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# *the* All Saints Newsletter

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All Saints Church Berkhamsted An Anglican Methodist Local Ecumenical Partnership

June July 2026



## **In this issue**

A School Trip to Auschwitz  
What is a Community First Responder?  
A Sermon for the Sixth Sunday of Easter  
Phakamisa News  
Humour

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**Please help yourself to this newsletter: as always, it is free**

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Thank you so much to Andrew Hope for writing such a moving article about his trip to Auschwitz. As someone who grew up with the awful black-and-white pictures of the camps being liberated, I found it very good that younger people are still understanding and being shaken by the horror of it all. We must not forget. I was delighted by Peter Bryant offering his article about community first responders. It sounds so interesting that I wished not for the first time that I was a lot younger and fitter in order to join in. Thank you, Margaret Burbidge, for writing about Lucy Winkett's book *Reading the Bible with your Feet*, a very powerful article. Our Rector Stuart, in his *Friday Thought*, has a very simple way in which we can all, Christian or not, do something to help bring the peace on earth that Jesus talks about. To Barbara for her Franciscan sermon, the same theme, typed up at the last moment for me. And thank you very much all of you that sent the beautiful photos. I hope everyone enjoys this time's newsletter.

The copy date for the August September newsletter is Friday 26th June.

*Christina Billington*



The Newsletter is set in 12pt Georgia, with 20pt Verdana and 14pt Georgia headings. Responsibility for opinions expressed in articles published in this newsletter and for the accuracy of any statements in them rests solely with the individual contributor.

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## Caroline's Letter

It was a joy to come together on a Sunday morning in late April to rededicate the roof-level cross at the east end of All Saints. After its dramatic fall during Storm Darragh in December 2024, careful negotiations have taken place with many people – our insurers, our building surveyors and contractors, the blacksmith who refurbished the cross. It's taken a while, but it was worth waiting for. It is wonderful to see the cross back where it belongs, affirming to all who pass by that this is a church which stands in the power of Christ, crucified and risen.

Jesus was in no doubt about the impact of the cross. He told his disciples 'I, when I am lifted up, will draw all people to myself'. On the face of it, this is surprising. Crucifixion was a horrible death, and most people did their best to avoid talking about it. Why did Jesus speak of its power to draw people to him? Over the centuries, the church has come to see that the cross points to his absolute commitment to God's people and God's world. Jesus was prepared to face this death, if it was the way to reveal the immensity of God's love for the world. The cross becomes a sign of God's infinite, passionate concern for creation as a whole and for each one of us. From being a reminder of an agonised death, it becomes a marker of the love which draws us to Jesus, God's love incarnate. So now our church is crowned once again by its cross, a sign of hope for a troubled world. How can we best express what it means to us to work and worship beneath the cross of Jesus? The saying attributed to St. Francis of Assisi comes to mind: 'preach the Gospel at all times, and use words if necessary'. Without words, the cross points people to the deep roots of our faith. It tells the world that this is a place where people can be honest about the suffering and struggles they face. So often people are ashamed to share their inner fears and grief. Here, the cross reminds us that trauma is real, part of human existence, but it also proclaims that God's love is powerful enough to confront and overwhelm the forces of chaos. For if the cross speaks of sacrifice, it also speaks of the hope of resurrection. Brian Wren wrote the hymn 'Christ is alive! Let Christians sing. The cross



stands empty to the sky'. Our empty cross points skyward, affirming Jesus' renewed life. It invites us to be Easter people, realistic about the horrors of the world but able to look beyond, confident in God's power to overcome evil with good, death with life.

The people of All Saints worshipped and witnessed beneath that cross for more than one hundred years. Our surveyors assure us that with modern building techniques, it now stands even stronger against the wind and weather. The cross is here to stay, high above the town once again, pointing us to God's enduring purposes and promises in Christ crucified and risen, the same yesterday, today and for ever. Blessings

*Rev'd Caroline Wickens*

# A School Trip to Auschwitz

I recently was given the opportunity to go to Auschwitz Concentration Camp in Poland, through my school, on a very short visit, lasting twenty hours, in February this year. It was a privilege to be able to take part in this trip, and I got a lot out of it.

The trip, run by an organisation called Lessons from Auschwitz, came in two parts. Firstly, a group meeting, with the students from all over the country coming together in groups of anywhere between two and five, alongside a member of the school's staff. This took place in Central London and lasted four hours. We met together and listened to an account by Holocaust survivor Mala Tribich MBE, which really put into perspective the atrocities that took place in the multiple camps across Germany and Poland during the war. The focus of the rest of the session was the life of the Jewish people before The Holocaust, which just showed us how normal they were and how they were so undeserving of the treatment received. After this meeting Isobella (my classmate who went with me) and I were given a few weeks to prepare and then we were to meet with the rest of the group at Luton Airport by 04.30 on Wednesday 25th February 2026.

On the day I woke very early in the morning and went to Hemel to pick up Isobella from her house and then straight to Luton Airport. Here we met with our Head of Sixth Form who was to accompany us throughout the trip. We checked in and passed through security then met with the group and all the leaders. They saw us onto the chartered plane, and we set off at 06.15. It was very intimidating knowing that we were going to a landmark that marked such a horrific event in human history. Most of the people on the trip (except the co-ordinators) had never been to Auschwitz or similar camps, meaning there was generally quite a nervous feeling within the groups. The plane took just two hours fifty minutes to get to Poland and we were fed before landing in a cold, icy Poland. Mr. Joyce (our Head of Sixth Form) and I (not being part of the EU) spent about an hour queuing to get our passports checked. Isobella, having her Portuguese passport, went straight through. This meant for a time everyone got separated.

