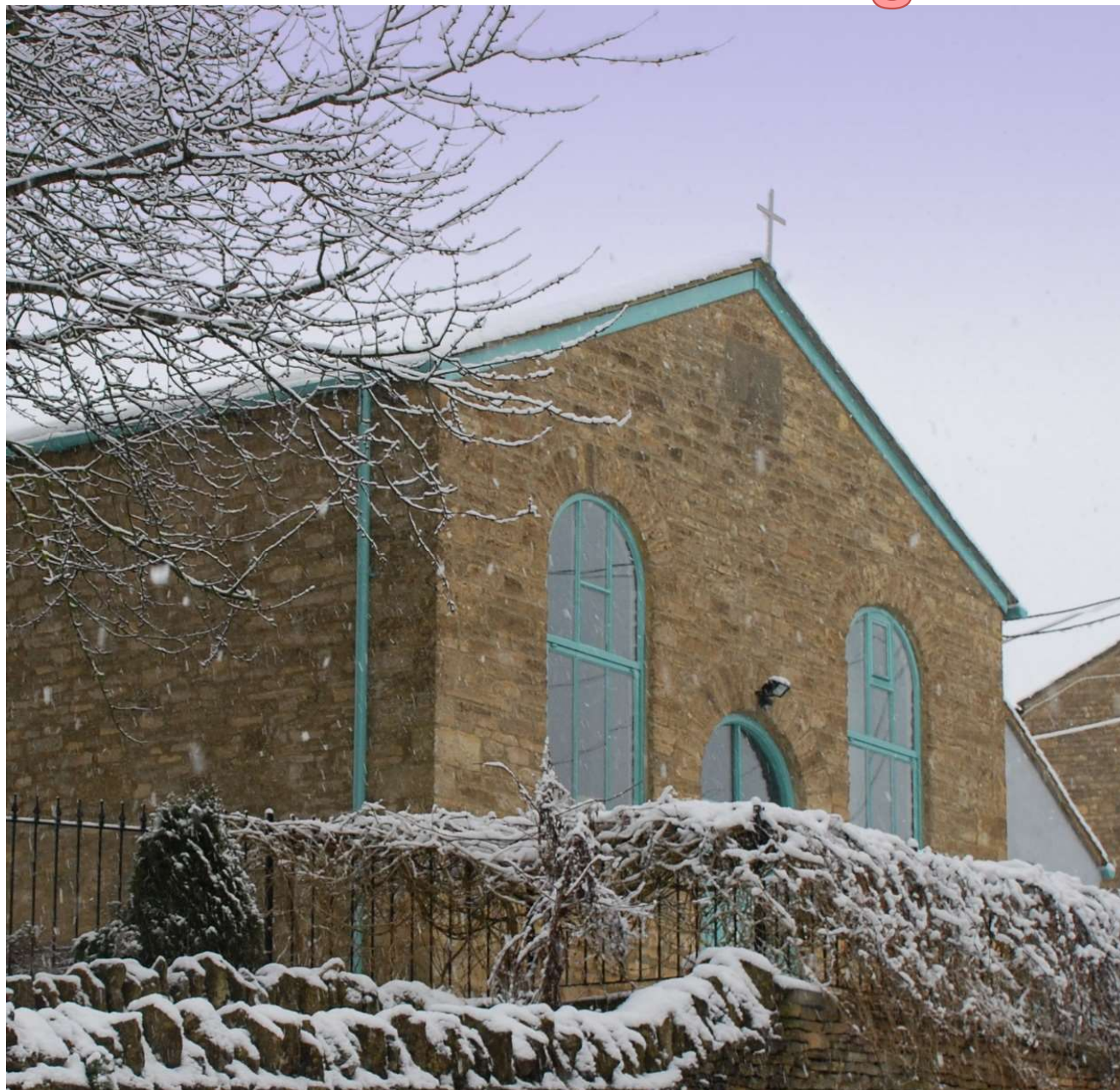


St. Teresa's Parish Magazine



Winter 2020/2021



Sunday Mass Times
Charlbury 9.15am
Please book by emailing
charlburymass@gmail.com

CHRISTMAS SERVICES 2020

**We have only limited space – please book
Christmas Eve:**

Mass of Christmas Night,
8.00pm, St.Teresa's (Fully booked)

