

## Parish Records – Feb-April 2010

### Old Brampton

- **Holy Baptism**  
3-Apr Eliana Mae Edwards  
17-Apr Benjamin Russell Clarke  
8-May Emily Violet Woodhead  
8-May Zacharias James Clements
- **Wedding**  
29-Apr Miles Grout & Anna Matthews  
14-May David Bancroft & Christine Wallis  
14-May James Herrett & Rachel Longmore  
21-May Aled Nicholas & Louise Hacker  
28-May David McKee & Michelle Deighton

### Barlow

- **Baptism**  
3-Apr Leah Rose Alderson  
1-May Rebecca Feeney  
5-May Emily May Edwards
- **Funerals**  
18-Apr June Grice  
18-May Sarah Jolley  
22-May Irene Pickering (interment only)

### Loundsley Green

- **Funerals**  
8-Apr Margaret Tagg  
17-May Doris Morris

## Regular Services

### Old Brampton Sunday services

- 08.00 Eucharist (2nd Sunday at Barlow; 5th Sunday at Cutthorpe)  
09.30 Family Service 1st; Eucharist 2nd and 4th; Morning Worship 3rd and 5th  
18.00 Evensong (1st Sunday only)

### Barlow Sunday services

- 08.00 Mass (2nd Sunday only)  
11.00 Sung Mass

### Loundsley Green Sunday services

- 09.45 Eucharist 1st and 3rd Sundays; Morning Worship 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays  
18:00 Eucharist (2nd Sunday only)

### Weekday Masses

- Tuesday, 9.30 Loundsley Green
- Wednesday, 10.00 Barlow (1st Wednesday only)
- Thursday, 9.45 Old Brampton

### Coming Up:

**Sunday 19-June** Haydn Little Organ Mass, 6 pm Barlow Church Chesterfield Bach Choir

**2 & 3-July:** Old Brampton Patronal Festival – Open Gardens, Concerts

**17-Aug:** Barlow Wells Celebrations, Service at 6:30 p.m.

### Weddings, Baptisms, appointments

I'm available without appointment most Tuesday evenings 5 pm – 7 pm at the Rectory 01246 558112, 25 Oldridge Close, Holme Hall, S40 4UF; other times by appointment.

### Contributions to Rambling Rector

Would you like to open a topic for discussion in Rambling Rector? If so, please contact Fr Stanley: - Tel. : 01246 558122  
e-mail : stanley.monkhouse@btinternet.com



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## St Peter & St Paul, Old Brampton St Lawrence, Great Barlow Loundsley Green Church Rambling Rector Issue 32, June 2011



RR did not appear last month. I was busy with Easter. I was also busy with other things, which need a bit of explaining. Back in September 2007 I took a phone call from the then Archdeacon of Chesterfield asking me if I would consider coming to be the Priest at Old Brampton and Barlow. I started the job in May 2008, and expected to be here until retirement. Since then, events over the last 12 months have taught us to look at the future through more rational eyes. They have showed us that families need support, and that we need to be nearer family for our support. And since our daughter, son and son-in-law in Dublin are not coming here, we came to the conclusion that maybe we needed a rethink. Within less than a month, a job was advertised, enquiries made and a job offered. So back to Ireland: one medium-sized and two small churches, a town of 16K people with hospital and prisons, the Rectory near the biggest church, and—most important of all—50 miles from family. I will be instituted as Rector of the Portlaoise group on 28 August. If you're interested, look at

<http://portlaoise.leighlin.anglican.org/portlaoise.htm>

One of the churches (Dysart Enos, aka Rock of Dunamase) is here:

[http://www.askaboutireland.ie/\\_internal/gxml!0/2ocqn930ubywvi8z0wl9dhefnm6z926\\$96t2by8wv3f9yatie214a5v57bjkj8a](http://www.askaboutireland.ie/_internal/gxml!0/2ocqn930ubywvi8z0wl9dhefnm6z926$96t2by8wv3f9yatie214a5v57bjkj8a)

Until the establishment of the Irish Free State, Portlaoise was known as Maryborough (they pronounce it *Marryboro*), named after Queen Mary Tudor, and County Laois was Queen's County (neighbouring County Offaly was King's County). Curiously, the Protestant primary school in Portlaoise is still named after that Catholic Queen.

