fit into her coat pockets. “Where did you get that huge apple ? “ the couple enquired. “ Further along the canal at the cottage by the lock” she replied. “There are more there if you are interested”.

The couple were indeed interested – so much so that they continued beyond their planned destination in order to visit the cottage. When they got there they found three very big apples beside a notice saying “Free apples”. They debated how many of the apples they could reasonably take and decided that it would be greedy to take three but acceptable to take two.

Each carrying an apple, they set off the way they had come and had not gone far



when they met a family coming towards them. “What big apples those are” they remarked. “Where did you get them ? “. “They came from the cottage by the lock further along” the couple said. “There was a third apple which might still be there”. The family increased their pace but the fate of the remaining apple is not known.

The couple dined on stewed apple (Grenadier variety) for several days to come.

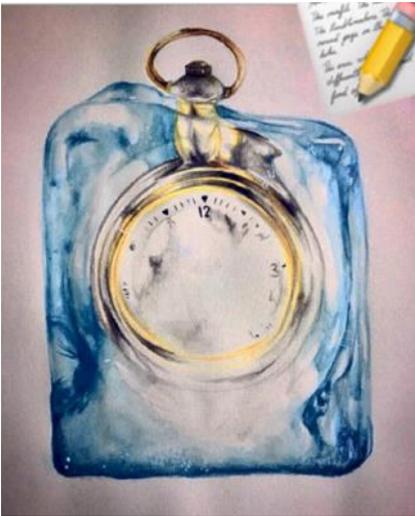
[Ed: Although dressed up as a Fairy Story, this piece describes actual events on the towpath of the Kennet and Avon Canal near Great Bedwyn on 26 September, 2020.]



Jain-Ling Yu (year 10)



Isaabella Paxton (year 13)



Freya Paul (year 10)



Georgina (year 10)



Lily Wyatt (year 13)

[Ed: These works can all be viewed full size and in colour in the Archived Articles section of the website]

Some books lie around in the shop for weeks while I circle around looking at them out of the corner of my eye. Then when I take the plunge and read them I don't know what took me so long. This month's treat for me was **The Truants** by Kate Weinberg. A whodunnit in a university setting, it's about obsession, dysfunction, suspicion and, obliquely, Agatha Christie. Slickly plotted and predictable until suddenly it isn't, I can see why it's been talked about in the same breath as Donna Tartt's *The Secret History*. It stands up well to the comparison, and is likely to end up on the bookshop's 'Recommended' shelves.

You wouldn't imagine that the world needs another book about John F Kennedy, but Fredrik Logevall has produced a fresh and readable biography of this most mythologised of presidents. If you know nothing about **JFK**, the book sets out his early life up to his decision to run for president. If you do know about the Kennedy family, the energetic, amoral father, pious mother and nine siblings, this biography will have few surprises, but Logevall takes a clear look at JFK, his relaxed charisma and his much less appealing qualities – selfish carelessness and a fascination with political manoeuvring which was not always backed up with genuine conviction. On balance though, the author argues the case for JFK being much more his own man than some biographers have shown us, despite the undeniable advantage of the family wealth.

I'm looking forward to **Pandora's Jar** by Natalie Haynes, which examines the female characters in Greek mythology, looking at the way the stories have been retold over the centuries. Natalie Haynes is a novelist, highly entertaining broadcaster and classicist, and her wit and knowledge give a fresh and scholarly perspective to the stories we (think) we know.

For children, **The Good Thieves** by Katherine Rundell is an adventure story about righting wrongs. In 1920s New Yorker Vita discovers that her grandfather has been swindled out of his home and all his worldly belongings. Vita meets a group of talented children and persuades them to help her bring about justice. Fun, exciting and all about how working together achieves results.

One thing I've been missing greatly over the past few months is train travel. I know you can still physically do it, but for obvious reasons, it's not something I've personally attempted...staring at my 16-25 railcard withering away before me. The carefree days of catching the train from the sunny side of the platform at Andover Station heading straight into Waterloo seem somewhere stuck in the past. Being a country girl with an alarming Wiltshire lilt (!), but having parents who are from the Big Smoke, I've always felt it necessary and hugely enjoyable to 'dress up' when heading to London. It's like going to the theatre – one must make an effort!

