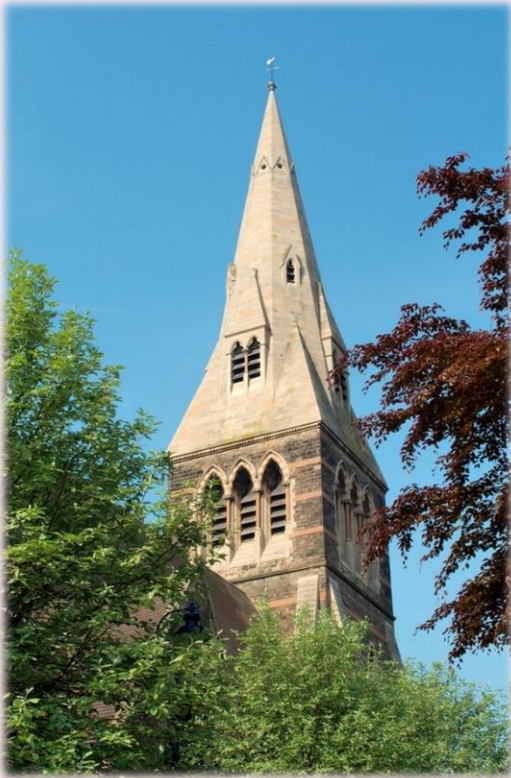


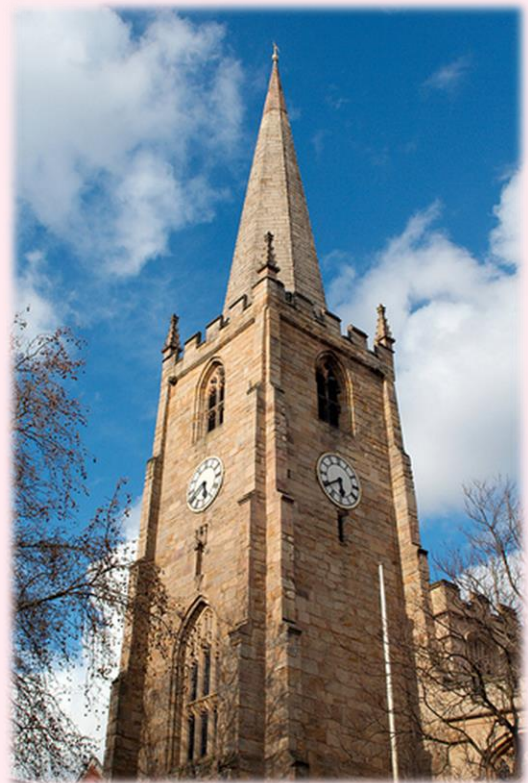


# ST PETER & ALL SAINTS NOTTINGHAM



**August 2022**

## **Parish Magazine**



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# THE PARISH OF ST PETER AND ALL SAINTS, NOTTINGHAM

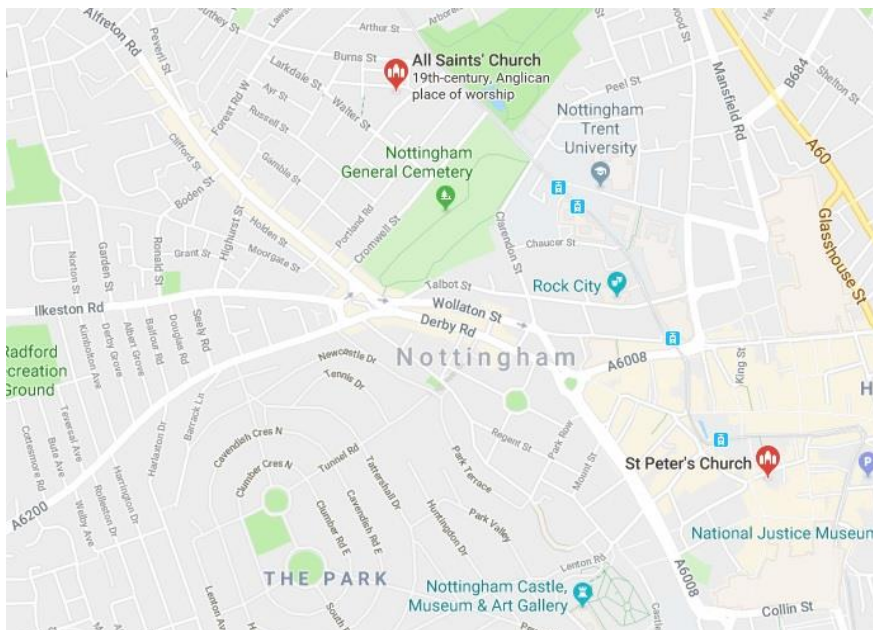


<p><b>PARISH CLERGY</b>                  Rev. Christopher Harrison, Rector                  Rev. Dr Richard Davey, Associate Priest                  Rev. Dr Helen Hall, Associate Priest                  Rev. James Saxton, Associate Priest</p>	<p><b>CHURCHWARDENS</b>                  Lorraine Smedley, David Towers – All Saints’                  Dorothy Mountford, Chi Nwachukwu – St Peter’s</p>
<p><b>PARISH ADMINISTRATOR</b>                  Adele Siepmann</p>	<p><b>DIRECTOR OF MUSIC</b>                  Dr Peter Siepmann</p>
<p><b>MINISTRY ASSISTANT</b>                  Peter Sims</p>	<p><b>WORKPLACE CHAPLAIN</b>                  Rev. Jo Tatum</p>
<p><b>PARISH TREASURER</b>                  Peter Moore</p>	<p><b>PCC SECRETARY</b>                  Ros Horsley</p>

## CHURCHES

St Peter’s Church, St Peter’s Square, Nottingham NG1 2NW

All Saints’ Church, Raleigh Street, Nottingham NG7 4DP



The last few weeks have been particularly sad for our parish. We have lost two deeply faithful and dedicated members of our community, Laurie Crawforth and Arthur Bennett. Each in their own way contributed so much to our life and worship over the years. Both had been churchwardens and Laurie had given faithful service as one of our Readers, inspiring many with his sermons and the gentle way he led worship. Elsewhere in this edition of the magazine, others will give their own tributes. I personally feel blessed to have known both of them, and to have been ministered to by both of them. While they were very different, they each had a wisdom, humour and gentleness borne of long lives lived faithfully and informed by a deep spirituality.

I don't often get emotional when taking funerals, I have done many over the years, and it is 'part of the job', so to say. My role in leading the service is to hold the emotions of the mourners and I cannot do that if I am feeling emotional myself. But I must admit that when leading both Laurie and Arthur's funerals and services of Thanksgiving, I found myself having to briefly pause and gather my thoughts. When celebrating the thanksgiving communion for Laurie, it was at the point