

**St Botolph's Chronicle**  
**December 2021**  
**Editor – Carole**

Dear Friends,

We are entering the season of Advent when we look expectantly towards the celebration of Christmas, hoping that this year we will be able to meet family and friends without any restrictions. Hoping too, that we can worship God in all our traditional services over the festive period. We plan to have the Christmas Trail and two Crib services for our young ones, a carol service, two Carol singing outings in the parish and our usual services on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Full details are elsewhere in this edition of the Chronicle.

Although we are looking forward to Christmas, before we get too busy with all our preparations, we must remember that in Advent, while we are thinking and planning about celebrating the birth of the baby Jesus, we are also called to spend time reflecting on Christ coming again. We rejoice in the birth of the baby, but we also need to spend time looking at how we live our lives in relation to Christ's teaching. We need to consider how we would present ourselves before the Lord when he returns in glory. So, I invite you to think and pray about this over the next few weeks. To help you with this, we are running a four-week Advent Study using one of the York Courses. We are running the course on either a Monday evening or a Thursday morning. You are welcome to attend either of these and just come along even if you can only attend one or two sessions. There are more details in this edition.

As well as looking towards Christ's second coming, I would also invite you to look towards the new year that is rapidly approaching. The PCC has been thinking about the future of our church and in the background has been ordering and managing improvements to the church and the church hall. My thanks go to the Fabric Committee for their continuing hard work on this. As a PCC and a wider church family we have also been thinking and responding to the centre at Lincoln on the "Time to Change Together" initiative. This initiative is the diocese's vision on how best to respond to the many challenges facing us. We are facing great change, and our bishops have asked us to work together to address that change. We are being asked to be more visible and active in our communities and our Mission and Ministry Team along with the rest of the PCC are developing plans for our parish. Please keep our bishops and our PCC in your prayers as we work towards a new future.

In closing, I pray that you will have a wonderful, peaceful and joyful Christmas and I look forward to worshipping with you over the festive period and beyond.

Every Blessing, Mark

## The Book Part Two (continued from last edition)

A book is only alive when being read. The Iliad was placed on a shelf with many other books on the theme of Greece. The books were browsed by many customers and occasionally bought. To make way for new stock the shelf was cleared of those thought to be taking up space with little chance of purchase. The Iliad was in this category, thrown in a cardboard box and dumped under a dusty window at the back of the shop. Jennifer was an avid reader, and all her moments of free time were spent with a book. She had tried the electronic way of reading on her iPad, but the feel of the book, the gentle rustle as pages were turned and the undefinable smell whether new or second hand could not be replicated on a screen. Her enthusiasm for reading had taken her to university and a degree in Literature and teaching in a large city centre school. Now with work, two children, one nearly a teenager and a husband there was precious little time to sit quietly and read. The family visited the nearby market town one Saturday morning and while they went off to look for sports gear Jennifer discovered the second-hand book shop. “Was she looking for any particular author or subject?” “No thank you I’m just browsing,” she replied. She wandered up and down between the shelves which seemed in danger of collapse with the weight of books. There were many titles she had read both as a child and a student which sparked a host of memories. Her attention was drawn by a faded red cover of a book in a dusty box. She picked up the copy of the Iliad, which had once been prized by Private Handscombe. I’ve never read this she thought although many say they have, but are they telling the truth? After handing over the princely sum of 50 pence Jennifer went to meet her family for lunch.



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The holiday week cruising on the Belgium canals was over, which all agreed had been good fun if rather tiring. The boat had been handed back in the morning, but a problem with the ferry booking had delayed their departure until the late evening. A day on the beach would while away the time before the late evening sailing. The path wound between the high dunes, their tops covered with marram grass took them to the hard flat sand which stretched into the distance. To the left was Dunkerque and the ferry port to the right sand and more sand. Waves gently caressed the beach half afraid of disturbing the huge vista of sand sea and sky. It was impossible to visualise the chaos of the evacuation many years in the past. “Can we go for a swim?” Charley asked. “Last one in buys the ice-creams,” replied her father already pulling off his T shirt. After a few moments of furious activity three figures were running, laughing and shouting across the sand towards the inviting sea. “I’ll be able to finish my book while you are away,” Jennifer said as she fished the copy of the Iliad from her tote bag. She sat resting her back against the warm dune and began to read the last few pages. ‘So they conducted the funeral rites for Hector, breaker of horses.’ Her eyes closed and images of the epic story formed in her mind. She fell asleep She woke with a start, her son was shouting, “Mum, mum quick.” He was running away down a path