The way we dress is directly influenced by what is happening socially, economically, politically and culturally. Travelling has changed oodles in the last 100 years, not least because of what we wear and how we dress when making a journey. Air travel is generally no longer viewed as 'luxurious.' The days of dressing like Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart at the end of *Casablanca* as their plane gets ready to depart are a thing of the past. I've noticed when flying anywhere that people do not make an effort to look smart when they travel, unless of course they are 'going on' somewhere smart as soon as the plane lands. It's a shame, because jogging bottoms, hoodies and trainers will never make heads turn. It's not crazy though, because we do all want to feel relaxed and comfortable when we're travelling, particularly on a long haul flight when you're sat in the same position for ten hours looking at a screen.

Thinking about dress history and air travel, I discovered that the Italian born, innovative and exciting fashion designer Elsa Schiaparelli (1890-1973)



designed a collection of flight clothes, including a woollen suit for Amy Johnson, the first female pilot to fly solo from London to Cape Town in 1936. Alongside this, Schiaparelli also designed a postage stamp-patterned blouse, again, denoting travel and adventure for Johnson's wardrobe collection for her flight to South Africa. This professional relationship as well as individual achievement was pioneering and inspirational. I marvel at the fact both of these women were supporting and inspiring one another to break new ground. Furthermore, the mere fact



that a haute couture designer wanted to make a statement about a young woman making a solo flight across two continents should be applauded and acknowledged.

Looking Ahead...

The London Transport Museum has reopened and if you have not visited, I highly recommend this museum not least because it houses the iconic Routemaster buses, but because they also have a wonderful selection of vintage travel posters. (The museum's website has all the latest information about visiting.) <https://www.ltmuseum.co.uk/>

The **V&A** has an upcoming exhibition called *Bags: Inside Out* opening on Saturday 21st November 2020. Again, all the information about visiting can be viewed on their website. <https://www.vam.ac.uk/>

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"The Rosebourne Way"



Rob Bayley, General Manager of Rosebourne Garden Centre, Weyhill, Andover, will talk to us about the garden centre and how to prepare our gardens for winter.

Wednesday 4th November 2020 at 7.30pm

This event will be a normal but brief W.I. Meeting followed by the Talk and Presentation after which there will be a **question and answer session**.

It will be a Zoom Virtual Meeting, and for this purpose, please contact our President, Vicky Sullivan to register your attendance and to receive the necessary joining invitation which will be emailed to participants prior to the event:-

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Please register your attendance before **Friday 30th October 2020**.

We do hope you will join us!

GUESTS ARE MOST WELCOME TO JOIN US: A voluntary donation of £4.00 is welcome from Guests and preferably to be paid online to us or by a cheque payable to Marlborough W.I.

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.” Jeremiah 29:11

Having served in three different boarding schools on two separate continents, I continue to see my chief role in the post as ‘critical friend’ and confessor to the four Headmasters for whom I have worked. That vantage point is unique and certainly a privilege. I know second-hand the trials and tribulations of their job; I can see its loneliness, especially when a tough and unpopular decision has to be made.

Just as in talk about politics, everyone is an expert and everyone can do your job better than you. But only the Headmaster has the complete picture. Too often someone doing the complaining forgets that. Only the Head has the perspective that allows them to make an accurate decision because they can see all the facts and circumstances surrounding a situation.

When I refereed American rules football every fan and player was the worst critic of those penalty calls that had to be made and which only could be made because of our position and perspective on the field of play. If there was a ‘hold’ off the ball, few would see it because they were watching the action. But still my little orange flag had to come out and the penalty call had to be made. Bringing the ball back ten yards from the site of the infraction was often met with protest from the players and ‘boos’ from the fans. We had to stand by our call and enforce the rules, despite their lack of popularity.

It was too often forgotten that rules were there to ensure fair play and a good game, so that truly the best team would win.

