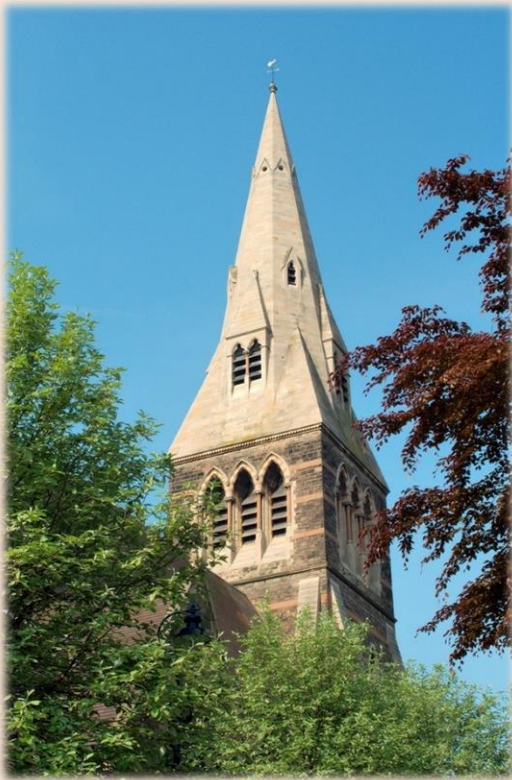


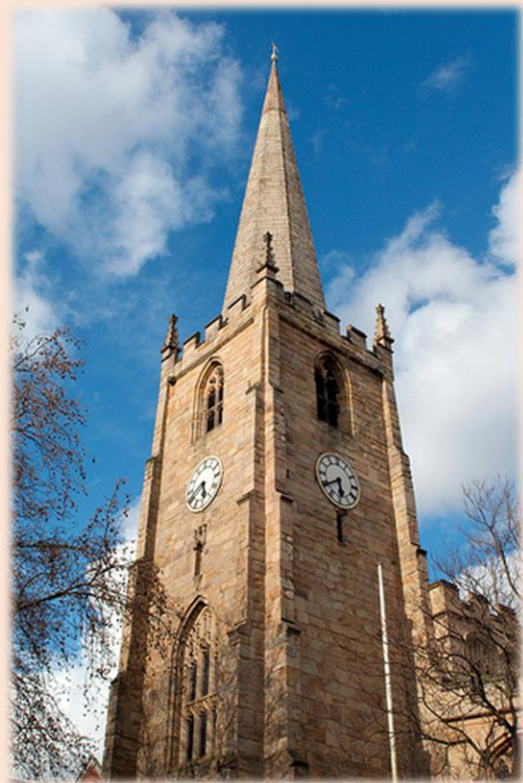


# ST PETER & ALL SAINTS NOTTINGHAM



**November  
2022**

## **Parish Magazine**



*This magazine is provided free of charge, but  
donations are invited to help cover costs;  
please use the donations boxes in the churches.*

