

Winkfield, Cranbourne and Chavey Down Parish Magazine



April 2026

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This magazine is available on the web at www.fosmw.com or <https://www.winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk> For correspondence with the Editors please write to aeh@xdotd.co.uk or info@fosmw.com including 'parish mag' somewhere in the subject. Some paper copies are available in the three churches on or after the last Sunday of each month. The printed magazine has 24 pages this month. Messages to the editor need (1) a greeting (who it is for) and (2) a signature (who it's from).

Reprinted 26-Mar-26

Winkfield, Cranbourne and Chavey Down Parish Magazine – April 2026

A journey through Faith to Easter

A Lenten sermon by Bishop Michael Colclough, chaplain to the Mercers Company of the City of London, long associated with St Mary's Church.

The Lord said to Abram, "Go from your country and your kindred and your father's house to the land that I will show you". (Genesis 12.1-4)

In our Creed, we proclaim our faith together in the words used by Christians since the 4th century – words that bring and bind us together as God's family. In the creed we express our common identity; but we mustn't allow these ancient words to bind us into the past. We are not called to be artifacts in a museum of Christianity: rather, our inheritance of faith should launch us, like Abraham, into a new future.

So we affirm our living faith in response to what we learn from the Bible: we own our sharing in the Life of Christ through Baptism; we own our faith in anticipation of meeting Our Lord in Holy Communion; and we proclaim our faith, along with over 2 billion Christians worldwide, in communion with all who, in faith, have gone before us. That's why we own the words of the Creed in our hearts and minds and not simply with our lips.

The Lord said to Abram, "Go" and Abraham got up and went. One of the oldest Creeds in the Bible originates 12 centuries before Jesus (Deuteronomy 26). It's much shorter than our Creed and begins: "A wandering Aramean was my father": a creed recited by the Israelites when they presented the first fruits of the harvest to God. Like our Creed, it expresses membership of the Jewish community, stretching back to the call of Abram we heard earlier: "Go from your country and your kindred and your father's house to the land that I will show you ... ": so Abram went.

Abram, not yet given his new covenant name 'Abraham', was obedient to God's command, leaving family and homeland to wander as a 'stranger'. Cut off from the protection of his clan, Abram relies entirely on God's promise, "I will make you a great nation, and I will bless you, and make your name great, so that you will be a blessing".

Thus, Abram became the great Father in Faith: by his obedience to God's call he set the pattern, the tone if you like, for all future response to the call of God.

No wonder St Paul, (Romans 4, 1-5) tells us that Abraham's faith in God was 'reckoned to him as righteousness'. Paul also assured us that those who 'share in the faith of Abraham' will share in God's promises to Abraham. We are Abraham's children in faith, called to set out with him, called to share with him in the divine life and energy and future which God's blessing bestows.

In St John's Gospel (ch 3 1-17) we meet Nicodemus, another man of faith who set out on a journey, but a man whose cautious approach to Jesus stands in sharp contrast to Abraham's bold response to God.

Nicodemus, we are told, 'came to Jesus by night'. St John's Gospel tells us that Jesus was already seen to be at odds with the Jewish establishment. He'd recently raged about their misuse of the temple. Given this conflict, it's no wonder that Nicodemus, a Pharisee and leader of the Jews, didn't want to publicise his meeting with Jesus and came under the cover of darkness. Nicodemus had heard of the signs, or miracles, that Jesus had performed and realised he must be 'a teacher who has come from God'. Nicodemus comes, if you like, to test the waters, to discover more about Jesus.

But then he's frustrated as Jesus talks of the need for being 'born from above'. Nicodemus, as a Pharisee, would be proud of describing himself as a 'son of Abraham'. Given his lineage, perhaps he shouldn't have been surprised when Jesus talked of the need to change his patrimony by being 'born again'. New birth: a big move for a Jew, but a change with unbelievable benefits.

St Paul explained these benefits to the Christians in Rome: "We are children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ". This is the gift that Jesus offers to Nicodemus and to us: to be a child and heir of God Himself.

Nicodemus 'came by night', but Jesus offered him the chance to escape from the darkness of night and be born into the light of the new world, the new creation, and know he is a child and heir of God.

Nicodemus came to Jesus because he was intrigued by the signs of God's presence revealed in Jesus and, in response, Jesus gives Nicodemus the true and lasting sign of God's presence and activity in the world: "the Son of Man will be lifted up, that whoever believes in him may have eternal life". Here is the genuine and generous sign of God's loving design for Nicodemus and all people: Jesus will be 'lifted

up', lifted up on Calvary and, three days later, be 'lifted up' from his garden tomb.

As we move from Lent to Easter, we journey out of the dimness of fond familiarity to look afresh at that Calvary sign of God's love. Why? Because on that cross we see the true sign and great assurance that, yes, 'We are children ... and heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ'. There we see the true sign of our union with Christ.

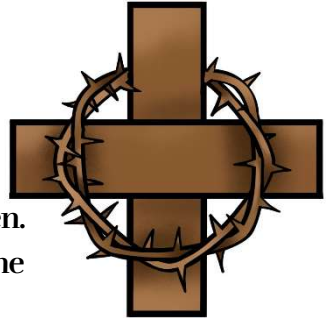
In church history we find the 16th century Spaniard who became 'St John of the Cross'. A Carmelite friar, he was described by his fan, St Teresa, as 'half a friar' because of his lack of height. A small, quiet man he may have been, but he became an all-time Christian giant in his life as pastor, poet and mystic. He was a sympathetic listener; people confided in him, sharing their hopes, experiences and fears.

St John of the Cross once asked a nun how she prayed. "By gazing on God's beauty", she said, "and rejoicing that He has it". Those words made an impact on John: and don't they sum up our Lenten call? This Lent calls us to gaze on God's beauty seen in 'the Son of Man ... lifted up'. To gaze and discover in that costly entanglement of human pain, tortured flesh, rejection and hatred, to discover the costly beauty of God's love revealed in Jesus: and to thank God for so great a love.

Here is a prayer of St John of the Cross. They are words addressed to Jesus that express our union with him, his real abiding in us. Try using them:

Ah! Gentle and so loving,
you wake within me proving
that you are there in secret and alone;
your fragrant breathing stills me,
your grace, your glory fills me
so tenderly your love becomes my own. Amen.

