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TOWER_{AND}TOWN

THE MAGAZINE OF MARLBOROUGH'S COMMUNITY AND CHURCHES

NUMBER 676 NOVEMBER 2017



St John's Edition

This year's contributions are perhaps more loosely linked than those seen in previous St John's editions. Yet the link is undeniably there for, regardless of tone, genre and subject matter, each of them questions, explores or exemplifies some element of human nature.

We begin with Lily Beveridge's delightful story *My Dad is a Vampire*, followed by Elizabeth Loudon's beautiful, thought provoking poem, *The Fisherman*. Emily Coplestone's haunting piece, *Eyes*, with its bleak, vivid imagery, explores the terrible ordeal faced by a soldier fighting on the front line. Sadly there is no room for Lily Beveridge's lengthy *The Seven* about memory and the pain of loss but it can be read in the online edition of *Tower & Town*. *The Fisherman*, already mentioned, also picks up these themes. Austin Wilson wrestles manfully with conflicting responses to the question he poses himself, while Izzabella Coombes explores the worrying trend of young models who are *Dying to be Thin* – not just in the metaphorical sense – and the effect that the demands of the catwalk have on body image and emotional stability.

So what makes us human? Well, for me, what makes us human is the spark of creativity that equips us to produce such richly varied pieces as these..

Alongside our main theme, Gabriella Venus reflects on the LitFest and reviews the latest art exhibition at the White Horse Gallery, while a book review and an account of the parish retreat at St Non's complete the issue.

It has been a pleasure, as ever, to work on this month's edition; I hope you enjoy our contributions.

Georgie Hibberd - Editor

Cover collage: 'Man & Art' reflecting this month's articles

Compiler: Peter Noble

Proof readers: Mike Jackson, Julia Peel

My Dad is a Vampire Lily Beveridge

My mum is the bravest woman in the whole world. I hate spiders and she catches all of them, even the big black ones with hairy legs. Everyone at school has very tall dads who catch spiders but my very short mum has always caught ours.

Last week we had to move house. I don't think Mum wanted to because she cried when she said goodbye to Simone down the road. I don't mind though, because Mum said I can paint my new bedroom silver and I don't have any friends to say goodbye to anyway.

Janey Stepson in Year Six told everyone that my dad is a bloodthirsty angry vampire with mega fangs and nobody wants to come round to play anymore. I tried to explain that nobody ever sees my dad because he isn't at home but now everyone thinks he's even more of a vampire because I said that. I went home crying every night for ages because everyone used to push me in the playground and make funny faces. Mum got so mad at Janey's mum because of that. She marched to the headmistress's office and I heard her shout 'this just isn't acceptable!' exactly twenty-two times through the big wooden door.

I like our new house. Mum promised she would buy me some big pots of paint as soon as she had enough money, but for now we have stuck a few sparkly Christmas stars on my bedroom door.

'Mum?' I said, peeking round the door.

'Yeah, Simone hold on,' she said into the phone receiver and put her hand over the bottom of her mobile phone.

'What's up Luce?' she said to me gently, holding out her hand to me. I grabbed it and pulled myself onto her knee, smelling her fluffy jumper. Mum always smelt like jasmine and safe places and warm hugs.

'I'm worried about tomorrow Mum, I'm bad at making friends!'

She wrapped her arms around me and murmured, 'I think it's probably because your dad is a vampire with mega fangs.'

'Mum!' We both started to giggle. Mum really made me laugh. She always called me Trouble Monkey and sometimes she tickled me at breakfast and made me spill my chocolate milk.

I woke up to get ready for school and thought about Janey Stepson. I bet her mum isn't as good as my mum and that's why she isn't very nice. My mum said that not everyone is brought up on the same advice. I'm probably nicer than Janey because my mum tells me that a cup of chocolate milk in the morning makes my heart extra kind. Janey once told me that she has porridge for breakfast. Yuck. Her heart

is probably made of wholegrain oats.

‘Mum?’ I turned away from the car window to look at her.

‘Yeah?’ She glanced at me and then flicked her eyes back to the road.

‘What if this is a big school of Janeys?’

She sighed, ‘Luce, in this big bad world there will always be more Janeys than Lucys. That means that the Lucys have to try extra hard to smile when the Janeys try to make them stop.’

We pulled up in the school car park and Mum’s phone began to ring. She glanced down at her mobile and back at me.

‘Er, Luce I need to get this. Hold on.’

Mum picked up. ‘Hello.’ She spoke in a frustrated, no nonsense tone. ‘No. Yes. It’s Lucy’s first day. I can’t. Yes. Nope. Bye.’

‘Who was that?’ I was confused because Mum usually had a happy phone voice; she always laughed and smiled when she spoke to her friends, she said she was excited to hear their voices. She blew a big kiss in my direction and waved me out of the car.