Christmas Day:

Christmas Mass - 9.15am St Teresa's
(Spaces available at time of writing)
To book – email charlburymass@gmail.com

FRIENDS REMEMBERED

It is a strange time of life for us at this time; we are in a way prisoners of our own folly. We didn't treasure resources but looked after our own lives. One of my friends in the USA said we have "reaped the whirlwind of famine and greed." What can we do? Well, pray for everyone who is suffering, check our friends, how they are, more often than usual. My Mum always said: "waste nothing, share with others who have needs, listen to God in prayer". We, my brothers and I, often teased each other about this when young but when older we saw how right she was.

We can help our neighbours who are alone, by phone and waving to them through the windows, getting family to work together with them. Alas! My brothers have gone to God so I am, hopefully, the wise wise Elder. I contact my nephews and nieces and great nephews and nieces, by phone, or letters as some live in other continents. We are fortunate to get delivery from supermarkets and have friends to support us.

When in Rome, I had a very dear friend, Chantal, She was called after a nun, St.Jane Frances Chantal who founded an Order of nuns to visit and help the poor. St Francis de Sales helped her Order and supported her to encourage women to visit the sick and poor as well as pray for them. These few women worked together under the guidance of St. Francis in 1641. You may have noticed the "nuns with wings", the Sisters of the poor. They stopped wearing this elaborate headgear in 1964. I know this as I was training as a nursery nurse in their orphanage. We were all surprised when one Sunday at Mass, gone were their wings! They were very happy.

I had a very good training and advice from them and I was grateful. One day a Bishop came to visit the nursery and behaved in a very dismissive manner as he ate what we all ate; plain food off plastic plates. It was OK but he took offence at the "paucity of service". When he had departed one of the nuns said "What happened to "eat plainly and serve with thanks" I was surprised at this but it did make me smile. It was brought to my mind by my friend Chantal who said "handsome is but not handsome does!"

I still share with Chantal my friend by letter/email. We share our thoughts and prayers. So pray for your family and friends till this pandemic is over."

Hilda JJ.

Two poems written by C E Bolongaro, the aunt of parishioner Peter Bolongaro.

Dedication

One of thy weakest, littlest
 things, dear Lord,
 I bow in humblest praise my
 wondering head;
 And thank thee greatly that thy
 loving sword
 Hath pierced me, 'ere my days
 on earth be sped.
 My steps among Thy little ones
 were led,
 And love for gentle things
 inspired this clod;
 For buds and birds, and all Thy
 creatures mild,
 For thy most precious gift, the
 little child.
 And if one act of mine hath
 helped to guide
 One tender fledgling closer to
 they side,
 Devoutly do I thank Thee, oh,
 my God.

Catherine E Bolongaro

Star Of Christmas

This lovely night; this eve of Christmas Day,
 I'll put aside my toys, I'm tired of play;
 And climbing up the stairs into my room,
 Draw back the curtains in the evening's gloom.
 The evening's gloom is lighted by a star,
 The same that shone on Bethlehem afar,
 Long years gone by, when Jesus was on Earth,
 And set that star above to mark His birth.
 So, sitting by the window, let me see,
 In that clear beam, the season's mystery:
 The Holy Babe lies cradled in the shed'
 A manger for His crib; straw for His bed:
 The humble ox and ass His best friends be;
 Mary and Joseph there, on bended knee;
 The shepherds lowly come with lamb new born,
 Sent by the angel choir on Christmas morn.
 O little son of God, this Christmas-tide,
 Let love for all within my heart abide;
 And by the tenderer radiance of thy Star
 Guide thou my steps to Thee in Heaven afar.

Catherine E Bolongaro

St Teresa's has its own website – visit for Mass times, newsletters, old magazines, galleries of past events...: <https://stteresaschurch-charlbury.com/>

ST TERESA'S

CLERGY MASS TIMES NEWSLETTER AND PARISH LIFE EVENTS CONTACTS



Welcome to the website of St.Teresa's Roman Catholic Church, Charlbury

CHARLBURY, COMBE, DUNS TEW, ENSTONE, GAGINGWELL, GLYMPTON, MIDDLE BARTON, RADFORD, RAMSDEN, STEEPLE ASTON and STONESFIELD

We welcome you to the Roman Catholic Church of St Teresa's of Lisieux in Charlbury, an attractive market town in the Cotswolds. Our parish covers some forty square miles of West Oxfordshire and our congregation come from many

SEARCH

WHERE TO FIND ST.TERESA'S

Charlbury Baptist Church
 St Teresa's R C C...

