

roundabout

The Parish Magazine of St. Augustine's Church, Southborough Lane with St. Luke's Church, Bromley

50p

Issue 516 October 2020

All change again!

The warmth of the sun has seemed to have made its last appearance for some time with rain and dark clouds replacing it. The onslaught of winter is now nipping at our heels as the seasons change once again.

This year's change of seasons will of course bring more challenges than we have ever experienced before. Covid-19 is still with us and how that will affect our everyday life with the usual coughs and colds we experience remain to be seen.

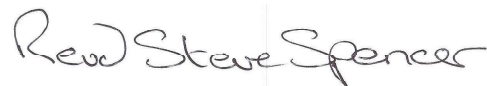
I suspect a lot of things that we would normally start to prepare for at this time of year might need to be put on hold, or even cancelled. Yet there are a lot of important events and celebrations we simply cannot and should not forget; Remembrance Sunday, Advent and of course Christmas and New Year. The importance of these events is part of the DNA of our society and they help us to define who and what we are.

As a Church we may well have to be more creative this year in how we remember and celebrate these events, as we navigate a path through these uncertain and for some scary times. Yet, I believe that in these changeable times the central message of God's interaction through the birth, death and resurrection of his son Jesus Christ helps us to draw comfort that our faith in God alone has supported and upheld us. And that through the creativity of the Holy Spirit we can as a community learn to come together, offering that hand of fellowship and love to friends and neighbour's alike.

"Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

Philippians 4: 6-7

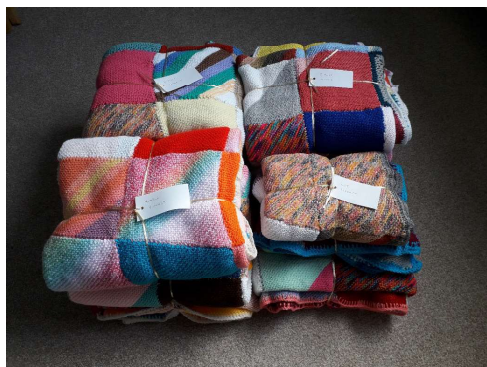
Yours in Christ



Revd Steve Spencer - Vicar



**As members of St. Augustine's with St. Luke's, we seek to follow Jesus' command
— to share God's love with our community.**



Our Knitted Blankets

When I suggested in September 2019 knitting squares for blankets to take out to Africa I didn't realise how popular this would be. The response has been amazing. We have had bin bags of wool donated, a horde of keen knitters and their friends and relatives too knitting like mad and, of course, Tanya Wardley who has been wonderful, sewing up all the blankets and crocheting around the edge of each one. Now we have 24 single blankets, six cot blankets and seven lap rugs, all stored in my spare bedroom.

With the trip to Africa being postponed possibly until 2021 due to the coronavirus and the fact that we have far too many to transport to Africa, I have been looking into finding a local charity that could use some of them. I have contacted three homeless charities who all say they have no storage; the Women's Refuge who tell me that they are not easily washed and dried and therefore not practical for them and the Bromley Foodbank who are unable to take them. Finally I have found AFRIL – Action for Refugees in Lewisham - who would love to have some to distribute to needy families.

Sue's socially distanced, all day MacMillan coffee morning was a great success.



I took ten single blankets and two cot blankets to St Peter's Church in Lee for them to distribute. The helper there was overwhelmed when she saw them and said they were 'gorgeous'. They distribute to families known to them and will give out the blankets accordingly. I am planning on taking some more to them soon, especially pram and cot ones.

She asked me what church I was from and I told her, explaining that we were two churches that had merged. Then it was my turn to be overwhelmed, when she told me that St Peter's, Lee had merged with The Church of the Good Shepherd in Lee. That had been my grandmother's church and my mother was married there in 1940!

I hope, like me, you will agree that our blankets are going to good homes – to people who really need them. Therefore keep knitting, dear friends, in the knowledge your hard work is really appreciated. If any of you know of any more charities who would benefit too please let me know.

Ready to go!



Sue Goodger



A New Way to Worship

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London recently wrote an article whose words rang a chord with me. It was about the opportunity to gather again in worship and prayer.

I am back home in church, in the cavernous space which – when I was PCC member – took up valuable discussion time : the costs of heating, the challenges re-decoration , the cost of the roof, replacement of windows.....