School finished at 3:30pm. I stared at the clock. 3:47. 3:59. 4:37. The time ticked past, like sea waves ticking and tocking at the beach shore. Mum...where are you!

Mum!

4:55. 5:01. 5:07.

Suddenly at 5:12pm, she ran through the door.

‘Where have you been!’ I shouted at her, tears in my eyes. ‘You scared me Mum! I thought you weren’t coming to get me.’

‘Oh Trouble Monkey’ she sighed, ‘I am so sorry, I have something we need to do.’

At home, the moment I walked into our kitchen, something felt wrong. There was someone sat at the table who I’d never met before.

‘Lucy this is your...father.’

I gasped: he didn't have mega fangs. He had happy eyes that twinkled in the light and a big smile with pearly white teeth.

‘My dad?’ I looked at him with a furrowed brow. ‘You don't look like the dad in my head.’

He frowned. ‘What was I supposed to look like?’ Mum and I looked at each other and started giggling. I put my hands up and bent my fingers to mimic claws, opening my mouth and revealing my teeth, I narrowed my eyes and hissed.

‘You were meant to look like a bloodthirsty angry vampire with mega fangs!’ We shouted in unison, in fits of laughter. Another thing my mum taught me; when you are worried, laugh it off. My mum is the bravest woman in the whole world and she's always laughing.

The Fisherman

I could not get to the hospital when
you died; when taking a breath was too hard.
In the January cold your heart stopped and
returned to the world of water meadows.
Trout now hold it in the river shallows
like treasure, buried deep, where it will lie
enfolded by endless days of damsel-fly
drift and the soft silence of memory.
The loss in me knows that the heart of you
remains weed-wrapped in the swirl of water
where chalk streams cross the Hampshire fields.
Here a fisherman casts his line, standing
without movement in the River Test,
and sunlight catches a ghost in the mist.

Tower and Town extends its warmest congratulations to Georgie Hibberd, this month's editor, on the birth of her baby Betsy Florence.

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The night loomed like a vulture over a carcass. Heavy, dark and endless, while the fire danced like a feather on the wind. I walked along the duck boards. They creaked and moaned like the bones of a weary cart horse under my frozen feet. I smelt the familiar aroma of smoke on the breeze and coughed as the charred taste invaded my mouth. As I felt my hands begin to shake in my pockets, I turned back towards the dancing flames. They climbed high into the night sky, licking the air with fiery forked tongues.

In the fire I saw some sort of gargoyle, perhaps something that had once sat proudly on the stair banisters of a grand house, grinning away while the skirts of grand ladies cascaded down the stairs. Whatever it was, wherever it had come from, it made good firewood. Its devilish face was blackened by the fire, but its eyes glower, red like burning embers. It was so unnatural, so very grotesque and horrid in the way it looked, in the evil it made me feel inside. But somehow, this flaming gargoyle of the night carried with it a certain touch of beauty, like the silhouette of a dead tree. It carried with it great power, that little gargoyle, and I stared at it profoundly until I could not bear to look at its sly face any longer. I reached out to take it, to thrust it deep into the fire where I couldn't see it, but before I even got close, the heat from the roaring fire burnt my dirtied hand. Large red welts started to form across my palm; it was unlike any burn I'd ever had before. My pale skin had blistered and begun to peel so quickly, like sunburn. I plunged my hand into a nearby bucket that overflowed with rainwater; I let out a sigh as the pain subsided, and the icy water numbed my hand.

I turned back to the gargoyle and watched as it crumbled away into smouldering ash, its body falling apart, piece by piece. But those two terrible eyes still remained, burning as hot and as strong as ever. Behind my closed eyelids I still saw them. Still glowing in the dark, dark night. I sought sanctuary, hoping to find it if I did ever manage to drift off, but even under sleep's gentle hold, the gargoyle found me. He invaded my dreams, turning deep slumber into restless sleep. I dreamt I was dead. Lying out in no man's land, eyes wide open, mouth aghast in a permanent, silent scream. But my eyes were not my eyes. They were the eyes of the gargoyle. Red, glowing, hot, and the skin around those terrible eyes was burned and blistered like my hand.

I woke with a start to see the fire dying. Just mottled embers glowing faintly orange, like a summer sunset. I reached out to grab what I thought was more fire wood, but instead, it was another gargoyle. And this one had a sickening grin forever carved into his face, as if achieving my insanity had created some personal

victory. Like it had won. I threw it; I threw it far. I watched it sail on into no man's land, where the craters and dead men were cloaked by the night. Hopefully it landed face down in some shell hole somewhere, or in a dank puddle. Maybe that could put out the fire in its terrible, terrible eyes.