# THE PARISH OF ST PETER AND ALL SAINTS, NOTTINGHAM

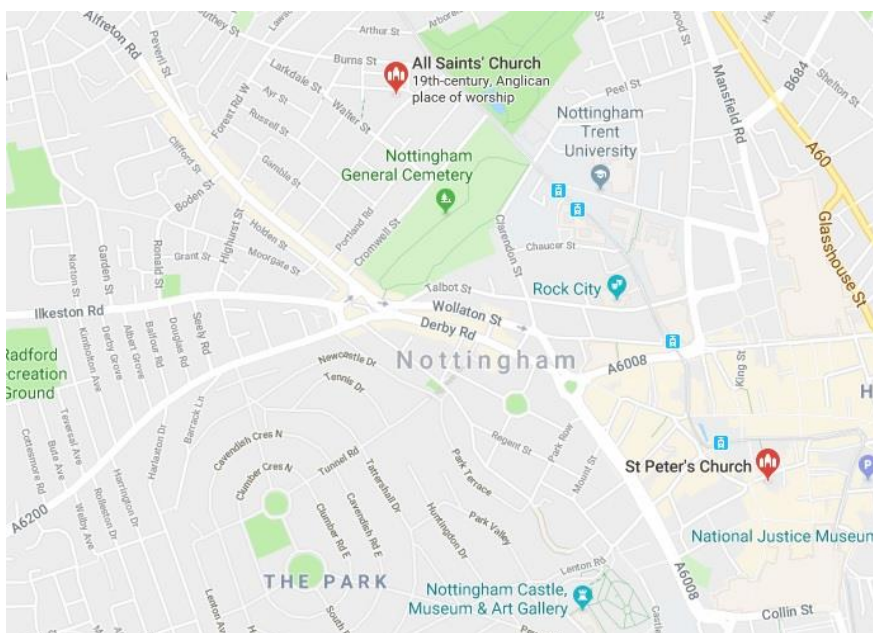


<b>PARISH CLERGY</b> Rev. Christopher Harrison, Rector Rev. Dr Richard Davey, Associate Priest Rev. Dr Helen Hall, Associate Priest Rev. James Saxton, Associate Priest	<b>CHURCHWARDENS</b> Lorraine Smedley, David Towers – All Saints’ Dorothy Mountford, Chi Nwachukwu – St Peter’s
<b>PARISH ADMINISTRATOR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

## CHURCHES

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

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



Every year in November we mark Remembrance Day, commemorating and giving thanks for all those who gave their lives in the two world wars and also in other conflicts since then. We also celebrate the freedom and peace which this country has enjoyed over recent decades as a consequence of the sacrifices made by so many. This is accompanied by reflection on the causes of war, whether these be economic or political, or to do with age old attitudes and divisions. We acknowledge the lasting effects which the two world wars have had on millions of families both in the UK and around the world, and the grief and sadness which remain for many even to this day. We give thanks for the work of the Royal British Legion in keeping the memory of the fallen alive, while being careful not to glorify war or turn a blind eye to the immense suffering which it always causes.



Since the two world wars, the UK has been involved in various conflicts such as in Bosnia, Iraq and Afghanistan; it has also controversially supplied arms to repressive regimes, notably in the Middle East. This year, however, Remembrance Day will be different because for the first time in many years there exists a major conflict which reminds us of the kind of warfare which we have not seen since the Second World War. Russia has had no qualms about subjecting the citizens of Ukraine to horrendous attacks and using its firepower to create massive devastation. Towns and cities, lives and livelihoods have been targeted alike with unrelenting force in an attempt to reshape the geography of the area, at enormous cost to its inhabitants. While the initial Russian attempt to take Kyiv was unsuccessful, and Russian forces have had to concentrate their efforts on the eastern part of the country, it remains hard to see what the ultimate outcome will be. The Ukrainian response has been fierce and strong, and many governments and nations have done much to support this without embarking upon direct military action. Whether a lasting peace can at some point be negotiated remains to be seen, although it will be hard to reconcile the Ukrainian desire to take back territory which has been lost with the Russian determination to hold onto this.

For some time now, there has been a growing sense that Remembrance Day services are more and more anachronistic, and that they have become less and less necessary as the period of time since the Second World War ended grows longer and longer. When I began my ministry thirty five years ago, I took funerals of those who had fought in the First World War. As these became fewer and fewer, I began to take more and more funerals of those who had served in the Second World War. Now there are very few such people still alive, and this in itself can add to the sense of distance between 1945 and the present day. The invasion of Ukraine, however, and the ominous possibility that even all the suffering and devastation seen so far may be only the first stage in a long and drawn out conflict, remind us that Remembrance Day is just as important as it ever was.