Since 1978 I have sat in various seats: towards the front when doing a reading, in the choir stalls (when we had them) or anywhere I liked, listening to the prayers and wisdom of others. Now I sit in a single chair, socially distanced from my masked neighbour, receiving the host from a visored vicar!

Our worship is different. The cavernous space feels God-filled, it brings its own peace. I feel the presence of others, of those who have been here but looked beyond the building. It is a time for reflection and refreshment. It may not be everyone’s idea of worship, but at the moment, it is mine. As Justin Welby said “Locality matters: it means a home, community, stability”.



Mary Plummer



Rachel Winn, our new Curate, was ordained in Rochester Cathedral on 26 September. Even though the ceremony was scaled down and Covid proof, Rachel says that she felt real joy when Bishop James laid hands on her to send her out into the world with blessing.

SPOTLIGHT on Colin Sampson

Hello,

I am Colin Sampson and have been a member of St Luke’s Church since the summer of 2005 where in the past I have spent time as a member of the PCC and as a Church Warden.

I guess you could say my journey here started when I was still at school in St. Neots, Cambridgeshire. It was here that I spent all my school years, but sadly, shortly after having moved there, my father died at only 33 years old leaving my mother to bring up me and my older brother.

We did not have any family geographically close but the daughter of one of the people my father had employed, started to visit on a weekly basis, although initially not even on an invited basis. She was a member of St Neots Evangelical Church and we were introduced to the Church Pastor and he invited us round to his house every Sunday afternoon, as he did for others who needed support. We then started to go to the Sunday Evening Services.

One thing led to another and in the fullness of time led to my brother, mother and I accepting our Lord Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour and being baptised at the local Baptist church. It was not easy at that time, as we were very short of money and sometimes food, but received much support from church members such as when money was anonymously dropped through the letterbox, without asking.

I eventually moved from St Neots and my brother to University and I joined the Home Office. Having moved to Bedford, Croydon, Harrow and West Wickham I moved to Bromley Common in 2005. Keen to find a local church I wandered into St Luke’s one Sunday and hence where I am now.





Nurses are Special

I have just read that the World Health Organisation has declared this year to be ‘The International Year of the Nurse and Midwife’. Why had I missed this? How fitting it is for a year when we have been so aware and grateful to the nursing profession. It had been chosen to commemorate the birth of Florence Nightingale 200 years ago, so nothing to do with the Covid outbreak.

Florence Nightingale, ‘The Lady with the Lamp’, is of course known for training nurses during the Crimean War. She took 38 women with her to Scutari, where she had to struggle to get medical supplies and clean accommodation for the soldiers dying from disease as well as wounds.

Another nurse at this time and not so well known is Mary Seacole. Mary was a mixed race child of a Scotsman and his Jamaican wife. She married a godson of Horatio Nelson, and had an establishment in Jamaica. This was part hotel and part a convalescent home known as the British Hotel.

During the cholera epidemic in 1831 and the more serious yellow fever outbreak in 1853, she had great success treating patients with Caribbean botanical pharmacopeia. Knowing this would help the diseases in the Crimea, Mary used her own funds to travel to Balaclava. There she built another ‘British Hotel’ a combination of supply depot, refectory for soldiers about to go into action and a recovery station for the sick and wounded. As it was close to the battlefield, soldiers laid low with cholera or typhoid did not have to endure the excruciating three week passage across the Black Sea to Scutari. When Mary returned to London, there were no accolades, only creditors. Fundraising events were set up to save her from bankruptcy. Mary was eventually recognised by Queen Victoria in 1857. When she died in 1881 she left an estate of £2,000 – subscriptions from those she had cared for. Her statue was erected in 2016 outside St. Thomas’s Hospital.

We know this year that the courage and dedication of nurses continues. It is just so sad we don’t have the power to stop disease.



Ann Hanrahan

Forget Me Not Cafe



Before the lockdown in March we were holding this once a month in the Garden Room. This is a meeting for people with dementia and their families and carers. We had singing, quizzes, tea coffee and cake, all with conversation.

Such social interaction is vital for the mental well being of both the person with dementia and the people caring for them. The lockdown has increased the feeling of social isolation in many people and even with the partial lifting of restrictions life is still nowhere near normal and there is no clear sign of when we can start the cafe again. Many people have adapted to life through the computer but people with dementia often struggle with that. The volunteers at the cafe have been keeping in regular contact with the members by telephone but it is not the same as face to face meeting.