From 'The Living Flame of Love', St John of the Cross



From the parish registers for February 2026

No Baptisms, Confirmations, Weddings or Blessings or Funerals have been reported

A message from the PCC Lay Chair

As you will know, we have had no applications for our interim minister post and some of you will have seen on the news that there is a shortage of people coming into the profession or wanting to apply for new jobs. Some people will feel despondent or even cross at how we are being treated, but it isn't a time for negatives, as we have so much going for us in this Parish, and we pray that the right person is out there for us. We have a zoom meeting with the archdeacon later on in March at which there will be a lot of questions to be asked.

It is perhaps time to stop and reflect and to thank people who are working so hard to keep our Parish going. We thank Revd Alan Dibden, Revd Terry Ward-Hall, Revd Roy Burgess and Canon Bernard Dagnall for taking our Holy Communion Services. We now welcome Revd Amanda Bourne who is taking over from Alan, Revd Nicholas Cheeseman who has visited St Mary's on previous occasions and Revd Andy Medlicott. Revd Alan Dibden will return to take the daytime Holy Communion services and a later Family Communion Service, and we hope Roy will cover Terry, who needs to concentrate on his Church in Sunningdale, where there are major building works.

We thank Lesley and Anne who work tirelessly (where would we be without them?) and for all the Church teams who work so hard, and for those who have stepped forward to take services (we know that there is an expectation that lay people will be taking services even with a minister in post). We thank all our volunteers and there is always room for more in every church. It may be a small task, but it can make such a big difference, so please think about volunteering in some small way.

Thank you to John Kimbell who has taken services in St Mary's and St Martin's, and we look forward to his compline services in all three churches during Holy Week. The PCC has had additional responsibilities, so thanks to them, and to Stephanie who has had extra work during the vacancy.

Finally, a thank you to you all for all your support and love for our Parish. We may not have our spiritual leader YET, but we all will continue to work hard until that time comes. We now look forward to our Easter services, which, as Christians, start as sombre, prayerful and thought provoking, and in turn becomes great joy on Easter Day, when we celebrate our Lord's resurrection. May God bless our Parish of Winkfield, Cranbourne and Chavey Down.

Andrea Stephens

Notices

Electoral Roll – 2026

In April, we will carry out the annual review of the parish Electoral Roll. The updated 2026 Roll will then be published and displayed in our churches in early May, before the Annual Parochial Church Meeting on 27 May 2026.

People whose names are on the 2025 Roll do not need to re-apply: their names will be carried forward to 2026.

Those seeking a place at Ranelagh School for their children no longer need to be on the Roll. Please refer to the school's admissions criteria on their website for details.

You can find an Electoral Roll application form on the parish website <https://www.winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk/aboutus.htm> by following the link to [Electoral Roll, Church Membership]. Scroll down and click on "application". Alternatively, you can request a form from the Electoral Roll Officer, Marian Stevens on 01344 882918 or anthony.locksride@btinternet.com. Application forms are also available in our churches.

The closing date for the receipt of new completed application forms is 30 April 2026.

On the webpage you will find information about the Parish Giving Scheme, which we are encouraging everyone to join, Gift Aided if appropriate. There are also some ideas and opportunities for becoming more involved in church activities.

We want everyone to feel that they can share in our Christian community so that we may continue and grow the valuable work of the church in this parish.

If you would like any more information on this, or you no longer wish to be included on the Roll, please ring or e-mail Marian Stevens on the above number/email address.

Church Office

Office hours are Monday-Friday 9:30am-12noon. The Church Office is open to visitors on Tuesdays & Fridays.

Contact info: Church Office: c/o St Martin's Church, Church Road, Chavey Down, SL5 8RR, phone: 01344 882933 or email admin@winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk

Website: <https://www.winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk> Note: this link will not work without including the www part of the URL.

If you are arranging an event, please contact Stephanie in the Church Office at the email address above, so that it can be noted in the Church diary and recorded on the website. Don't forget to use our fundraising links: <https://www.winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk/donate.htm>

Safeguarding in the Parish

The Parish safeguarding details are at:

<https://www.winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk/safeguarding.htm>

Safeguarding is part of our core faith and is an integral feature of Christian life. Please be alert to the fact that Safeguarding concerns arise in many different guises. So, we should always have faith to question, especially when something does not feel right.

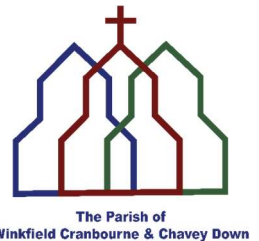
Should you have any Safeguarding concerns, please contact the Church Office at safeguarding@winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk (please begin the message with 'SAFEGUARDING'), or on 01344 882933.

St. Martins Church Hall

St Martin's Church Hall is available for Hire, Weekday Evenings & Weekends

£17.50 per hour (community/charity rate also available). Sorry - no 'bouncy castles'.

For enquiries, please contact Amanda Carter at churchhallstmartins@gmail.com



Local events and reports

St Mary's May Fayre

This will be held after the Family Matins service on 10 May. There will be several stalls and activities. Please make a note of the date. However, we will need some willing hands and plenty of items for the Tombola. All proceeds will be for the Church.

Ascot Horticultural Society

The Spring Show is being held on the Wednesday 8th April in the Kings Edward Hall, King Edwards Road, North Ascot commencing at 7:30pm. There is no need to pre enter your items. Just bring them along on the evening and enter them in the relevant categories on arrival.

If you are interested in gardening, flowers or vegetables – or both – why not consider becoming a member: you will be most welcome. We have a speaker each month except when we have one of our shows. We have three shows a year.

In addition, we have a mini show each month.

Wendy Sivyer wendysivyer@aol.com

Organ Recital at St Mary's Church

Henry Smith, who was our organist two years ago, will be giving a recital on Saturday 25 April at 4pm. This will be followed by afternoon tea

Tickets are available on line at:

<https://www.zeffy.com/en-GB/ticketing/organ-recital-2> or by contacting tickets_stmarys@winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk

HENRY SMITH

ORGAN RECITAL

AFTERNOON OF CLASSICAL & JAZZ MUSIC
Followed by afternoon tea

St Mary's Church
Church Road, Winkfield, SL4 4SF



£10

RESERVE YOUR TICKETS NOW

<https://www.zeffy.com/en-GB/ticketing/organ-recital-2>
tickets_stmarys@winkfieldandcranbourne.org.uk

This is our first experience with using zeffy.com for ticketing. Buying your tickets this way is free of ticketing fees; however, you are invited to give additional donation to St Mary's, and also an optional fee towards Zeffy's processing expenses. Yes, both of these are optional, with no obligation.

