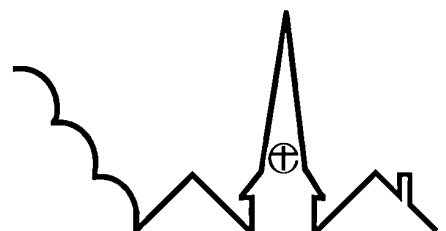


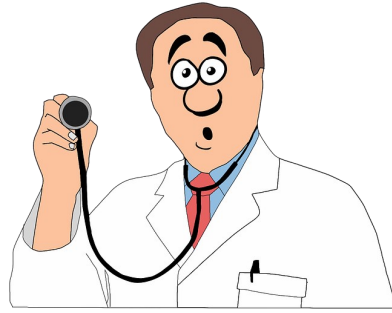


**July / August 2020**

**50p**



St Michael's Boldmere



Medical experts were asked if it is time to ease the lockdown.

Allergists were in favour of scratching it, but Dermatologists advised not to make any rash moves.

Gastroenterologists had a sort of gut feeling about it, but Neurologists thought the government had a lot of nerve.

Obstetricians felt certain everyone was labouring under a misconception, while Ophthalmologists considered the idea short-sighted.

Many Pathologists yelled, "Over my dead body!" while Paediatricians said, "Oh, grow up!"

Psychiatrists thought the whole idea was madness, while Radiologists could see right through it.

Surgeons decided to wash their hands of the whole thing and pharmacists claimed it would be a bitter pill to swallow.

Plastic Surgeons believed that this proposal would "put a whole new face on the matter."

Podiatrists thought it was a step forward.

Anaesthetists suggested that the whole idea was a gas, and those lofty Cardiologists didn't have the heart to say no.

Dear Friends,

When I was given the rota for writing the opening comment for the Church magazine and saw I was to write the one for July and August, I thought I would be writing about summer holidays, breaking up from school, having a time for rest and relaxation – of charging our batteries for the next busy part of the year.



Little did I or anyone know what was about to happen. Little did we know that we would all go into lockdown and our lives would completely change. Since then there has been an easing of lockdown, but really very little has changed for many of us, and as the weeks go on the easing relaxes more.

Some of us have embraced lockdown with both hands and run with it. Filling the time with jobs that never get done – cleaning out cupboards, spring cleaning and gardening – having the tidiest cupboards and pristine of gardens. Others of us have gone baking crazy, so much so that the shops ran out of flour and yeast. Some of us have taken up new hobbies, or continued at a greater pace at those we love.

But others of us have found life difficult, not being able to leave home, not being able to have contact with others - family and friends. For them being at home has been a time of anxiety and worry.

But this is where our faith can help us; I have seen many inspirational words and Bible readings posted on the church WhatsApp group and Facebook. These have lifted my spirits and hopefully lifted yours too.

Recently I read: Psalm 46:1 "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear". It reminds me that I am not alone, even when I feel anxious I know there is someone to turn to, someone who is my strength and refuge.

I have also been turning to hymns – we are told that singing is very good for us - and one that keeps coming into my head is “Father hear the prayer we offer”. The words just seem to be so appropriate at the moment. I either sing it or use it as a prayer.

*Father, hear the prayer we offer;  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.*

I think, however my favourite verse is the fourth one,

*Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings be our guide,  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father, be Thou at our side.*

I hope that this hymn has been an inspiration to you and a help to you at this time.

Do you have a favourite hymn or song that you turn to in times of difficulty? Why not share it with us all and send an article to Penny to put in the magazine. What helps you may help us all.

By the time you read this I have no idea where lockdown will be; what we will and will not be able to do. But I hope that you are all coping with lockdown and adjusting to the “new normal”, whatever that may be.

Best Wishes  
Elaine Riley



**July / August**  
**Prayer Page**



As I compile this prayer page we are still in lockdown. There has been a slight easing, but we are nowhere near back to our old normal – we are living in the new normal. So here are some prayers to celebrate our new normal and the summer. I hope you enjoy them and they prove to be of use to you.



Creator God  
who breathed this world into  
being,  
who is discernible within  
the harmony of nature,  
the perfection of a butterfly's wing,  
the grandeur of a mountain range,  
the soaring eagle and humming bird,  
thank you for this world  
which you have created.  
Thank you for summer sun,  
which reminds us  
that your creative breath  
is still alive and active.  
Thank you for the warmth of your love,  
sustaining this world,  
your garden.