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Dying to be thin

Izzabella Coombes

Since the '60s, the 'ideal woman' – as reflected in almost all media forms – has been getting slimmer and slimmer. In the last few years, there has been a noticeably rapid acceleration in the rate of change to what are considered 'desirable' body shapes for women. With the use of dangerously thin, size-zero models in the fashion industry, more and more women are comparing themselves to distorted and unrealistic body ideals. Female mannequins used in high street stores appear extremely underweight, putting further pressure on women to be unhealthily slim.

According to former Vogue Australia editor, models are under such pressure to be abnormally thin, they have resorted to eating tissue paper and starving themselves for days on end. Kirstie Clements, who edited Vogue Australia for 13 years, admitted it was not unusual for girls to become so malnourished that they had to be admitted to hospital and placed on a drip. The average runway model's BMI is typically below the World Health Organisation's thinness threshold and classed as medically dangerous for an adult - below BMI 16 - putting them at risk of a host of health problems. Every day women are exposed to manufactured and manipulated photos of extremely altered images of models. These pictures lower women's self-esteem and allow their views of body image to suffer, with the suggestion that media portrayal of images can promote anorexia and bulimia in women.

Consequently, women are constantly trying to cope with the effects of culturally induced body insecurity. During the past decade, eating disorders rose to levels previously never recorded. Anorexia, literally self-imposed starvation, is perhaps the most dramatic outcome of our culture's obsession with regulating body size; bulimia - eating normally (or bingeing) then getting rid of the food by vomiting - allows women to live apparently normal lives whilst in reality, they are unable to cope with the demands of normal everyday eating. An estimated 3.5 million women in Britain suffer from some form of eating disorder and at any one time, half of all British females are on a diet.

Continued p.16

If you came to see the astonishing exhibition by local wood engraver Simon Brett, then hopefully, you came to see the equally accomplished and intriguing work of his wife, Juliet Wood.

Titled *Music, Family, Beaches*, this collection of work focuses on subjects close to Juliet's heart. Working from sketches of musicians at concerts, family holidays at the beach and scenic pictures of her favourite spots, for example, the pier at Cromer, Juliet develops her work into either a pastel drawing or oil painting, as well as some giclée prints from the oil pastels.

The sketches of music concerts, choirs and duets are in oil pastel – the soft tones and textures created by this medium reflect the “constant flowing movement” Juliet refers to between the player, their instrument and each other.

A personal favourite, *Florian's*, gives a real sense of conviviality and Italian sumptuousness – the white awning, the lady tilting her head backwards elegantly smoking a cigarette, while a band play in the background echoes the vibrancy of St Marks Square in Venice.

The figurative oil paintings are memories of family holidays. They capture swimming in the sea, the crashing of waves and the spirit of summer at the seaside. The Sennen Cove oil pastel series show the rise and fall of a great mound made by family members in Cornwall.

The commissioned family portrait of Juliet's brother and sister-in-law, Antony and Hazel Wood, as well as her grandson Rex, are sub-



lime. Composed in oil pastel, Antony and Hazel's portrait foreshadows the literary background they both work in - Hazel is the co-editor of *Slightly Foxed*, and the first issue of the quarterly magazine can be seen in the background of the picture hanging on the wall. In the foreground are more *Slightly Foxed* magazines, as well as a pile of old and new publications by Angel Classics, of which Antony is the publisher.

Rex With Playing Cards was specially commissioned to go alongside an article for *The Artist* that showed the development of a portrait in its various stages.

This was a serene exhibition that rewarded repeat viewing. Each piece was evidently executed with love, devotion and true dedication to the subject.

Anthony & Hazel Wood

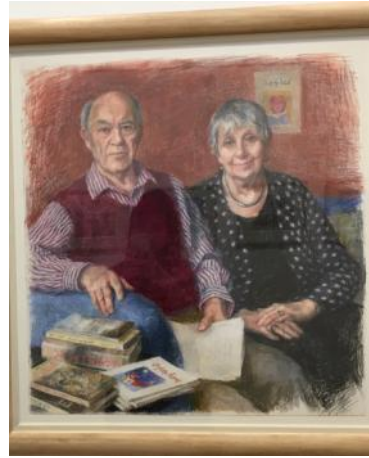
by Juliet Wood

Other pictures by Juliet Wood are featured on the front cover of this edition of *Tower and Town*,

The Harpist in oil pastels

and

Cromer Pier sketches



Book Review

Hugh de Saram

A Column of Fire by Ken Follett

Many readers will have taken great pleasure already from Ken Follett's 'Kingsbridge' novels, focusing as they do on what we surely think of as our very own Salisbury. His love of gothic architecture and the romantic stories he weaves around the building of Kingsbridge's great cathedral have already delighted a huge audience. So it was with eager anticipation that I opened the first page of *A Column of Fire*.