Even if we pride ourselves here in the UK that attitudes have changed over the last seventy or eighty years, and that we are much less likely to be sucked into a war without proper reflection, or to see war as a policy option to resolve international disagreements, we can now see that there are definitely countries and leaders who do not share this view. A determined aggressor can wreak massive destruction on a neighbouring nation, and it is extremely difficult for other nations to know how to respond without the risk of possibly catastrophic escalation. The war in Ukraine is likely to result in a new push on the part of many nations to build up their military strength afresh, in order to feel more able to protect themselves if necessary.

Whatever the ultimate outcome of the war in Ukraine, and however long it lasts, we are now living once again in a world in which governments are going to be much more fearful of aggression by hostile neighbours, especially if the Russian goal of re-establishing something akin to the former Soviet domination of Eastern Europe proves to be serious. We are all therefore in the very difficult situation of needing to do everything possible to stop the Russian aggression without the conflict spreading, while also redoubling every possible effort to build a world based on peace and reconciliation, from the grass roots level upwards. In this context, remembrance of past conflicts becomes once again so important, as we retell the stories of those who never returned from war and hear once again about the broken lives of those whose families were torn apart forever. Let us pray with all our heart for a swift and just end to the war in Ukraine, and indeed to other long-running conflicts such as in Syria and Yemen, in the hope that all the hard work which has been done in building a peaceful world since 1945 will not be undone.



## War Memorials at St Peter's and All Saints' Churches



Photo: GM Leuty



Photo: Courtesy of the Southwell and Nottingham Church History Project

## Meditation Service at St Peter's

*Contemplative Christian Meditation Group*

*Beginning Monday 28<sup>th</sup> November and then every Monday until Christmas, 1.15pm - 1.45pm at St Peter's Church*

The Contemplative Meditation Group is starting again on Mondays at 1.15pm - 1.45pm at St Peter's. This is an opportunity to experience Christian Contemplative Meditation, which sounds more complicated than it is! We'll be using some very simple awareness techniques of focussing on our breath and listening to a short inspirational passage to anchor ourselves in the present moment. We'll quieten our minds, become more still, present and aware and in that stillness we'll wait on God. Afterward we may feel more relaxed, at peace and maybe even more energised.

No previous experience of meditation is required. You are particularly encouraged to come along if you feel that you can't meditate because you can't stop thinking. Here you won't have to stop thinking!

Christian Contemplative Meditation dates back to the early church and in particular the desert Mothers and Fathers. Silence, stillness and waiting on God has been practised in the Church for centuries and silence may well be God's "first language". Over the past 20 years there has been a growth in religious and other groups offering meditation techniques and you may have heard of approaches like Mindfulness.

Ours will be a friendly, accessible and relaxed group which is open to all and will offer an opportunity to sit together in the stillness and silence of ourselves and our beautiful Church. These are drop-in sessions, no booking is required and no commitment to attend all. Come when you can or feel moved to attend.

If you have any questions and/or need further information then please contact Ian Wright, Ministry Assistant on 07810 740 931 or [ian.wright@nottinghamchurches.org](mailto:ian.wright@nottinghamchurches.org)

# Tribute to George Rayment

*By Julie Boott, George's daughter*

Well, where do you start to sum up 98 years of George's life and adventure? I'm not quite sure, but here goes!

Well Dad, there you go - I let the cat out of the bag. You're not 59!

George, Dad, Grandad, Great-Grandad, friend or neighbour - however you knew him, I'm sure he made sure you wouldn't forget him!

George was born at 7.45 in the morning at Woolmer Road, Trent Bridge, on August 5<sup>th</sup> 1924, third child of four to Eva and Harold Rayment.

By all accounts George was the ringleader, spokesperson and generally the bossy one! He had an older sister, Evelyn, older brother, Frank & younger brother, Norman - Dad was the last survivor of his siblings. He always spoke about his happy childhood playing on the Embankment and taking part in games such as window rapping and the beyond terrifying drainpipe roaring! All harmless fun in Dad's eyes!



By the 1930s the Rayment family had moved to St Ann's Well Road, where his mum ran the Victoria laundry and dyers. To help his Mum, the young George ran errands after school collecting and delivering laundry, marking up the laundry with Indian ink, and being taught to sew initials into customers' items. Ironically his 'best' customer was A.W. Lymn Funeral Directors on Robin Hood Street.