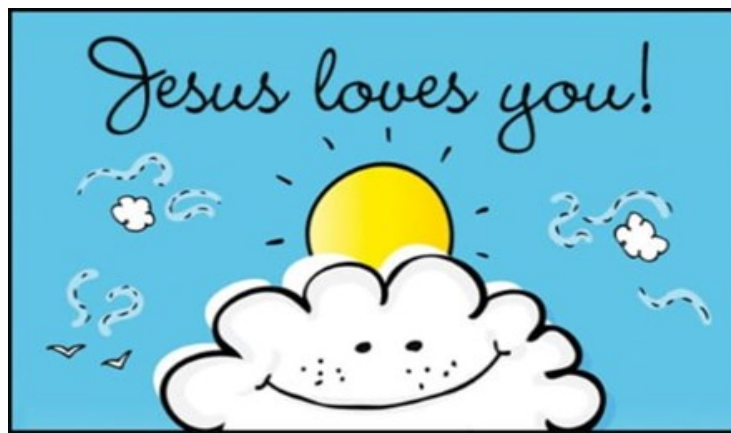


This world  
Your creation  
Rolled into a sphere  
Packaged in sunshine  
Gift-wrapped in love  
Given to us  
Thank you





O Lord, from whom all good things come;  
Grant to us your humble servants,  
That by your holy inspiration  
We may think those things that are good,  
And by your merciful guiding may perform the same;  
Through our Lord Jesus Christ,  
Who is alive and reigns with you,  
In the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
One God, now and forever.  
Amen



Your loving care  
Lord Jesus,  
when you walked with us on earth  
you spread your healing power.  
We place in your loving care  
all who are affected by Coronavirus.  
Keep us strong in faith, hope and love.  
Bring relief to our sick,  
console our bereaved,  
protect those who care for us.  
We lift our prayer to you Lord,  
and trust in your infinite mercy,  
as we wait for the daybreak.  
Amen.

*Father, thank you for this new day.*

*Though I don't know all the challenges I'll face, I know You will be with me and You are my hope. You are my strength. You will give me wisdom as I seek Your perspective in Your Word. I pray for those who are hurting or lonely today—that you will comfort them. I pray for those who are ill—that you will heal them. I pray for those who are concerned about what may come in the next uncertain hours—that you will grant them peace as they trust You. Thank you for being our safe haven and solid refuge because of the work of Christ and the Holy Spirit working in us.*

*Amen*



Compiled by Elaine Riley.

### **PAWS FOR THOUGHT**

When Thomas Edison's desk was opened years after his death, a card was found among his papers:

"When down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out all right."



## Pear and Lemon Crumble

### Ingredients:

One and a half pounds of pears

2 tablespoons golden syrup

Grated rind of a lemon

3ozs butter or margarine

6ozs plain flour

2ozs Demerara sugar

### Method:

Peel and core pears and blanch for 2 minutes in boiling water

Drain well and cut into slices and place in serving dish

Drizzle over the syrup and sprinkle with lemon rind

Make the crumble and spoon over the fruit

Bake at 170 deg for about 30/40 minutes.





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## High Noon!

Who would have thought it? Well I did, my imagination ran riot! I've just got to tell someone about it, and that someone is you.

My daily exercise regime has consisted of a brisk walk around my local streets. That was fine to begin with, but after a while I began to get bored. And that's when it started, that's when my imagination ran riot. This is what happened.

I was walking down Western Road one day and suddenly Western Road became..... a road in a western!

The sun beat down, the breeze was whipping up dust devils and tumble weed was rolling down Main Street. The town was quiet, too quiet and most of the wooden clapboard houses were shuttered. I wondered if they were expecting trouble. There were a few horses tethered outside the saloon and the only people I could see was the sheriff and his deputy and an old timer snoozing on his porch.

I looked up at the town clock and saw that it was almost noon, high noon!

The sheriff and his deputy were trying to appear unconcerned. The sheriff was strumming his guitar while his deputy was singing in a high falsetto. Then Missy, the sassy saloon keeper, appeared with two foaming glasses of sarsaparilla. 'Maybe this will help you to stop,' she muttered through gritted teeth. But the sheriff was worried. He hated high noon.

The clock began to strike twelve and the deputy looked down the street. 'Here they come' she sang. 'Can you just stop with all that singing' growled the sheriff as he shifted uneasily. Two riders, dressed in black, drew near. One wore a blue neckerchief and the other had blonde hair hanging down beneath a black stetson.

'Welcome to Santa Michal City,' said the sheriff, 'what can I do for you folks?'

'We have unfinished business,' said the blonde rider pulling out a sheaf of papers.

At this the old timer across the street woke up and stroked his long grey beard nervously. 'I'm really, really sorry,' he croaked, 'but what's going on?'

'Be quiet old timer,' snapped the first rider.

'Now hold on there,' began the sheriff, 'we don't discriminate by age, gender, or sexual pref.....' His words were cut off by a single gun shot in the air.

'You ain't signed your Gift Aid Declaration,' said the blonde rider, 'and we ain't leaving till you do.'

You could have cut the tension with a knife and hands began to inch slowly towards holsters. A strange sound of someone whistling began and in the distance a Mexican was blowing a mournful trumpet.

'Boys, boys, stop that!' shouted Missy, the sassy saloon keeper, as she ran out of the saloon.

'We can't stop now' the rider said wearily, 'this has gone on for too long, we ain't leaving till we've got what we came for, and that's final.'