Once everyone was through, we got reunited on the buses. Once all the students had been loaded on, and the register taken, we left for our first stop at Auschwitz One. This was the first part of the camp, which is divided into three main separate areas. It was where the famous gates were and was mainly used as a labour camp.

The buildings were tall and red brick with paths between all of them, giving an ominous feeling, almost comparable to a maze or labyrinth. The tour guide took us through the buildings, where we got to see photos taken at the time and many items left over from the war. We went through the room housing the book of names, which made the whole experience much more real, knowing that each and every one of the names had been in such a horrific situation. One of the most emotional sections of the tour was the room that had been filled with pots, pans, and other miscellaneous items that the Jewish people had thought they would need. It just demonstrated so clearly that none of the people being exiled here had any idea of their fate. As the tour continued, we went past the house of the man who oversaw all the activity - Rudolph Hoess. He lived on site with his children and his wife, basically next to the gas chamber, and authorised all the exterminations at the camp. After seeing the house, we were given the unique opportunity to go inside one of the only gas chambers that survived the Soviet liberation, which was a really scary and emotional moment. The chamber was dark with nothing of note in it. This was one of the worst



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parts of the whole tour as it was the place so many millions were killed unknowingly. The tour then continued back to the famous gates on which were inscribed the words 'Work Sets You Free' in German.

The tour then ended and we headed back to the buses, where we spent around twenty minutes on the way to the infamous Auschwitz - Birkenau. This is the most pictured place of all the camps, with the huge gates and railway track leading straight in.



This Photo by Unknown Author is licensed under CC BY-SA-NC

It was a really cold day and by this time the sun was beginning to set, making it even more uncomfortable. This coldness reminded us even more of the unbearable conditions that the people at the camp must have faced, considering they weren't given big heavy coats to wear. The tour continued through the ominous gates and into one of the accommodation huts. All of these huts had been built by the workers at the camp and were therefore badly built with many gaps in the walls. They were entirely wood except for a brick chimney that ran through the hut. The bunk beds weren't original, instead they were replicas made much more recently, but it still painted the horrifying picture of the crowded and cramped conditions that were unbearable to think about. It was a really hard part of the tour to experience, and it didn't get much better afterwards. We moved onto the ladies' quarters, which were worse. Having no windows at all meant it was hard to see any detail. It was shocking to know that people had slept here, lived here, and died here. We then moved onto the last section of the tour, which showed the destroyed remains of one of the four gas

chambers on site. This had been burned by the USSR when they came to liberate the Polish in 1945 and hasn't been touched since. Just beyond this was the underground area that had been dug up showing the scale of the chamber and how many people could fit into it. This was a really shocking thing to see, and it really brought home the atrocities committed there. The final part of the day was at the permanent memorial, where some selected students read extracts from diaries of those who attended Auschwitz - Birkenau and some of the survivors' tributes to those they'd lost. This was really touching and was finished off with the lighting of some memorial candles and a short talk by Rabbi Nick who had accompanied us on the journey.

We then made our way back to the airport on the buses, queued for an hour to get through passport checks again, and then boarded the plane for home. The flight was again two hours fifty, and we were fed a small dinner on board. We landed at about 10.25, went through British passport checks, which were much quicker, and were able to go home. I slept for a few hours, and we were all back at school the next day, at the normal time.

This was such a moving experience, and I highly recommend it to everyone. The things we saw and learnt on that trip will stay with us for the rest of our lives. It is something I won't forget and that of course is the idea. A place that people won't forget so that something similar won't ever happen again in the future.

*Andrew Hope - 16 years old.*



# What is a Community First Responder?

## Early Medical Assistance on Local 999 Calls

“Why don’t you become a CFR then?” harrumphed the lady. “Uh? What’s one of those?” I asked. Our paths had crossed whilst dog walking on a local golf course, and we had been comparing notes on errant Spaniels. As a member of the greenkeeping staff I had politely (sort of) suggested that her intended ongoing route was effectively on private golf course land and thus not permitted. She then robustly accused me of being “in cahoots with the golf club mandarins for not allowing public access to the clubhouse defibrillator!”

Fast forward three years, and I am an active member of this lady’s local Community First Responder team. I had heard of Police “Special Constables”, and “Volunteer Firefighters” in the Fire Brigade, but was totally unaware of the equivalent “CFR” role for the Ambulance Service. That initial conversation was just civil enough to persist, and to reveal that for a minimum of sixteen hours per month a CFR is on call and helps fill gaps in local 999 emergency cover. So how does it work?

Having received notice of a medical emergency in our area, the overworked (and definitely underpaid!) Ambulance Service dispatcher will seek to send their nearest available crew. Should they be, say, twenty-thirty minutes away, the dispatcher can mobilise, via a phone app, a local logged on CFR who might only be five-ten minutes away. We travel in our own vehicles, obeying the speed limit (usually!). When you’re not having a very good day medically, that ten-fifteen minutes can make a significant difference for a patient. We carry defibrillators and oxygen for use *in extremis*, but more often provide early reassurance, and can start taking a history, as well as observations of pulse, oxygen saturation, blood pressure etc., so that on arrival the crew has a clearer understanding of the case, and can proceed with treatment and transportation more quickly.