On TV recently you may have seen Her Britannic Majesty in the Republic of Ireland, presumably as the forerunner, preparing the way and making straight the paths for Susan and me. We first moved from UK to the Republic of Ireland in 1988. What struck us then was just how little English people know about Ireland. Irish history is simply not taught here. Because of the results of 20th century partition, we are left with the impression that it is trouble, and that's about all. That Dublin is not in the UK surprises some people. That the pound in your pocket is there the Euro surprises a few more. This speaks volumes about our horizons, our parochialism, and our willingness to look outwards. Is this why there are so many pubs and fish and chip shops in Mediterranean resorts? I once asked a fellow from Loundsley Green if he had always lived locally. 'Oh no,' came the reply, 'I was brought up in Newbold.' The mainland Europeans call us *island monkeys*.

### Looking forward

The sight of Her Majesty at a state banquet in Dublin Castle was astonishing. To hear her speak of the mistakes of history in a way that acknowledged the wrongs done to the island of Ireland by English colonialism was truly moving. And she hit on something that Jesus says time and again: clinging to the past is the very thing that burdens us. It stops us living in the present and looking forward to the future. An inability to forgive ourselves for what we have done is an



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example of dwelling on the past. It is also a form of self-obsessedness, a perverted pride. 'Let the dead bury their own dead' said Jesus, 'we have stuff to get on with' (a rough translation). This is one reason why I will never support conservationism. I admire the buildings and achievements of the Victorian age, and I once joined the Victorian Society, but now I am irritated by its reluctance to acknowledge that things might need adaptation to suit the here-and-now. Remember English Heritage and Barlow church extension: they were more concerned about *their* image of the past than *our* needs for present and future. Many church people are obsessed by pews, imagining that they have been there since the church was built. Others are obsessed about the internal appearance, ignoring the likelihood that in the middle ages the church was plastered and colourfully painted. We need to acknowledge the past (not apologise), understand it, but don't live in it. Initiative is so often stifled by those who are stuck in the past. PCCs need to heed that lesson: the needs of the present and future are not well served by attitudes of the past.

### Getting older

Which brings me to the difficulties of getting older. Our brains are wired so that we tend to lose short-term memory before long term memory. As we age, we remember 30 years ago better than yesterday. There are species-preservation reasons why this is a good thing—if only we did not live so long. We tend to dwell on the days when we were fit and active, and when we grabbed life by the short and curls, and we become sad about what we can't do any more. We need to grieve this loss: the loss of youth and energy and get-up-and-go. And the realisation that things we once thought dear turned out to be no more than seductive bubbles that have burst, leaving only a soapy mess. Rather than moping, try mopping. Think how you might share your wisdom and experience with others. Enjoy the young members of your family, talk to them as friends. One of the sadnesses about my relationship with my father was that before he died (I was 36) we never reached the stage of talking to each other as friends. I dare say it was as much my fault as his, but at the time his words seemed only to be given as peremptory instructions.

### Letting go

There comes a time to acknowledge that it's someone else's turn to carry the flag. And yes, I know it's difficult. We see people doing things that our experience tells us will come to grief, and we want to tell them why. If only we could plug a memory stick into a USB port on the side of our heads, transfer our wisdom onto it for transmission to someone else's cephalic USB port. If you don't know what a memory stick is, that illustrates my point. If you don't know what cephalic means, look it up. It *does* have something to do with Cephas. Maybe the development of bodily USB ports will be the next stage of evolution. Have you seen the wonderful Vincent Price in the marvellous *The Abominable Dr Phibes*? It's not irrelevant to this idea. (Far be it from me to encourage you to break copyright law, but it's available in chunks on *YouTube*.) Hindu *sanyassi* give up all their possessions and wander off to fend for themselves. I find this peculiarly attractive. I've lived my life backwards in a sense, each change of job in the last 10 years some sort of a renunciation, with less and less income (poor Susan). But I lack guts to go the whole hog (relieved Susan). Move on. Enjoy getting older. Acknowledge the right of others to cock up just like you did. It takes courage, but it's worth it. Let go of the will to control and influence, and relax into *life*. Clutter, rank, things, attitudes, stuff, possessions—none of this matters. The only things that matter are relationships. Happy days: live in the present because before you know it, it'll be too late.