'OK,' replied Missy, the sassy saloon keeper, 'then you leave me with no choice.....I'm going to read you one of my poems!'

Silence descended and time seemed to stand still. The wind moaned and tumble weed rolled down the street. The old timer fell off his chair, the sheriff broke a guitar string and the deputy stopped singing. After what felt like an eternity the dark riders admitted defeat, and with that they wheeled around and rode into the sunset.

'I always knew that my poems would encourage people to do the right thing' said Missy, the sassy saloon keeper, as she smiled to herself.

Peace returned to the west and Western Road materialised out of the dust.

Meanwhile I thought I'd better head back to my homestead on the Sunnybank, hoping that my vivid imagination hadn't offended any of the lovely people I know.

Because any similarity with them is, of course, purely coincidental!

With love

Canon Andrew Menniss.

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## **A Lesson in Generosity**

I want to tell you about some friends of mine, Gertrude and Daniel.

They live in a small rural community in South Africa, and my husband David and I first met them 5 years ago when we were training to be long term volunteers with the organisation Hands at Work in Africa.

As part of our training we were required to stay for a few days with a family in one of the communities where Hands works, amongst the poorest of the poor, and we were fortunate enough to be welcomed into the home of Gertrude and Daniel, who were living with their two little boys, and with Daniel's mother and his younger brother.

We took some bags of food with us on our community stay, so that our presence would not add to their burden of trying to feed the family. Almost as soon as we handed over the bags, Gertrude was opening them up and sharing the contents with the children from the neighbourhood who were always coming in and out of her little yard.

Gertrude's kitchen equipment comprises a big black cooking pot, a few battered pans, a pestle and mortar, one spoon, one knife, and one plate, and her oven is an open fire. She is a brilliant cook, and she taught us how to cook maize meal porridge, and make a delicious ground peanut and tomato sauce to accompany it. She was rather scornful of our feeble attempts to grind the peanuts and relieved us of the huge pestle and mortar: our energy saving devices back home meant that we didn't have the required muscle to grind the nuts finely enough!

In the evenings we sat on plastic chairs, upturned buckets and a log of wood, under the beautiful southern stars, eating the food she had prepared from a communal (and her only) plate. (this was before the days of social distancing!) Neighbours would drift in and out of her yard throughout the evening, and all were offered food. As it grew dark, children's faces would suddenly pop into the light shed by the one candle, helping themselves to a bit of food, or creeping up and giving these strange white visitors a mischievous tickle.



Our involvement with Hands at Work means that we visit South Africa every year, and every year we make sure that we spend some time with Gertrude and Daniel and their family. Over the years we have seen them making real progress, working hard to feed their growing family. In an area of high unemployment, 2 years ago Daniel was able to get a job at a restaurant catering for tourists who visit the nearby Kruger National Park. He wasn't earning much, but it was enough to help provide for the needs of the growing family.

Last year when we visited, Gertrude proudly showed us her matriculation certificate. She had managed to complete the school studies she had abandoned when she was a teenager, and this will open up job prospects for her.

But the pandemic has changed all of that. No tourists means that Daniel has lost his job as a waiter, and there are no jobs for Gertrude.

When we recently contacted Daniel to say that because of the Corona virus we would not be able to come to South Africa in August, he replied:

"If this goes on until August, we will die".

For me, the lockdown is an inconvenience. It means having to think carefully about when to shop and what I buy. But my cupboards are full and I will not go hungry.

For Gertrude and her family, and thousands of families like hers throughout Africa, it means life or death. And this is not just because of the pandemic, because actually South Africa seems to have been much more organised and prepared for the pandemic than we were in Europe. After all, they have had a lot of experience of dealing with pandemics. The real threat to Gertrude and Daniel and millions like them is the poverty that is caused by the fact that much of the world is on lock down. When national and international finances are tight, it is always those who are already poor and vulnerable who suffer the most.

My friendship with Gertrude and Daniel has taught me a lot about what real generosity is.

Not the generosity that gives a little bit out of my plenty to make me feel less guilty, but a generosity that gives freely and joyfully.

I really hope that one of the lessons we will learn as we emerge from this lockdown will be that whoever we are, we all share the vulnerability that comes with our common humanity. Wouldn't it be wonderful if that realisation caused us to be more generous, and to regard our comparative wealth as a gift to be shared, rather than treasure to be hoarded?

(If you want to find out more about Hands at Work in Africa, you may want to have a look at the website : [www.handsatwork.org](http://www.handsatwork.org) )

Jane Newsome

### **Psalm 31**

By your saving power deliver me,  
bend down your ear and hear me;  
come quickly Lord, come  
quickly to my rescue.

Be a rock of refuge to save me,  
be a strong fortress to shield me;  
Lord lead and guide me  
for your own name's sake.

Set me free from the net spread to catch me  
for you, O Lord, are my safety;  
into your hands my  
spirit I commit.

Faithful God, your grace has saved me;  
in love you saw my affliction  
and tended to me  
in my deep distress.