which ran parallel to the sea. The book fell from her hands as she dashed after the boy. Racing around a bend in the path all was revealed. Her daughter lay face down, legs splayed at awkward angles with her husband kneeling beside the girl. Broken leg, ambulance, hospital, operation, splints, casts, crutches, and the beginning of the Autumn term flashed across Jennifer's mind. 'It's a hat,' said Michael. 'A forage cap,' said his father Charley was carefully scraping sand away from the worn fabric 'Look, a badge,' said Michael. 'What is it sis?' 'A Sphinx,' she replied. 'The photograph of my grandfather, which granny kept on the table by the front door showed him in uniform with a Sphinx on his cap. I never knew my grandfather, but I often thought the picture was there as if he would soon come home.' Jennifer said almost to herself. 'What shall we do with the cap?' Charley asked. 'I think you should cover it up and leave it in peace,' replied Jennifer. Her husband nodded in agreement. The children began to shiver and ran on ahead to get dressed. In the midst of this activity Jennifer asked 'Has anyone seen my book?' She was searching around where she had been sitting 'It was only fifty pence!' Michael exclaimed. 'It was the best fifty pence I ever spent,' retorted his mother, anger rising in her voice. She whirled away, tears beginning to prick the corners of her eyes. He was right. She was ashamed. But for a reason she could not explain the book had found a special place in her heart. She walked away and looked across the flat sand. A lone figure stood near the water gazing intently at an object in his hands. 'Come on or we'll miss the ferry,' Frank called. Jennifer turned to wave she had heard. She turned again towards the sea. The beach was empty.



*Note: The Sphinx symbol to be worn on their uniforms was originally granted to The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment in recognition for its service during the Napoleonic Wars in Egypt in 1801.*

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## **Advent Study**

We will be holding an Advent study group using one of the York courses for four weeks. There are two options as follows: -

Mondays at 7pm at Mike and Margaret Harvey's home, starting 29<sup>th</sup> November.  
At 77B Mareham Road, NG34 7JZ.

Thursdays at 10am at the Rectory and on zoom, starting on 2<sup>nd</sup> December.  
At 5 Spire Views, NG34 7RN

### ***Advent Study Thursday Zoom Link***

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84363532047?pwd=V2JITGNFdlNaVzg2VkZEL0E4c1Uydz09>

Meeting ID: 843 6353 2047

Passcode: 063670

## A poem reflecting on the loss of loved ones

### **Amor Vincit Omnia? (Love conquers all?)**

As this broken year draws to a close  
I diminish too, a stranger to myself.  
Old certainties evaporate into the empty sky:  
Empty too the Earth beneath my feet.

Grief spreads like an invisible, swirling mist  
Enveloping me.

Will I stay rooted to this unholy spot  
Where neither memory nor hope hold sway?  
Are my wrenching, agonising dreams  
Better or worse than waking in the silence  
Of this uncharted place?

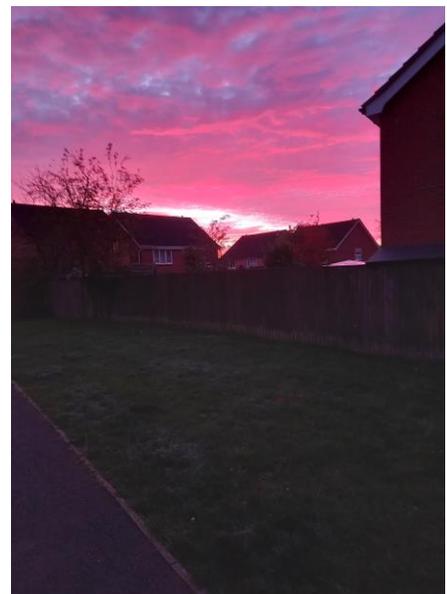
By Bet Washbrooke

### **COFFEE WITH THE CURATE**

One of the joys of being a curate is getting to know new people and making a little time in each week for a cup of coffee with someone. I thought that it might be nice to share this opportunity to speak to different people in the church with the Chronicle readers. This month I spoke to Sylvia, having got to know her a little at Prayerline and Morning Prayer. She shared so much interesting information gathered from her travels and from her conversations with her many walking companions; we had a lovely chat.

### **Where did you grow up**

Sylvia grew up in Norfolk, not far from Norwich. Her grandfather was a tenant farmer and, from as early as she can remember, she spent her days on the farm. Her grandfather was a significant figure in her life and she spent a huge amount of time with him as a child growing very close to him. Sylvia's Mum worked in the dairy and her Uncle Walter worked with the cattle leading them to pasture each day. "*On the farm you get up and do a couple hours work before breakfast*" and for Sylvia that has become a life pattern, she is an early riser and walks each morning before breakfast. She showed me lovely photographs of that morning's sunrise from her morning's walk.