Ascot Horticultural Society

Spring Show



**King Edward's Hall, King Edward's Road,
Ascot, SL5 8PD**

Wednesday 8th April 2026

Staging of exhibits from 7.30pm - 8.00pm.

Meeting begins at 8.00pm.

Entrance - Members £1, Visitors £3.00 Including refreshments

For more information contact :

Wendy Sivyver (Show Secretary) on 07999513263 or wendysivyver@aol.com

www.ascorthorticulturalsociety.co.uk

facebook.com/groups/276880418187911

Toddler Group

0 - 3 years old

play

9 - 10 o'clock
Monday 20th April at
Winkfield St Mary's CofE
Primary School

Connect with other
parents/carers
whilst your little
one enjoys, creative
play, music &
stories



Contact Lesley Philpot at 01344 427561 or lesleyphilpot50@gmail.com

St Mary's Choirs

The Junior Choir led the singing for the Family Matins service in March. Hanna Kinces is now the Crucifer for this service. The JC also sing at Family Praise and Crafty Church. The adult choir, and our extra singers, with William Bishop have continued to support all services.

St Mary's church 9:30 Services

Family Praise and Crafty Church continue with the children reading all the Bible passages and prayers. These two services use power-point presentations. The Lord's prayer is performed by the children in the Chancel.

Mothering Sunday Service at St Mary's Church

This service was devised and led by Canon Bernard Dagnall. Canon Dagnall has been supporting our 3rd Sunday Communion services since Patrick left the Parish and, as Mothering Sunday was a 3rd Sunday, he incorporated our Mothering Sunday service into the Communion service.

There were two children's readings followed by the reading of two collects – Mothering Sunday and Ash Wednesday: these were read by members of the congregation. There followed the Epistle, also read by a member of the congregation.

Canon Dagnall had said there would be no sermon, but he stood by the font and explained Mothering Sunday. The Choir sang, the handbell ringers rang, the children read the Intercessions and led the responsory before collecting the posies to take to their MOTHERS. A truly glorious occasion.

Friends of St Mary's Winkfield

The Friends will host another concert by The Founders Choir from Royal Holloway College on Friday June 3. Please make a note of the date and more details will be available as soon as possible.

The AGM took place on 20 March, and a full report will be prepared for the June magazine.

Members were advised that their support for the church in 2025 had covered payments for several items, including extending the sound system into the Chancel, new fire extinguishers and, very importantly, the Quinquennial inspection.

Fortunately, the Quinquennial report was favourable. There are tasks that need to be dealt with but there is a time suggestion which gives breathing space. We shall start our timetable for 2026/2027 as quickly as possible. Thank you, Friends, for your support.

St Mary's Women's Guild

Our February talk was 'Storytelling', given by member Patricia Powell who explained her love of writing from early childhood. She has written and edited ever since, professionally and personally.

Her long working life, in a wide spread of environments, each with its own modes of expression, featured reports, speeches, manuals, copywriting, press releases, articles and more. (continued on page 13)

Services in the Parish - April 2026

* NB. All content in these lists may be subject to change

ST MARTIN'S CHURCH

Common Worship Services

Date	Day	Time	Service
5	Easter Day	9:30am	Easter Communion led by Revd Roy Burgess
12	2nd Sunday of Easter	9:30am	Family Praise
		4pm	Family Craft Café
19	3rd Sunday of Easter	10am	Community Coffee Morning in St Martin's Church Hall
26	4th Sunday of Easter	9:30am	Holy Communion led by Revd Bourne

ST MARY'S CHURCH

Book of Common Prayer Services

Date	Day	Time	Service
2	Maundy Thursday	2:30pm	Said Holy Communion
3	Good Friday	2pm	An Hour at the Cross led by John Kimbell
5	Easter Day	10am	Easter Family Communion
12	1st Sunday after Easter	11am	Family Matins
19	2nd Sunday after Easter	9:30am	Family Praise
		11am	Holy Communion led by Canon Dagnall
26	3rd Sunday after Easter	9:30am	Crafty Church
		11am	Morning Prayer

ST PETER'S CHURCH

Common Worship Services

Date	Day	Time	Service
1	Wednesday of Holy Week	7:30pm	Compline led by John Kimbell
3	Good Friday	10am	Stations of the Cross

Date	Day	Time	Service
5	Easter Day	11am	Easter Communion led by Revd Roy Burgess followed by Egg Hunt
12	2nd Sunday of Easter	11am	Family Praise
19	3rd Sunday of Easter	11am	Morning Praise & Prayer
26	4th Sunday of Easter	11am	Holy Communion led by Revd Burgess

St Mary's Women's Guild (continued)

In private life, Patricia has written in many genres of prose and poetry, occasionally also venturing into French. She writes for St Mary's, including the current leaflet and history booklet, the latter requiring condensing our 725+ years of history into eight pages with pictures! She is now planning to focus on a back-burner book.

Her talk offered four items: *Seventh Heaven* about her love of the cinema; *A Lucky Escape* on an amusing, no-go blind date; *I, Dennis*, 'my life as an edible dormouse!'; and a sonnet on a beautiful art book given to her by her father.

The Guild thanked Patricia for her fascinating talk.

Our March meeting discussed the possibility of another outing and another lunch!! Still to be agreed and providing help for the May Fayre.

St Mary's Bell ringers March 2026

The tower ringers are busy working on their skills in readiness for the first round of the striking competition – which is now imminent! Hopefully you all enjoy listening to our efforts – do come to church a little early and sit and listen before the service.

If you would like to have a go at ringing then speak to any of the ringers in church, or come along on a Monday evening between 7:30 and 9pm

Our bells quiz was a huge success, and we have added to our fund for repairs and replacements, as required. We are extremely grateful to everyone who came and supported this event

I attended the handbell AGM for the region, where we also rang several hymns as part of the event; many of you will be hearing these during services in the upcoming months.