Anxious to earn some pocket money and resourceful as ever, George collected leaves off Wells Road in the autumn and sold them to the allotment holders for a penny a bag.

On Saturdays he was the errand boy for the butcher Billy Mason, who rewarded the young George's enthusiasm, reliability and respectful attitude to customers with a butchers fry up - egg, bacon, sausage, liver, kidney and black pudding. Dad could still remember the taste today.

He went to Trent Bridge Infants then to Morley school where he left at 15 to start work. He started off at engineers William Watts on Canal Street, only to be poached by a customer who was the owner of hauliers Donaldson Wright, and offered Dad an motor engineers apprenticeship, which he excitedly accepted. Around this time George was tripping the light fantastic around the dance halls of Nottingham - Hanford and Richards, The Palais amongst others. This is where he was destined to meet the love of his life, Edna. They became inseparable. Inseparable, that is, until WWII intervened.

Dad was in a protected occupation, so was exempt from signing up, but every Friday Dad collected his pay packet off the wages clerk who asked Dad if he was "one of those white feather chaps" or "a yellow belly" - both euphemisms for being a coward.

Incensed, he lied about his age, and signed up for REME (Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers), said farewell to Edna and after initial training in the UK headed straight off to India, China and then in 1945 was sitting in the Pacific Ocean on a troop carrier on his 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday, August 5<sup>th</sup> waiting for orders - for what he didn't know - but the next day, the whole world knew.

Just days after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Dad was part of the initial landing party to deal with the death and devastation. Wearing only army issue singlet and shorts, and in an open jeep, he was exposed to terrifying levels of radiation. He saw sights we cannot begin to imagine. Then he was moved on to deal with the same again following the attack on Nagasaki.

Dad remained in Japan until 1947, helping to restore the infrastructure and developing a lifelong love of the Japanese culture.

But his time in India held much happier memories for him, especially the time he was chosen to repair Prince Chettinad's Rolls Royce at the Palace. The Rolls was successfully restored to full working order, the grateful Prince issued an open invitation for Dad to use his boating lake anytime he wished and to bring a couple of friends whilst Palace staff served them refreshments - usually a delicious drink of freshly squeezed limes with ice.



I will say that at many of George's Birthdays of recent years, he always justified his second helpings of birthday cake and ice cream with 'I never had a 21<sup>st</sup>, so I'm making up for it now'.

When Dad came home, he resumed his courtship with Edna, the only person my brother Michael and I credit with controlling Dad. A quiet, dignified lady, she'd simply say "Sit down George, we've all seen you!" And for once he did as he was told.

They married in 1949, saved up and bought their first house, 96A Elvaston Road, where Michael was born. By this time, Dad was working very long hours as Area Fleet Engineer for BRS British Road Services, responsible for servicing and maintaining the fleet, and turning out at all hours and in all weathers and distances to attend breakdowns. It was relentless and exhausting.

After a year or so they moved to a brand new bungalow in Bakersfield, but George and Edna soon realised they were happiest in Wollaton. So around 1956 the young family moved to 187 Trowell Road, to a lovely house with a massive garden to maintain. I was born the following year and during his time there Dad had virtually rebuilt it!

He was patient with Michael and I, teaching us both essential life skills we were told we must remember, such as mixing concrete, (1 part cement to 2 parts sand to 4 parts aggregates!), crazy paving, pointing, making wooden trellis, alongside lawn mowing and hedge trimming, painting and decorating.

Our bonfires on bonfire night were events of great excitement and sheer terror - Dad nearly burned the shed down and singed ours and the neighbours trees in his attempt to get a good blaze going! In that shed, Dad designed and built the biggest and fastest sledge (allegedly for Michael and I) just in time for the big freeze of 1963. Big enough to accommodate the four of us or any combination of brave aunts, uncles and cousins. All was going so well until on one sortie we were flying down the slope in front of Wollaton Hall and hit a tree stump - all four of us on board scattered in all directions with cuts and bruises. Mum was not impressed.