Two of the members of the cafe also belong to a singing group that has adapted to the current situation. The Memory Singers is run by Age UK and the U3A Bromley for people with dementia. It used to meet in the URC church in Bromley but it now meets virtually at 2pm on a Wednesday for half an hour singing followed by half an hour chat. The singing is led by Gloria who plays the piano in her own home and the words of the songs appear on the computer screen. If you would like to know more about how to connect with this group please contact me.

However, there is something that we can all do to help reduce the feelings of isolation. If you know someone living on their own or living with someone with dementia, you can make regular telephone contact and help lift their spirits. When restrictions are lifted and it is possible to visit in person, please consider doing just that to show that God, and you, care for them.

Diana Pattison, Anna Chaplain (02084641151 dianaepattison@gmail.com)

“We thank Thee then O Father
For all things bright and good
The seed time and the harvest
Our life, our health, our food.”

Little did we think when we wrote the notes on gardening in the spring just how important to our well-being our gardens, wildlife and nature in general would become to us.

Autumn is the season of “mellow fruitfulness” bringing a kaleidoscope of changing colours, but with the joyful anticipation of spring.

Asters (Michaelmas daisies), Helenium, Rudbeckia and Dahlias continue to give us an abundance of colour. Ornamental grasses dance in the breeze and glint in the softening sunlight.

To keep our late summer flowering plants blooming for as long as possible it is vital to ‘deadhead’ flowers as they fade and to water regularly, particularly those in pots.

But don’t be too fastidious about tidying up because some plants and their seed heads can be just as interesting over winter (e.g. alliums, hydrangea and achillea), as well as providing shelter for small insects during the winter months.

This year’s growing season may be coming to an end, but now is the time to start preparing for the future by buying bulbs to plant now and seeds for next year. When using pots try ‘lasagne’ planting by putting bulbs with different flowering times in three or four layers, latest nearest the bottom and earliest at the top, so that your pot has an extended period of flowering for you to enjoy.

Keep safe and happy gardening.

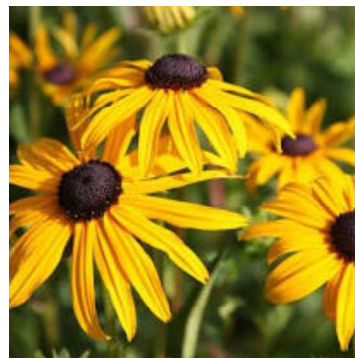
Cathy and Alan Fyfield



Aster frikartii



Dahlia – ‘Bishop of Canterbury’



Rudbeckia – ‘Goldstrum’

Lament of the Church Mouse's Great, Great Grandson (with apologies to John Betjeman)



My ancestor, as you may know
Recorded several years ago,
Tales of his life as a church mouse.
His diary, kept safe by his spouse –
By whom he raised a family,
Which bloomed and spread quite rapidly.
Relatives spread throughout the town;
But sad to say, our house burnt down.
From smouldering walls our family flees –
But who takes in *mouse* refugees?

Then grandpa said: “When in the lurch
A refuge can be found in church”.
So to St. A's we came, but found
There very little food around.
Some crumbs from ‘Coffee, Cake and Chat’
(But not enough to make us fat);
And if we had a lucky break,
We'd find a whole biscuit or cake!

Then I recalled the famous writing;
Great grandpa told of times exciting,
When tasty food was had by all;
‘Twas called a Harvest Festival.
This feast was near, so all excited,
Our friends and relatives we invited.
But when at last the day came round,
An anti-climax we all found.

Alas for our anticipation;
Where were the fruits of God's creation?
There were no apples, marrows, pears;
No carrots hung from pulpit stairs.
No wheat to nibble, bread to gnaw,
No piles of veggies on the floor.
I thought I sniffed some oats to start on –
They were inside a cardboard carton!
And gnawing through the box in question
Just gave me cardboard indigestion!

My pal Mike thought he'd found iced cake:
Polystyrene gave him tummy ache!
There *was* food there for all our dins,
But it was all contained in *tins*!
My dad's now sharpening his teeth
To try to open canned corned beef!
Dry packs; - none juicy; and if you please
They had some stuff marked ‘*toilettries*'.

My little sister found her dream,
A plastic bottle labelled ‘Cream’.
She pierced and sucked: to add to troubles,
Poor Maisie now is blowing bubbles!
Friend Nick's nose is red as a berry
From sampling lipstick branded ‘cherry’.
Another cousin who could read;
(And is of pancakes fond indeed),
He saw ‘pancake’; ‘Yuk’ – human races
Smear pancake *make-up* on their faces!