Two of us attended a 'four in hand' workshop, which proved to be a challenge: we will be attempting to show off our new skills when we ring at the next service; this will be on Mothering Sunday and then on the last Sunday in March – we look forward to seeing you at these services.

If anyone would like to have a look at the music and have a quick go then please speak to us in church, or pop along on any Wednesday between 6:30 and 7:30pm when we would be happy to let you have a try at bell ringing.

Remember to look at the back of the church for opportunities to assist with the May Day Fayre – all help gratefully received, along with ideas of different ways to entertain!

Jill Glennerster 07821131303

Thoughts of all sorts

Thanks from Pete Frost

Over the past year or so, the parish mag has promoted Pete Frost and his books of 'Collections of Crafty Short Stories', which he has written to aid children in war-torn Ukraine. We recently had the following message from Pete, and it is good to know that the parish mag has been helpful to this important cause. See mag for September 2025 p7 & 9.

You recently very kindly put a magazine feature for me for my books, to help me raise money for Ukraine children via the charity World Vision. Just to let you know that I have now donated £2000

to World Vision following book sales and part of that is the communication that you sent to everybody on my behalf. So, I just wanted to thank you and ask if you could put something in the magazine to say we had reached £2000 and a thank-you to everybody who has bought one two or three of the books, many thanks.



Episode 62 Family in the late 80s

Anthony Hodson continues his serial memoirs.

The late 1980s were a busy time for all members of the family, including our parents. My father Harry Hodson, who was 80 in 1986, had had for some time his own small consultancy. This he used as the core of the continuing journalism that he carried on free-lance for the Sunday Times – activity that he had continued at some level ever since he was editor of the Sunday Times for the 10 years to 1961. He had also taken over the editorship of ‘The Annual Register of World Events’, a year-by-year publication that was based on articles on a wide range of human activities, from technology to sport, from politics to music, national and international, and much more. It has been published annually as a substantial hard-bound book, originally founded and edited in 1758 by Edmund Burke. Harry took it over on the death the previous editor, Sir Ivison Macadam in 1972, and handed it over to its next editor when he was 81. He stayed a contributor until his death after a fall in 1999 – he never stopped working.

He was also a leading member of the Court of the Mercers’ Company of the City of London and was instrumental in re-establishing Gresham College in its independent role of giving free public lectures on widely ranging topics. This was a role for which it had been formed by the Elizabethan financier Sir Thomas Gresham in 1597. Gresham College now has international web outreach, and I myself became much involved, starting in the late 1990’s and still continuing (in 2026).

My mother Margaret had had a distinguished volunteer role, eventually becoming chairman of the League of Friends at the St Stephens Hospital (now replaced by the Chelsea and Westminster Hospital), on the Fulham Road in Chelsea. She recovered from a minor stroke in the late 1980s. C&W (alias St Stephens) was a feature of family life as my parent’s local hospital (they were then living in Lexham Gardens, W. London). Lucy, our daughter gave us a granddaughter there in 1997, and both Harry and Margaret died there in 1999 and 2002 respectively.

Margaret-Anne’s parents Hazel and Gerald had gone to retire in a beautiful spot near Pietermaritzburg in South Africa, with their two youngest, Moya and Jonathan. Hazel was passionate about horses and established a successful Welsh Pony stud. However, as South African independence approached, moving money became impossible in case they decided to return to the UK, and the shock of this reality caused Gerald to have a significant stroke. Hazel decided that they should return anyway, so with some difficulty, in 1986 they moved back to England, buying a house in

Martock, Somerset, where house prices were lower and just affordable within their now-limited means. Gerald had a series of strokes over the next few years and, sadly, died in 1990.

My big brother Nick, with a brilliant and quirky mind, had started a career in Atomic Power Station design, moving on to being a schoolmaster, first at Radley College and then Eton. He was a brilliant teacher and had a great rapport with young people; and teaching or training them was an important part of his life. Teaching in schools was not for him, he found, and his love of the sea, developed from his early years, led him to a senior role in P&O, the ship-owning company; when personal computers became available, he found a niche role in coordinating and consolidating the international financial affairs of P&O and presenting reports to the Chairman and other members of the board.

His innovative mind and his computer skills led him to being an enthusiastic web-publisher, mostly based on scanning, and republishing on the Web, works by Victorian novelists (such as Joseph Conrad). After he left P&O, it is said that the Company had to hire five people to replace Nick in his role of consolidating their international accounts.

But Nick was happiest at sea or in boats. He had a tiny 13½ foot cruising yacht called Minique that could sleep two people, and he used it each year to reach the little house that he had in Alderney (quite a long sail from Southampton where he started his journeys). He later had a little house on the Isle of Barra, in the Outer Hebrides, to which he sometimes reached by sailing in Minique. There he was a popular canoe instructor to local young – canoeing was a great interest that he keenly pursued in later life from his house in the East End. He was a regular canoeing instructor for young people at the East End Shadwell Basin near his house.

His exploits with Minique were adventurous; in 1976 he took our father on a sailing 'holiday' on the West Coast of Scotland, and I still have the day-to-day diary that Harry wrote to record what was for him a totally novel – and eventful – experience, although as a journalist he missed newspapers!

Nick also made a journey in his tiny boat right round the top of Scotland. One day while he was doing this, Margaret-Anne had a telephone call from a very Scottish voice that said: "Hello, I'm the Coastguard from Stornaway [on the Isle of Harris, off the NW coast of Scotland] and we have a note saying that we are expecting a 13½ foot sailing cruiser at about this time, but we don't quite believe this. Can you give me any information about this, please?". So, Margaret-Anne advised the Coastguard that these details were quite correct, and definitely to expect Nick.

Nick died in May 2016 following a severe stroke; he had had an

unsuccessful marriage, but left a daughter, Vicky, and two granddaughters. My two younger brothers followed less unusual careers but did so with distinction. Daniel, seven years younger than me, started off a meteoric banking career in the Chase Manhattan Bank, international bankers, and, after working in New York City, became the manager of Chase's West End branch in his 20s. This confused customers, who, having been admitted to his office, said to the young man facing them "I want to see the Manager". In the late 80s, he became Finance Director, and later deputy CEO of the Nationwide Building Society, having established a wide reputation in the world of finance.