Sadly, not long after moving into 187, Dad suffered a nervous breakdown, making him too poorly to be able to work for a year. Yes, no doubt exhaustion from over work played a part in it, but Michael and I firmly believe that Dad was suffering with what we now recognise as PTSD after everything the 21 year old George had dealt with in Japan.

Just as desperation of ever being employed again was setting in, Dad was chuffed to bits to get a job as a technical rep for motor factors Brown Brothers, where Dad's extensive knowledge and skills with engines and haulage vehicles together with his people skills combined with his notorious gift of the gab, were to provide essential assets to the job. And he got a company car. We were posh.

Dad decided to take early retirement at 62, so it became necessary for mum and dad to downsize from the family home to a brand new bungalow at 61 Torvill Drive - the rest, as they say, is history!

In 2004, Dad lost his adored Edna and was devastated - they'd been inseparable. Dad credits the family surrounding him with love and his strong faith getting him through.

Dad loved people and would work a room and usually leave it with everyone smiling. He was always impeccably turned out, definitely a collar and tie man with shoes polished every day. Absolutely no slovenly dressing as he called it! Unless he was cutting the grass - then he fashioned an outfit of an anorak from his Brown Brothers days that I threatened to burn on many occasion, and Michael asked him regularly if he'd found it in a bus shelter! However many times we wrangled it off dad to chuck in the bin he rescued it! Now talking of grass cutting, Dad's bungalow as some of you may know, has grass on two sides, enabling him to operate a pincer movement on unsuspecting passersby to engage them in conversation, stop the bus for a chat, flag a car or two down to have a natter with the driver and offer his tools to anyone passing if they might care to help - a regular lawn cutting session could take many hours! And quite often did.

Dad's bungalow has a bus stop right outside, and his daily routine consisted of into town on the L10 in the morning and into Beeston on the L10 in the afternoon. He knew all the NCT timetables off by heart, knew all the drivers and hassled or entertained (depending upon your viewpoint) all the passengers on board. Political correctness passed dad by, and he always had an eye for the ladies - Michael, I and grandchildren would regularly cringe at his blatant chat up lines to any females he met, often resulting in dad being rewarded with a kiss on the cheek or a cuddle for his sheer brazenness - by way of an apology I would joke all was well as I had a taser and pepper spray in my bag just in case!

Dad was immensely proud of his family, taking regular interest in what all his grandchildren and great grandchildren were up to - always eager to know what was in their diaries and their secrets were safe with him!

I think I can safely say that Michael and I have had a fair few adventures with Dad as he fought to remain independent. I remember a heated discussion we had before lockdown about Pin numbers - Dad said he didn't need one as he walked in the bank and they gave him money. Really, I said, that doesn't sound right, are you making that up? No, he insisted he wasn't. So during one of the lockdowns I visited the bank for Dad, explained who I was - staff gathered keen for news on Dad. I laughingly told the manager about Dad claiming he doesn't need a pin number and they just give him money. I was stunned when the manager said "Your Dad's right, he's such a legend, we hear him come in wherever we are in the branch, he treats us to his repartees, we vouch for his ID and we give him his cash!" When I apologised to Dad he just said, I told you so!

Dad suffered with glaucoma for many years, successfully treated with surgery until sadly it worsened and a year ago Dad was registered blind. A massive blow for all of us and signalling the beginning of the end for Dad living independently at home. But even at his new 'billet', as he called it, Dad was known for his politeness, smile and good humour and manners, and was popular with residents and staff alike. I was there one day when a member of staff helping dad got such an eloquent and polite reply from him she said "One day, George, I want to marry a man like you - you are so kind and lovely, and you use such beautiful words." Quick as a flash Dad replied, "I'm available if that's a proposal!"