I wonder if we don’t second-guess God sometimes in the same way. We too often forget that God has a plan – a plan to give us hope and a future. Our perspective is limited in ways that aren’t for our Creator.

In the Academic world anyone writing a PhD thesis knows that part of the research has to recognise ‘positionality’. Who the candidate is, in terms of their background and even socio-economic situation, needs to be declared so that natural bias can be considered with regards to the findings. So much of what we see is all about who we are. We find what we’re looking for. With a rather glum view of human behaviour, psychologists call this a ‘negativity bias.’

I need to remember this truism the next time I’m inclined to criticise someone in a leadership role or someone who is called upon, routinely, to make a judgement about something. It’s easy with hindsight to

cont. next page

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FROM THE REGISTERS

Funerals - we pray for the family of:

9 September – Inge Marga Margarete Thompson (92)

Marlborough Lodge Care Home

North Wilts Crematorium, Royal Wootton Bassett

Clergy Letter cont.

make decisions, but the real challenge is being in the middle of the fray and having to make the call.

Although it sometimes doesn't feel like it, the universe is unfolding as it should and God is 'carrying out in tranquillity the plan for our salvation.' We mustn't ever forget that, especially with a perspective as limited as our own.

Gillian Watson, of River Park (and formerly West Manton) Marlborough, passed away peacefully on 7th July 2020 with her family at her side, after a short illness.

Gillian, her husband, David, together with their family moved to Marlborough in 1985. She quickly became involved in the community and participated in a wide variety of groups. She was a director of the Jubilee Centre from 1999-2003. For several years she was chair of the Marlborough branch of the Women's World Day of Prayer. David and Gillian were the Mayor and Mayoress of Marlborough from 2001-2002. Both she and her husband were active members of the Local Conservative party. At Preshute church Gillian took part in services by reading the lesson and saying the prayers and she also organised the flower arranging rota. Her family would like to pass their thanks to her friends at the church who provided such great support and friendship to her.

Gillian enjoyed her time in Marlborough and her family will remember this period as probably the happiest in her lifetime. After a private family cremation service (broadcast via video) that took place in July, her family plan to hold a memorial service at Preshute once Covid-19 restrictions have eased to allow family and friends to attend.

Carol and **Tom Cridland** moved to Manton from Somerset in the summer of 1971. Tom had previously been based at Yeovilton in the Fleet Air Arm and when they moved he had just joined what was then BOAC.

Their son, then three and a half, went to the play-school in the village hall and was probably a founder member. Their daughter, five, went to Preshute school which was then half the size it is now.

Tom continued to fly with BOAC/BA until he retired for the first time. He then went to Singapore and flew with Singapore Airways for two years before coming home to fly with Virgin for a further two years before a final retirement - this time for good!

They loved living in Manton and appreciated having the convenience of Marlborough on the doorstep. They were glad they decided to settle in the area and, in retirement, enjoyed their garden and the company of very good friends in the village and surrounding area.

Tom passed away peacefully on July 17th 2020.

We send our condolences to the families of Gillian and Tom.



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News From The Churches

All Souls' - 1st November

The All Souls' Service will be available to watch live via youtube/Pp16MzCYQ0g on Sunday 1st November from 4pm.

Because of Covid restrictions, we are planning to offer alternative ways to mark this significant occasion. We are all aware that this year has been one of significant loss, due to the corona pandemic; loss of loved ones and colleagues; lost employment and income; normal school and further education; the closure of all our community events; reduced social activity; hoped for holidays; continued anxiety, and more. There will be a board up at the back of St Mary's Church from 31st October – 4th November where we can mark and remember. Remembering helps us live fully while 'holding' our pain/sadness. The board will be a focus where anyone can pop in and pin a picture, a poem, a ribbon, a prayer (anything that marks their remembering).

Remembrance Sunday - 8th November

This year because of the pandemic there will be no parade or mass gathering at the war memorial on Remembrance Sunday. Wreaths will be laid, but only by group and civic leaders, leaving in sixes from the Town Hall. However, even in these odd times it is still important that we pray for peace, remember those who died in war, and pray for those who serve in our armed forces.