Charles, 18 years younger than me, inherited from our grandfather Thomas Hodson a huge talent in languages, and started his career with the BBC in television journalism. In 1982, he joined ITN to set up Channel 4 News, later living in Berlin as a European journalist, reporter and interviewer. There his fluent linguistic talent was a major asset as an interviewer of top Europeans. He later (in 1995) joined CNN International as an 'anchorman' My own international standards work took me to many countries in the late 80s and early 90's, and I remember arriving in Beijing for a conference in 1988. After a long overnight flight, I arrived in my hotel room in mid-morning and turned on the TV to listen to ITN international News (this was a big international hotel.) There on the telly, facing me, to my surprise and pleasure was my brother Charles.

On the home-front, our son James was engaged with his first jobs in the wine-trade; the story of this began in the February 2026 edition of the parish mag. His humorous account of working with a wine negociant in France begins in the Annex of this edition on page 28 under the title 'Bike and Beast' (available on the Web version of this magazine).

After a successful 6th Form year at the Purcell School, our daughter Lucy gained a place at the Trinity College of Music for a four-year course covering French Horn, piano and singing, prior to embarking (as was hoped) on a career as a professional musician. One of her most important outcomes was being a member of the wonderful National Youth Choir, that provided young singers the opportunity to perform choral music at the highest level. The Choir also celebrates its alumni, who perform in their own right from time to time. The choir and the coterie of friends from her membership as a young singer is important to Lucy today, 40 years on.

It was an important life factor in those days that tertiary education was mostly covered by grants paid by the local authorities. This meant that our finances began to recover from the strain of funding private education for

our two children, and we could start paying off the bank loan that I had been obliged to take to cover the Purcell fees.

Margaret-Anne by now was playing her own leadership role as Chairman of the Warfield RDA Group (a post that she still holds). This had started from the time when the previous-chairman had decided to start a and run a second new RDA group, the Crowthorne Group. Margaret-Anne had a great ally in Hersey Robertson, the South Region Chairman of the RDA, who lived in Maidens Green and became a great friend over the years. She helped Margaret-Anne and the Warfield Group volunteers stage a successful coup to establish the Warfield RDA Group as a separate group under Margaret-Anne's leadership.

There were two other innovations that Margaret-Anne then started in the South Region: a popular news-sheet published once or twice per annum to share RDA experiences among the South Region Groups, and the first South Region Show, which started with full publicity on Ascot racecourse. For the first time, this show introduced dressage to RDA activities, and this led to it over the following years as a paralympic challenge, with a one-time Warfield Group rider achieving three Gold Paralympic medals at the Berlin games (the remarkable Sophie Christensen).

Margaret-Anne also became involved at this time with political campaigning against the willy-nilly spread of housing developments onto the land of the 'Northern Parishes' of Bracknell. This activity was coordinated by Joanna Strangways Booth, another local lady who lived with her family in Newell Green. This was a new life-feature, but one that Margaret-Anne felt in tune with, taking part in rallies and demonstrations. The cause was eventually lost, and major housing development began in the 1990s, starting across the road from our house in Holly Spring Lane.

As a family we tried to have an annual holiday together and we found an exciting but economic solution in Eurocamping in France. Eurocamp still exists, and provides established camping areas with accommodation in large, partitioned tents that give a feeling of outdoor living with the necessary level of privacy for young and old. We were recently reminded of this by a television programme featuring the huge Pont du Gard. We visited this amazing Roman aqueduct on a Eurocamp holiday. It is still intact and provided the Roman water supply to the city of Nîmes, 30 km distant carrying water from highland springs in a trough 70 metres above the Gard river.

My own business life was busy, with long hours on X.500 Directory development punctuated by international-standards work in conferences taking place all over the world. The next episode will provide anecdotes.

Visit www.fosmw.com/parishmag/an-interesting-life.pdf for the collection of all episodes.

One or two excitements, by James Hodson

This story is continued from the March 2026 Parish Magazine. Having survived a 'forced landing by his instructor in remotest Florida, James is returning, solo, to Atlanta to meet up with friends. Refuelling at the Florida/Georgia border, the clouds are lower and the weather poorer, but he decides he can manage, and presses on. Suddenly, the flight-following radio advises him that he is the only flight approaching Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, and "because of weather conditions, we are unable to maintain flight following. Have a nice day!".

I absorbed this news. Stone Mountain was a solitary mountain made of stone to the East of Atlanta, which was not far from where we had lived, and I remember playing on it as a child. You wouldn't want to fly into it. The plane's altimeter showed a sea level height of 1500 feet, I was below the clouds and the ground was rising, so there was now considerably less than 1500 feet between myself and the ground.

All of a sudden, I couldn't see the ground at all, just white cloud. I froze. I will pause here and explain that humans are not equipped with an artificial horizon, and if we can no longer see a normal horizon, the balancing mechanisms in our ears alone do not tell us which way up we are. Two things immediately started to happen; the engine began to rev as the plane started to dive and the artificial horizon began to take on a dangerous attitudes beyond normal turning circles. I tell this story that happened 30 years ago, but it feels like yesterday.

Ed, my flying instructor, appeared next to me as a guardian angel and said, "Rate one turn James, no more than 15 degrees bank, fly the plane or you are going to die." In that instant, my brain threw itself into full training and I stabilised the plane at 15 degrees. I began to restore height whilst simultaneously starting a gradual turn back to the south to find some visibility again. It was an excruciatingly protracted minute, but finally I could see ground safely below me, both in terms of visibility and distance. My left leg was literally spasming with fright.

I immediately called Atlanta flight following and demanded instructions to the nearest airfield. Berry Hill airfield was five miles away I was told; it was very short, could I land on it? I explained I was in a Cessna 150 and could land on pretty much anything. Within three minutes, the short runway came into view between rows of trees.

I made a couple of self-announcements over the radio as it was an uncontrolled airfield, lowered the flaps to maximum setting and lined up to land; the runway looked extremely short.

On final approach, I suddenly noticed an extra-large tree just before the runway which I would have to veer round before landing. I abandoned the approach, applied full throttle and flew around the airfield again, this time coming in diagonally to avoid the tree. I yawed the plane around towards the runway after passing the obstacle, and thumped N19BS down on the tarmac, braking hard. The little Cessna juddered to a halt. I was back on **terra firma** and carefully taxied to the other rows of tied down aircraft.