However, this third novel in the series is a little different. Rather than turning on the cathedral itself, it follows more closely the pattern of Follett's other engaging series, his 20th Century Trilogy, in that it focuses on a historical period, following the trials and tribulations of a nexus of families living through those times. In this case he is dealing with the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth 1 and James 1, and his theme is the vicious religious rivalry and bloodshed of that era. So we have burnings at the stake, the St Bartholomew's Day Massacre, Throckmorton and Babington, the Armada and the Gunpowder Plot. With such fantastic material, who could go wrong?

And yet... While his historical material is excellent, I was surprised more than once to find the plot unconvincing. There emerged also the bones of a formula that Follett seemed to have slipped into. The male hero is a bright lad, full of what it takes. He falls in love with a girl above his station and destined for a socially advantageous match. His only offspring comes through a passionate affair with a boorish aristocrat's wife. In short, the patterns are familiar from previous volumes.

Still, none of that stopped me racing greedily through, and I loved it for its historical sweep and for the reminder that this sceptred isle has survived many a dire time of threat.

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Money makes the world go around, doesn't it?

In the world we live in today, nothing would function as it does without one crucial element: money. Money gives humans this fundamental drive to work and earn. Without this drive, nothing would ever be accomplished. Cars, planes, boats, smart TVs, smart phones; none of this technology would have been manufactured if it weren't for money.

Ironically, money itself is worthless; it only holds value when converted into something else. Give two different people £1000 each, one will see a holiday in the Bahamas, while the other will see central heating. What makes money so enticing is its ability to project onto anything we desire. However, many of the things we desire in life are not offered for purchase and are often hard to obtain. For instance: loyalty, wisdom, respect, talent, and, above all, happiness. When you stop and consider how little money will get you, it's a puzzle as to why we are so obsessed with the stuff.

These paper notes we hold in our wallets play a big part in keeping order in society. When a person cannot buy what they want, he or she will take what they need by force. How will a mum of two feed her children when Tesco's suddenly refuse to accept the paper or plastic in her purse, in exchange for a chicken? When money doesn't work anymore, the population will become enraged at the abrupt worthlessness of a lifetime's worth of savings. Life will become a survival of the fittest.

I previously stated that the things humans desire in life are not purchasable with money, and are difficult to obtain. For most people in the developing world, this would be a fault preventing them from moving up in life. However, even in the most poverty-stricken areas on the planet, small numbers of people manage to acquire happiness in the saddest times; they manage to acquire talent without a coach and loyalty without a master. They acquire these things without money. So, I guess in some respects, money doesn't really make the world go around. If you can obtain the most cherished ingredients of what makes us human, without money, then your life just took a stroll down the right path; if you can live a healthy, happy life and appreciate what you have, even if it's not much, without complaining about what you want or what you don't have, then good things will come your way, I promise you.

To contradict myself again, money *is* a fundamental aspect of what makes us human. But let's face it, it's really not *that* important.

THERE WILL BE PEACE

There will be peace:
when attitudes change;
when self-interest is seen as part of common interest;
when old wrongs, old scores, old mistakes
are deleted from the account;
when the aim becomes co-operation and mutual benefit
rather than revenge or seizing maximum personal or group gain;
when justice and equality before the law
become the basis of government;
when basic freedoms exist;
when leaders - political, religious, educational - and the police and media
wholeheartedly embrace the concepts of justice, equality, freedom,
tolerance, and reconciliation as a basis for renewal;
when parents teach their children new ways to think about people.
There will be peace:
when enemies become fellow human beings.

David Roberts 1999

One of the joys of ministry is working in schools and this year I had the privilege of sharing at Baydon's harvest festival. The children (and their teachers) did an excellent job of creating a service that included fun and challenge. We listened to some light harvest songs and were challenged by the older children to think about the environment and food justice.

Remembrance Sunday also challenges us about issues of justice and peace, especially apt in these days of terrorist attacks.

As we reflect on this season of autumn with its harvests and its Remembrance and anticipate Advent, let us hold onto our Creator God and celebrate our shared humanity and commit ourselves to building peace and relationships in this place.

Every blessing,
Heather Cooper

What's on in November

Regular events

Every Monday

7.30pm: Christchurch. Marlborough Choral Society.

7.45-9pm: Bell-ringing practice at St George's, Preshute.

Every Tuesday

10-11.30am: Christchurch. Friendship Club.

2.45pm: The Parlour, Christchurch. Women's Fellowship.

7.30-9pm: Bell-ringing practice at St Mary's, Marlborough.

Every Wednesday

10am: Jubilee Centre. Drop-in, Tea/Coffee. 12.30 Lunch.

1.30-3.30pm: Town Hall. Sunshine Club for the over 55s.

7.30-9pm: St Peter's Church. Marlborough Community Choir.