The family have received many tributes and kind words about Dad, one I think sums up Dad perfectly from John, one of Dad's chums at St Peter's, and I quote "In his bearing, dignity and attitude to life and sense of fun George showed us how to live - I thank our Father for him".

Dad was a regular, and by all accounts vocal, member of the congregation here at St Peter's for many years and thoroughly enjoyed being part of the Sunday group, mainly ladies I seem to think, that went for hot chocolate in Marks and Spencer after the morning service. He had an opinion on just about everything and was searingly honest, although he always claimed he never offended anyone - was just honest. Often he'd come to us for Sunday dinner after church and tell us he'd freely shared his views with various members of the clergy and given them pointers as to the direction he felt the Church of England should be going.

Not really one for hobbies, Dad preferred tinkering with engines, anything with a mechanism and loved the challenge of restoring something back to working order. But driving was his main passion and going on rides all over with Mum with deckchairs and a picnic in the boot, blasting out songs from the musicals or military band music. When the time came to reluctantly hang up his car keys at 92 years of age, Michael and I both took over the driving as we both promised we would, and between us we continued to drive Dad all over - of course with deckchairs and a picnic in the boot - unless there was a McDonald's nearby, he loved a McFlurry or any tasty treat that came through that little service window!

Dad had several catch phrases, "Not Bad for a 59 year-old", "I can't imagine the joy I've brought you", "It's been your pleasure" - but I think, on this occasion, it's safe to say that the pleasure is all ours. We thank you Dad, we salute you, we love you.



## Poem

Ian Wright

These ordinary sacred mysteries.  
The coming together of these people, in this place.  
The words and the liturgy.  
The fellowship. The tea and the biscuits.  
The hymns and the singing.  
The very breath in our bodies –  
our very bodies,  
souls, hearts and minds.  
The chatter, the laughter, the catching up –  
Those here and those at home.  
The silences. The prayers.  
The peace we share.  
We find God's kingdom in ourselves  
shared with ourselves,  
shared with each other.  
Love, welcome and belonging.

*A reflection written following the morning service at St Peter's, Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> October.*

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## Prayers for November

Loving God, as autumn fades to winter, the trees stand bare of leaves and the nights draw in, may we know your light in the midst of darkness. May we find refuge under the shadow of your wing, safe from fear, and plague, and pestilence. Give us the assurance of your perfectly abundant love and help us to live so that this love may be revealed to others. Keep us firm in our faith, always reminded of the hope we have in your faithful promises, knowing that you will never fail us.

O Lord our God, source of all goodness and love, accept the fervent prayers of your people; in the multitude of your mercies look with compassion upon all who turn to you for help; for you are gracious, O lover of souls, and to you we give glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, now and forever.

Almighty and eternal God, from whose love in Christ we cannot be parted, either by death or life: hear our prayers and thanksgivings for all whom we remember this day; fulfil in them the purpose of your love; and bring us all, with them, to your eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O God of truth and justice, we hold before you those men and women who have died in active service. As we honour their courage and cherish their memory, may we put our faith in your future; for you are the source of life and hope, now and forever.  
Amen.

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## We are One

*A new parish group to explore issues concerning race, and make recommendations for action*

A new group is being set up with the aim of looking afresh at issues to do with race and racism in our churches. It will examine and highlight any areas of our parish life which need attention in this regard, and make recommendations for action. This will include drawing up an anti-racism policy. We have been advised and guided by St Nic's church and by Nottingham Citizens, who have done good work on this. We are looking for members of this group, which is being called the 'We Are One' group, the same as the St Nic's anti-racism group. We want it to be as diverse as possible and so please do contact the Rector or churchwardens if you might be interested in joining the group. We will be meeting every four weeks on Zoom; the next meeting is on Wednesday 16th November at 8.00 pm.



## Book of the month

By 'Bramcote Book Worm'

*'A Good Home: A memoir' by Cynthia Reyes*

The provenance of a good book often gives pause for thought.