One of the plane owners came up to me, chuckling that he could see it was my first time flying into Berry Hill. We walked to the airport office and I called my friends. Edith Redmond answered and said that her husband Jim would call back as soon as he had appeared and would figure out something. I chatted a little more to the local aviator (who I will call Tom) and went back to the Cessna to collect my suitcase and equipment, and to tie the plane properly down for the night.

Jim phoned whilst I was doing that, Tom picked up the phone, and it seems that they recognised each other as past colleagues – what a small world and what luck! Tom agreed to drive me into Atlanta and rendez-vous with Jim there. I would make it to my destination after all.

Two hours later, I was safely installed in the Redmonds' 'den' and chatting with Jim, Edith and their son Webb, who was my age – he had been my childhood friend as neighbours. In the background, the Atlanta Braves were playing a rival, but I also noticed another local story about the deteriorating weather. Another airman, not so lucky as myself, had flown his light aircraft into a house that night because of the poor visibility and had not survived.

The next morning, there was heavy rain as the weather front that had so nearly killed me plonked itself squarely on Atlanta and then sat there. The Redmond's lovely daughter Marion appeared, with her smart banker husband Kevin. Webb, Kevin and I piled into Kevin's jeep and went into town. Atlanta was a few months away from hosting the Olympics and there already was an Olympic-fever pitch in the air. I stocked up on sweatshirts and spent a happy day with the Redmonds.

The following day, Atlanta had purged itself of the bad weather and the heavens were cobalt blue and ready for more aviation adventures. There seemed to be two plans in the offing; one around retrieving N19BS, the other was taking Jim's new pride and joy, a beautiful powerboat parked on his front drive, and heading north to Lake Lanier for some lunching and

cruising. In the end it was agreed that Jim, Kevin and Marion would tow the power boat to Lee Gilmer Memorial Airport near Lake Lanier. Another party consisting of Edith, her mother (it would be a pleasant outing for her), and Webb; we would all would drive to Berry Hill, and Webb and I would collect N19BS and fly it to Lee Gilmer.

We drove to Berry Hill, and Webb and I fuelled up the Cessna. A local instructor warned me to be very careful on the climb out as the winds tended to change direction abruptly above the tree level. "Don't start turning too soon" he said, "or you will be in trouble!"

We installed Edith's mother comfortably on the porch, did the pre-flight checks and Webb and I jumped into the plane. I fired up the Continental engine, did the power checks and we began to taxi up the runway downwind so we could turn into the wind at the end. The runway was short and I put down 15% of flap to shorten the take-off distance required. Turning the plane into wind, I throttled up to full power and then released the brakes.

The little Cessna jumped forward and seconds later Webb and I were airborne; the plane rocked as we rose above tree height; I worked the ailerons, climbing steadily for another thousand feet before turning north, and what a sight! With a clear fifty-mile visibility, there was a pristine newly-scrubbed view of the whole of Atlanta; due ahead of us lay Stone Mountain and further to the north, about fifty miles distant was Lake Lanier, looking like purple grapes.

I didn't need to impress Webb doing fancy radio navigation flying this time round, as we could already see where we were going. We flew north for 45 minutes towards the lakes, then I throttled back and landed at Lee Gilmer, taxiing up to Jim, Kevin and Marion. They had been listening to the radio conversation between the tower and myself as we had approached the airfield. Webb and I jumped out of the plane and Kevin, grabbing my head-phones, jumped into the cockpit to have his photograph taken.

A little later, we launched Jim's powerboat down a slipway into Lake Lanier and motored around the idyllic beauty, seeing the various coves and islands. I had a go at the helm and impressed Jim with my precise throttle and steering control, as I steered the powerboat directly between the buoys and shallow water markers. A week of intensive navigation flying had plainly left its mark!

Back at Lee Gilmer Airport, I prepared the plane for my original destination airport of DeKalb-Peachtree airport (known as PDK) which, with the northerly wind now blowing, was just 30 minutes flying away. Kevin was going to accompany me back to PDK. He and Marion were expecting their

first child and Kevin suddenly got cold feet about flying, or perhaps my flying ‘horror stories’ were getting to him. Either way, he declined the passenger seat.

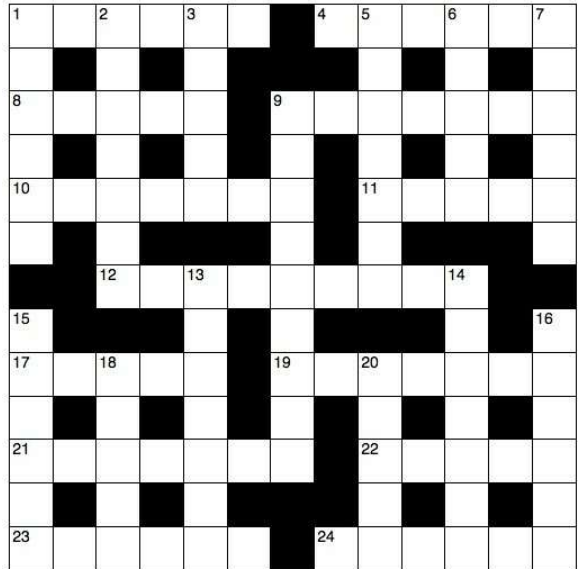
Webb rejoined me and we took off heading south towards PDK. PDK has a reputation for being the busiest general aviation airport in America and as I changed frequency to call up their approach, there was an almost uninterrupted flow of communication. I managed to squeeze in a landing request with air traffic control and was given clearance to land. Very satisfyingly, we landed at PDK a whole hour before the road party arrived with powerboat in tow.

The next morning, there was a strong wind from the north which would be very useful for the return flight to Bartow in Florida. It would help ‘blow’ me back, increasing the ground speed. Jim and I chatted about the week’s events in their kitchen. He invited me to call my parents in Bracknell and my mother picked up the phone. I declined to go into a full explanation. “There have been one or two excitements” I said “but nothing to worry about. I am flying back to Florida today.” Thirty years later, I can still hear Jim chuckling in the distance at the understatement.