A DIARY OF A SUMMER OF LOCKDOWNS

When lockdown was at its most stringent and before the advent of the "support bubble", I was sitting in the shade of the apple tree on a beautiful hot day wondering what I was going to do all alone for the rest of the day. But then I had a sort of mindfulness moment like the ones shown by Chris Packham and his co-presenters on Springwatch recently, and became aware that I was not really alone. Because there was so little traffic, the birdsong was more prominent – I could hear a chaffinch singing its heart out in the birch tree, a blackbird, a distant wren: the smallest bird with the loudest song that cheerfully dominates the whole garden. I began to relax and let my senses drift.

Oh look – here's company! The little robin just flew over and hopped all around, cocked his head to see if I was getting him any worms and then left again.

Down there in the rough grass that no longer gets cut so short or sprayed with "lawn builder" (which usually involves a weedkiller) I notice a beautiful red and black cinnabar moth fluttering from one flower to another. He just landed on the ground ivy growing near the fence where the mower doesn't reach – an insignificant wild flower with pale blue flowers, despised as a weed and pulled up by most people. And then a bee came along and landed on another pretty wildflower called herb Robert with pink flowers. Usually pulled up as a weed, it still attracts pollinators, which ultimately provide crops.

The grass that doesn't get cut so short is a picture with its daisies and buttercups, which also attract bees. And where I left a big patch under the lime tree to grow wild for a while, the cow parsley and rose campion were rampant – Monty Don would approve! I read once that cow parsley attracts the sort of insects that wrens feed on. As we've had wrens nesting here every year, it seems like a good idea not to cut it all down too soon. And when it flowers, especially after a shower when the sun comes out, it looks like lace with little pearly drops.

I also noticed the most beautiful dragonflies and damselflies in vivid iridescent blues and greens, with transparent wings. And where the grass is allowed to grow uncut to its full height, I noticed how many different types there are, some flowering with tiny dusky pink flowers – with names like meadow fescue, cocksfoot, timothy grass, etc. And as I bent down to study them more closely, I noticed the whole area was alive with tiny baby grasshoppers leaping from one blade to the next. No longer than a centimetre and a cream colour, they were very sweet. I'd never seen a

a whole congregation of them before. On reading up about it (in a 50-year old book) I learned that they usually hatch around the beginning of July. But now with climate change and the hottest May on record, I suppose everything happens much earlier.

And I was reminded of the comment on Springwatch that we are obsessively tidy as a nation and too much tidiness is not good for wildlife. And that it's good not to cut the grass too short, but to leave a patch – if your garden is big enough – uncut and see the moon daisies (oxeye daisies), the rose campion, the white clover, the prunella, and the insects and the butterflies that thrive on them. There is so much life out there in the garden one can never feel completely alone!

SEQUEL

A few weeks later, and I still catch myself “tidying” in the garden – old habits die hard! I suppose tidying in moderation is a good thing, but it has to be done in a thinking way, not routinely or mindlessly.

This was brought home to me in early July, when I idly pulled up a tuft of grass that looked “scruffy” as it flopped over the path leading down to the compost heap. But on closer inspection, this wayward tuft of grass was actually the cover for a baby froglet who was clambering up the slope, presumably to reach the undisturbed undergrowth of the wildflower mini-meadow we created 3 years ago. I apologized to the froglet and let him go on his way. He was so sweet and tiny, dark brown and well camouflaged against the soil, with his perfectly formed little body and skinny little back legs.

I love frogs!

A few days later, I was looking for a piece of spare ground so that I could plant two self-seeded hellebores that came up elsewhere. As I poked around the ground near where the forget-me-nots had finished flowering, and the greater willowherb was spreading around, with ground cover plants including alkanet – again I noticed a froglet- too small to leap!- clambering along the soil to reach the cover of the undergrowth. I made a mental note not to disturb the broad leaves – quite plain and not very colourful – as it seemed like a good place for frogs to lurk. I mean, if I were a froglet, I'd love to lurk there!