in the middle of the Eucharist prayer when the Deacon says, 'Great is the Mystery of Faith' or a similar acclamation, and I thought to myself, Laurie used to do this. And when taking Arthur's thanksgiving service, it was as I looked to the back of the church and saw the empty seats at the back where he and Rosemary used to sit, so that they could welcome people as they walked in.

The emotion I felt, wasn't really sadness, however, it was a feeling of love and thanksgiving, a sense of joy that they had been part of my life. One of the things that often happens when I'm talking to Staff and students at the University who have been bereaved, is that they burst into tears and then they apologise. My response is to pass them a box of tissues and say don't worry. I then ask them what they are feeling. Their invariable answer is, 'I'm so sad', they might even say 'it feels as though my heart is broken, life will never be the same again.' I will then say, 'Why?' and ask, 'did they ever make you feel sad when they were alive?' At this point they tend to look up with a quizzical look on their face.

The reality is that we tend to associate the tears that come with grief as a sign of sadness. But tears aren't just an expression of sadness. I cry at the end of some films which have a happy ending - the Sound of Music always gets me. Some people cry when listening to a piece of beautiful music. I have a friend who cries at the drop of a hat, not because of sadness but because of an outpouring of emotion.

When someone dies, we experience a moment when all the emotions we feel for that person are collected together and well up within us and our heart cannot contain them anymore. But is what we feel just sadness? Perhaps what we are experiencing is a welling up of all the emotions they made us feel, wrapped up in all the memories we shared with them, and our heart isn't empty but overflowing with all these feelings. But then, I am often confronted by the unanswerable statement - But I miss them, and they start to talk about all the uncelebrated birthdays, graduations, weddings, children. But the future is another country we will never know. It is an unrealised dream not a reality. Of course we will miss them, of course want them to still be physically there, but we had them - they were part of our lives. And if we occupy our brain and our heart with missing and dreaming, where is the space to remember and give thanks.