Crossword puzzle

Across

- I Relating to the whole universe (6)
- 4 The disciple who made the remark in 8 Across (John 20:24) (6)
- 8 ‘Unless I see the nail marks — — hands, I will not believe it’ (John 20:25) (2,3)
- 9 He urged King Jehoiakim not to burn the scroll containing Jeremiah’s message (Jeremiah 36:25) (7)
- 10 Baptist minister and controversial founder of America’s Moral Majority, Jerry — (7)
- 11 ‘Look, here is — . Why shouldn’t I be baptized?’ (Acts 8:36) (5)



- 12 Repossessed (Genesis 14:16) (9)
 17 Port from which Paul sailed on his last journey to Rome
 (Acts 27:3-4) (5)
 19 'Moses was not aware that his face was — because he had spoken
 with the Lord' (Exodus 34:29) (7)
 21 Roonwit, C.S. Lewis's half-man, half-horse (7)
 22 Grill (Luke 24:42) (5)
 23 'The lot fell to Matthias; so he was added to the — apostles' (Acts
 1:26) (6)
 24 'I was sick and you looked after me, I was in — and you came to
 visit me' (Matthew
 25:36) (6)

Down

- 1 Coastal rockfaces (Psalm 141:6) (6)
 2 Academic (1 Corinthians 1:20) (7)
 3 Publish (Daniel 6:26) (5)
 5 For example, the Crusades (4,3)
 6 II Across is certainly this (5)
 7 He reps (anag.) (6)
 9 Liberator (Psalm 18:2) (9)
 13 Man who asked the question in II Across was in charge of all her
 treasury (Acts 8:27) (7)
 14 They must be 'worthy of respect, sincere, not indulging in much
 wine' (1 Timothy 3:8) (7)
 15 The human mind or soul (6)
 16 'O Lord, while precious children starve, the tools of war increase;
 their bread is — ' (Graham Kendrick) (6)
 18 'We played the flute for you, and you did not — ' (Matthew 11:17) (5)
 20 Bared (anag.) (5)

ACROSS: 1, Cosmic. 4, Thomas. 8, In his. 9, Delajah. 10, Falwell.
 11, Water. 12, Recovered. 17, Sidon. 19, Radiant. 21, Centaur.
 22, Broil. 23, Eleven. 24, Prison.
 DOWN: 1, Cliffs. 2, Scholar. 3, Issue. 5, Holy war. 6, Moist.
 7, Sphere. 9, Deliverer. 13, Candace. 14, Deacons. 15, Psyche.
 16, Stolen. 18, Dance. 20, Debar.

Children's Corner

The Big Bash!



JESUS OFTEN TOLD STORIES WITH HIDDEN MEANINGS



ONE STORY WAS ABOUT A RICH MAN WHO DECIDED TO HAVE A PARTY

HE SENT OUT LOTS OF INVITATIONS

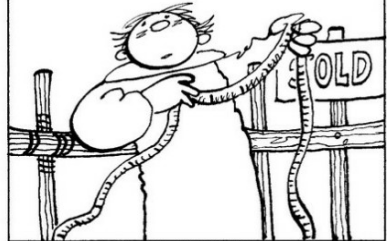


OH! NO!!

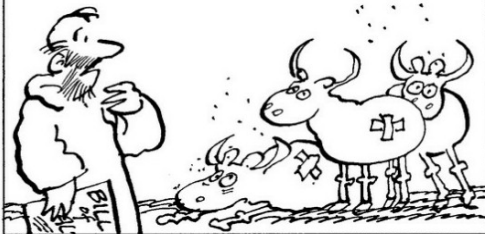


BUT PEOPLE STARTED MAKING EXCUSES

ONE MAN SAID HE HAD BOUGHT A FIELD, BUT NEEDED TO MEASURE IT



ANOTHER MAN SAID HE NEEDED TO TEST DRIVE THE OXEN HE HAS JUST PAID FOR



ANOTHER MAN SAID HE HAD JUST GOT MARRIED - AND HIS WIFE WOULDN'T LET HIM OUT!

SO THE RICH MAN INVITED ALL THE POOR AND NEEDY INSTEAD.



THE PARABLE MEANS WE SHOULDN'T MAKE EXCUSES FOR NOT FOLLOWING JESUS.

Easter Services

Holy Monday Compline Service

Monday 30th March 2026

7pm

St Martin's Church, Chavey Down

Holy Tuesday Compline Service

Tuesday 31st March 2026

7pm

St Mary's Church, Winkfield

Holy Wednesday Compline Service

Wednesday 1st April 2026

7.30pm

St Peter's Church, Cranbourne

Maundy Thursday Holy Communion

Thursday 2nd April 2026

2.30pm

St Mary's Church, Winkfield



Good Friday Stations of the Cross

Friday 3rd April 2026

10am

St Peter's Church, Cranbourne



Good Friday an Hour at the Cross

Friday 3rd April 2026

2pm

St Mary's Church, Winkfield





Easter Holy Communion

Sunday 5th April 2026 at 10am
St Mary's Church, Winkfield



Easter Holy Communion

Sunday 5th April 2026 at 9.30am
St Martin's Church, Chavey Down

Easter Morning Holy Communion

& Annual Easter Egg Hunt

Sunday 5th April 2026 at 11am
St Peter's Church, Cranbourne



Annex

The donkey

A humble belittled beast has a privileged role in Jesus's last week.

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

G K Chesterton 1874—1936

Bike and Beast - Bordeaux 1983

This article by James Hodson is a humorous first-person account of his early career, which took him into the wine trade. Anthony Hodson's Episode 60 published in February 2026 (see page 17), gave an introduction to James's first job, with High Breck Vintners, which followed after leaving school at Eton College. The article is also reproduced in the complete set of Anthony's memoirs 'An interesting life' as episode 60A.

In High Breck, under the guidance of Tom, the proprietor, James had an enthusiastic introduction to the worlds of wine, and also acquired his "biggest love of all, which was tearing around the Hampshire Lanes on a succession of motor bikes."

After a year with High Breck, it was arranged that James should get some serious experience in wine by working for Borie Manoux, Tom's main supplier based in Bordeaux in the heartland of French wine. The story now continues:

And so it was, one very early Friday morning in July 1983, and, coincidentally, a year to the day after I left Eton, I boarded the Brittany Ferry at Portsmouth to St Malo. My destination was Borie-Manoux, a wine negociant in Bordeaux. My latest two wheeled trusty steed, now secured to the railings on the ferry's car deck, was a black 1979 Honda 250 Superdream. Purchased a few weeks previously, it had already managed to blow out a spark plug that had required an expensive repair job. Its saddle bags and top box were laden down with my possessions for the next six months. Would bike and beast make it all the way to Bordeaux?