We are a group of about ten volunteers covering Berkhamsted, Tring, and the surrounding villages, and over the last twelve months have been “First on Scene” on over two hundred calls, including acute cardiac events, seizures, strokes, breathing difficulties, and

allergic reactions. Some of these are at home, but we also attend in schools, shops, sports clubs, parks, and yes, I have attended several in churches! (It’s official - God does have a sense of humour.)

Due to being mobilised locally, we regularly have connections with our patients, be they neighbours, fellow worshippers, or sports club members, so there is an intense satisfaction (as well as responsibility) in dealing with a case as effectively as possible. Most of us have had some first aid or medical training, but it is not obligatory. Six days of training with the Ambulance Service, and then a supported introduction gets a new CFR up and running. And the support continues - not only “morally” from a great team, and ongoing training, but also financially (we have to provide a lot of our own kit) from generous benefactors such as Berkhamsted Rotary, and Tring Brewery - keep an eye out for their monthly specials, e.g. Ambrewlance, Rhesus Red, Skeleton Session, and Thirst Responder!

If you fancy supporting or becoming part of the local group, herewith a couple of links, or contact me directly on [bryantpeter1010@gmail.com](mailto:bryantpeter1010@gmail.com). We can also run CPR and defibrillator refresher/training – last year we provided sessions for local WI, parish staff, village shop, golf club groups, and others.

*Peter Bryant*  
(Lapsed All Saints’ member/gardener)

<https://www.justgiving.com/page/berkhamstedanddistrictcfr>

<https://www.eastamb.nhs.uk/join-the-team/volunteering-and-volunteers/community-first-responders>



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## Reading the Bible with your Feet

How often do sermons begin like this? “Last Saturday it was sunny. Hot. I spent the day in a beautiful garden.” Would you ever be drawn to a book with the title, “Reading the Bible with your Feet”? Both are attributed to the Revd Lucy Winkett; journalist, broadcaster, theologian, priest and Rector of St James Piccadilly.

The book is a collection of sermons given by Lucy, many of which were preached during the Covid lockdown of 2020-21. “I spent the day in a beautiful garden” continues “in Cambridge with a group of people from different faith backgrounds, most of whom I did not know.” The day’s purpose was to listen to a conversation. A conversation between a Tutsi survivor of the 1994 Rwandan genocide and a daughter of a Hutu general. Atrocities were committed; people were hacked to death. A million Tutsis were murdered including children. In the peaceful surroundings of a Cambridge garden the conversation seemed to Lucy, to be almost other worldly. “What can we do?” is often the question asked. Is that the question we ask today? Do we ask it about Palestine, Gaza, Lebanon, Israel, Iran, and many other areas of conflict in the world? In that place and on that day Lucy Winkett’s answer to the question was to listen.

In her sermon, Lucy spoke about other conflicts and atrocities. Making a pilgrimage with members of her congregation to the concentration camps of Auschwitz and Birkenau brought them face to face with the horror of Nazi ideology that resulted in the murder of six million human beings; around one million were children. When visiting cities bombed in Syria and listening to the stories of people caught up in the trauma of war with little hope, it was difficult to find words to describe the experiences that went on for over thirteen years. Gas chambers, machetes and chemical weapons were the weapons of war.

The introduction to this sermon may have felt alien after listening to the readings selected for Trinity 17 that year. The stoning of Stephen from Acts 6, and in the gospel from Mark 9 the disciples were arguing about who should be first in the kingdom after hearing Jesus say he knew



he would be betrayed and killed. These bible stories connect to the Rwandan massacre; stirring the people, disagreements and differences that can lead to atrocities being committed. What is truth? Is truth the first casualty of war? Jesus was killed for his teaching and in Mark’s gospel he speaks of accepting the kingdom of God as a child. That includes facing the reality of the killing of children in Rwanda, Syria, Auschwitz, and today in Gaza, Tehran, and Lebanon. Lucy Winkett quotes T S Eliot, “human kind cannot bear much reality” but she then continues to remind us of our creative imagination. If we are able to travel even short distances, we experience difference, listen to the stories, and try to imagine the experiences of others. We become witnesses, searching for hope, and, she argues, we can use our imagination to serve God. Lucy reminds us of our childlike capacity to ask questions. To continue to ask why. This, she believes is the Jesus of the gospel story.

Christianity is about a life to be lived; to learn through different realities of where God is in the world, and be committed to make the world more just, kind, and shaped like the life of Christ. Is this what reading the bible with your feet means?

*Margaret Burbidge*

# Sunlight from Heaven

*M*orning has Broken, despite being used all too often for our morning school assemblies and sung with a kind of laddish-out-of-tune-gusto that is best described as 'highly spirited,' remains a favourite hymn to this day. It is one of the simplest, we all know the tune, even if the words get jumbled. Perhaps its greatest strength is that it does what it says on the tin – reminds us what an utter privilege it is to experience the beginning of a new day.

We of course forget how special that is. Why? Because it happens every single-blooming-day-of-the-week! The magic is lost in the mundane. That's not a tragedy of course; again, that's part of its power. Who else has been caught dumbstruck after opening their curtains to find a glorious morning scene awaiting them, a scene of such devastating beauty outside, and wondered if anyone else had ever viewed such a marvel. (Apart from Shelley and Keats that is?!) Who, may I ask, has not been lifted in spirits by the warm glow of the morning sun, has not sighed at sight of the snow-covered earth, not yet spoiled by human feet, (but dotted by tiny birds feet!) has not simply been humbled in the miracle that is the beginning of a new day? Well, you'd have to be made of stone if you hadn't.