Our lives are like a piece of weaving, reaching out into the unknown. From the moment we are born, people, things, holidays, special days, bad days, in fact every day and every person and every experience, weave in and out of our lives bringing their own colour. Most of the time we don't especially notice when they come to an end, but when someone dies, we do. We want to hold on to their unique thread, and sometimes we can hold on so tight to that end that we can't see anything else. We can't see the amazing and unique colour they have brought to the pattern of our lives. The only way we can do that is to let go of the end and move forward, while occasionally looking backwards. Only then can we see how they, and everyone and everything else has contributed to making us the unique person we are. And that for me is the process of grief, not a time to focus on pain and loss, but to look back, reflect and give thanks while moving forward and celebrating the new colours that will become part of our distinctive pattern. A sense of loss and sadness are part of the process, feelings of anger, guilt and disbelief can be there too.



But, unlike books that say that these are the stages we should go through in grief, I wonder whether there are any stages at all. Instead, I wonder whether grief is the process of falling in love with that person all over again, because in death we need to enter a new relationship with them and we need time to do that, to experience their presence in a new and different way.

So, when I look at the chairs at the back of All Saints', I shall smile and remember with such fondness Arthur sat near Rosemary, and the inevitable little discussion taking place to ensure Arthur knew what he was supposed to be doing. And as I stand behind the Altar at St Peter's I shall feel Laurie's wise presence stood by my side, with that wonderful smile on his face.

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## Remembering Arthur Bennett

From the time when Arthur and Rosemary welcomed me to All Saints' in 2009, and then welcomed Eva, Neal, Claire and Eva's mother Olga in 2012, Arthur has been an inspirational colleague in ministry as well as being a great friend to us all. As churchwarden of All Saints' for many years, he took a great interest in the circumstances of each member of the church, and, with Rosemary, was always there to provide pastoral support in times of need. This continued when he had retired as churchwarden and even, by telephone, when he had become virtually housebound. Arthur was deeply committed to building up the congregation in all possible ways, and to playing his part in ecumenical relationships with the wider Church. All this was rooted in a belief in the importance of service to the community which was also reflected in all he did for the YMCA over many years.



Since his beloved Rosemary died in 2020, Eva and I got to know Arthur in new ways through visiting him at his home in Carlton. We heard moving stories about his childhood and family in the fishing community in Lowestoft, where his roots always remained, and which we managed to visit a few months ago. His accounts of his service in the Second World War, in which he was a driver, remained as fresh as if it was just yesterday. He was a mine of information about films, especially from the 1940s, 50s and 60s, and his perceptions about politics and the state of the world were always wise and full of insight. He would wish Rosemary good morning each day and kiss her photograph, saying how much he loved her; he would pray to God on behalf of both of them. Arthur was totally devoted to his family and was delighted when the phone rang with a call from his children or grandchildren, and always remained close to his brother Leslie. He became something of a father figure to Eva, and the advice and wisdom he shared with her will remain etched in her memory.

*The Reverend Christopher Harrison*

I have a fond memory of Arthur trying to do something at All Saints' and being admonished by his wife Rosemary because "Arthur, you're not 72 any more!". Indeed not, he would have been 92 at the time.

Arthur was not only the Churchwarden emeritus at All Saints'. He was also Tea Boy, First Class, because whenever I was mowing the lawns at All Saints' it would be Arthur who brought a cup of tea to me for my break.

Arthur was a fine gentleman whose presence I shall miss and whose memory I shall treasure.

*Ian Brothwell*

I have lost my mentor and a dear friend. I first met Arthur in the early 1970s, when I was a member of the board of the Nottingham YMCA and he arrived as the new General Secretary.

I remember him as a wise counsellor, especially to young men staying in the hostel, often away from home for the first time. He always stressed the importance of the "C" in the YMCA.

Later, I knew him as a member of the Nottingham Council of Churches, Christian Aid group and the showing of Christian films – the cinema was one of his passions. And finally, as a loyal servant of All Saints' Church.

I thank God for his long and faithful service.

*Richard Barraclough*

Arthur was one of the kindest and most gentle souls I have ever known. He frequently rang the office to tell me about something or other on his mind, but the conversation always began or ended with him asking about my parents or my son. This wasn't out of politeness - he genuinely cared about everybody in the church community, and wanted to hear their news.