The ferry docked at St Malo that evening and I nervously guided the bike towards Rennes, about 40 miles to the south. It seemed like a good place to stop for the night: it was the first time I had ever driven on the right-hand side of the road before.

The following morning it looked as if it would be hot and I decided to aim for La Rochelle as my destination for that day. I carefully secured the saddle bags and my holdall with bungees, fired up the bike, and pointed my compass south, deciding I would maintain a cruising speed of no more than 60mph to minimise the possibility of any more mechanical mishaps.

Once on the main road, oncoming motorcyclists flashed their headlights at me in a thoroughly continental sort of biker camaraderie. This never happened in England where bikers (and their bikes) were plonked at the bottom of the motoring hierarchy. Gliding through the rolling scenery towards the Loire in the hot air with its vast open spaces, near-empty roads and communicating bikers, it was motoring delirium; I loved it! I steered south, ignoring that I was boiling in my leathers in the hot sun. The Dream's engine settled into a reassuring whine, and soon I was feeling like an old hand, navigating around Nantes and onwards towards La Rochelle. Here I bunkered down for the night at a simple lodging near the beach.

The next day, I was on my final southerly leg towards Bordeaux. I could see occasional glimpses of the Gironde estuary on my right. I was definitely in wine and cognac country now and I would drop a gear and bank the heavily laden Dream through wine villages with redolent names in the Côtes du Blaye and Côtes de Bourg. By lunchtime, Bike and Beast had made it to Bordeaux. The spark plugs were still attached to the bike, nothing else had blown off and I was ready, or at least

geographically in the right place, to start the French section of my career in the wine trade.

Borie-Manoux had arranged lodgings for me in an attic room above a bar which was a short walk from their office and factory. They were *negoçiants du vin*, so they would sell either high quality wine already bottled at their various chateaux, or wine would be conveyed in bulk in tankers and then decanted into cast iron tanks at the factory called *cuves*. This 'less-than-bottled-at-chateau-quality' wine would then be blended, filtered and bottled in the factory.

As the only Anglais on the factory floor, and speaking with my primitive O-level French, I was in a double whammy. It was completely fair game to my new French boss (*chef*) that I should be delegated all the most horrible jobs. To add to this, a few of the managers did not hold back from telling me that Britain was the Sick Man of Europe (this was the early 80s) and that as a nation, they considered that the Brits were inherently lazy, unlike the French of course.

However, my working day always started off well enough with the French custom of everybody shaking hands with everybody else, and then I would be set to work scrubbing out the *cuves* that had recently been drained of wine. Near the base of each *cuve*, was a small door which was large enough for a light-weight Anglais to wriggle through.

The tools of my trade that accompanied me were a hosepipe and bucket, a long handled scrubbing brush, and perhaps most alarming of all, a mains-powered electric light whose connections were protected from the water by well-worn looking rubber seals. How I avoided being electrocuted, I don't know. Other risks included the fact that the wine that had been in the *cuves* had had chemicals added to it, including preservatives like sulphur dioxide. Often, the pungency of the combined wine and chemical aromas would be so strong that it would affect my vision, and I would emerge from the *cuve* thinking I was wearing a pair of green sunglasses.

As an occasional reprieve from my role as *Cuve Sanitation Executive*, I was sent up to work on the bottling plant to join the teams of ladies, where the wine was decanted from the *cuves* into bottles, transforming it into the final labelled product. Here I was endlessly quizzed about English life and the Royal Family and Prince William.

Most of the time, though, I was on the lower factory floor scrubbing the *cuves* whilst keeping out the way of the large butane-powered Fiat fork-

lift trucks that would whizz around, their engines bellowing as they moved bottled and cased wine out to the lorries outside, which appeared from all over Europe. They also moved empty bottles upwards to the bottling floor.

This went on all day long and their drivers were skilled, but one day a fork-lift truck inadvertently reversed hard into an enormous pallet of thousands of empty bottles. I was a few yards away chatting to colleagues when the pallet crashed spectacularly in our direction sending broken glass flying everywhere. We all sprinted for our lives, and nobody was hurt but the noise was like Valhalla falling.

In the evenings, I found a local bar which did a simple fixed price menu, and by turning up on the bike, I achieved immediate kudos with the local youth. They would spend ages examining every detail of the Superdream, including its British tax disc and Avon tyres, noting its higher specification twin disc brakes and halogen headlight which normally only came with the 400cc engined version.

I became friendly with a Tunisian who had a questionably street-legal motocross bike – I went on the back of it once, and its acceleration was eye-popping. More usually, I sat on the pillion of the Dream and he drove me around Bordeaux showing me the sites.

At the weekends, studying my map, I would make long journeys into the Bas-Medoc and Haut-Medoc areas to visit the chateaux there, like St Julien. Or I would ride the bike to the East side of the Gironde, visiting St Emilion and Pomerol chateaux. I managed to make a few friends on the factory floor when my chef was not berating me for flagging in my labours of scrubbing out my daily cuve-quota.

One pleasant and huge character incongruously nicknamed Mouche (meaning Fly), invited me to join him at a party one Saturday evening about thirty miles north of Bordeaux with his friends. Following Mouche's instructions, I set off in the early evening, and my route took me over an enormously high bridge as I crossed one of the tributaries of the Gironde.

Without too much difficulty I found the party in a farm, and Mouche ambled over, introducing me to his friends; they all seemed to be about his size. No thimbles of the local grog being drunk here, Mouche and his mates were hard-core Scottish whisky men, and were knocking it back neat. I found myself with a glass of whisky in my hand.

I had never drunk neat whisky before, and I simply don't remember the rest of the evening, beyond lying on my back, staring up at the spinning stars and have a good retch. At about 3am, Mouche was looking at me concernedly. As my world had finally stopped spinning, I thanked Mouche, shakily climbed back onto the bike and rode as fast as I could back to Bordeaux. The 70mph cold slipstream kept the hangover at bay and I spent a very quiet Sunday sobering up.

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