7.30-9pm: Bell-ringing practice at St John's. Mildenhall.

2-3pm St George's, Preshute (*every 2nd & 4th Wed*) Teddy Prayers & Picnic. A service with tea & cakes for U5's & their carers.

Every Thursday (or some Thursdays)

10am: Jubilee Centre. Drop-in, Tea/Coffee. 12.30 Lunch.

10:30-12 noon: Kennet Valley Hall, Lockeridge. Singing for the Brain.

Alzheimer's Support. 01225 776481. (*Every Thursday during term-time.*)

1.30-3.30pm: Wesley Hall, Christchurch. Macular Society (*last Thursday in the month*).

2pm Mildenhall Village Hall. Marlborough Floral Club. £30 a year membership. £5 guest. 520129. (*1st Thursday in the month*).

Every Friday

10-12 noon: Christchurch Crush Hall. Food bank and coffee morning.

Every 2nd Saturday

10-12 noon: Library. Marlborough & District Dyslexia Association. Drop-in advice. Help line: 07729 452143.

November Calendar

1st (Wednesday)

7.30pm Wesley Hall, Oxford Street. WI. Talk by Joan Munden (nee Rolfe): 'Lilian Rolfe: Allied Secret Agent – World War 2'. Guests welcome.

2nd (Thursday)

8pm Theatre on the Hill, St John's SN8 4AX. Marlborough Brandt Group Harvest Lecture by Mark Goldring, Chief Executive, OxFam GB.

5th (Sunday)

7.30pm Kennet Valley Hall, Lockeridge. Film: 'Going in Style' (12A). £6

6th (Monday)

12 noon White Horse Bookshop. Talk by Henry Blofeld about his new book: 'Over and Out'.

2pm Kennet Valley Hall, Lockeridge. Embroiderers' Guild. Talk by Annie Hutchinson: 'Creature Making – Concept to Creation'. 861658.

8th (Wednesday)

7.45pm Wesley Hall, Oxford St. Gardening Association. Talk by Gill Hazell: 'Classic, Rare and Unusual Bulbs'

9th (Thursday)

7.30pm Town Hall. Movie Night: 'My Cousin Rachel' (12A). £5 in adv, £6 at door.

12th (Sunday)

7.30pm Marlborough College Chapel. Concert: The Sixteen. £20.

13th (Monday)

7.30pm Bouverie Hall, Pewsey. Pewsey Vale Arts Society. Lecture by Dr Tobias Capwell: 'Mars and the Muses: The Renaissance of Armour'. Guests welcome £7. 07775 683163.

15th (Wednesday)

12.30pm 40 St Martins. Widows' Friendship Group Lunch. All welcome 514030.

16th (Thursday)

6.00-8.00pm Mustard Seed. Ale, mince pies and talk on Dickens (see p.22)

7.30 pm St Peter's Church. History Society. Lecture by Michael Hart: 'The Awkward Place of World War 1 in German History'. Guests welcome £4.

20th (Monday)

11am Ellendune Hall, Wroughton. Kennet DFAS. Lecture by Ian Swankie: 'The Gleaming Spires of London – an armchair tour of London's finest buildings'.

Guests welcome £7. 01793 840790.

7.30pm Kennet Valley Hall, Lockeridge. National Trust Association: Lecture by Simon Butler: 'Hidden Histories – a tour of the Mediterranean'.

21st (Tuesday)

7.30pm Town Hall. Exhibition on Screen: 'David Hockney at the Royal Academy' £12 in adv, £14 at door.

27th (Monday)

8pm Town Hall. Marlborough Folk Roots. Concert by 'LAU'. £19 from Sound Knowledge, Hughenden Yard.

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Dying to be Thin continued...

2006 saw the death of Brazilian model Ana Carolina Reston, who was signed to an elite modelling agency. Weighing just 6st, her death was caused by complications arising from anorexia. Stemming from her first foreign photoshoot, the model was told that at eight stone she was too fat, destroying her confidence and resulting in her downward spiral into anorexia. Sadly, she was not the first model to lose her life as a result of an eating disorder during 2006. In August of the same year, at a fashion show in Uruguay, 22-year-old Luisel Ramos suffered a heart attack, thought to be the result of anorexia. Their deaths shone a spotlight on the way the fashion industry treats models, and more significantly, how destructive our current perception of female beauty can be.

In conclusion, the fashion industry is currently taking baby steps to remedy our perception of this harmful body image to a more realistic and healthy one. In 2015, France passed a law preventing models with a BMI of less than 18 being hired; designers and agencies found to be breaking this law can face a fine or a six-month prison sentence. Furthermore, stores such as Debenhams have begun using size 14 mannequins in their windows and shop displays. Also, the use of plus-sized models such as Ashley Graham in high profile campaigns such as Sports Illustrated, and H&M's Fall 2016 Studio (an Autumn fashion show) are tentatively moving in the right direction. Graham has also utilised her millions of social media followers to share her message of body acceptance.