Recommended by a friend, chosen as the result of reading a captivating review or, as in the case of 'A Good Home' discovered in the wonderful second hand book shop located at the back of Lavenham church in the heart of rural Suffolk. What a marriage – one of the most beautiful perpendicular churches in the country with rows of a wide range of books neatly priced in subject order and a card reader for payments tucked away in a transept.

There, one morning in the spring I happened upon 'A Good Home.'

I didn't recognise the title. I hadn't heard of the author but I immediately added it to my growing pile and kept it in the final cull.

It rested on my coffee table for some months then was promoted to the toppling tower of books beside my bed for some more months. Reading, like life, has its joys and disappointments. On finishing a fantastic book, not quite suitable to review for a church magazine perhaps (for the curious it was 'Lessons in Chemistry' by Bonnie Gramus, best character a dog named Six Thirty – what's not to like?) I experienced that emotion felt by all those addicted to print of having lost something and needed to fill that hole, and so I reached out for the Cynthia Reyes. She didn't disappoint.

What a find. What a coincidence. Reyes was born and brought up in Mandeville parish in Jamaica – where the enslaved people of our memorial had suffered and died. She moved to Canada and lived in Kitchener and Waterloo in Ontario, a place I knew from visiting my daughter when she spent a year there at the university.

This is a moving story covering a range of the usual themes to be found in a memoir: of childhood and leaving home, of love and marriage, of joys and sorrows. The settings however give the book its title. Reyes describes her life through the houses where she lived, each one 'a good home'. From the tiny and much-loved pink house in Jamaica, to a mountain side cabin near Vancouver to an historic Victorian Farmhouse north of Toronto.

Each house is the foundation upon which Reyes builds her relationships with her parents and siblings, her relatives and friends, her husband and children. Each home is a place where she celebrates interior design, enchanting gardens and good food. This is a book which explores what really matters in life.

It was with great delight that I found out that in 2016 Cynthia Reyes wrote a sequel to 'A Good Home'. This 'memoir continued' is subtitled 'An Honest House', as yet to be read but certainly something to look forward to.



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## St Peter's Fairtrade Shop

Advent calendars and candles, Christmas cards, decorations, books and gifts are now on sale at the St Peter's Fairtrade & Christian Book Shop!

Please support the shop, if you are able to. Opening times are Tuesday – Thursday, 11 am – 2.30 pm. The shop is also often open following the Sunday morning service.

If you think you may be able to help by volunteering in the shop, please contact Adele Siepmann.



## Services in November

<b>Sunday 6<sup>th</sup></b>	8.15 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
	10.30 am	Sung Eucharist	All Saints'
	10.45 am	Requiem Eucharist for All Souls* <i>Requiem Gabriel Fauré</i>	St Peter's
	5.00 pm	Holy Communion with prayers for healing	St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	All Saints'
	1.15 pm	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Thursday 10<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 13<sup>th</sup></b> Remembrance Sunday	8.15 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
	9.45 am	Family Service	St Peter's
	10.30 am	Sung Eucharist with Act of Remembrance	All Saints'
	10.45 am	Service of Remembrance* <i>Responses Leighton</i> <i>And I saw a new heaven Bainton</i>	St Peter's
	6.00 pm	Choral Evensong* <i>Responses Simon Mold</i> <i>Colchester Service Alan Bullard</i>	All Saints'
<b>Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	All Saints'
	1.15 pm	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Thursday 17<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 20<sup>th</sup></b>	8.15 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
	10.30 am	Sung Eucharist	All Saints'
	10.45 am	Sung Eucharist* <i>Missa Collegium Regale Howells</i> <i>Christus factus est Bruckner</i>	St Peter's
	5.00 pm	Taizé Service	St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	All Saints'
	1.15 pm	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Thursday 24<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
<b>Sunday 27<sup>th</sup></b> Advent Sunday	8.15 am	Holy Communion	St Peter's
	10.30 am	Sung Eucharist	All Saints'
	10.45 am	Sung Eucharist* <i>Kyrie in F JS Bach</i> <i>Agnus Dei in four voices Byrd</i> <i>Rorate caeli Byrd</i>	St Peter's
	5.00 pm	Advent Vespers* <i>Magnificat (Gloucester Service) Howells</i> <i>Lo! the desert-depths are stirr'd Cheryl Frances-Hoad</i>	St Peter's
<b>Monday 28<sup>th</sup></b>	1.15 pm	Meditation	St Peter's
<b>Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Holy Communion	All Saints'
	1.15 pm	Holy Communion	St Peter's

