

# **The Church of Our Lady, Stowmarket**



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**For Saints and Sinners**

**The 13<sup>th</sup> Edition: Summer 2017**



## Foreword

Welcome to the 13<sup>th</sup> edition of your social magazine.

I am not a suspicious person, but the number 13 is thought by many to be an unlucky number and for a time it appeared that this 13<sup>th</sup> edition would never come out.

The last time I spoke to you I was basking in the knowledge that several articles were already in the bag for this edition, but I did not know then that my computer would suffer a catastrophic failure. The machine kept turning itself off. This annoying and unpredictable problem became more frequent until I could no longer access email or any of my saved documents. To resolve the problem and make the computer usable again, the hard drive had to be wiped clean, replacement parts fitted and new software installed. My resuscitated computer was safely returned to me and it is fast and responsive, but sadly none of the typed up and prepared magazine contributions survived, so it was back to square one.

I now have a separate external hard drive to back up everything, but the old phrase about "*shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted*", comes to mind. That said, lesson learned and no real harm done. I think I found all the original hard copy contributions, which were given to me, but apologies if something you submitted has been left out. If that should be the case, please accept my apologies and resend it. I promise I will take better care of it and include it in the next edition!

So, disaster averted and I hope you enjoy reading your 13<sup>th</sup> Parish Social Magazine. I look forward to receiving lots more lovely poems, prayers and articles to share in our next edition later in the year.

Thanks for your continued help and support.

Yvonne Hannan  
Editor

[yvonne.hannan@icloud.com](mailto:yvonne.hannan@icloud.com)

## *A Summer Blessing*



*May you walk with God this summer  
in whatever you do wherever you go.*

*Walking with God means...*

*walking with honesty and with courage,*

*walking with love and respect  
and concern for the feelings of others.*

*May you talk to God this summer  
on every day and in every situation.*

*Talking with God means...*

*praying words of praise for the beauty of creation.  
Saying prayers of thanks for friends and good times.*

*Asking God's help in all your decisions.  
Expressing sorrow when you have failed.*

*May you talk with God every day.*

*Amen.*

## CAFOD News

At last year's CAFOD Fun Day and Duck race our parish was awarded the LiveSimply award – at the time of being only the second parish in our Diocese to receive the award. The award was presented by Daniel Hale and Bernard Shaw of CAFOD to Fr. David and members of CAFOD+ group.

When the process began two years ago, Stowmarket was already a Fairtrade parish and along with other churches was supporting Stowmarket's foodbank. CAFOD was actively supporting communities in Palestine, Africa, Cambodia and India. LiveSimply was about doing even more, for example, avoiding waste, saving energy and reducing the parish's impact on the environment.

**PAPAL AWARDS:** Three volunteers from our Diocese have been awarded Papal Blessing in recognition of a combined 90 years of service to CAFOD.

Sheila Dobey, a member of our parish, started volunteering for CAFOD in Preston before moving to Stowmarket in the 1980s. She inspired our parish to fundraise for CAFOD and more recently, to take part in the LiveSimply scheme. Sheila has been volunteering for 25 years, demonstrating a remarkable commitment to helping those in need.

Bernard Shaw from St. Philip Howard parish, Cambridge, and Mary Prentice of Our Lady of Pity, Swaffham were also presented with awards for volunteering for 40 years and 25 years respectively.

To mark this achievement and their Papal Blessings, which are bestowed by Pope Francis, they celebrated by having tea with Bishop Alan Hopes in Norwich.

Fr. David presented Sheila with her framed award, after a 10.15 Mass at the beginning of July. See the lovely presentation picture on the next page, courtesy of Allan Scott and his trusty and every ready camera!



**Fr. David presenting Sheila Dobey with her well-earned award**

Interested in helping CAFOD?

Feel free to come along to the monthly meetings as announced on the weekly Notice Sheet. Or alternatively, phone Allan Scott or Pat Keating, whose phone numbers are in the Parish Directory.