Then I was about to “tidy away” some of the withered leaves of the alkanet – which I had decided to leave (against Monty Don's advice) because it was

covered in bees! - when I saw a most attractive moth sitting on a leaf. A bit of research revealed it to be the magpie moth – black and white with yellow patches – and after asking a few people who knew more about moths, learned that they are good pollinators. They seem to rest somewhere like a broad leaf during the day and then are active at night. Nearby a teenage grasshopper leapt about – well, it was lovely to see this semi-wild corner of the garden full of life and I decided to leave well alone. There are enough cultivated borders in this garden that I could leave some to be semi-wild, for the sake of wildlife.

The best experience was around mid-July, at a time when ants were beginning to gather indoors on the kitchen windowsill. Not in any great numbers, mind, just 3 or 4, so I opened the window, saw there were a few more gathering on the outside window ledge, swept them off into the undergrowth below, thinking: one of these days I ought to puff some antkiller around on the patio below, if I could find where they were swarming. They often did in previous years. But what with the creeping campanula mingling with self-sown Michaelmas daisies right up against the kitchen wall, next to the trellis that had a winter-flowering jasmine growing through it, I just left it. Just as well, as it turned out, because I noticed, looking out the kitchen window one day, a baby wren, a tiny, tiny little speckled brown thing, flitting among the branches of the wall shrub and then actually hopping on to the window frame and pecking at the ants! He was eating them up, saving me the bother of poisoning them; I had the thrill of seeing him close up right near the house, he had a meal – well, everyone's a winner! What the Americans would call a "win-win" situation. Isn't this what looking after nature is about? You let it thrive and it helps you, and the environment benefits.

Since then, I noticed the wren at regular intervals, once in the self-same trellis, checking out what was on the menu for the week! And also in the gutter behind the kitchen, turning over the litter that comes off the lime-tree every summer, looking for insects probably. Again, I was reminded: too much tidiness is not good for wildlife. And also, having had more time than usual during the lockdown, I had time and leisure to notice every little thing that was going on out there and to consider what was best for wildlife without the place looking awful. My husband and I used to have conversations about there being a fine dividing line between a "natural" garden and an untidy, unkempt garden. I am still working out where that line is, and learning a lot from what other people tell me.

Andrea Bates

My new album Where The Wind Blows is finally here. A collection of modern and traditional folk songs. I arranged all of them and after recording the songs, I found some fabulous musicians to play and uplift the album.

Online store such as iTunes and Apple Music have already made Where The Wind Blows available and others will soon follow. The physical copy of the CD will be available soon. I hope it will be here in a couple of weeks.

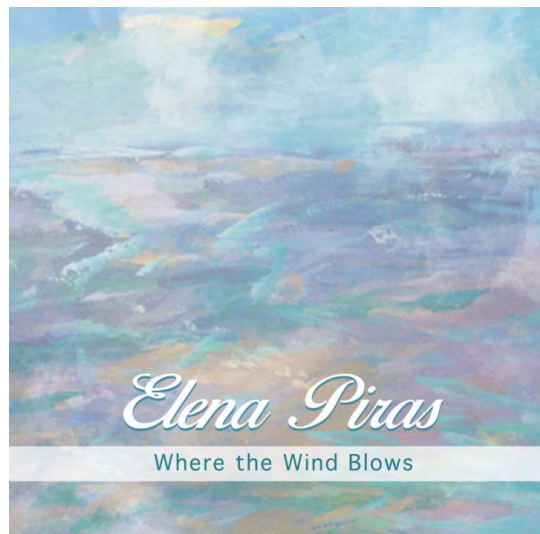
The links for iTunes and Apple Music are as follows:

The link for your release within the UK iTunes store is:
<https://itunes.apple.com/gb/album/id1541382772?app=itunes>

The link for your release within the UK Apple Music service is:
<https://itunes.apple.com>

CDs available to preorder

Elena Piras



JOURNEY TO THE ALTAR (PART 3)

We arrived in Charlbury in 2015, to the first home we had ever owned and actually lived in. All my working life had been spent in tied accommodation but now we were free. There was a lot of renovation to make The Old Drapery into the house Sarah wanted, and I enjoyed the challenge, although the costs far exceeded what I had envisaged! Isn't that a familiar story?