These changes are but a small drop in the fashion ocean. Unless women and men make a stand against this disgusting and disturbing trend, some will be forever dying to be thin.

It seems barely a year since Marlborough LitFest 2016 and alas, this year's festival has been and gone all too quickly. Not only was this year's literary spectacle diverse, absorbing and entertaining, it was at times challenging and provocative.

Authors, writers, editors, translators, commentators, political reporters and an off-duty paramedic gathered in various venues across town to: discuss, interview, inform, entertain and enlighten audiences from Marlborough and further afield. Some of this year's highlights included the BBC's security correspondent Frank Gardner, Labour campaigner John O'Farrell, writer and television personality Will Self, children's author Jason Beresford, writer and film maker Xiaolu Guo, novelist David Mitchell, and poet Kayo Chingonyi.

To launch the 2017 festival, children from local primary schools took part in a flashmob on the steps of the Town Hall, performing a dance sequence inspired by the famous children's classic book, *Where the Wild Things Are* by Maurice Sendak. A wonderful buzz spread throughout the town over the festival weekend while people marvelled at the wonderful selection of books on display for sale in the Town Hall and at The White Horse Bookshop. As always, it was heartening to see so many children at the primary schools' event on the Friday, and also at the storytelling sessions held in the library and at the bookshop.

Fortunately, I had the opportunity to hear the talks presented at St Mary's Church Hall on the Saturday. Two talks in particular stood out for me – the first, Translation Duel with Rosalind Harvey and Daniel Hahn. This discussion focused on one particular text, Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years Of Solitude*, but also the complexity of language in general. If you are a translator, finding the right word to mirror an original sentence in a text, without losing perhaps the integrity, or humour, or sensitivity intended, is a mighty task! The talk emphasised the difficulty of language, inference and connotation, and how no two words can have an identical translated meaning. Xiaolu Guo was the other speaker who stood out for me. Her memoir, *Once Upon A Time In The East* talks about the struggles and constraints of language, identity and gender while growing up in China, and her escape to find freedom in the West. A truly interesting and inspiring woman whose previous work was shortlisted for the 2007 Orange Prize for Fiction.

It was a wonderful festival, and one that homed in on current social and political issues. There were great discussions, questions and interviews and stories being told. Another successful year of literary magic.

News from the Churches – November 2017

On **Wednesday 1st November** in Kennet Valley Hall, Lockeridge there will be a presentation by Gerry Lynch, Director of Communications, Diocese of Salisbury “Getting your church noticed” following on from the Marlborough Deanery Synod meeting at 7.30pm.



All Souls service will take place on **Sunday 5th November** at St Mary’s Church at 4pm. We welcome Janneke Blokland as the preacher at this ecumenical service.

The Fraternal meeting of Marlborough Churches Together takes place on **Monday 6th November** at 12.45pm at the Quaker Meeting House.

MAPAG meet on **Monday 6th November** at 7.30pm at the Quaker Meeting House. All welcome.

Women’s Fellowship **Tuesdays 2.45pm** at Christchurch.

7th November Rev Heather Cooper

14th Tea and Chat

21st Susan Bothamley

28th Members’ meeting



The book group meets at Mustard Seed, 7.30pm on **Thursday 9th November** when they will talk about Jane Christmas’s *Incontinent on the Continent - My mother, her walker and our Grand Tour of Italy*. A hilarious but poignant memoir; as mother and daughter drag each other from the Amalfi Coast to Tuscany - walkers, shawls and a mobile pharmacy of medications in tow - they find new ways to be bitter and bicker but, in the process, reassessing who they are and how they might reconcile.



Remembrance Sunday 12th November

All are welcome to follow The Parade in the High Street, Marlborough to the War Memorial for the laying of wreaths and the two minutes silence before continuing to the Remembrance Sunday Service in St Mary’s Church which starts at 11.15am.

A shorter less formal Remembrance Service, particularly suitable for children and families will be held at 5.30pm in St Mary’s (tea and cake from 5.15pm).

St George's, Preshute will start their Remembrance Service at 10.00am.

St John the Baptist, Minal will start their Remembrance Service later than usual at 10.00am instead of 9.30am

Christchurch members may leave their service (starting at 10.30am) to attend the laying of wreaths and two minute silence if they wish to do so.



Philosophy in the Pub *What is the future of science and medicine?*

Living beyond 100 years old will become the norm for children born within the next generation, official projections have shown. Amongst other factors, this increase in life expectancy results from the great progress that has been made in science and medicine. However, the question is: how much further can we go? And, maybe even more pressingly, how much further do we *want* to go? Join us in The Lamb on **Thursday 16th November** at 7.30pm to discuss the ethical consequences of progress in science and medicine.