They might not catch us dumbstruck every morning, but the miracle has happened all the same. Each one a heaven-sent calling to us. A fresh start. A new day. Again and again. A chance to learn a new skill, be better, be kinder, make bathtub gin. And if we miss that chance many times over, we still get another one. It's incredible really!

BUT let us not forget what an utter privilege that is too. Mornings don't just happen around spring when vicars start describing them in their sermons, oh no; mornings come even if we'd rather they didn't. Sometimes the last thing we want is the chippery song of a silly blackbird in our ear!

Mornings bring their fair share of heartache, and they often bring hope that is dashed by midday. Yet still they come, and we are the lucky ones really, aren't we? To see the sun rise must be one of the greatest blessings we on earth are given. Enjoy the summer ones in the coming weeks!

*Spencer Mitchell*  
(Kindly sent in by Doreen Denney)



## The Friday Thought 8th May 2026

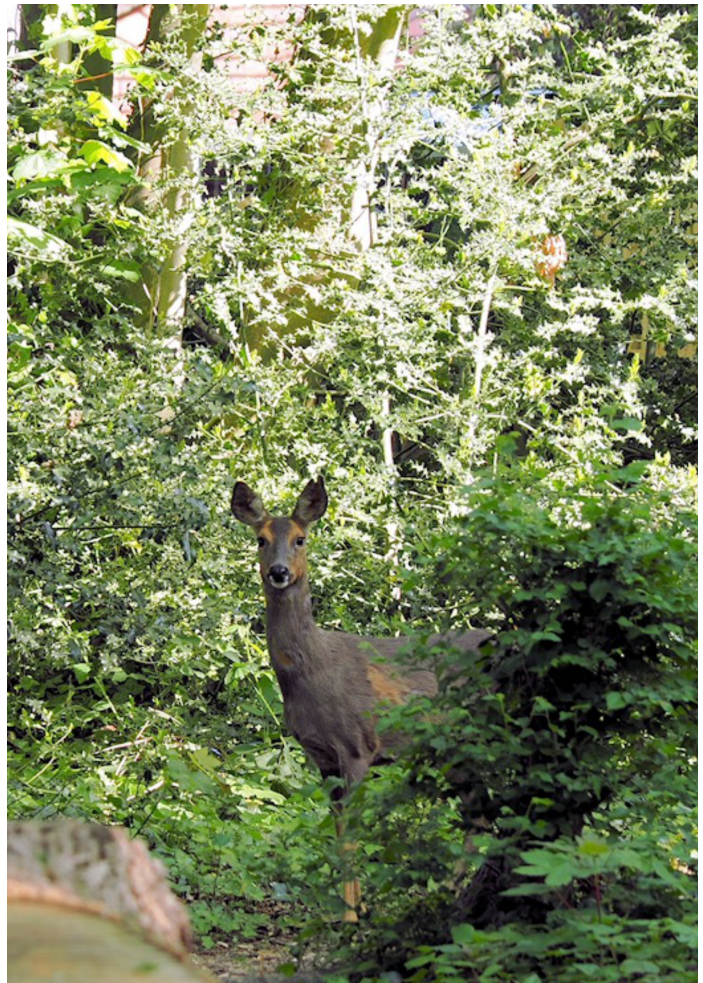
When I asked the lady what she was doing for the rest of the day, she told me that her daughter's best friend was getting confirmed at their local Roman Catholic church and they were going along to the party afterwards. At that moment, her daughter was being taught Hebrew at a Saturday school run by South Bucks Jewish Community but no doubt her thoughts were already darting ahead to her friend's celebrations, to cake and games and laughter.

This was last Saturday morning. Given the increase in attacks on Jewish people and Jewish property in recent months, this is a stressful time for our Jewish neighbours. Following the stabbing of two Jewish men in Golders Green, I'd been in touch with SBJC to offer to join them and help out in whatever small way I could.

There are many powerful forces of division working in the world and in our communities. The current conflict in the Middle East is divisive on many levels, as well as being grotesquely destructive. The bile that is spewed out almost daily from the 'leader of the free world' is calculated to inflame angry passions and his ugly rhetoric can have real world effects, often on very vulnerable communities. Even yesterday's local elections will have contributed to accentuating the differences that there are in our society, as all the parties are guilty of negative campaigning in ways which are intended to leverage those differences for political gain.

The 'big picture' can appear bleak at times, so maybe what we need to do is change our focus.

Meeting with friends from SBJC last week provided me with just such a change of focus. Thinking of that Jewish girl looking forward to attending her friend's confirmation celebrations, reminded me that my two boys were spending that same afternoon at a birthday party for one of their best friends, a Muslim boy whose parents are from North Africa. After the SBJC meeting had ended, I sat in the warm sun and had a cold beer with Rabbi Neil, who has become one of my closest friends. Finally, in the evening I met up with another good friend, someone who has been trying to find ways to get



an Iranian friend of his out of Tehran to safety in Turkey.

All these many connections across our many differences might seem like some very small threads of hope, but these few small threads are part of just one person's reflections on one Saturday afternoon at the beginning of May. Those threads are multiplied over and over again, up and down the country, all around the world. If we take notice of them, if we celebrate them, if we value and protect them, then we can begin to see that those little threads have the power to form strong cords that bind us all together in our shared identity as the many beloved children of the One God, Who is love.

*Fr Stuart Owen*

*Rector and Rural Dean*

*First published in the 8th of May News from St Peters.*

# Some Humour

## The Perfect Diet

Yesterday I was buying 2 large bags of dog food at Wal Mart. I was about to check out when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog. What did she think I had - an elephant?