When the choir used to sing at All Saints' one Sunday morning a month, I would often be sat next to Arthur as communion was prepared, before he helped to serve. He was always so complimentary about my singing and was incredibly grateful that the choir was enriching the service at All Saints' that day. It was not until his Service of Thanksgiving that I learned what an important part music played in Arthur's life. It was a privilege to be able to be part of the small choir that sang for this service, and I could feel him sitting in the stalls, quietly smiling and uttering the phrase I associate with him - "Wonderful. Just wonderful".

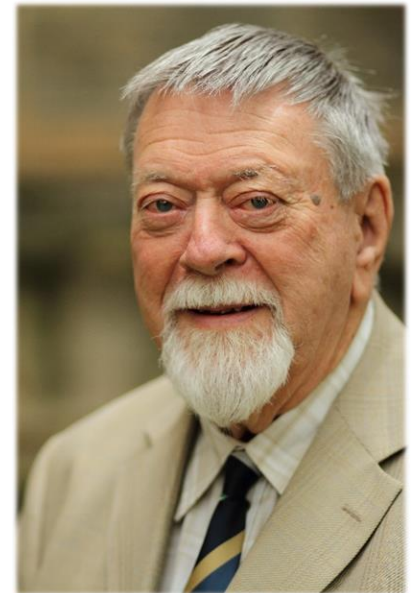
One of the things I love most about my job is helping people prepare for major life events - whether it be baptisms, weddings or funerals. It was a privilege to work with Matthew and his family to plan Arthur's Thanksgiving Service, and I hope he would have been pleased with it. A true gentleman, Arthur will be dearly missed.

*Adele Siepmann*

## Remembering Laurie Crawforth

Laurie was at the heart of St Peter's church for a considerable length of time, and his ministry as lay reader was valued enormously by all of us in the parish and also at deanery and diocesan levels. It was wonderful that he could bring to the parish the fruits of his experience of living and working for many years in Africa, and I'm sure that our memories of his wisdom, pastoral sensitivity and deep spirituality will endure for many years to come. We will greatly miss his sermons, which were always rooted in everyday life whilst invariably offering us new insights about our faith. Laurie had the gift, moreover, of combining gravitas with a conversational approach to preaching which few others manage to achieve so successfully. He was very sad when he reached the point, earlier this year, that he could no longer play an active part in parish ministry; his final sermon, however, was pre-recorded and played to the St Peter's congregation over the PA system. I will miss him hugely as a colleague in ministry to whom I could always turn in times of need, knowing that his advice would be excellent, and whose integrity was unquestionable.

*The Reverend Christopher Harrison*



On Pentecost Sunday, Joan was speaking to friends in the Coffee Room after the Service. Seeing her mother was positively engaged, her daughter started to collect the empty mugs and walked into the kitchen, announcing "I've come to help". My mind immediately flew back to Laurie, as helping is a word I associate with him, and probably I first spoke to him in the Coffee Room where he and family were helping on a charity Saturday morning where we made lots of money and had lots of fun.

It is hard when you first join a church to feel you belong, and Laurie helped me to feel part of the church family by warmly inviting me to join a Lent group at his house. Seated between Andrew Wallis and Joan we studied the Beatitudes and I have always associated "Blessed are the meek" with Laurie.

As time went by, he has helped me more. My mother had to be in a residential home: the owner was an ex-pupil of mine and he often talked over his problems with me. Christmas was fast approaching and he wanted the residents to experience what he called "a proper Christmas" with a religious service, so I asked Laurie for advice. His response was immediate - "I will do it." With a friend playing the keyboard for the carols and Laurie, robed up and delivering an appropriate homily, the residents were most appreciative, and, as one said "It was just like a proper church".

When I asked Laurie for help with working with two teenagers in church, again his responses were immediate - "I will come and help". He attended one or two sessions helping to make our prayers more meaningful and relevant. On another occasion he showed us his Maundy money and talked about its relevance.

One of the teenagers commented to me afterwards that Laurie must have been a very good Christian for the Queen to choose to reward him out of all the many people in Nottinghamshire!. Both Leoncia and William remember Laurie with deep affection and were saddened to learn of his death.



Laurie has helped too with the younger children who come to the Family Service. He has donated a splendid illuminated edition of St Matthew's gospel which Anneka, our oldest member, much appreciates. Let Anneka have the last word. She also remembers Laurie with affection when he supported her as a flower girl on Mothering Sunday. "He was so Kind", she said, "he talked to me and listened to what I said so I wasn't frightened anymore".