Thursday 9th November : 7.30-9pm KENNET VALLEY Primary School, Lockeridge, SN8 4EL

Grave Talk – A Café Space to Discuss Death and Taxes – the two great certainties of life!

We all have questions and it is hard to know where to start.

Wine, Coffee, Cake. Small Groups, Big questions and maybe a guest speaker!

A lot of laughter, some answers. All Welcome, all Faiths and Doubts.

Thursday 16th November : 7.30pm St James Church, Avebury

VIGIL FOR PEACE BETWEEN FAITHS IN THE PRESENCE of ANGELS'

An Evening of Music, Poetry, Reading, Prayer and fellowship marking

NATIONAL INTERFAITH WEEK 2017

Listen to the music that reminds us of God's messengers. Hear words that remind us of the common ground between faiths - Pray for Peace - Look into the faces of the Archangels and draw close to God through art - Come and go as you wish.

Wednesday 22nd November : 7.30pm in St Mary's Church, Marlborough

Read Mark and learn: An introduction to the Gospel of Mark, led by Revd. Canon Andrew Studdert-Kennedy, which we follow in the new Church Year starting on Advent Sunday.

continued p.21



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News from Churches cont.,,

Marlborough Filling Station will meet on **Wednesday 29th November** at Wesley Hall, Marlborough from 7.30pm. More details from Helen Stokes. (hcstokes@gmail.com)



Advent Service takes place on **Sunday 3rd December** at St George's Church , Preshute at 4pm. All welcome to this ecumenical service.

Living Nativity



The Marlborough Deanery is putting on a "Living Nativity" in Albourne at Christmas. The performance takes place between 3.30pm and 5.30 pm on **Saturday 16th December**

The Marlborough churches are asked to provide the shepherds and the angels. There will be a dress rehearsal the previous weekend . If you would like to be involved in this please contact

Charles Graham on ctg100@hotmail.com. This is an exciting opportunity to share the Christmas message with many who don't normally come to church.

From the Registers

Baptism: 17 Sep – Jesse Ray Colin Foard at St John the Baptist
24 Sep – Albert James Nash at St John the Baptist

Departed: 9 Sep – Jean Elizabeth Cox (85) of 23a George Lane, Marlborough
Kingsdown Crematorium and St Mary's

13 Sep – Vaughan John Spanswick (67) of 2 New Cottages,
Beckhampton *West Wiltshire Crematorium, Semington*

18 Sep – Sheila Mary Davison (90) of 1 Hughes Close, Marlborough
Kingsdown Crematorium and St George's

Readers' Responses

Tower and Town welcomes readers' responses to any items in the magazine and undertakes to give serious consideration to publishing them subject to suitability and space.

**Please correspond with chairman@towerandtown.org.uk
(18 Kelham Gardens, SN8 1PW).**

A Memorable Retreat at St Non's

by Jeremy York

Our party of sixteen, led by Anglican Licensed Lay Minister Sarah Musgrave, arrived in Solva on 12th September and set off on a windswept four mile walk along the rugged Pembrokeshire coastal path to the remote Retreat Centre at St Non's. We were four Quakers, a small cohort of Anglicans, one 'Quanglican', two Roman Catholics and one or two borderline Agnostics.

A warm welcome by the three resident Irish Sisters of Mercy set the tone for four days of simple creature comforts and wholesome meals; all enjoyed in peaceful surroundings with mercifully no access to IT or the news media. The days that followed were devoted mainly to earnest group discussions interspersed with quiet reading in the library and long walks together along the breathtakingly beautiful coastline. Our contemplations were predictably stimulating between men and women from a fairly wide range of former working backgrounds including the church, medicine, academia, non-governmental organisations and the military. Being all of 'a certain age' however we focused very much on the present, discussing (and at times agonising over!) our faith and our proper role in a rapidly changing and bewilderingly uncertain world. Not surprisingly perhaps, we also turned our thoughts briefly to death and the unknown hereafter. Possibly the most impassioned discussion of all revolved around individual and collective forgiveness. A good deal of soul-searching led to some emotional, even fraught, moments which Sarah, calling on her experience both as an LLM and a professional psychotherapist, was able to allay with commendable skill and understanding.

A choral evensong in St David's 12th century cathedral, with its unique sloping nave and magnificent ceilings, was for many of us a very special act of worship, not to be forgotten. Likewise the meditation walk on the last morning, led by Dr Barney Rosedale, and followed by a brief Holy Communion service, conducted by the Revd Henry Pearson, in the diminutive Retreat Centre chapel, both within sight of the ruined shrine on the spot where the good St Non supposedly gave birth to St David. 'Requiescant in Pace'

Mustard Seed

You are invited to sample Charles Dickens' Smoking Bishop hot wine together with seasonal mince pies

Thursday November 16th 6-8pm

Biographer Keith Hooper will talk at 6.30 about

Charles Dickens' faith and the means by which it was expressed

An opportunity for late night Christmas shopping.