Since I had little else to do, on impulse, I told her that no I didn't have a dog, and that I was starting the Purina Diet again, although I probably shouldn't because I ended up in the hospital last time. On the bright side though, I had lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of every hole in my body and IVs in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pockets with Purina nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry and that the food is nutritionally complete so I was going to give it a try again. (I have to mention here that everyone in the line was enthralled with my story by now.)

Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food had poisoned me. I told her no; I had stopped in the middle of the car park to scratch my fleas and a car hit me.

Wal Mart won't let me shop there anymore

## Triumph

The only difference between try and triumph is a little umph!

**A joke:** A priest, a minister, and a rabbit walk into a blood bank. The rabbit says, "I think I might be a type o."



## Whose Job is it?

This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought that Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

## Brain Teaser

Can you figure out what these words have in common.

1. .... Banana
2. .... Dresser
3. .... Grammar
4. .... Potato
5. .... Revive
6. .... Uneven
7. .... Assess

**Answer:** In all of the words listed, if you take the first letter, place it at the end of the word, and then spell the word backwards, it will be the same word.

Doctor, "Describe your average night."  
Patient, "They wear suits of armour."  
Doctor, "No, I mean at bedtime."  
Patient, "They probably take it off."

# You are Invited to a Screening of the Peoples Emergency Briefing

**When?** 7pm on Thursday 25th June.

**Where?** Bridgewater Primary School

**What is it?** In November 2025, in Westminster, a panel of nine leading UK climate and nature scientists presented the reality of these interlinked crises to an audience of public figures including a number of MPs. This is the film of that event, brought to Berkhamsted by Parents for Future and other local environmental groups. It sets out the challenges communities face, with credible positive responses.

**Why?** Well, like most governments around the world, and most media, ours are not informing us of the truth about a national and global emergency. And once people understand that reality, they demand action to mitigate its impact.


**Who's it for?** Everyone over sixteen. But, in particular, anyone who is focused on business as usual, with no grasp of the climate and nature emergency.

So, if you live with such a grasp, and are making all the changes you can to protect life, PLEASE BRING/INVITE others.

It's FREE, with refreshments provided, but do book on:

Select tickets – People's Emergency Briefing - Berkhamsted – Bridgewater Primary School

*Sue Hampton*




## People's Emergency Briefing

### Berkhamsted

**If you care about:**

- local flooding
- air pollution
- the cost of living
- food prices

**you might want to catch this.**



Film screening and discussion  
MP Victoria Collins, local councillors and community leaders have been invited  
Bridgewater Primary School  
25<sup>th</sup> June 2026, 7pm

[www.nebriefing.org](http://www.nebriefing.org)

### Public Notice:

#### You are invited to attend a screening of The People's Emergency Briefing

An eye-opening film featuring nine leading UK scientists and experts updating us on the latest in the climate and nature crisis and its impacts on everyday national life.

Including:

- extreme weather
- food security
- health
- cost of living

Based on the National Emergency Briefing in Westminster, as covered by ITV, C4 and the Times. Followed by a short open discussion about what we can do and what it means locally.

Featuring Chris Packham, Deborah Meaden, surprise guests and a wide range of Brits.

Bridgewater Primary School  
25<sup>th</sup> June 2026, 7pm

Book your free seat  
[www.nebriefing.org](http://www.nebriefing.org)



## Eulogy for Ann Braddick

Ann spent her early life on Portland. She loved the island, and she said recently that some of her happiest times had been spent on Portland Bill with her brother David. As a child, she suffered the anxieties and privations of the Second World War and the terrible shock and sorrow of losing her father at the age of twelve. He adored her and had, unusually for those days, been saving for her education. A lively, pretty girl with a mass of dark hair, she was thrilled to study English Literature at Exeter University, where she met Bill. They married in 1954 and while Bill completed his National Service they lived in the Cotswolds. Ann taught English, first at a posh girls' school and then at a tough secondary modern. She would go on to teach in all sorts of schools in her life, including Victoria and Ashlyns in Berkhamsted. I still meet people she taught, who say that she was a lovely teacher.

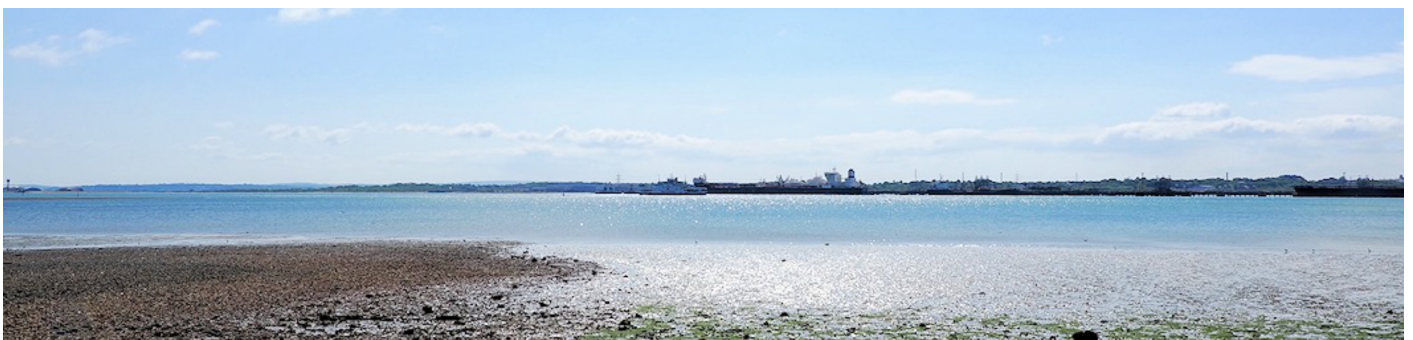
Ann and Bill then moved to Birmingham, where Peter and I were born, then to Hayling Island, where Michael arrived. Finally in 1966, they settled in Berkhamsted, where - apart from a brief spell in Brussels - they have lived in the same house ever since, the second one to be built in Winston Gardens.