Laurie we will miss you. You were there to help all of us; the young, the old, new church members and seasoned ones, those who are born in this country and those from overseas. Thank you!

*Anne Hardy*

Laurie's sermons were usually reassuring. They left us believing that a better world was possible. In the early 2000s when the tram was 'going in' and the city buses were 'improved to the point that there were fewer of them than previously and getting into town for Sunday church was getting impossible, I started going to Beeston church which was probably good as I ended up taking my young grandchildren who were also baptised there.

In 2013 I was able to return to St Peter's because I had moved house and lived near an 'active' bus stop. Meanwhile, although I got on at St John's, there were some Sundays when St Peter's 'called' so I'd come back, but the sermon, atmosphere always said something like 'this is not your resting place', so I carried on at St John's. St J had a history of being a bit prim and proper but my grandson changed all that. As a small person he was given to suddenly rushing - round shops, pubs, churches and the churchwarden at St John put in some impressive rugby tackles heading him off.

I moved house in May 2013 but in the March I came into St Peter's for a 'a visit', as I sometimes did. Laurie was preaching and his message said to me 'come home'.

Of course I can't remember what he said, because for some reason we never remember really pertinent sermons - somehow it's easier to remember those that seem a complete waste of time. I wonder if this is because a 'bad sermon' never gets lower than our critical faculties whereas a meaningful one goes in further and gets digested? Whatever, that March morning Laurie said in effect; 'come back now, before you actually move, settle in for when the house move happens' So I did.

Thank you, Laurie. I hope you are enjoying heaven.

*Ann Parker*

Laurie contributed to my education within the church, through his role in services and his assistance in my confirmation classes. Laurie showing us his Maundy money and telling us about his experience and journey, was something truly unique that I am so grateful for. He was always one of the first people to greet me, from my first visit to St Peter's, up until my most recent and his presence will indeed be missed.

*Léoncia Léonce-Martin*

What a lovely gentle man. Laurie was one of the first people that spoke to us when we came to St Peter's in the early 2000s. He had a lovely, warm voice; both singing and spoken. He was always welcoming, whether it be at church or Mapperley shops.

*Barbra Léonce*

## Overseas Committee remember Laurie's life with thanks

We will miss Laurie very much and give thanks for his life and service. We share the following with you in his memory.

### CMS

St Peter's and All Saints' have supported CMS financially for very many years. The Overseas Committee have strong links with CMS partners working in Southeast Asia. Laurie and Joan have always given their support. The Church Mission Society, formerly known as the Church Missionary Society, is a British mission society working with Christians around the world. Founded in 1799, CMS has attracted over nine thousand men and women to serve as mission partners during its 200-year history.



For more information about CMS please visit [www.churchmissionsociety.org](http://www.churchmissionsociety.org)

### MAF - Flying for Life

MAF has always been very dear to the hearts of Laurie and Joan. The Mission Aviation Fellowship, which uses planes to help people in the remotest parts of the world. In their own words:



"Our vision is to 'To see isolated people changed by the love of Christ.' We believe nothing should stop people from receiving the love of God and the essentials of life – no matter how remote they are. We use aviation and technology, because in many places those are the only ways to reach isolated people in need".

For more information about MAF please visit: [www.maf-uk.org](http://www.maf-uk.org)

"Being where Jesus is means being in the company of the people whose company Jesus seeks and keeps."  
*Rowan Williams, Being Disciples*

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## Prayers for August

*Peter Sims*

Creator God, we thank you for Your many mercies towards us. We come before You with reverence; we honour Your holy name.

May we grow in our understanding of You; may we learn more and more of the mysteries of Your goodness. We pray for all those preparing for a new start after the summer break. We pray for traveling mercies on those taking a holiday during this season. We pray our friends, family colleagues and ourselves, that You will keep us safe in all our activities this summer.

Please use us in a special way in this season to make others more aware of Your goodness. Make us a blessing in the lives of those we come across in our day-to-day activities. We ask for more wisdom to know Your will, and for more strength and courage to carry it out the things You lay upon our hearts.

Help us to see the needs of others; and how to use the wisdom you bestow upon us to help them out appropriately.

All these things; we ask in the mighty name of Jesus, the source of all Grace. Amen.