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## A Different Garden Party

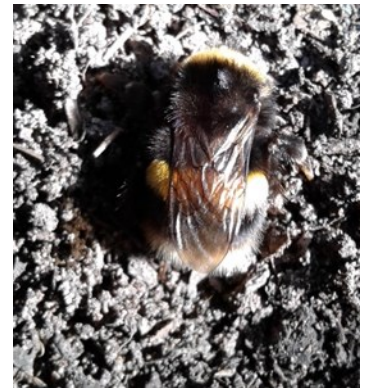


Last month we were still enjoying blue skies and warm sunshine but since the beginning of June the weather has 'redressed' the situation and we have seen thunder storms, heavy rain but also rainbows. The garden is certainly green now and the soil is recovering from the driest and hottest May on record. A point

of similarity with last month however was a beautiful full moon on June 5<sup>th</sup>, known as the Strawberry moon by native Americans, coming at a time when strawberries ripen.



Lockdown has given extra time to observe birds and insects in the garden in more detail. While we had sunshine the bees were busy collecting nectar on lots of flowers. And joining me for a rest on a pot of prepared soil whilst I was working in the greenhouse.



Two years ago I bought a peony which has a Japanese name, Ho Gioku. Having seen on Gardener's World that ants love the nectar on the buds, I watched with interest and fascination to see them running over

the beautifully formed but closed buds. They remained right through the stages of buds slowly opening and then fully open.







If anyone knows the name of this variety, then I would be pleased to know.

Following on from last month's garden party plan, I have incorporated some of the flowers that are now flowering but in the changeable weather! Our garden is desperately dry in parts and I am increasingly finding plants that do not like these conditions and conversely those that thrive. One that has thrived in a small, dry, walled bed is *Indigofera Himalayensis*.



### ***Indigofera himalayensis* 'Silk Road'**

It is a fairly small, deciduous shrub, growing to 1.5m in height and a spread of 1m after a few years. It can be grown in the ground or in a pot and looks pretty trained against a trellis or wall.

It has quite spindly stems early in the season, when you wonder if it has died over winter and then it suddenly makes little buds of green which produce soft, green feathery leaves on arching branches, followed by racemes or clusters of purplish-pink, pea-like flowers which stand upright like little candles on the branches. It is suggested that it is grown in moist but well-drained soil in full sun or partial shade. It seems to be disease and pest free and is an easy plant to enjoy in the garden.



Scent in the garden gives me particular pleasure and throughout the year we have had a succession of shrubs and perennials which have given that in abundance. Last year we were given two gold roses, Golden Wedding and Golden Celebration to celebrate that milestone in our lives and this year they are both making settled growth but also giving enormous pleasure with strong perfume.



**Rosa Golden Celebration**



**Zaluzianskya ovata**

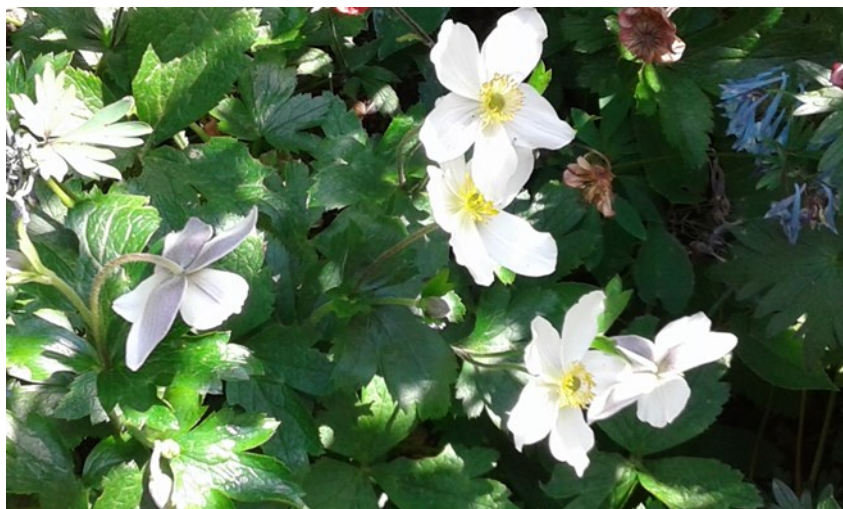
Zaluzianskya or night scented phlox is another plant which gives scent to the garden over the whole of the summer. A native of South Africa, it is an alpine perennial which is low-growing. It is not considered to be reliably hardy so if grown in a pot it can be put in a frost-free environment over winter.

However, it has overwintered perfectly well in my garden, both in pots and planted in the garden. During the day, the flowers are tightly closed with deep pink backs to the petals but in the evening, the flowers open to reveal five notched petals with pure white insides which scent the whole garden. There are numerous small flowers which last for weeks. It grows well in full sun and likes moist but very well-drained soil.