Ann gained a diploma in Social Studies and was a social worker in Watford for a while, until Katharine was born in 1974. It was unusual to have a child at forty-two in those days, and Ann was good humoured when people assumed that I was the mother and she was the grandmother. Ann joined the Third Order of Franciscans at around this time. She was always very interested in theology and spiritual matters, and she went on many pilgrimages, retreats and Bible Study weekends. In her early sixties she was awarded a theology degree by King's College, London.

Ann travelled all over the world with Bill. They spent the winter months in New Zealand for many years, and they visited most European countries, as well as Canada, the United States, Zimbabwe, Kenya, Jordan, and the Crimea. It would be quicker to list the places they did not visit.

As well as being a student of literature and theology, Ann had many creative talents. She was a great seamstress and had a City and Guilds qualification in tailoring. She made her own wedding dress in the style of Dior's New Look, and she told me recently that she was glad she had looked like a modern bride. She loved fabrics; her hand would always reach out to feel the quality of any garment. When I was young, she made me dresses from Liberty remnants. I can still remember each one. In the sixties she wore mini dresses she made herself, which Granny considered shockingly short for a married woman. Ann could also upholster chairs, and she made a coffee table, and a doll's house. She knitted very complicated designs by Kaffe Fassett, and she was a great cook. Another talent was funny faces and voices. Uncle David recounted that as a child Ann would suddenly pull face after face, as if possessed. When I was small, she delighted us with a particularly horrible face where she would push up her nose and pull down the skin under her eyes simultaneously. Even when she became ill, Ann was witty and funny and would pull faces for comic effect.

Ann generally preferred classical music, but she loved Sinatra and got very excited about the Beatles in the sixties, buying their early singles from a very tight budget. She was convinced that George was the best Beatle and that John and Paul kept him down - this view was



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somehow typical of her. She always had left-field and unpredictable opinions. She was very interested in current affairs, and her views were generally progressive. Ann was sceptical of anyone with power, and she supported the oppressed and vulnerable. She gave generously to charity, and she helped at the Hospice and the Oxfam shop in Berkhamsted.

Ann was very proud of her four children and seven grandchildren and some of you have probably heard far too much about us. She also appreciated her children-in-law and saw them as individuals, not just as sidekicks to her children. She was very observant and an uncanny judge of character, often making very perceptive comments about people she had met only briefly.

Bill worked very hard to enable Ann to stay in their home in her final illness, helped by teams of wonderful carers from Zimbabwe and then from Saint Francis' Hospice. Anne was

very patient and appreciative of everyone's efforts to help her.

Shortly before she died, she told us that she did not fear death, that she would miss us, but that she looked forward to seeing her father and brother and old friends again. She loved a picture of an ocean-going yacht in a storm which hung at the foot of her bed; she would often comment that the men on board must be very brave. I think that she was very brave. She died holding a carved wooden cross made by the nuns in Assisi, that she had kept by her and held during her final illness, and my brother Michael saw to it that it went with her. We will all miss Ann in different ways. She believed that, as Saint Francis of Assisi said, in dying we are born to eternal life.

*Ann's daughter Jill*

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## Love your Burial Ground Week

Churches Count on Nature 2026, 6 to 14 June

Churches Count on Nature is part of Love Your Burial Ground Week, focusing on the brilliant wildlife to be found in churchyards and chapel yards. It is organised by Caring for God's Acre (the conservation charity for UK burial grounds) in partnership with the Church of England, the Church in Wales and A Rocha UK.

Love Your Burial Ground Week has been running for many years, encouraging all who help to look after churchyards, chapel yards, and cemeteries to celebrate these places in June with special events – perhaps a history talk, picnic, voluntary work party, or whatever your church community chooses!

Churches Count on Nature 2026 runs at the same time as Love Your Burial Ground Week, and focuses on the wildlife in churchyards and chapel yards. Caring for God's Acre also encourages volunteers to record sightings of animal and plant life in these places, ideally using the Beautiful Burial Grounds Project section of a smartphone app called iNaturalist. Full details at <https://www.caringforgodsacre.org.uk/about-love-your-burial-ground-week-with-churches-count-on-nature/>



# A Sermon for the 6th Sunday of Easter

John 14: 15 to 21 plus verse 27.

One of the nicest things in life is looking forward, to a holiday, a wedding, a baby, anything exciting and new. This time of year, we might be looking forward to summer holidays and preparing for time away and different experiences.

So now in church, we are preparing and looking forward, as we wait for an explosion of God's power at Pentecost. Jesus in the gospel reading is preparing his disciples for what was to come. He tells them that things are not going to go on as they have done any longer, that first they are going to be distressed and disorientated, and yet in the end it's going to be OK.

He speaks of someone else who's going to speak, care, and look after them. How strange that must have sounded to them and probably does to us too. He promises a spirit, his spirit to be with them always.

This promise echoes down the centuries to us; passed on from one Christian to another: promises that are there for us to take for ourselves.

He promises, "I will not leave you comfortless." Comfortless conjures up a state of deprivation, desolation, and loneliness. All of us will have experienced that feeling of loss in our lives.