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## Scenes from a Sabbatical

Christopher Harrison will be hosting an online presentation and discussion entitled 'Scenes from a Sabbatical' on Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> August at 7.00 pm. This will look at the Church in Greece, including icons and wall paintings. All are welcome to join the meeting using the following zoom link:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83502823546?pwd=bWZQL3VhcFhhZXhCbXhmU2RqbTQvZz09>

Meeting ID: 835 0282 3546

Passcode: 817414

A PowerPoint presentation to accompany this talk can be found at <https://tinyurl.com/StPNotts>.

## Remembering Cecile Page

Cecile of All Saints' Church died recently aged 95; her funeral took place on 4<sup>th</sup> July.

Cecile was born in April 1927, in Manchester, Jamaica. She had health problems as a child – she contracted malaria and typhoid, and nearly died (she said that one night she was very seriously ill and had a wonderful vision of green landscapes and a place that was joyous to be in, but did not go there). She narrowly escaped a train crash in 1938, in which 32 people were killed, but she had just got off the train at an earlier station

Cecile had parents who gave her a loving upbringing and spoke very fondly of her mother in particular. She went to a Catholic school in Kingston, Jamaica; her sister, Muriel, who died some time ago, looked after her there. She had two brothers also, Herman and Sydney.



For fourteen and a half years Cecile was a carer for an elderly English woman in Jamaica, Mrs Brandon. The work was hard but she did not complain; her mother encouraged her to continue. She saved up enough money from this work to come to England, and when she did so, in 1957, Mrs Brandon's daughter, who lived in London, invited her to stay for a couple of weeks, making her welcome, showing around London. By this time Herman and Sydney had already come to England.

Cecile applied for a job at Saxondale hospital, to the east of Nottingham, and was immediately offered the post on the basis of her past experience. (The hospital is now closed). She spent 29 and a half years working there, enjoying her work very much and being very popular with her colleagues. When she was married her husband Joseph, the staff organised a great celebration for her, as they did when she retired. She then bought a small house in St Ann's, Nottingham, which was, however, compulsorily purchased by the City Council. She then moved to Grafton Court near the Alfreton Road. This was when she began to worship at All Saints' church.

She was good friends with Belle Smith, and they spent holidays together, including going twice to Germany, once with the church. She also had a good friend Kay, with whom she also went on holiday, including a wonderful Mediterranean cruise six months before Kay died.

Cecile has said, 'Whatever I did, I did from the heart. It was God's guidance and help that brought me to England'.

*The Reverend Christopher Harrison*

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## Jesus enters Nottingham

A meditation by the late Reverend Canon Norman Todd

Imagine Jesus entering Nottingham now as he entered Jerusalem in his earthly lifetime. He had grown up in a large village, gone to school with the friends, shown an aptitude for reading and had an insatiable curiosity, always asking questions. He followed his father's trade as a carpenter and took over the business when his father died. He was strongly influenced by his cousin John and attracted by his call to repentance. He was fascinated by what was written on the scrolls in the synagogue, the Law and the Prophets, and knew many of the Psalms by heart.

Now after three years as an itinerant preacher Jesus feels in his heart that his time has come. He has come up to Jerusalem and been preaching daily in the temple. He is causing the authorities a lot of concern. They realise that he is determined on some kind of regime change, though, he claims, by peaceful methods as the Messiah, the Christ. What will the Roman overlords of the Jews think about this insurrection?

Now he's on a donkey, cheered on by his disciples and excited crowds, coming down the Mount of Olives. A modern pilgrim can pause at what is now the church of 'The Lord Wept'. Framed in the window behind the altar, across the Kidron valley is the city centre of Jerusalem and over the altar cross acting like the sight of a rifle is the golden Dome of the Rock. There Jesus sees the Temple on the site chosen by King David, the centre and symbol of all the power structures of religion and of the world.



Jesus weeps over Jerusalem because it does not know the way of peace and then proceeds to enforce a confrontation with the authorities by overturning the tables of the moneychangers in the Temple. 'My house will be called a house of prayer, but you are turning it into a bandits' den.' A few days later he is abandoned by the crowds, betrayed by Judas, deserted by his disciples, and led to his lonely crucifixion.

Now imagine Jesus entering Nottingham City Centre; going down from Mapperley Top; the wealthy commuter villages behind, the suburbs around, the estates, the poor areas, the Victoria Centre, down to the Market Square. He knows what is really going on in all those houses and other buildings; no spin (guile) nor wishful thinking in his mind; just the truth, including the truth about spin, wishful thinking, self-righteousness, and hypocrisy. What would make him weep and say, 'If you too had only recognised on this day the way to peace! But in fact it is hidden from your eyes.'