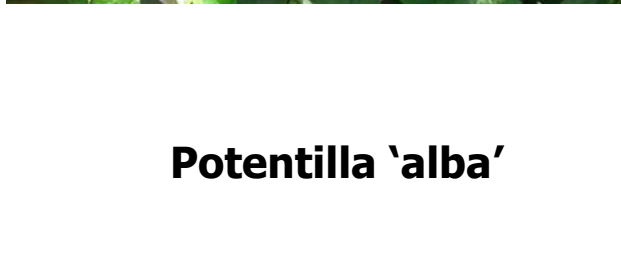
I have learnt that it needs to be cut back hard after flowering to maintain a bushy growth habit. I must admit that mine looks a bit straggly but it certainly deserves its place in the garden. The perfume reminds me a little of the scent of night-scented stock which grew in my auntie's garden like a weed when I was a child.



As a result of a wet winter and an incredibly warm and sunny May, everything seems to have flowered early and gone over quite quickly. The following are just a few of the flowers that have been pretty over the last few weeks.



**Anemone Wild Swan**



**Potentilla 'alba'**



**Kalmia latifolia 'Minuet'**







**Scilla peruviana**

Scilla peruviana or Portuguese squill, is a perennial which likes sandy or gritty soil but lots of sun and light and flowers best following a warm summer.

Despite its name, it is a Mediterranean bulb which grows in the wild, but was named after being

transported from the Mediterranean to Bristol on a ship called the Peru. It has broad, quite fleshy leaves and slowly develops a large head of lavender/blue starry florets which open gradually over a few weeks. Like nerines, the tip of the bulb should be at the soil surface and, if grown in open ground, can form large clumps over time which can be divided.



My grandfather was a chrysanthemum and rose grower and one rose which was special to him was 'Cecile Brunner' which he grew as a shrub rose but I have as a climber, which was grown from a cutting by my mum. It has to be pruned very hard as it can grow to 25' and is in the wrong place but is too established to move. It is very lovely and a favourite of mine to give a spray as a gift. It has dainty, pale pink buds which are about 2cm and open to sprays of blooms which are beautifully scented and last well in water.

And of course there are the roses, which seem to be holding up well despite the turn in the weather.



**Rosa 'Cecile Brunner'**





**Rosa 'Gertrude Jekyll'**

**Rosa  
'A Shropshire Lad'**



**Rosa 'Mortimer Sackler'**

This year has seen my garden have considerably more attention than it would normally have, but for those of us who have been confined to home, a garden has been a gift which I consider a great blessing.

But... it will be good to go out and see everyone again!

Angela Grudzinski



**Rosa 'Crazy for you'**



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## **Still with the spirit of Jim Carr. (5 November 1944 – 5 June 2019)**

Well Jim, no football has been played since early March. Not just football but all sports stopped because of a global pandemic. The world has had and still has more important things to think about. Churches have been shut and many, many people have died; some have caught the virus and survived. All have been infected with a virus that migrated from China. We have all had to shy away from society.

When I look back to early March, it seems like a dream. I was still visiting Boldmere St Michael's Football Club. They were gradually climbing the league after a poor start and then a change of managers. When the lockdown came, it later became obvious that the season was not going to finish and eventually all results were expunged. This applied to all leagues below National League level. It made one feel that all the striving in sport was futile when faced with a life or death situation.

But life itself is not enough without pleasure; the pleasure, and sometimes pain, that sport gives. Our Government has acknowledged how important sport is to returning society to some sort of normality. Football, especially the highest leagues have, become of late, embroiled in money and commercial interests. To most people who have been struggling in isolation, the idea of all this is unsavoury. As the song goes "money makes the world go around", but football league fixtures in June and July! The Cup Final at Wembley is planned for (wait for it) the 1<sup>st</sup> August. To help with the 'footballer's exertions', five substitutions are allowed from a pool of nine players. The games are to be held 'behind closed doors' (no fans present).

The Premier League re-starts 17<sup>th</sup> June with the EFL 20<sup>th</sup> June, without leagues 1 and 2 who have already voted to end their season. All these leagues will have promotion and relegation with the play offs happening a few days prior to the cup final.

Most people who have been affected by the pandemic will say about football "who cares?" I think you would care, but football would come far down the list of priorities.

I think I am right in saying that your priorities would be to Liz, your immediate family and the food bank, St. Michaels and the greater church family, Malawi and education, but there would also be room for Cricket, Birmingham City FC. , Burton Albion FC., your beloved York City FC. and Rugby Union.

You cared, Jim.

P.S. Just heard about the untimely death of Rick Coleman, your old mucker. Rick was a true gentleman and organised stadium tours of St. Andrews and Edgbaston Cricket Ground. By far the biggest testaments have come from his one time pupils from the school where he was deputy head. "Mr C set me on the right path".

Rick also cared.

## **Graham Jennings**

### **SOME PAWSES FOR THOUGHT**

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too.

#### ***Voltaire***

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

#### ***St Augustine***

I have found that the best way to give advice to your children is to find out what they want and then advise them to do it.