He promises not to leave them in a state of despair because....

He is going to be with them, loving them for ever, not alone to face the bleakness of life. It is hard always to believe that Jesus or the Holy Spirit is with us, and yet none if us perhaps would be reading this if we hadn't felt that spirit of Jesus moving in our lives.

And finally, Jesus gives them his parting gift .... Peace.

His first words to them after the resurrection are "Peace be with you." Those who are peace makers he calls the children of God. One of his names is the Prince of Peace. Here he says "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give to you .... so do not let your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid."

What a promise, what a resource for us to draw on, especially when it seems that all round us, on the world stage, in our communities, in our



families, and even in our hearts, there is no peace.

I was lucky enough recently to attend a conference at Coventry cathedral. Just a simple title, "Peace and Reconciliation!!!"

One of the first tasks was to try to answer the question "What is peace?" How do we know when we are at peace, especially when we are powerless to influence wars and uprisings throughout the world?

First, Jesus is our peace. We only have to ask, hope, believe, and pray for peace in ourselves and elsewhere. The peace which the world cannot give.

Finally, one answer to the question 'what is peace?'

"We know we are at peace when we can hear the birds sing. The bombs must stop so that everyone can hear the birds sing." May we always seek peace, Jesus' greatest gift to us.

*Revd Barbara Ebeling*

# Phakamisa News

Thank you for praying for Phakamisa, and also for your Lent donations to the work of Phakamisa. We could not make such a big difference in the lives of the poorest in the community without your support.

We hope that you enjoyed reading the Phakamisa Lent leaflet, which gave a daily focus on one of its activities or community outreach programmes or people it helps, and challenging us to consider how fortunate we are in the resources we have. There were fundraising ideas too and here are some extracts from the daily Lent Diary.

☸ In 2022 over 25% of 3-year-olds in South Africa were not attending any early childhood development facilities. Phakamisa provides creches and wandering schools to help bridge this gap. Give 10p for each child or grandchild in your family who attends school.

☸ Zola teaches practical skills in the kitchen to the Caregivers so they can both cook and preserve the food they grow. Give 50p if you have a recipe book in your home.

☸ Phakamisa helps to build communities. Give 50p if you are blessed with good neighbours.

☸ Phakamisa offers “a hand up, not a handout” to the people it supports. Say a silent prayer for their work.

☸ “Give us this day our daily bread...” - for the children who arrive hungry at Educare creches this is a real answer to prayer. Give 10p for each slice of bread you eat today.

☸ Thandi is trained by Phakamisa and works as a Wandering Teacher in the informal settlements. She now uses her skills to make improvised games and equipment from recycled waste. Contribute 50p if you actively recycle whenever possible.

☸ When Ntobeko and Abenathi (3 and 4 years old) lost their mother, they weren't alone but were supported by their community. They also received clothes from the Phakamisa store donated by local supporters. Give 10p for each pair of shoes you own.

☸ Thembisile teaches sewing skills to small groups of women...many go on to make clothing for the children in their care, and some are able to make items to sell and generate

income. Give £1 if you have a sewing kit in your home.

☸ Phakamisa teaches members of Tholuthando, their AIDS support group, the importance of good nutrition and its part in achieving good health. Give 5p for every piece of fresh fruit or vegetables you have this week.

God is at the centre of PHAKAMISA, with prayer fundamental to how we work and serve. Caregiver groups pray together in their communities, homes, and gardens. Phakamisa is grounded in prayer, and we value your prayers for us just as we pray for you - our supporters.

Phakamisa would not exist if it were not for the generosity of people who care. Here is a photo of some of the children with their teacher in one of the Phakamisa wandering schools in the township/rural community receiving marshmallow Easter eggs that were donated by the pupils of the John Wesley School, another mission project of the Pinetown Methodist Church.



The second photo is the children sitting in a ring for story time after having been given two Easter eggs each.

*Marilyn Pain*





St Peter's  
Berkhamsted

# SUNDAY 28 JUNE

## 12:30PM - 3:30PM

### ST PETER'S CHURCHYARD, BERKHAMSTED

**FREE ENTRY!**

**BBQ**

**GAMES**

**DRINKS**

**BOTTLE TOMBOLA**

**STALLS**

**TRAIN RIDES!**

**TEDDY ZIP WIRE!**

**IN AID OF ST PETER'S RENOVATION APPEAL**

## Everyone's invited

Everyone's invited to enjoy a fun-filled family fête in St Peter's churchyard, with afternoon entertainments, games, stalls, food and drink. There'll be Pimms and beer in the sun, bric-à-brac stalls and a plant stall, and miniature train rides. Children can bring a cuddly toy to ride the daring Teddy Zip Wire from the bell tower. Entry is free, and all proceeds go to the St Peter's Renovation Appeal, to fix the leaking church roof.

## Alexander Ardakov in Recital

St Martha's Tring will host a piano recital by International pianist, Alexander Ardakov on 20th June at 7.30 pm.

The programme will include  
Brahms' three Intermezzi Op 117,  
Brahms' 3rd Sonata Op 5,  
Debussy's Clair de Lune and Arabesque  
and Schumann's Carnival.

Tickets £15. Tel: 01442 822305.