Settling into Charlbury, and St Teresa's, took us through the years, along with open surgery in the JR(unexpected) and the arrival into our lives of a lovely young lady from Michigan, USA (totally unexpected but welcomed!) In 2016 Benjamin and Emily tied the knot in a beautiful Mass in Grand Rapids and we acquired a large and extremely warm American family. Through this time I was trying to serve our parish in whatever way was required, first as a server on the altar with Father Aldo, and then as the Catechist to prepare children for First Holy Communion. I remember saying to Father Aldo (who was so good to me when I had to convalesce for 6 months), that I had no desire to be more than a useful layman!

When I was strong enough, I knew that I had to go back to work as "retirement" was not suiting me and I was missing the interaction with other people. So I went to work at an eccentric little boarding Prep school for boys with severe dyslexia/ Learning difficulties over in Bicester called Bruern Abbey, where I taught French and Sport in a maternity replacement, and stayed on to become Head of RS, still coaching in all weathers. It was in the car just after 6.30 am and back out of the car just after 6.30 pm if I was lucky! It was absolutely exhausting but very rewarding.

When we had moved to Oxford in 1994, after being received into the Church, I had "checked out" my vocation with the then Archbishop of Birmingham, Maurice, but it didn't seem right to go back to seminary with a young wife and family. In 2015, shortly after arriving in Charlbury, I had gone to the seminary in Birmingham to "check out" again if I still had a vocation as an ordained minister of the Gospel. Nothing.

Then a few strange things began to happen. First, the chap who was the Head of RS at the dyslexic school went off to train, as I had almost 35 years ago, for the C of E. Then another lady teacher in the staff room asked me when I was off as it was obvious that Priesthood was all I was really interested in. Then I picked up a pamphlet .I think it was a

Carmelite publication that Benjamin had left lying around...and the picture of a Ukrainian Catholic priest burst out off the page at me and my heart jumped...one Sunday morning in St Teresa's I found myself on my knees serving in front of the altar asking myself if the Lord was calling me back to His sacred ministry..

Eventually, I landed in front of our local Bishop and trying to explain myself I started to cry..he said that I needed to go on retreat and see the Archbishop, both of which I did over the months and to my immense surprise and alarm, found myself being put through the wringer of selection for the Catholic priesthood. By this stage I had given up finding reasons why this could not be happening to me, and more importantly had very nervously raised the issue with my wife of 33 years, Sarah, who declared point-blank: "We are not moving". Aha I thought, this is my trump card with the Archbishop as I knew Catholic priests were like soldiers...they had to go where they were sent!

When in his study the Archbishop asked me what Sarah thought and I told him, and expected to be shown the door politely but firmly, he replied that this was fine as he wanted me to stay in Charlbury anyway!

At that point I started to cry again, which was the second embarrassing time with two Bishops. What did they think had happened to this ex-Marine Commando?

To cut to the chase: two years of intensive study, exams, tests, reports and practical courses (how to say Mass, hear Confession, anoint the Sick etc), saw me being ordained with a diocesan chum this last September, and the Archbishop's letter stated that I was appointed to the parish of Holy Trinity, Chipping Norton, serving St Teresa's , Charlbury. Father Tony has given me free rein at St Teresa's and the rest, as they say, is history.

That is my journey to the altar. I cannot begin to put into words how I feel now I am a Catholic priest. Offering the Holy Mass for the living and the dead, pastoring currently by telephone or e mail, just being at last in the right place after all those years in the wilderness. Once the COVID crisis is past, and we can return to our old regular patterns, I will be able to relax into the service of God's people in this part of His Vineyard. And what a part of His Vineyard it is, here in the Shire.

To all those who have helped and encouraged me on this journey, to the faithful of St Teresa's, to my family above all else who have been there throughout, I humbly give thanks.

"You are great O Lord, and worthy to be praised".

Father Clive.

FROM THE GALLERY : PROGRESS ON THE PARISH ROOM

The parish room has been completed, many thanks to Hugh Sherbrooke who put a lot of work into organising the refurbishment and also the work on the church. It should give a space for Children's Liturgy, shelter for coffee on wet days, a prayer room etc. and we look forward to being able to use it properly once the COVID restrictions are lifted.