# THE CAFOD + SUPPORT GROUP

Invite you to enjoy a

## Fun Day & Sponsored Duck Race

With

BBQ and Cream Teas

SUNDAY 10<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER 2017

12noon to 3.30pm

Dagworth Vale, Dagworth Lane, Haughley, IP14 3QJ

(Home of Tony & Pamela Wass)

- Activities for children
- Duck Sponsorship £1 (adults), 50p (children)

Entrance: All Food and Drink included:  
£5 Adults, £1 Children



## **NEPAL - BECAUSE IT'S THERE!**

I first visited Nepal as an army courier, carrying classified material from Bangkok to Kathmandu in 1988. The visit lasted just two hours, i.e. the time it took the Thai Airways flight to let off one group of passengers and take on its return load. My transaction of classified material had taken place in the transit area of the airport with the NCO in charge of the Forces Post Office. What I had seen in the air on the approach to and departure from Kathmandu, and on the ground, the smiling faces of the Nepalese people, just whetted my appetite; I wanted to see and know more about the country and its people.

Later on, as Commanding Officer of 2 Postal & Courier Regiment, I managed to get to Kathmandu twice to do inspections and surveys, but on each occasion I was in the city for just two days with never enough time to do more than see a little of Kathmandu, but still I wanted to see more, much more, of Nepal.

I retired in 1996 and in April 2007 undertook my first trek in Nepal. This was with a company called Oxventure founded by an ex Para, John Havens, who was trying to organise treks in Nepal for mixed ability groups and to include people with disabilities. On that first trek we had a wheelchair user, named Glen, who had to be carried on the back of a porter in a specially constructed wicker chair. He had a team of three porters who took turns to carry him. The group also consisted of an elderly woman, who had suffered two heart attacks, a doctor, and a young couple who met on the trek and eventually married. The trek was not an entire success as Glen's porter slipped on a patch of screed covered ice early on day 6, resulting in two broken legs for Glen. The porter suffered minor bruises only.

Our destination, on that trek, was to reach to top of Kalla Pathar, 18,194 feet (5,545 metres for those of a modern persuasion), so that we could see Everest and her lofty neighbours at daybreak. It was not to be. The elderly lady gave up at 16,000 feet, the doctor at 17,000 feet and when the young couple showed positive signs of Altitude Sickness, our Sirdar, local leader, decided we should all go down - we had reached just over 18,000 feet. John Haven's venture



itself did not come to full fruition. Some four years later John died of a brain tumour.

My own appetite for trekking in Nepal was not yet satisfied and in 1999 both Jo and I embarked on a trek with a UK based major trekking company to celebrate our 60<sup>th</sup> birthdays that both fell in that year. Most classic treks in the Everest region start with a flight from Kathmandu to Lukla, 9,500 feet. The walk to Kalla Pathar or Everest Base Camp and return takes about fifteen days, but we decided to go for what is known as the old expedition route, that used by the first Everest mountaineers. This involves driving from Kathmandu to the road head at Jiri, 5,945 feet, and walking the rest of the way. This adds another seven days to the Everest trek, but acclimatisation to altitude is much better achieved. Crossing the grain of the country means that there are a lot of steep ups and downs and one only starts going continuously up at a little before Lukla.

Not only did this trek include going up Kalla Pathar, but also a visit to the Gokyo Lakes and the ascent of Gokyo peak, 17,877 feet. Well, on this occasion both objects were achieved and, in so doing I raised nearly £2,000 for the Army Benevolent Fund. Jo did not quite get to the heights I achieved as she experienced mild bouts of Altitude Sickness, but she was well pleased with getting to Lobuche, 16,200 feet, and the Gokyo Lakes, 15,670 feet. In 2001 Jo and I went for a five-day trek in the Annapurna region of Nepal and on that occasion we took nearly 2,000 pens which we gave to some of the schools along our route.

There are many trekking areas in Nepal, all offering the opportunities for great walking and splendid mountain scenery. Subsequent to 2001, I have been unaccompanied on my treks in Nepal. Jo's asthma really stops her going to altitude, but she is happy for me to carry on, as long as I feel able. Although no longer able to trek at altitude Jo was so taken by the country, and the people, she has returned many times in the past ten years.