#### ***Harry S Truman***



Hi everyone,

I hope this email finds you well, especially amid these challenging and different times.

I'm sorry for my lack of contact in recent months. Among other challenges I have found my creativity somewhat stifled lately and have found writing stories for my blog difficult.

However, in the last couple of weeks I have been learning more of God's contentment and seen some of my creativity unlocked. God is good!

I finished one of my stories today, but am still without a blogsite to post it to, so will attach it to this email for you to read.

I hope you enjoy it. I will be looking into finding a new platform for my stories soon.



In other news, lockdown life continues here with new restrictions as cases rise. Now cars are limited to only being on the road on certain days according to an odd or even license plate number. One has to appreciate their inventive ways to keep people at home. We still have a curfew from 6pm-5am, and a full day curfew on Sundays.

- Please continue to pray for my family. Thank you again to all who were praying for my sister when she had Covid-19, she is fully recovered now. Praise God.
- Please also pray for me as I 'plan' or at least try to plan my time back in the UK later this year. I am going to have to renew my passport from here, so pray for the logistics of that please.
- Also, prayers for the families we work with here are much appreciated as we continue to support them with food and rent during this time. We are already thinking about longer term help and how to reduce help in the best ways when things improve again.

Please pray for my youth group. We are staying in touch online and they are doing well, but it is hard for us all to not be able to meet right now, especially in the lead up to me being away in the UK too.

Thank you so much for your continued support, prayers and love.  
As always please send your news, I love hearing from people.

love and blessings

Azaria Spencer

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Coordinator of Communications: Street Kids Direct UK

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Tel: Guatemala +502 4102-6249

[azariaspencer@live.co.uk](mailto:azariaspencer@live.co.uk)

## Hope for the homeless

It is a Monday morning in May 2020, lockdown has been our 'norm' for over two months now and so many things are different, and some are unfortunately the same and perhaps even intensified.

I am with a work colleague and he is driving us through zone 1, one of the poorer and slightly more dangerous parts of Guatemala City. We are on our way to a 'comedor,' food kitchen, where we will join with a small team to help prepare food for the homeless and vulnerable.



Life seems to be going on as normal here in zone 1, shops are open, even 'non-essential' businesses are operating, business as usual. I wonder what that even means, 'non-essential?' Because honestly most of these people will view their businesses as essential because if they don't work, they and their families don't eat. That seems pretty essential to them and to me. I would understand more if the government were more willing and able to provide compensation.

One thing I do see is everyone in masks, one of the enforced rules here in Guatemala from early on in our lockdown and curfew restrictions. I can see all manner of masks, colourful, patterned, different shapes, it's nice that people can still express themselves a little through them.

We stop at some traffic lights and I look to my right. A small 'tienda,' shop, is open and in the small entrance two men stand drinking beer and chatting, their masks pulled under their chins. A bit early for alcohol and any sign of social distancing is out the window.

To my left I see three ladies stood on the opposite street corner. It is obvious from their dress and stance that they are prostitutes. It might be the first time I have seen ladies so openly stood on a street corner at this time of day, in such a public place. I imagine times are especially hard for them, 'business' must be slow, and they still need to feed themselves and probably children. Something inside me breaks as I see one of the ladies, maybe 20 years old, approach two men on a motorbike that has stopped just in front of them. She leans into the driver and speaks into his ear, resting her hand on his lap. I will refrain from describing in further detail what went on as she tried to entice him into doing business with her. Some sights are better forgotten, although it is unlikely that I will forget quickly. The lights changed to green and we drove on, and as quickly as that life goes on. We arrived at the comedor and started preparing breakfast in the form of 'café y pan,' coffee and sweet bread.

As I folded bread in napkins, I couldn't help but be saddened by the things I had seen on the drive into the kitchen.

The truth is that at times like these it is always the poorest who suffer the most and how unfair is it that they were already suffering and now that is heightened, intensified, and increased.

I think of the families we work with and am pleased to know that they are getting food supplies and rent paid through our generous supporters and donors. Yet, there are so many more people who are not.



As the day goes on we prepare lunch for over 150 people. As 12:30 approaches the line in the street grows, people of all ages, even whole families, gather to receive what might be their only meal of the day.

It warms my heart to know that people have been coming together to help the less fortunate. To see that people are willing to volunteer their time and resources to bless others in these challenging times is a real encouragement and sign of hope. But I still question and doubt, I battle the niggling thoughts. These people that we serve here today were already suffering before Covid-19, and most will continue to struggle after all this is over. I push those thoughts aside because it is great that people are helping today, right here, right now. It gives me hope; hope that these new projects to help the more vulnerable that I have seen pop up all over Guatemala City, and I imagine in many other places too, that they will continue.

I have seen several food kitchens, projects that are providing food parcels for families, the white flag movement where people can ask for food and support in the street with a white flag, shelters for homeless people, which are especially important because of the curfews here. At first no-one could be outside between 4pm-4am, now it is



6pm-5am,  
with no

thought on a governmental level as to where homeless people would go. Projects and movements like these give hope to vulnerable families, they give hope to the homeless and they give hope to me.