*Oremus invicem* – let us pray for each other.

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### What do you think of these?

The joy which a man finds in his work and which transforms the tears and sweat of it into happiness and delight – that joy is God. The wonder and curiosity which welcomes what is new and regards it not as threatening but enriching life ... the confidence which leads us to abandon the shelter of our disguises and to open up the doors of our personality so that others may enter there, and both we and they be richer for the contact ... the compelling conviction that in spite of all evidence to the contrary, in spite of all the suffering we may have to witness or to undergo, the universe is on our side, and works not for our destruction but for our fulfilment – [all this] is God.

Harry Williams

### From: The Last Rites of the Church of England, by Michael Hampson, 2006.

The Church of England imposes a whole range of pressures on its clergy that convert them from their initial idealism to jaded exhaustion. ... Most of all it makes them live with the central Church of England fantasy: that the Church of England is still the soul of the nation, the church of every citizen, a welcome and appreciated presence in every English home, when it is not. The clergy are left juggling two entirely incompatible roles: they work to develop the life of a congregation and a distinctive Christian community within a secular and multicultural society, and they are required by law to use Christian ceremonies to baptise, marry and bury people they have never met before and will never meet again, people who neither have nor wish to have any connection with that distinctive Christian community. ... The clergy live with the dissonance between the two incompatible roles.

The tragedy is that those rituals do the church more harm than good. When the church celebrates the Christian marriage of two people who have never been to church before and who have no intention of coming again, or invites a gathering of grinning and distracted parents and godparents and their guests to mouth profound pledges and promises of faith at the christening of an infant who will never come to church again, the church is affirming that they are full members of the church even though they know almost nothing of its life and faith. Far from wooing people into the life of the church, the system assures people that it is absolutely fine to stay away. It mocks the Christian language used in the ceremonies, devaluing its authentic use, it insults those who do attend each week by suggesting that such commitment is worthless and pointless, and it sets up the clergy and their religion as just one more commodity available for a fee, like the children's entertainer at the post-christening party of the chimney sweep booked to attend the wedding to bring good luck. ... The committed laity eventually rebel if christenings are held during the main Sunday service: they are an insult to all they hold dear.

### How many ... does it take to change a lightbulb?

**Charismatics?** One, since his/her hands are in the air anyway.

**Calvinists?** None. God has predestined when the lights will be on.

**Liberals?** 10, as they need to hold a debate into whether or not the light bulb exists. Even if they can agree upon the existence of the light bulb they may not go ahead and change it for fear of alienating those who use fluorescent tubes.

**Anglo-Catholics?** None. They use candles.

**Evangelicals?** They don't change bulbs. They read out instructions and expect the bulb to decide to change itself.

**Atheists?** Only one. But they are still in darkness.

**Brethren?** Change??

**Pentecostals?** 10, one to change it and 9 others to pray against the spirit of darkness.

**TV evangelists?** Only one. But for the message of hope to continue to go forth, send in your donation today.

**Anglicans?** One to change the bulb and 9 to say how much they preferred the old one.

### Told to the Rector by friend:

Went to Manchester on Thursday. Passed by Prayer Room in Arndale Centre. Message in big writing on door 'Out of Order'.

### Stuff

I'm told that I used this word in an unusual way. Back in east Cumberland in the 1950s it was used to mean lots of things but nothing in particular: the daily round, the common task, doing the what has to be done. That is how I use it. Stuff just happens. It has nothing to do with that friendly greeting 'get stuffed.'

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