So, since the turn of the century I have trekked in the Upper Dolpo region, 2001, Kanchenjunga North and South Base Camps, third

highest mountain in the world, 2003 and the Annapurna Circuit, 2007. All of these treks have lasted around four weeks and reach heights of about 17,500 feet. Dolpo and Kanchenjunga were under canvas whilst Annapurna was what is termed a Tea House trek. This latter involves staying at what are described as lodges. The Nepalese definition of a lodge is a far cry from our British understanding. A lodge in Nepal is normally just an enlarged family home where passing trekkers may get accommodation and meals. Bedding is not normally provided, although a basic mattress may provide a simple base for one's sleeping bag. The meals, likewise, are normally very simple with dahl baht, lentils with vegetables (rarely any meat), being the staple diet of the Nepalese, often the only option.

My latest trek was completed in October 2009 and I wrote much of the foregoing whilst I was in Nepal. In celebration of another big birthday, I decided to undertake the trek Jo and I did ten years ago. There were slight differences. For instance, the road head has now pushed on from Jiri and one can get to Shivalaya, a day's walk from Jiri, by vehicle. The remainder of the trek was much the same, following a very similar route. This time not only did I top Kalla Pathar and Gokyo Peak, but I also got to Everest Base Camp and crossed the Cho La, both at heights of just under 18,000 feet. Everest Base Camp used to be known as the highest rubbish dump in the world with expeditions leaving masses of assorted kit when they went down. The Nepalese organised a massive clean-up some four years ago and now demand a very substantial deposit from any climbing group and not one cent is returned if so much as one item of rubbish is left behind. I was much impressed with the cleanliness of the area, but from Everest Base Camp there are no views of the great mountain itself - they come from ascending Kalla Pathar! The Cho La pass is always snow bound and is treacherous to cross at any time of the year. I myself had a big fall coming down from the pass, however, not much damage to me, just a couple of scrapes to my left leg, but my camera suffered grievously as the back panel was smashed - although I was unable to monitor subsequent photographs, the camera mechanism still functioned.

Nepal is a beautiful country with scenery to die for and a people that are so friendly and welcoming. Those are the big attractions of this part of the world. Kathmandu itself retains much of its old charm, although some fast food outlets are starting to appear in the capital. The internet is now widely available in the major population centres, so the 21<sup>st</sup> century is now in evidence.

Beyond the road heads, however, there is only one way to travel – on foot. Helicopters are only used for emergencies. Goods for sale in the small towns and wayside stalls arrive on a man's, or a woman's, back. The loads carried can be quite enormous – I was once told that a load we spotted on the trail weighed 97 kilograms, about 213 pounds. This was being carried from Jiri to Namche Bazaar, 13,000 feet in a matter of four days!

Once away from the roar of the traffic all is peace and quiet. Without all the pollution in the air the night skies are a real wonder and of course, in clear air the scenery is quite outstanding. That, I suppose, is why I keep going back. Of course, trekking at altitude is quite hard work, but the sense of achievement at the end of each day, of each trek, keeps one going and wanting more – well I do. So, the reason for going to Nepal is quite simple, because it's there!

*Frank Lea*

*Original Article was written May 2010 and published in "Cleft Stick", a regimental magazine.*

## **Something to make you smile**



Don't look now, but something between us smells.

The eyes say it all!

*Source:*  
*Kidsactivitiesblog.com*

## *Harvest*

*We thank you Father God each year  
for the bounty you provide,*

*for the farmers and fishermen  
and the joy of harvest-tide.*

*With the harvest moon above us  
and the corn beneath our feet*

*and the well-stocked supermarket shelves  
at the Co-op down the street.*

*But we are just a third they say  
who have enough to eat,*

*for the other two thirds of our world  
there's no shop down the street.*

*Through climate change and war and greed  
there's no joy in their lives,*

*no food to feed the family,  
or the baby when he cries.*

*Inspire us Lord to share our wealth  
like your love flowing free.*

*For Jesus said,  
"All those you help, you give it as to me."*

## The Rosary: a lovely way to enhance our private prayer



**A simple Rosary**

The Rosary can help us focus during our quiet, private prayer. A distinctive medal or bead attaches a pendant tail to the circlet. The pendant tail comprises a crucifix and a series of beads. On the:

- Crucifix we make the sign of the cross and pray the Apostles Creed
- Single bead we pray the Our Father
- Group of 3 beads we pray 3 Hail Mary's.