My mum thought she'd found yellow cheese;
‘Twas coal tar soap – which made her sneeze.
Aunt Min, in dire need of a drink,
Smelt fruity liquid, coloured pink;
She bit the sachet; exclaimed “Ugh!
Why wash one's hair with fruit shampoo!”

Now folk we know ‘tis fine indeed
To share *all* goods with those in need:
But nowadays, midst all this fare,
There's nothing needy *mice* can share!
So human friends, why don't you all
Bring back *our* Harvest Festival?

Christine Regas

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Have You Got A Minute?

It had been one of those days - you know the type I mean. It had started earlier than my alarm was set for with A Little Girl I Know shutting the bathroom door loudly. It continued as we made some toast for our breakfast. I had forgotten how noisy the smoke alarm was especially before seven in the morning. Then it hit me how boring it was making her sandwiches for lunch in the hope that she might try to get a few minutes extra sleep.

We had rushed out of the door that morning to the bus stop. Her normal bus had failed to stop; although only five stops into its journey it was full already. The next one was a school only service so she was able to get on, but not before her stress level rose thinking that she would be late for school. Of course that would not be the case as we always leave plenty of time for her journey.

I went for my morning walk as I do most days. A chance for me to get my day in order, talk to God and mentally prepare for the next challenge. Once home the washing machine goes on; a quick check of her timetable and the P.E. kit is in the machine. I say a silent prayer that it will be dry enough for her to wear it the day after tomorrow; then the dishwasher gets emptied.

Before long my alarm tells me that it is time for me to stop what I am doing and get ready for work. First the

walk there, then preparation, dealing with the children, a bit of cleaning, then the hill back home to climb. A bit to eat and my first coffee of the day and I am ready for the next job or two before walking the hill to meet A Little Girl I Know from the bus stop. On the way back up I hardly notice the hill, I am too busy listening to A Little Girl I Know who is telling me about her day.

She climbs the stairs to her room with a snack in her hand ready to start her homework, finish tidying her room or just chill after a busy day. I prepare our evening meal, reply to emails, plan our group Zoom meeting for later in the week. You see, women really can multi-task!

After tea I sit down and watch some telly; that's my special time. As I sit down A Little Girl I Know comes to join me on the sofa. She often says, 'Mum have you got a minute?' I know her well. What follows is just what I need at that point in the day... the longest and bestest cuddle in all the world.

Before long she is asleep and my mind fast forwards onto the next day, and what I think might happen. It takes a while to stop and then I sleep.

The events of the day, good, bad or indifferent handed over to God for His safe keeping along with those I know and love. Thank you God for the great privilege to be able to talk to you anytime of the day or night and in any place too.

Congratulations to :-

Helen Scothern's son Jacob, who did really well in his A levels and is now reading Economics at Reading University - after working full time at Tesco's during the lockdown.



and 'Well done' to **Marina Mitchell** who will be taking up her place at Cambridge University in 2021. She will be studying Chemistry'.



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Church information – October

You are welcome to worship with us:

On Sundays at 9 am Said Communion at St Augustine's. Contact revsteve.spencer@btinternet.com if you would like to attend

On Sundays at 10 am via Zoom and phone

On Wednesdays at 11.30 at St Augustine's Contact 0208 467 1351

The church office is closed until further notice.

Our church rooms have re-opened to hirers under strict sanitising conditions.. There is no private prayer on Mondays or Thursdays.

The Annual Parochial Church Meeting will take place at St Augustine's on Saturday 17 October at 10.30 am. This meeting was postponed in April.

For all enquiries please contact the Vicar at revsteve.spencer@btinternet.com

An enormous 'Thank you' to our two cheerful and hardworking Churchwardens, **Pam Poynter and Vivienne Emery**, who have served us diligently throughout their tenure and will stand down from their important office this year. Where will we be without them?



ROUNABOUT

October issue issue: Editor **Mary Plummer**, Layout **Adrian King**.

The November 2020 issue will be published on the St. Augustine's and St Luke's website.

Editor: **Sue Goodger** (Tel 020 8467 5629) Layout: **Karen Palmer** kajpal@live.com

Please send all articles in plain unformatted text and all photos separate from the text.

Anything else causes considerable difficulties. Thank you.

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