And what would make him rejoice? Would he still say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers; they shall be recognised as children of God' and the other Beatitudes (in St. Matthew's Gospel, chapter 5, verses 3 to 10). Would children be brought to him on the beach in Market Square for his blessing? What form would the parables take in contemporary cultures? Would he still say, 'You cannot serve both God and Money'?

**BUT WAIT A MINUTE!** Jesus is in the City Centre every day, all the time! He is there in the men and women who are members of his Church, disciples going about their daily work in the city. They are in the world, but not of the world – well not entirely. The Spirit of Jesus is within them as promised, guiding and strengthening. And in every human being there is the whisper of God's Word, the Light that has never been completely put out in anyone.

Anticipating his death, which he believed would be his return to his heavenly Father, Jesus had urged his disciples to watch (as he watched) and pray (as he prayed). He promised he would send his power to enable us; another comforter, the Holy Spirit, to guide us into all truth. So we can 'watch and pray'; watch with eyes and understanding enlightened by the Spirit; pray - as the first resort not the last - with great yearning 'thy will be done on earth as in heaven'.

Jesus also said, 'I call you friends, because I have made known to you everything I have learned from my Father'. So his mind is being formed within us. But it seems to me that life is so complicated today that we need an opportunity for people from the various sectors and specialisms of the city centre to be able to meet to 'watch and pray' together about the work they do, the economic pressures from national and global agencies and their effects on our common life. As well as the parish and other local churches (and other religious meeting places, of course) ministering to the domestic and family life of local communities, what help do 'work-based' disciples need? How do people at work recognise 'the Spirit at work in work'? Is all work spiritual in that it either helps or hinders the Common Good?

And the Spirit helps me watch myself. How much does my participation in the consumer society with all its temptations relate to the protests of those who see but cannot have? 'Do not store up treasures for yourselves on earth. But store up treasures for yourself in heaven, where neither moth nor woodworm destroy them and where thieves cannot break in and steal. For wherever your treasure is, there will your heart be also' (Matthew 6. 19-21).

*This is one of the pieces which will form part of the Selected Writings of the Reverend Norman Todd, a book which is being prepared by Christopher Harrison and Norman Todd's son Mark.*



*Norman & Joyce Todd*

## Book of the month

By 'Bramcote Book Worm'

*'Family Romance. Every Family has secrets. Some families have lies'*  
by John Lanchester

'One of the most famous things written about family life in the opening sentence of Anna Karenina 'All happy families resemble another, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way'. It's a magnificent line, so sonorous and resonant that it makes it easier for us not to notice that it isn't true' - so begins the Prologue to John Lanchester's memoir of his parents' past.

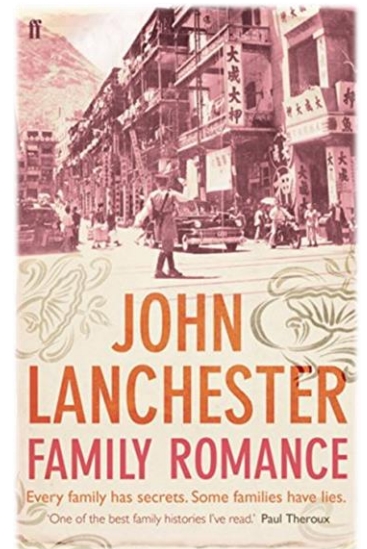
The title is ambiguous, intriguing and misleading. What is 'Romance'? In the strictest academic terms, a romance is a narrative genre in literature that involves a mysterious, adventurous, or spiritual story line where the focus is on a quest that involves bravery and strong values, not always a love interest. Some of this applies, some doesn't. 'A Romance' in common parlance is a love story - again ambiguity - as sometimes this is and sometimes it isn't. A book with a subtitle 'secrets and lies' implies mystery and mendacity.

In his Guardian review of John Lanchester's memoir of family secrets and lies, Blake Morrison describes it as being 'marvellously non-sensationalist' and yet his review has the by line: 'My mother was a teenage nun'. Lanchester writes "I don't remember how I found out that my mother was, or rather had been, a nun", and Morrison is right: Lanchester does not sensationalise her. She was a nun but that was only one of several remarkable things about her. He doesn't make her into anything exotic, rather seeks to understand why she was as she was and, to a lesser extent to understand why he is as he is because of her.