The circlet comprises 4 single beads, between 5 sets of 10 small beads, or decades. We gently pass along the beads and say:

- The Our Father on the single beads
- 10 Hail Mary's: one on each bead in each decade
- Glory Be after every decade

We are also invited to meditate on the Gospel Mysteries. There are 4 groups of Mysteries: Joyful, Sorrowful, Glorious and Light:

### **Joyful Mysteries**

1. The Annunciation to Mary by the angel Gabriel. Luke 1:38
2. The Visitation of Elizabeth by Mary. Luke 1:46
3. The Birth of Jesus. Luke 2:14
4. The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple. Luke 2:30
5. Jesus, aged 12, is found in the Temple. Luke 2:49

## Sorrowful Mysteries

1. The Agony in the Garden. Matthew 26:39
2. The Scourging at the Pillar. Matthew 27:26
3. The Crowning with Thorns. John 19:5
4. Jesus carries His cross through Jerusalem. Luke 23:28
5. Jesus dies on the Cross. Luke 23:46

## Glorious Mysteries

1. Jesus rises from the dead. Mark 16:8
2. Jesus is taken up to Heaven. Acts 1:11
3. The Holy Spirit comes to the Apostles. Acts 2:8
4. The Assumption of Mary into Heaven. Revelation 12:1
5. Our Lady's Coronation & the Glory of all Saints. Revelation 21:1

## Mysteries of Light

1. The Baptism of Jesus. Mark 1:11
2. The Wedding at Cana. John 2:11
3. The Preaching of the Kingdom of God. Mark 1:15
4. The Transfiguration. Luke 9:33
5. The Institution of the Eucharist. Matthew 26:26

Joyful Mystery	Sorrowful Mystery	Glorious Mystery	Light Mystery
Monday-Saturday	Tuesday-Friday	Wednesday-Sunday	Thursday
1. The Annunciation	1. The Agony in the Garden	1. The Resurrection	1. The Baptism in the Jordan
2. The Visitation	2. The Scourging at the Pillar	2. The Ascension of Our Lord	2. The Wedding at Cana
3. The Birth of Our Lord	3. The Crowning with Thorns	3. The Descent of the Holy Spirit	3. The Proclamation of the Kingdom of God
4. The Presentation in the Temple	4. The Carrying of the Cross	4. The Assumption of Our Lady into Heaven	4. The Transfiguration
5. The Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple	5. The Crucifixion	5. The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary	5. The Institution of the Eucharist

Pope John Paul II instigated the Mysteries of Light and proposed how they could be integrated into the traditional weekly cycle of Rosary enabled prayer and meditation. The table on the previous page is a plan devised for children, but could be used by us all. Beads of many different kinds have for centuries helped people of many different religions to concentrate on prayer. The word bead originally meant prayer and Rosary beads can really help private prayer. But we can still pray the Rosary if we don't have beads, by simply using our fingers for each decade.

*Compiled by your editor, with help from her friends and the internet!*

### **There are no flies on Dad!**

The family were all sat down together ready to enjoy their evening meal. The young boy seated next to his father looked quizzical and asked, "*Dad, are flies good to eat?*"



His dad looked cross and said "*Flies are disgusting creatures and that is not an appropriate topic for meal times. You mustn't talk about things like that over dinner.*"

After dinner when the table had been cleared, the washing up done and the family settled down to watch some TV together, the father turned to his son and, smiled and asked, "*Now, son, what was it that you wanted to ask me?*"

"*Oh, nothing,*" the boy said. It doesn't matter now. "*It was just that I saw a big fly that wasn't moving lying in your stew. I carried on with my dinner, because you didn't want to answer my question. The next time I looked at your plate it was empty and the fly was gone.*"

## *I'm Fine Thank You*

*There is nothing the matter with me  
I am as healthy as I can be.  
I have arthritis in both knees  
and when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.*