## Our Church Picnic



## June is Bible Month

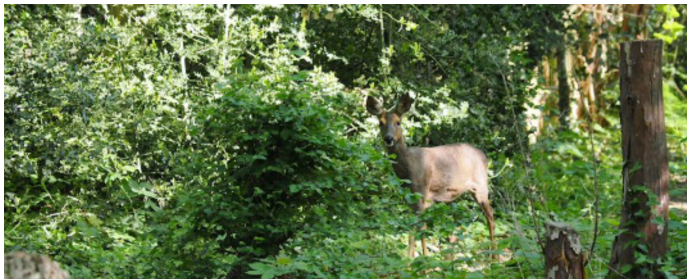
and this year we are invited to read Paul's letter to the Philippians together.

Everyone is invited to join a Bible study group on the afternoons of Monday 1, 8, 15, 29 June at 2pm online. Approach Caroline for the joining details,



# Prayer and Photos

O God of many names  
lover of all people  
we pray for peace  
in our hearts and homes,  
in our nations and our world;  
the peace of your will  
the peace of our need.



Lead me from death to life  
from falsehood to truth  
lead me from despair to hope  
from fear to trust  
lead me from hate to love  
from war to peace  
let peace fill our hearts,  
our world our universe

*New Zealand prayer book*

# June July Services

## June

7th 9.45am Morning Worship  
Tracy Robinson

14th 9.45am Holy Communion  
Revd John Kirkby  
4pm Messy Church  
Revd Caroline Wickens  
and Messy Church team

21st 9.45am Morning Worship  
Richard Hackworth

28th 9.45am Holy Communion  
Revd Caroline Wickens

## July

5th 9.45am Holy Communion  
Revd Stuart Owen

12th 9.45am Holy Communion  
Revd John Kirkby

19th 9.45am Morning Worship  
Richard Hackworth

28th 9.45am Holy Communion  
Revd Caroline Wickens

**Every Tuesday** 9am Morning Prayer  
9.30am Eucharist

**Every Friday** 4pm Evening Prayer

**Compline -  
Night Prayer** 8.45pm Alternate Thursdays  
on Zoom June 4th 18th  
July 2nd 16th 30th

# For your information

## Sunday Notices

Kate and Steve Spall 913082  
email spalls@mac.com

## St Peter's Pew Leaflet

Robin McMorran 878227  
email  
parishoffice@greatberkhamsted  
.org.uk

## Church and Halls Booking

David Pain 07380 602361

## Coffee Chat and Toddlers

Kate Spall

## Messy Church

Caroline Wickens

## Safeguarding Officers

Linda Morgan - adult  
Julie Wakely - children

## Friendship Club

Audrey Cox  
Linda Morgan  
Avis Rettie

## Action for Children

Ida Rance  
Audrey Cox

## Children's Society

Jenny Hackworth 863990

## Phakamisa

Marilyn Pain 07312 034248

## Christian Aid

Felicity White 866223

## Posters and Notice Boards

Tracy Robinson  
Christina Billington

## Choir and organ

Ruth Treves Brown

## Flowers

Contact Sylvia Smith  
email: drysmith@btinternet.com

## Stewardship Recorder

Ivor Hancock

## Treasurer

Michael Robinson

## Transport Co-ordinator

Vacant

## Website Administrators

Michael Robinson  
Kate Spall  
Robin McMorran

## Website

Website address  
www.allsaintsberkhamsted.org.  
uk  
email address  
contact.allsaintschurch@gmail.  
com  
Facebook  
www.facebook.com/groups/  
allsaintsberkhamsted

## Church Administrator

David Pain 07380 602361

# Church Ministers and Officers at All Saints Church

## Methodist Minister

The Revd Dr Caroline Wickens 01442 866324  
Email: cwickens1985@outlook.com

## Other Methodist Clergy

The Revd Mark Hammond  
The Revd Caroline Weaver

## Local Preachers

Audrey Cox  
Ruth Treves Brown  
David Williamson

## Anglican Team Ministry

The Revd Stuart Owen 01442 879739  
The Revd Ben Brady (Holy Trinity, Potten End)  
The Revd Canon John Kirkby  
The Revd Margaret Saunders

## Diocesan Lay Minister

Christina Billington

## Readers

Richard Hackworth  
Heather Tisbury (St John the Baptist, Gt Gaddesden)  
David White (St Mary's, Northchurch)

## Worship Leaders

Tracy Robinson  
Julie Wakely  
Rob Wakely

## Stewards

David Pain  
Tracy Robinson  
Jeremy Drage

## Church Administrator

David Pain 07380 602361

## All Saints' Council

Secretary Vacant  
Treasurer Michael Robinson

## Anglican Methodist Association (Berkhamsted) Ltd.

Chairman Richard Hackworth  
Company Secretary Steve Spall

W [www.allsaintsberkhamsted.org.uk](http://www.allsaintsberkhamsted.org.uk)  
E [contactallsaintschurch@gmail.com](mailto:contactallsaintschurch@gmail.com)



The photographs for this issue were taken by Pat Hearne, Jenny Jones, Chris Lumb, Doug Billington, Margaret Saunders, Rachael Hawkins, Christina Billington.

With apologies to Ali Saunders for not mentioning her last time. She took the lovely picture of the goldfinch on page 18 of the April May 2026 Newsletter.



This Photo by Unknown Author is licensed under CC BY-SA-NC

All Saints is an Anglican/ Methodist  
Local Ecumenical Partnership.

Through its Anglican connections it is part of the Parish of Great Berkhamsted (with St Peter's Church) and the Diocese of St Albans. Through its Methodist connections it is part of the West Hertfordshire and Borders Circuit and the Bedfordshire, Essex and Hertfordshire District. Registered Charity No. 1153162

This Newsletter is printed by  
Tring School, Mortimer Hill, Tring