Here are a few pictures from the gallery as the work progressed:





An extract from a story in Lancashire dialect from Teddy Ashton's Lancashire Annual December 1921. Dialect was commonly heard as late as the 1950s and you could tell from which town or locality a person hailed from.

Trevor Hodgkinson

Though th' road were aw deawnhill, Georgie an' Sarah, oather on 'em carryin' a child apiece, begun to feel very teighert ere they reached Rivington village. Passin' through a bonny little cloof, where a happy rindle were singin' to itsel under th' trees, Georgie said, "This is bonny! Eh, Sarah! heaw I could enjeigh this pratty scenery if I weren't done up wi' carryin this mon!"

"Well, theaw would get wed," said Sarah. "Durn't grumble."

"I'm noan grumblin'," said Georgie. "I'm only stain' facts, as th' cheermon o' th' trades council says sometimes. Oh, if we hadn't these kiddies lumberin' us, thee an' me would sit deawn here, an' play at courtin' again."

"It's as weel theau's summat else to do," said Sarah.

"I could do wi' summat to eit too," said Georgie. "Well, we'll have a rippin' good tay when we get i' th' village. I'll astonish th' natives. I'll show 'em heaw to shift proven. I've an appetite on me that would bankrupt an eit in heause."

But there were hungry disappointment for Georgie. When him an' Sarah geet into th' village they could get nowt at aw to eit; every cottage had been cleeaned eaut by ravenous picnickers.

"I never seed so mony folks as there is here to-day," said one woman that had in her window a whum-made card sayin' "Teas Provided." "We were cleeaned eaut very soon on; an' I could ha' sarved a score mooar wi' tays if I'd only had th' stuff. An' it's been th' same aw o'er th' village. Yo corn't even get a sandwich at th' Black Lad. There's nowt left but ale."

FINANCES – OCTOBER 2020

This has been a difficult time for the parish finances but thanks to your generosity we are in a stable position. This year we have invested in renovating the church as well as the meeting room. We have been able to do this in an economical manner as a result of the hard work and organisation of Hugh Sherbrooke and of course Fr Clive. Many thanks to all who helped. Despite these costs, which we still do not have the final bills for, our balance as at 5 September is 32,510.70. I do not expect the final bills to be very large so we have a good balance.

We are fortunate that our two rental properties, 5 Enstone Road and Church cottage yield £900 and £950 per month respectively. There are some forthcoming costs particularly with reference to Enstone Road, where we will need to spend some money to ensure the garden is in better shape than currently. It may also require certain internal decoration as well. All of which is affordable.

We now have Fr Clive as our priest and as a consequence Fr Tony will be undertaking fewer duties at St Teresa's. Our clergy are paid very little and recently we have only been paying 1/3 of Fr Tony's salary and a contribution to his petrol. This payment will stop as we take on supporting Fr Clive. Owing to Fr Clive's youth (I won't add beauty!!!) we are required to pay his national insurance which has not been the case for some years (both Fr Aldo and Fr Tony were beyond the age of making the contribution). Again this is not a large sum but obviously a requirement. In short our expenses will be going up and I would request that for those who are able if they could contact Sharnalee Foster to set up a direct debit or make a gift aid donation. That would be most welcome. I am sure we are all aware that overall the Church's income has fallen although costs have not. Undoubtedly this will lead to further levies from the Archdiocese. We have also missed a number of obligatory second collections and so I would ask that, if possible, please make any contributions to Sharnalee or directly to the bank. Those missing collections are;

Association for the propagation of the Faith
CAFOD

Fr Hudson's society

I would ask that any donations are noted as to which they refer.

Information on the account number to pay this in to is available from Liz or Sharnalee.

Liz Canning

I say this prayer every morning and think of everyone in the parish:

Gracious God, you greet us with boundless hospitality. You challenge us to care for one another and you invite us freely to think and act. May we respond to one another. Amen

Damayanthi Winder.

FR CLIVE'S ORDINATION

A group of parishioners travelled to St. Chad's Cathedral in September to Fr. Clive's socially distanced and suitably bemasked ordination.

(Thanks to Ben Dytor for the photos)



The parish is part of the Archdiocese of Birmingham: Registered Charity No. 234216