*My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,  
but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*



*Arch supports I have for my feet,  
or I would not be able to walk on the streets.  
Sleep is denied me night after night,  
but every morning I find I'm alright.*

*My memory is failing, my head's in a spin,  
but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

*How do I know that my youth is all spent?  
Well, my get up and go, just got up and went!  
But I really don't mind, when I think with a grin  
of all the great places my "get up" has been!*



*Old age is golden, I have often heard said,  
but sometimes I wonder as I get into my bed.*

*With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup  
and my eyes on the table until I wake up.  
'ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself  
"is there anything else I can put on the shelf?"*

*When I was young, my slippers were red:  
I could kick my heels right over my head.  
When I got older my slippers were blue,  
but still, I could dance the whole night through.*



*But now I am old and my slippers are black,  
I puff to the stores and I puff my way back.  
I get up each morning and dust off my wits  
then I pick up the paper and read the "obits".*

*If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,  
so I have a good breakfast and go back to bed.*

Anonymous

## Time to Reflect

Captain Charles Plumb was a fighter pilot for the US Navy during the Vietnam war. His story will be told for generations to come.



Captain Plumb graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and he flew the F-4 Phantom jet during the Vietnam war. His military honours include 2 Purple Hearts, the Legion of Merit, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the P.O.W. Medal.

On his 75<sup>th</sup> mission, and with only five days to go before he was due to return home, Plumb's plane was shot down: destroyed by a surface to air missile. Plumb safely baled out of the doomed plane, but he was captured, tortured and imprisoned for nearly six years as a Prisoner of War.

Plumb survived his long period of captivity, during which time he served two years as the Chaplain in his Camp before he was set free.

Captain Plumb now spends his time lecturing students on what he learned from his experience.



Captain Charles Plumb

One night, after his release from the Prisoner of War Camp, Captain Plumb was sitting in a restaurant with his wife, and a man came over to his table. The following short conversation ensued:

The man said, *“You’re Captain Plumb. You flew fighter jets in Vietnam and you were shot down.”*

*“How in the world did you know that?”* said Plumb.

*“I packed your parachute”* said the man, *“and I guess it worked.”*

Plumb replied, *“It sure did. If your ‘chute hadn’t worked, I wouldn’t be here today.”*

When Charles Plumb tells his story to an audience, he always asks the question, *“Who’s packing your parachute?”* In other words, who are the people in your life that support you? Do you thank them for all they do for you? Do you even recognise who these people are?

When Charles Plumb was on board the navy ship, pilots never spoke to the parachute packers. How many times, whilst on board his ship, had he passed by his parachute packer and never said hello or thank you for the work he was doing? Sometimes we lose sight of the people who provide us with spiritual, emotional and physical support that helps us live our lives. Jesus opened the eyes of the disciples to show them that God's support and love would always be part of their lives and their mission.

As Christians we are invited to do the same.

*From a Newsletter: The Assumption of our Lady, Maldon, Essex.*

## **The art of making deductions**

Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson had a week off and decided to go camping. They chose their site, pitched their tent, had their supper and settled down for a good night's sleep.

Sometime, in the middle of the night Holmes woke Watson and said *"Watson, look up at the stars and tell me what you see."*

Watson replied *"it's a beautiful clear night, no light pollution and I see millions of stars shining in the sky."*

Holmes said *"what do you deduce from that, Watson?"*

Watson replied *"well, if there are millions of stars, and if even just a few of those have planets, it's quite likely that there are some planets like Earth out there and if there are a few planets like Earth out there, there might also be life."*

Holmes looked skyward, heaved a loud sigh of irritation and said *"Watson, you idiot, it means that somebody has stolen our tent."*

## *An Ode to Father Brett- Our Undercover Priest*

This poem was left for me at Our Lady's. I don't know who left it, but I was intrigued and not quite sure what to make of it. I embarked on some investigative work and located Father Brett Adams who is a parish priest in Essex. He had no idea how a poem written for him by parishioners at his previous parish had found its way to Stowmarket. However, he had no objections to it being published in our Parish Magazine. So, with Father Brett's kind permission, here it is:

*He came into our lives nearly five years ago,  
tall, dark, handsome, eyes all aglow.  
This is your new priest, they said.  
We looked and saw this "JOBBO",  
trainers, jeans, a hoody and  
a T-Shirt with a motto.*

*This can't be true was our first thought,  
someone's got it wrong.  
We looked at Father Dominic,  
would they get along?*

*One so pristine, so smartly dressed,  
a Priest for us all to see  
the other! Well, we wondered,  
whatever would he be?*

*He's made us laugh, he's made us cry  
and sometimes we could kill him.  
And we would, if we could  
find someone who's willing!*

*(Father Dominic, perhaps?)*

*One thing for sure, he's never dull,  
what will he get up to next?  
A wedding dressed in Indian clothes,  
we thought he was one of the guests.*

*At Christmas he excelled himself  
with a jumper that lit up,  
reindeer antlers on his head,  
Oh, we wish he would stay with us!*

*We knew we had to lose him,  
we don't want to see him go,  
but he has to be a Parish Priest,  
this is something we all know.*

*He was hoping for Barbados, warm seas & sandy bays,  
but the Bishop thought about it smiled & said, "No way,  
we need more priests here Brett, not less."  
So, he sent him off to Shoeburyness.*

*One word of warning we must give,  
"Don't stay too long dear friend,  
for the "Montgomery" is about to blow  
and that will be the end."*

*He's touched our lives,  
he's touched our hearts  
and he must know at least,  
how very much we love him:  
our handsome zany Priest*

## Barbequed Fruit Kebabs



image: Children's Food Trust

### Autumn Fruits

- 1 apple
- 1 pear
- 16–18 blackberries
- 1 small lemon (juice only)

### Summer Fruits

- ½ honeydew melon
- 12 strawberries
- 1 satsuma
- 12 grapes (seedless)
- 1 small lemon (juice only)

### Tropical. Fruits

- 2 kiwi fruit
- 12–14 pineapple chunks (canned in own juice) OR ½ fresh pineapple
- 1 banana
- 1 small lemon (juice only)

***OR you can make kebabs using any other combinations of fruits that you and or your children like!***

**Some ideas for optional toppings/accompaniments**

Low-fat fruit yoghurt  
Greek yoghurt  
Fromage frais  
Muesli  
Chocolate Sauce

**Recipe for chocolate sauce: gently melt in a saucepan**

75g dark chocolate, with  
3 teaspoons cocoa powder  
3 tablespoons maple syrup, and  
3 tablespoons light, mild flavoured oil.

**Method**

1. Wash the fruit.

***Then select from instructions below, depending on what kebabs you are making***

2. Remove the green stalks from the strawberries
3. Peel the fruits with skins
4. Separate the satsuma into segments
5. Open and drain can of pineapple or peel/core fresh ½ pineapple
6. Chop fruit into 2cm cubes but leave the grapes, strawberries and blackberries whole
7. Pour lemon juice over prepared fruit and stir to coat well
8. Thread the fruit onto skewers
9. Prepare any toppings/accompaniments
10. Brush kebabs with light, mild-flavoured oil
11. Cook over medium barbeque for 5-7 minutes, turning as needed to ensure they are grilled all over
12. Serve (with topping of choice, if using)



## *Landscapes*

*The shapes of the pediments  
showed their blank faces  
to the glow of the sinking sun.*

*The arms of the buildings  
were held close to their bodies  
their hands reached down  
to the stones beneath.*

*Their feet rested  
at the edge of the empty swimming pool  
whose cavernous depths were shadowless.*

*Across the desolate square  
to the distant hills of houses  
ran the rusting rails of some  
antediluvian locomotion.*

*Treeless birds unpeopled  
motionless, save for the sun's slow slipping  
below the curve of the forsaken Earth.*

Anne Hewlett

(submitted by Rae Corrigan on behalf of Anne and with her kind permission)

### **One liner**

Q. Why is six afraid of seven?

A. Because seven, eight, nine!

## **Social Committee: an update for you**

### **The Summer Party**

Many thanks to all that helped at the summer party.