This is a well written book; its tone is relaxed and encourages the reader to put it down but also to pick it up again. Interestingly he writes "I don't think she could bear to tell the story of her life, but I believe that she did want it to be told." As a child in County Mayo, Julia was the bright one, the oldest of a family of eight children, brought out to perform whenever visitors came to her father's small farm. She left her Catholic boarding school at 16 to enter a convent as a postulant. After a year, and about to take her vows and enter to the novitiate, she decided to leave. Returning home, she was shunned by her parents - she and brought shame on them. Moving to Dublin, to train as a nurse, Julia lost contact with her family and became engaged to a man she met in a TB sanatorium. When her fiancé suddenly died Julia decided to become a nun...again.

The second half of the memoir speaks of Bill Lanchester, who had spent the war years as a schoolboy in Australia, not knowing whether his parents, based in Hong Kong, survived the hostilities. Lanchester says of his father that he was "one of the best men I have known."

Bill's story, Julia's story, the story of their meeting and marriage and its impact on the secrets and lies of the subtitle is a compelling, moving and unsentimental read.



*John Lanchester*



*John Lanchester as a baby with his parents*

## Services in August

<b>Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup></b>	11.00 am 1.15 pm	Holy Communion Holy Communion	All Saints' St Peter's
<b>Thursday 4<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 7<sup>th</sup></b>	8.15 am 10.30 am 10.45 am  5.00 pm	Holy Communion Sung Eucharist Matins* Responses <i>Reading</i> Te Deum in C <i>Stanford</i> O Lord increase our faith <i>Loosemore</i> Holy Communion with prayers for healing	St Peter's All Saints' St Peter's  St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am 1.15 pm	Holy Communion Holy Communion	All Saints' St Peter's
<b>Thursday 11<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 14<sup>th</sup></b>	8.15 am 9.45 am 10.30 am 10.45 am	Holy Communion Family Service Sung Eucharist Sung Eucharist <i>The choir is in residence at Norwich Cathedral this weekend</i>	St Peter's St Peter's All Saints' St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am 1.15 pm	Holy Communion Holy Communion	All Saints' St Peter's
<b>Thursday 18<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 21<sup>st</sup></b>	8.15 am 10.30 am 10.45 am  5.00 pm	Holy Communion Sung Eucharist Sung Eucharist* Holy Communion in C <i>Mathias</i> A prayer of St Richard of Chichester <i>White</i> Taizé Service	St Peter's All Saints' St Peter's  St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup></b>	11.00 am 1.15 pm	Holy Communion Holy Communion	All Saints' St Peter's
<b>Thursday 25<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 28<sup>th</sup></b>	8.15 am 10.30 am 10.45 am	Holy Communion Sung Eucharist Sung Eucharist* The Oratory Mass <i>Martin</i> Christ has no body now but yours <i>Ogden</i>	St Peter's All Saints' St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am 1.15 pm	Holy Communion Holy Communion	All Saints' St Peter's

*The Coffee Room & Fairtrade shop will be closed during the first two weeks of August.  
The Parish Office will also be closed during the first week of August.*

## Regular Activities in our Churches

### All Saints'

- Coffee and Fellowship (part of the Places of Welcome network):  
Tuesdays from 11.30 am – 1.00 pm
- The Nottingham University Society of Change Ringers (Bell Ringers):  
Tuesdays in term time, 7.00 – 8.30 pm
- The Nottingham Enlightening Word Church (Chinese) meets in All Saints' Church on  
Sundays from 2.00 - 4.00 pm and on Friday evenings from 7.30 pm.

### St Peter's:

- Rough Sleepers' Drop-in: Mondays (women only) from 10.30 am – 12 noon;
- The Thursday communion service at 11.00 is followed by coffee and fellowship
- St Peter's Bell Ringers: Thursdays 7.00 – 9.00 pm

The Parish Overseas Committee meets every other month; the Caring for our Common Home working group also meets on a regular basis. Please contact the Rector if you would like to know more about these. Our churches also support the work of the Mount Zion foodbank at Bobbers Mill; collection boxes for gifts of food are available in the churches.

The Parish Office  
St Peter's Centre  
St Peter's Square  
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Charity number: 1130298