## Overseas Committee

*Dorothy Mountford*

Pakistan Flood Disaster, Summer 2022

The overseas committee would like to thank members of the congregation who responded so generously to the suggestion that we had a retiring collection at the end of our morning services over a number of weeks in the summer. This was to support the thousands of people who were suffering from the loss of their homes and loved ones, as well as diseases and displacement, which were the aftermath of the devastating floods which are still impacting on people's lives and livelihood.

£268.87 was raised which has been sent to Muslim Hands in Hyson Green - one of the first charities to arrive on the scene.



## Star Safari

A Nativity by Pat Ashworth

First performed as an outdoor promenade play in 2011 and 2014, Star Safari takes the audience on a shared journey from a rebellious census on the streets of Bethlehem to a place of last resort at the back end of town. Everywhere is heaving. So just how did one young couple's arrival in town throw so many lives into disarray?

The play draws its inspiration from the Mystery cycles. With medieval and Tudor music on period instruments, and singing from an ensemble cast, it's a robust, lively and original Christmas offering for the whole family, in the atmospheric indoor settings of:

Southwell Minster - Sunday 4 December, 1pm and 5.30pm

St Michael's Church, Bramcote - Saturday 10 December, 12 noon and 3pm

St Peter's Church, Nottingham - Sunday 11 December, 1pm and 4pm

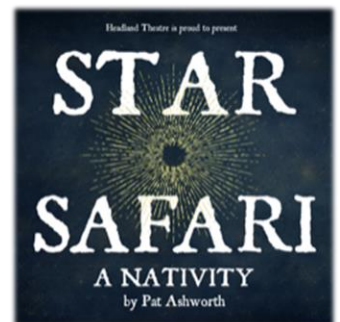
St Mary and St Laurence, Bolsover - Saturday 17 December, 1pm and 4pm

Tickets for the Bolsover performances will be on a 'pay what you can' basis and will be available on the door only.

Duration: Approximately 1hr 15 minutes, with no interval.

Tickets: £12 (full) and £10 (concessions) – family tickets also available.

Purchase online at: [www.ticketsource.co.uk/headland-theatre](http://www.ticketsource.co.uk/headland-theatre) or from Dorothy Mountford. Tickets for the Southwell Minster performances will also be available at the Minster shop.



## St Peter's Physic Garden

In Memory of Ossie Newell

A generous donation of £250 has been given to St Peter's by a friend of Ossie Newell, for a memorial to him. The idea of a Physic Garden - known originally as "apothecaries gardens" - has been suggested. Many monasteries and large estate mansions had physic gardens, where plants were grown for cooking, healing and dyeing wool and fabric.

Susan Baker has taken over the care of the garden at St Peter's, and has started to plant out herbs. She welcomes the idea of extending and creating a physic garden in memory of Ossie, and has undertaken extensive research in the medicinal herb gardens of medieval monasteries. Our verger, Mike Chappell, and Sue have discussed including edible plants and have already cleared some of the overgrown areas to find space for planting.

The congregation are asked if they would also like to make a contribution towards this project. Due to Covid restrictions at the time, a memorial service for Ossie was not able to take place – if you would like to make a donation in memory of Ossie now, please contact Adele Siepmann in the parish office.



*Part of the Physic Garden at Ely Cathedral  
Photo: Dorothy Mountford*



## 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:

- 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  
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