As usual, the burgers, sausages and curries were cooked to perfection and all enjoyed in good company.

Many thanks also to those who baked cakes, and donated draw prizes. As you can see from the following photographs, supplied by our *in-house photographer* Allan Scott, the weather was perfect, and a good time was had by all.



**Happily cooking for friends and looking forward to sharing a meal and to having lots of fun on a lovely sunny day**



**The event was well attended and there was plenty of food to go round all made even more enjoyable by good company!**



**There was a lot of fun and games!**

## **The Parish Bazaar: An Appeal**

At our last bazaar in 2015, the gift baskets and gift boxes we made up using your kindly donated items, were a great success. We hope to do the same again this year and to make up lots of lovely gift packs to sell at this year's bazaar.

***So, this is an appeal for toiletries, cosmetics, perfumes etc.***

We also need baskets or pretty boxes of any size or shape. We will let you know when we are getting together to make up the packs. You will be very welcome to join us in our "creative" efforts. Coffee and tea provided and lots of fun and laughter guaranteed! Many thanks in anticipation of your support and donations, which will make this venture a great success.

## **Fashion Show and Pop-Up Shop**

We are now selling tickets for the Pop-Up Shop.

The fashion show is being held in partnership with our friends at the United Reformed Church and the event is being held in the United Reformed Church hall.

The clothes on sale are all good makes, at greatly reduced prices.

This will be an enjoyable evening, especially being organised for the ladies. The clothes will be modelled by "Colours: Fundraising Fashion Show's" own models and there will be many rails of items for you to look through. Take a look at the poster on the next page to get an idea of what will be on offer.

Tickets are £5.00, this includes light refreshments.

Come and enjoy A good evening and bag a bargain.

*Carole Kelly*



**Colours.**

[FUN]DRAISING  
FASHION SHOWS

**LADIES FASHION SHOW & POP UP SHOP**  
in aid of the United Reformed Church  
and Our Lady's Catholic Church

**Wednesday 27th September 2017**  
**Doors 7pm, show starts 7.30pm**

United Reformed Church, Stowmarket, Suffolk, IP14 1AD

**Tickets: £5 including light refreshments**

Raffle: FABULOUS prizes to be won at the show!

For tickets and more information please contact:

C. Kelly - 01449 674451 / J. Webb - 01449 615678 / D Gurney - 01449676775  
the United Reformed Church office / Lois Muller (mornings only) 01449675045



**EX HIGH STREET FASHION AT 50% OR MORE OFF**  
M S **wallis** NEWLOOK **oasis** TOPSHOP next  
\*Brands subject to availability

**CLOTHING AVAILABLE TO TRY ON & BUY!**

**PAYMENT BY CASH, CHEQUES & CARDS** (subject to a mobile signal)

## **Katharine of Aragon plays by the rules: a wistful, colourful look at mind sports**

*What town is this with weekly mart  
That keeps in sight its history,  
With farm and mill and manor house  
For muse of paradise mystery?*

Like Milton, I call to mind a battle, indeed several battles. I have a strategy to make the case for Katharine of Aragon being at the origin of a well-known folk song. The First Day of Christmas is her tongue-in-cheek song to say that the calendar is wrong and that King Henry VIII's best gift to her is her daughter Mary, the eventual Queen Mary I. Scarborough Fair is her acerbic song written as if for the King, asking her, through a third party, to give him what she has already given him, especially a cambric shirt. My tactics are not to mention the name of this third song but to talk about mind sports instead, and thereby create an afterimage.

The John Milton room in Milton House, now a wedding registry venue, was once a multipurpose room under the Town Council. I went there one evening to partner my mother Bridget for a whist drive. She won first prize, but I did not, for our partnership was only for the first game which we lost with 6 tricks. The drive rules dictate that losing partners circulate away. Wetherden still has a monthly whist drive, but Stowmarket itself does not. My late father Patrick and Bridget used to play whist in Hatfield and later Stowmarket. I can remember them coming home with trophies.