### **How did you come to be at St Botolph's church?**

After her husband Chris had died Sylvia visited her father-in-law, 'Pop', who lived in Quarrington, and regularly came to church with him. Sylvia has been here 11 years now. She moved up to Sleaford to care for him and stayed when he died. She speaks fondly about the warmth and welcome she has experienced at St Botolph's.

### **What do you spend your free time doing?**

Sylvia loves to walk, to go out with friends and to visit churches along the way.

*"We're very fortunate that Lincolnshire has so many footpaths and bridleways and walking routes."* One of Sylvia's favourite walks is from Buttermere over the Haystacks, she especially enjoys the hills in the Lake District.

Sylvia loves to stop in and visit churches on her walking routes *"you get a sense of the people who have been in that place, a sense of the love and care and prayer over the years. You know that you are somewhere that God is, that he has been worshipped. It can feel as though prayer and worship seeps into the walls over time."*

### **Is there anywhere you'd love to go or something you'd love to do?**

Sylvia has always had the travel bug, and when she was much younger she dreamed of climbing Kilimanjaro having seen it on the television. She loved learning about history, geography, and culture.

There are many places she would love to visit, including the Nile, Athens, Florence, Nepal, Everest, Kathmandu. *"I just love history and geography and archaeology and getting the feel of a place."*

Sylvia admits that the cost and getting a little older will probably prevent her being able to do as much as she would like, but she holidays in Greece regularly having been for the first time in 2000. Greece is a place she feels comfortable travelling alone now. While she's there she enjoys walking in the area and appreciating the beauty of the landscape and learning about the architecture and history as well as meeting new people. *"The people are so friendly and welcoming"*.

### **When do you feel closest to God**

*"When I'm outside walking in the fresh air"* Sylvia appreciates the quiet of her early morning walks and loves to see the sunrise coming up and hear the birds singing and when no-one is about. *"I have a chat with God about all the things on my mind"*.

Rev Rebecca

<p>Do not forget the Helpline number if you cannot get through on our usual numbers 07592 065567</p>
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## Answers to Car Quiz in last edition

A car that is an area of London	Vauxhall
This one is also a fierce animal	Jaguar
This one is also a wild American horse	Mustang
This car is always a success	Triumph
This one is a bit of a pussycat, but young one	Kitten
This car is a creepy crawly	Beetle
With this one you can cross a river	Ford
This one flew in WW 2	Spitfire
A car that has royal connections	Princess
A car that can never stay in one place	Rover
A car where you can also keep food!	Lada
Number one in Italy	Uno
A fast flying bird	Swift
A bear that eats bamboo	Panda
This one is a great musician	Maestro
This is an island in the sun	Capri
A car that is a sign of the zodiac	Scorpio

### **Fabric Update from Mike Harvey (Churchwarden)**

The Fabric Committee has had a busy year and a lot of work has been carried out in both the Church and the Church Hall. In Church, in addition to all the routine maintenance activities, we have replaced the cracked windows in the tower, removed the reading shelf at the end of the nave and the front reading shelves in the chancel, these last two items creating some much-needed space.

All of the non-routine actions have needed the approval of Faculties, the process by which the Diocese regulates what we do with our beautiful building. This can often be a slow process! We are awaiting the repair of the hour chime on the church clock and the installation of a permanent projector and screen for use in our church services. These should be completed by the end of the year or very early in January.

In the Church Hall, we have caught up with a significant backlog of maintenance, including electrical safety checks and repairs, the overhaul of the fire alarm system and checks on the heating system. We are hoping that the hall can be repainted early next year.

## Signs of Church life beginning to return to some sort of normality!



Rev. Rebecca took her first baptism earlier this month and we welcome Jacob Morris into our Christian family, the photos show a very joyous occasion.



## Our first Social evening

Full of fun and games (with thanks to Claire for the photos)



**CHRISTMAS SERVICES**

**Carol Service**  
22nd December at 7.00pm

**Crib Services**  
24th December at 3pm & 4.30pm

**Midnight Communion**  
Christmas Eve at 11.30pm

**Family Worship**  
Christmas Day at 10.30am

**Boxing Day Praise**  
Boxing Day at 11am

St Botolph's Church Quarrington NG34 8RS  
 @stbquarrington 01529 306776

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### Offerings to God

“Now I will write about the collection of money for God’s people. Do the same thing that I told the Galatian churches to do: <sup>2</sup> On the first day of every week, each one of you should put aside as much money as you can from what you are blessed with.”

1 Corinthians 16:1-2

*You can give to the church either by cheque or by BACS to*

**BANK:** HSBC, 26 Market Place, Sleaford NG34 7SB

**ACC NAME:** St. Botolph’s Church, Quarrington.

**SORT CODE:** 40-42-07.

**ACC NUMBER:** 21515403