To help the community mark Remembrance Sunday we will have a 'Lest We Forget' board at church from Tuesday November 2nd until after Armistice Day on November 11th. If people want to, they can pick up either a 'paper poppy' or a 'cross for peace' from St Mary's. This can be taken away and decorated or inscribed and then brought back to church and pinned on the board. We hope with dozens of crosses and poppies this will be a striking memorial.

Marlborough Quakers: <http://www.marlboroughquakers.org.uk/>

Continue to hold Meetings for Worship using Zoom. There will be a live meeting on Sunday 15th November at 10.30am in the Friends Meeting House. Please contact Rachel Rosedale (512205) for more details.



Christchurch: <http://christchurchmarlborough.org.uk/>

For details of November services please check the church website : christchurchmarlborough.org



St Thomas More: <https://marlboroughandpewseycatholics.org.uk/notice-board/>

Worship services continue at St Thomas More with:-

Mass Sunday at 11am

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Saturday at 10am

Thursday at 6pm

Holy Family , Pewsey Mass on Friday at 12 noon & Saturday at 6pm

[Marlboroughandpewseycatholics.org.uk](https://marlboroughandpewseycatholics.org.uk)



Emmanuel Marlborough: <https://www.emmanuelmarlborough.org/>

Our regular Sunday Services in November are on Sundays, 3.30pm at Christchurch Marlborough. Free Parking available on the High Street or Parade. For more information, contact office@emmanuelmarlborough.org

Explorers A kids club for ages 7+. Fun, games, tuck and a short Bible Talk! All leaders DBS checked. Fridays 6-7.15pm during term time, meeting at the Wesley Hall, Oxford Street, Marlborough. For more information, contact explorers@emmanuelmarlborough.org

CY Our youth bible study group for ages 11+. Fortnightly on Sundays, 4.30pm at Christchurch Marlborough. For more information, contact reuben@emmanuelmarlborough.org.



Beyond the Big C : Hope in the face of death

Thursday Nov 19th at 8pm

(An interview with Jeremy Marshall). Join us online to hear Jeremy connect his experience of faith in the face of terminal cancer to the current coronavirus situation and to ask him your questions. All welcome! RSVP to

office@emmanuelmarlborough.org to join in via Zoom, or watch the interview live at <https://youtu.be/CGbxEN9fzk8>

Marlborough Anglican Team Worship: www.marlboroughanglicanteam.org.uk/

Weekly Zoom communion service at 9am.

1st, 8th, 22nd and 29th led by Mark Philps.

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/8536813793> Meeting ID: 8853681 3793

15th led by Chris Smith. Please contact Chris for details.

Live worship continues with



Holy Communion Services:

St John the Baptist, Minal at 9am on the 1st Sunday of the month (Nov 1st)

St George's, Preshute at 10.30am on 2nd and 4th Sunday of the month (Nov 8th & 22nd)

St Mary's, Marlborough at 10.30am on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of the month (Nov 1st & 15th)

Nov 29th is the 5th Sunday there will be communion at all three churches.

More details in the church notices or website: [https://](https://www.marlboroughanglicanteam.org.uk/)

www.marlboroughanglicanteam.org.uk/

Morning Worship Services:

St John the Baptist, Minal at 9am on 3rd Sunday of the month (Nov 15th)

St George's, Preshute at 10.30am on 1st and 3rd Sunday of the month (Nov 1st & 15th)

St Mary's, Marlborough at 10.30am on 2nd and 4th Sunday of the month (Nov 8th & 22nd)

Wednesday prayer meetings:

8am in St Mary's Church and in the afternoon via a zoom meeting at 5pm.

Prayer support is available for individuals or for your loved ones. Please contact the clergy, in confidence, see page 21

Please do be praying for our world and the church at this time.

MAPAG

Will hold a zoom meeting on **Monday 2nd November** at 5pm. Log on details from Rachel Rosedale (512205). Cash donations towards Christmas Hampers are welcome : please contact Rachel.



Marlborough Churches Together Fraternal

meet on **Wednesday 4th November** , 12.30pm. Please contact the clergy if there is anything you would like raised at the meeting.



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