Dad and I used to play chess at home and sometimes I accompanied him to Hatfield South Chess Club. At one time we learned to play go (wei-qi) together. When I came home from lecturing in Turkey in 1980, he showed me the chess problem designed by a certain Karol Wojtyla, perhaps the only one designed by a saint and a pope. The solution required a pawn promotion to knight, not very frequent in the game, although perfectly legal according to the rules.

*You know the rules, you play the game,  
But chess still holds a mystery.  
Yes, agile knights and ministers  
Will take your place in history.*

I imagine 11-year-old Princess Mary in the autumn of 1527, playing chess at Greenwich with the eventual Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, who was charged by King Henry to process the annulment of his marriage to Katherine of Aragon. Henry had no male heir. Had he lived, Mary's brother Henry, would have been 16, and soon to be named Prince of Wales. but he had died at a few months old after a thanksgiving pilgrimage to Walsingham in the depths of winter. The future Henry IX would have learned to play chess from his parents, as Henry VIII learnt from his father Henry VII, and as Katharine learned from her mother, Isabella of Castile. Indeed, Mary's parents are there at the next table, also playing chess. King Henry generally loses to Katharine so this day she has suggested he wear her red boots to bring him luck. At the next table again are Mary's aunt Mary and her husband Charles Brandon, parents of three living children, one of whom is called Henry. Katharine and her daughter Mary plan and play according to the new rules introduced by Spain in honour of Isabella: the Vizier (Minister), renamed Queen, crosses any number of squares in a move, not 1 (diagonally) as in the former rules, or as in Chinese chess. Everyone else thinks according to the old rules, so when Charles beats his wife at chess, but Henry loses, is doubly humiliated and stomps off, throwing off the boots one by one and adding a jibe at Katharine. So, let us switch to something Henry is good at: jousting.

*You love the joust, you fight the fight,  
You even taught your horse to prance,  
But no one dare put out your light  
Unless I guide the fearful lance.*

Consider the joust Henry organized for his son Henry's birth, displayed by Lucy Worsley as a tapestry in the TV mini-series *Six Wives*, where she becomes one of the three French hens. Henry attacks his opponent's eye, breaking his lance on the visor: a



supreme accomplishment. Consider the joust organized by Henry in 1536, after Katharine's death. He and Anne Boleyn dress in yellow, the colour of mourning in Spain and known as a royal colour in China. Imagine you are his opponent that day, fearful of the consequences from the King, should you do damage to his person. (Charles Brandon caused serious injury to the King's eye in 1524.) There may, however, be someone else whose wrath you would fear more than that of the King; well, yes, so no, you don't have to worry on that score. The question now is: how long? Answer: two hours. Yes, the King was unconscious for quite a time. One might say he was never the same, but he continued for the rest of his life with a ruthless streak. He can repose in the knowledge that a song "Pastimes in good company" has been correctly attributed to him. Let us return to that chess game aftermath.

*A lack, my love? You do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously,  
For I have loved you well and long,  
Delighting in your company.  
Redboots is all my joy, Redboots is my delight,  
Redboots is my heart of gold,*

And who, (turning to her daughter Mary) my lady, but Redboots. Katharine knew the chess piece we call bishop as Al-fil, the Arabic for "the elephant": how the piece is termed in most of the world. If England ever adopts chess as a curriculum subject, as in Russia and Spain, let us return to that name, and perhaps remove queens from the chessboard too. As for jousting, there are display teams touring the county and country. We cannot re-create the mind-set of Henry VIII, so let us never consider it as a serious sport.

*What song is this that people sing  
To call to mind a cruel king  
Whose love went cold to chill the bone,  
And turn the hearts of queens to stone?*

*James Conlon*

## *A prayer for summer*

Dedicated to all gardeners in our parish



*Under the warmth of the summer sun  
the world awakes and blossoms  
into every imaginable colour.*

*You created a garden for us to enjoy,  
and within it planted  
the most magical of flower and trees.*

*You needed no horticultural training  
to plan your colour scheme,  
no gardening expert to recommend variety or design.*

*Your garden is perfect,  
its colours harmonious, its scale immense,  
spoilt only by the clumsiness of those who tend it.*

Source: <http://www.faithandworship.com/Prayers>