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Marlborough Churches Together

Usual Sunday service times

Christchurch, New Road (Methodist)

9.00am Worship

10.30am Morning Service with Junior Church & crèche

Society of Friends, Friends' Meeting House, The Parade

10.30am Meeting for Worship

St George's, Preshute (C of E)

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

10.00am All Age Service (3rd Sunday)

Parish Communion (other Sundays)

St John the Baptist, Minal (C of E)

8.00am Holy Communion BCP (2nd Sunday)

9.30am Parish Communion (1st & 3rd Sundays)

St Mary's, behind the Town Hall (C of E)

8.00am Holy Communion (BCP on 4th Sundays)

10.00am All Age Worship (1st Sunday):

Parish Communion, Junior Church & crèche on all other Sundays

5.30 pm Informal service (except on 1st Sunday)

St Thomas More, George Lane (Roman Catholic)

11.00 am Sung Mass (See also below)

Marlborough College Services are shown at the College Chapel

Weekday Services

St Mary's Holy Communion: 10.30 am Wednesday

St Thomas More Mass: 10.00 am Mon, Tues, Wed & Sat Holy Days: 10.00 am

St George's Tea Time followed by Evening Prayer : 4.30pm Wednesday

Teddy Prayers and Picnic: 2-3pm every 2nd & 4th Wed

Congratulations to **Georgie Hibberd** and her partner, **Russ**, on the birth of a beautiful baby girl, Betsy Florence Smith, a sister for Arley. Georgie edits the St. John's edition of Tower and Town this month and each year.

Ruth Dain died in September and her service was held in St George's, the church she worked so hard for. Our sympathy to Michael and their family, Sarah, Rachel and Richard, the 10 grandchildren and great-granddaughter. Ruth was one of only three girls evacuated to a boys' school during the war. She trained to be a RSCN at Great Ormond St and Addenbrooke's hospitals. She and Michael met at a school boys' camp in North Wales. They married in 1956, and she was a busy housemaster's wife and dame until 1988. A skilled cook she loved entertaining. She was a trustee of Norland Nursery Training College and an enrolling member at St. Georges. Ruth's was a life of self-giving love, especially to the youngest, based on a firm faith in Jesus as Lord and Saviour.

On Sunday, October 1st, **Cyril Ford** retired from St. Mary's Choir after 74 years. What an achievement! He was presented with flowers and chocolates and a photograph of the choir when he was 17 was projected for us to see. Good luck to Cyril in his retirement. He has written some of his memories.

I joined the choir age 9 in 1943 and have sung under the direction of 5 choir masters. We have sung countless hymns, psalms and anthems and also the canticles of matins and evensong. We used to sing at regional choir festivals in places like Salisbury, Taunton and Sherborne. In 1951 our choir was chosen from the diocese to sing at the Festival of Britain and visit the Festival. In 1962 and again a few years later we were invited twice to sing evensong at Salisbury Cathedral while their choir was on holiday. In my early days we enjoyed outings to Lulworth Cove, London Airport, the Tower of London, etc. We went to pantomimes with Mr Pomfret. There were annual cricket matches. Boys v choirmen were eagerly looked forward to (at least by the boys!) I will, naturally miss singing with the choir after so many years but my passion for singing will continue with the Marlborough Choral Society.

I would love to see the choir increase in members (all voices) and finally - one forlorn hope - become a robed choir as of old.

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~~~~~

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**Can You Help?**

**Drivers wanted at Kennet Community Transport to cover holiday/sickness leave of the full time driver in taking the elderly to/from the Jubilee Centre. Call Alexander Kirk Wilson 01672 513861**



**Marlborough Concert Orchestra**

Sat 2nd December at 7.30pm

St Mary's Church, Marlborough.

Schubert's Symphony No. 3 in D major

Mozart's overture to The Marriage of Figaro

Mezzo-soprano Zena O'May performing arias from Bizet's Carmen and from several Verdi operas including La Traviata

Tickets on sale at Sound Knowledge, Hughenden Yard, Marlborough and on the door - adults £10, students £2

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**Contributions and comments** from readers are welcome. Please send articles and letters to the Monthly Editor, other notices or announcements to the Compiler.

All items for the February issue by **Tuesday 9th January**.

**Our Advertisers support us.** Contact Andrew Unwin if you would like to join them.

Tower and Town is available in Marlborough at St Mary's, Christchurch, St Peter's, Mustard Seed and at St George's in Preshute.

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