I hope that they will inspire lasting change and support for those who need it. I choose to be hopeful instead of cynical. It is not always an easy task, when I see so much brokenness and so many hurting people, but I choose hope because **God gives hope.**

# Groups & Organisations

## MONDAY

Cubs	6.45	Scout HQ
Choir	7.00	South Aisle
Contact	Angela Grudzinski	373 1899

## WEDNESDAY

Luncheon Club	12.30pm	Church Hall
Contact	Ruth Yates	354 4248
Rainbows	5.00 – 6.00	Church Hall
Brownies	6.15 – 7.30	Church Hall
Contact	Liz Claybrook	07906 958532
Email	liz.claybrook@yahoo.co.uk	
Guides	7.00 - 8.30	Church Hall
Contact	Hayley Bryer	07876 361952
Email	hayleydench@hotmail.co.uk	
Bellringers	7.45	Church Tower
Contact	Dave Reeves	354 6264
The Guild	See 'What's On' Page	
Contact	Angela Grudzinski – Chair	373 1899

## THURSDAY

Little Lights	9.45	South Aisle
Knit & Natter	2.00—4.00	Church Hall
Contact	Ruth Murray	608 3599
Scouts	7.30	Scout HQ

## FRIDAY

Flower Guild	Friday Mornings	Church
Contact	Chris Reeves	354 6264
Beavers	6.15	Scout HQ
For Beavers, Cubs and Scouts		
Contact	Bob Moore	07930 543747
Email	moorera@blueyonder.co.uk	

## CHURCHYARD TALES

The Churchyard has been in the history of this Parish for over 150 years, and has become the final resting place to generations. Here is one of its stories.....

**William SEAMARK (1830 – 1916)** – aged 85 years  
**Ursula SEAMARK (1836 – 1907)** – aged 73 years  
**Mary Elizabeth SEAMARK (1859 – 1839)** – aged 80 years

William SEAMARK was born in Creaton, Northamptonshire on 25<sup>th</sup> December 1830, the son of William (a shoe manufacturer) and Millicent and was the eldest of their 7 children. He was christened at St Michael and All Angels Church, Great Creaton on 6<sup>th</sup> May 1831.

By the age of 21, William was recorded as being a Clerk. He still lived with his family at their home on Greyfriars Walk. (*Greyfriars Walk was so named after the Franciscan friars of Northampton, who had settled in the area as far back as 1224 and who had been set up by St Francis of Assisi in 1209*).



William met **Ursula** Payne, the daughter of Samuel (a shoemaker) and Ann. Ursula had been born on 20<sup>th</sup> December 1836 in Naseby, Northampton (about 4 miles away). (*Northamptonshire was famous for its shoe making, with many people at this time having workshops in their homes*). She was baptised in the Parish of Cottesbrooke, Northamptonshire on 22<sup>nd</sup> January 1838.

(PAGE 20-21)

BAPTISMS Solemnized in the Parish of <i>Cottesbrooke</i> in the County of <i>Northampton</i> in the Year 1838.						
When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parent's Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
<i>1838. 22<sup>nd</sup> January No. 150.</i>	<i>Elizabeth</i>	<i>Thomas</i>	<i>Guly</i>	<i>Cottes- brooke</i>	<i>Butcher</i>	<i>A. B. G. G. Rector.</i>

William and Ursula married at All Saints Church, Brixworth in the early months of 1854. (*All Saint's Church, Brixworth, is a Saxon built church, described as being the most imposing architectural memorial of the 7<sup>th</sup> century still surviving. It is believed it was attached to Brixworth Abbey originally on the site*).



William was soon to change employment, and he became a Bricklayer. (*At the time bricklayer meant builder*). By about 1856, William and Ursula had moved to Birmingham, and in 1861 the family were recorded as living on Lupin Street, Nechells.



William was described as being a Master Bricklayer and employed 1 man. The family had also grown in size, and now included, Emily Ann (b: 1857) **Mary Elizabeth** (b: 1859) and newborn Samuel (b:1861). There was rapid growth in Birmingham and the surrounding areas, (including Sutton Coldfield) during the 20 years from 1861 to 1881, which meant plenty of building was required.

Over that 20 year period, buildings such as George Kynoch's Lion Works in Witton, The Great Western Hotel and The Great Western Arcade in Birmingham were built. There was also great expansion of the railway system through the region, including the building of stations at Sutton Coldfield, Wylde Green, Erdington and Gravelly Hill in 1862, and Snow Hill station being re-built and expanded in 1871. This would result in the need for more homes, and between 1861 – 1881 the population of Sutton Coldfield, for example, expanded from 4662 to 7737.



William was a success in the building trade; by 1877 the family had moved to 1, The Cedars, Washwood Heath Road.



On Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> April 1877, William was elected as an 'Overseer of the Poor'; able to act as a governor of the poor in one of one of 12 parishes around Birmingham at that time and to be guardian of the Workhouses within that Parish (most likely to include the Aston Union Workhouse situated on the site later occupied by Highcroft Hospital, Erdington).

**ASTON POLICE COURT.—YESTERDAY.**  
Magistrates present: Messrs. A. HILL, J. T. COLLINS,  
and J. LEUSAN.  
**OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.**—The following gentlemen were appointed, out of twelve nominations, as Overseers of the Poor for the parish of Aston:—Mr. James Andrew Mountford, builder, Coventry Road; Mr. John Wain, tailor and draper, Ashted Row; Mr. William Seamark, gentleman, Washwood Heath Road; and Mr. Thomas Jones, gentleman, Asaph Villa, Mansfield Road.

By 1881, and aged just 50, William was retired. In 1889 William was elected as a local councillor and the family were recorded as living at The Limes, Washwood Heath Road.

William, Ursula and Mary then made one final house move. Sometime around 1900, they moved to 'Ivydene' a house located on Chester Road. This was within the Parish of St Michael's Church.

Ursula died on 7th January 1901 and was buried at St Michael's.

William died on 5th June 1916 and was buried with Ursula. He left his estate of £3,804 (£333,000 today) to his daughters Mary and Emily and a Chemist, Theophilus Canning.

Mary Seamark died on 30th June 1939 and was buried with her parents.



*Peter Knight*

Visit our website at [www.stmichaels.org.uk](http://www.stmichaels.org.uk)

Get sermons etc. at [www.stmichaelsmedia.org.uk](http://www.stmichaelsmedia.org.uk)

# Church Hall Lettings

For bookings ring:

Church Administrator 0121 373 0207



Tailing Off....

Another month where we have been unable to print the magazine. I'm hoping that we can do so for the September issue as I am very conscious that there are many of our subscribers who do not have access to the internet.

I don't know about you, but although I should have much more time on my hands I seem to be busier than ever and have a constant list of outstanding items.

I'd better get on with them then!

Editor

Magazine articles please for the

**SEPTEMBER**

magazine to:

[jenningspenny@aol.com](mailto:jenningspenny@aol.com)

**By 10th July 2020**

## WHO'S WHO AT ST MICHAEL'S

<p><b>Vicar:</b> Rev. Gary Birchall          Tel: 354 4501          Email: revgary@stmichaels.org.uk          (off Tuesdays)</p>	<p>209 Station Road          Sutton Coldfield          B73 5EL</p>
<p><b>Curate:</b> Rev'd Cath Walker          Tel: 07307 255828          Email: revcath@stmichaels.org.uk          (off Fridays)</p>	
<p><b>Churchwardens:</b>          Pete Swaine          Tel: 07846 401334          Email: peter@swaine.plus.com</p>	<p>Jude Leonard          Tel: 0121 373 0012          Email: judinator1@hotmail.com</p>
<p><b>Readers:</b>          Elaine Riley                      Tel: 354 4157          Gary Connell                      07717 239904</p>	
<p><b>Lay Pastoral Ministers:</b>          Val Bryon                      07886 397945          Liz Carr                      354 3769          Kevin Hunt                      313 2376          Margaret Smoldon              355 4226          Trudy Walsh                      355 4128</p>	<p>Peter Edmonds                  354 3200          Lin Benson                      373 1227          Edwina Connell                682 9119          Fran Lumley                      354 5490          Mick Walsh                      355 4128          Helen Menniss                 07814 911129</p>
<p><b>Stewardship Secretary</b>          Edwina Connell</p>	<p>Tel:            07717 239904          Email:       edwinaconnell@yahoo.co.uk</p>
<p><b>Church Administrator</b>          Liz Claybrook          Tel: 373 0207          Email: <a href="mailto:liz.claybrook@stmichaels.org.uk">liz.claybrook@stmichaels.org.uk</a>          Mon, Wed &amp; Fri 9.30 -2.30pm</p>	<p>Church Office          St Michael's Church          Church Road, Boldmere          Sutton Coldfield          B73 5RX</p>



# St Martin's Nursing Home



St Martin's is a family run nursing home managed by brother and sister David Underhill (Home Manager) and Lorraine Holt (Nurse Manager). We provide modern facilities for twenty four residents in a comfortable and caring environment. Our small size means individual attention and a homely atmosphere.

Accommodation consists of 24 spacious single bedrooms, all with en-suite facilities, HD television and free Wi-Fi.

We offer a range of enjoyable activities to stimulate cognitive awareness. This includes animal visits, music recitals, puzzles, outings, hobbies and visiting entertainers.

Our professional training is rigorous and our C.Q.C. rating is good. We welcome enquiries and visits should you seek quality nursing care with family values.

51 Vesey Road Sutton Coldfield West Midlands B73 5NR 0121 321 1789  
email [enquiries@st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk](mailto:enquiries@st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk)  
[www.st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk](http://www.st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk)