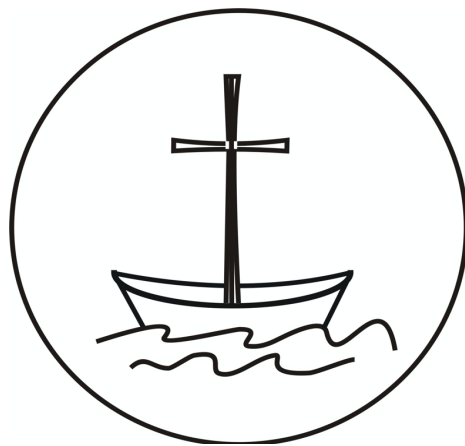


September 2020
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The
Quarterly



From the Summertown-Wolvercote Church Partnership

All Saints', Wytham

St Michael and All Angels, Summertown

St Peter's, Wolvercote

Summertown United Reformed Church

Wolvercote Baptist Church

Contributions for the next issue of *The Quarterly*, preferably not exceeding 600 words, should be sent to one of the editors not later than Sunday 1 November 2020.

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Pastoral letter

“For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven ...”

(Ecclesiastes 3:1)

At this time of year, I often think the seasons seem to get a bit mixed up: the weather can be hot and sunny, but the evenings begin to shorten noticeably; Christmas catalogues are beginning to appear (my first one came in July!) but many people are taking advantage of good weather and the relaxing of Covid restrictions to take a break. I am a sports fan, as many of you know, and this year more than ever things are very muddled in that arena because of coronavirus: Wimbledon was cancelled; the football season has seemed never ending, yet the new one will be starting any time soon, and the cricket is in full swing, though all of this without any spectators.

By the time you read this, we'll be just into September, and beginning to look towards autumn, and whatever that will bring. It's always sad to leave summer behind, but especially in this strange year, when the sunshine has enabled us at least to visit friends and family in their gardens, even if we couldn't go inside. However, the turning of the seasons does give us time to draw breath – to give thanks for the good times, and perhaps to begin to move on from the strange and difficult days of past months.

*“a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance ...”* (Ecclesiastes 3:4)

Time to draw breath, to take stock: I think that's something of what we can find in that passage from Ecclesiastes. It's not that times for weeping and laughter, mourning and dancing are in any sense ordained by God, rather that inevitably they happen in life, but they don't last for ever, they have their season. After an enjoyable holiday, we return to everyday

routine, hopefully refreshed and renewed. Even the difficult times do pass, and gradually become easier to cope with, though they remain with us in our hearts, part of our experience, part of who we are. This will, we hope and pray, eventually be our experience with Covid, as time passes, track and trace improves, a virus is found, and life continues to return to normal.

We can also draw from the passage the thought that God has all of life – birth to death and beyond – in his hands. We are in God's hands, under God's care. The passage closes by saying that God "*has made everything suitable for its time.*" (Ecclesiastes 3:11). When we are struggling to cope with everything going wrong at once, or with the distress and uncertainty of the past months, this can seem far away from our experience. But these words, and the whole passage, do remind us that we do not struggle alone – God is there, and often as we look back we realise we have felt touched by his presence.

*How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend!
His love is as great as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end!*

*'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come. [Joseph Hart, 1712-68]*

May this autumn season be one of fruitfulness in all our lives.

Every blessing, Pauline

Pauline Main

[a version of this article has appeared in the newsletters of my church at Wheatley]

A door keeper in the House of the Lord

August 4 2020 12 noon – 2 pm

No-one was there but me
Nothing else alive but a wasp and a candle flame
No sound but my breath and the wind outside
No warmth in the stone cold air
Silence shouting at me but no still small voice

I waited and watched
but no-one came
to be sanitised inside or out
or sit and weep, or pray, or dream, or go to the loo
or eye the soaring arches above the sad Madonna

I was not surprised that Godot did not come
with her transcendent airs and graces
waiting perhaps like me for friends
to go to church with

To tread with them a holy masque
and close the social distance with a smile
to break the silence with a word
to learn new ways to share our bread
and add to life what walls cannot

But then she came
too late
all bags and baggage
in time for me to lock her out

Michael Taylor

Living in a care home during the Covid pandemic

Cara's article in *The Quarterly* in June has inspired me to share a little of my experience of being a patient in a care home during the Corona crisis.

Some months ago, I fractured my spine. Not only did this adversely affect my mobility but I had an awful lot of pain. I have stayed in St Luke's Hospital several times and been very happy there, so at the end of January I rang Matron to enquire if I might be admitted for a week or so for pain management. There was a room available, so a couple of days later Charlotte Fenton helped me pack some belongings into a case and drove me up to Headington.

During the next few weeks I thoroughly enjoyed being looked after and fitted in some sessions with a physio, which gradually improved my mobility. St Luke's has a strong physio department and a gym fitted with aids for the elderly as many go there for rehab after an operation, particularly, hips and knees. I much appreciated occasional visits to the lovely garden, and it was good to have visitors in the afternoons. On Wednesdays at 2.30 pm the local vicar came and celebrated a Communion service in the chapel, which I much appreciated. Daily reading of *The Times* kept me in touch with what was going on in the world outside so I was aware of the devastation caused by the corona virus and how care homes were so badly affected.

I was referred to a rheumatologist and he advised me to stay there ("... if you can afford it, because you'll be safe") and I agreed. I did feel safe. The bills would have to be met by digging into capital.

Then one day, soon after lockdown, a memo arrived from the manager informing us that there were six confirmed cases in St Luke's. Visitors were banned as were our visits to the garden, and we could no longer have appointments with the physio. Lockdown had set in.

Suddenly everything changed. I didn't feel safe any more. When I heard a woman in a nearby room coughing, I feared she might be affected. We all had our temperature taken regularly. I had the horrible throat test and thought I would choke. Some of the staff were never seen again – self-isolating at home. So, in came agency nurses – St Luke's had hitherto prided itself on not employing agency staff – but there were often staff shortages with resultant tensions. I was surprised when one night it was Matron who answered my call for a bed pan.

No more Wednesday afternoon Communion services. All the staff had to wear the full anti-virus gear with face mask and visor. I can echo Cara's comments on the bad effect of this on communication between nurse and patient. There were other changes. The pleasant, relaxed atmosphere disappeared, the staff became stressed, and everyone showed signs of anxiety.

Then one day Belinda, the Occupational Therapist, came and announced, "We've got to get you home". She then proceeded to tell me what were her plans. First, she would go to my house to see what adaptations were necessary. A fully illustrated report followed, and a few days later she and another physio went back to await delivery of various items.

So I was all set to go home and eventually left St Luke's on 8 June in a wheelchair taxi. As we drove into Rowland Close I could see three people standing on the doorstep awaiting my arrival – Joanna Coney (she lives next door), Gemma from Oxford Private Care Company, and Juliana, my live-in carer. A lovely welcome home!

Now, once again I feel safe and secure, back home. Juliana is a wonderful carer – she has nursing skills and is a superb cook. I count my blessings. It's costing a bomb, but as you get older, your priorities change. No more expensive holidays abroad, and no concerts or theatre visits, but coronavirus has put paid to them anyway. I look back on St Luke's with a certain

amount of affection and will no doubt be back there. But it was strange how a place which I had always regarded as a safe haven could so rapidly become a place where I felt decidedly unsafe.

Margaret Williams

A conversation between one of the editors and Nigel Hamilton (member of St Michael's) led to the following being sent to us. The author is a friend of Nigel's and a former Catholic priest. He ceased to be a priest, whilst remaining a Catholic, when marrying and raising a family. He was Coordinator of the Bradford Interfaith Education Centre and then the Inter-religious Relations Co-ordinator for the Diocese of Leeds and in retirement supports his wife Teresa in her work with an Asylum Seeker housing project in Bradford.

'Take away' – Sermon 227

For an Easter sermon, St Augustine of Hippo (354–430) bereft of ideas by then (it was his 227th sermon) heard the Spirit within him say: “We become what we eat”. The people heard this in his sermon and asked what he meant. He told them.

Jesus thought a lot about his life, his consuming passion for the rule of the Father in all human hearts which everyone had to realise and put into practice - love everybody, exclude nobody. He reckoned he had given folk plenty of signs of what that would look like – healing, serving, including everyone equally, men, women, children, ignoring all boundaries, man-made rules. This had landed him in deep trouble with the religious and political leaders. He knew death was approaching but still he trusted in life and he looked for a way to pass the message on'. They asked: 'did he find a way?'

Augustine said 'Yes' 'It came to Jesus as an inspiration of the Spirit on the eve of the meal of remembrance of the God of

Freedom. He looked at the Passover meal and it dawned on him as an absolute revelation!

He got there early and was gazing at the table with its Passover food, I see it, he said: I am become as bread from wheat and wine from grapes – kneaded, pressed, broken, to be shared as food, to be eaten so my friends can do as I have done - bring strength to the oppressed and joy to those who suffer and grieve.

So, when his friends gathered, the fishermen and the women, his friends, he took bread and wine and said: “I am as bread from crushed wheat and wine from treaded grapes – food to be taken and eaten. Do what I have done, become what I have become – broken for others. In that way you will not only remember me but become me in what you are transformed to do!”

And Augustine said to himself: “Now I see it! If we Christians take and eat and drink in memory of Him – it is so we can ‘become what we eat’ for others. We walk and talk as food! So he said this. He knew what it meant. And some who heard it – understood.

IN OUR DAY.

Time passed. The friends of Jesus fell so in love with the celebration of the meal that they forgot it was meant to transform them into being Jesus – in doing what he had done. They even forgot Jesus’s inclusion of everyone. Women felt particularly fed up about the re-appearance of rules which excluded them. The men (mainly) had little time left over from laying the table and celebrating and clearing up, dressing up and deciding who could and who could not preside, that, when the times grew hard and the cries of the sick, the poor and the earth grew ever louder, at first they could not hear them. The walls of the churches were very thick – and the rules were even thicker.

Then a plague came and the churches had to close and the people stood round its doors and cried loudly, but slowly the cries of the poor and of the whole earth drowned even their lament and they listened and joined all those who had heard those cries and they started do what Jesus had done.

One day one of them said: "We have become what we ate"! the funny thing was she had never heard of Augustine. "We have become bread for the hungry and wine for the suffering". And they stopped their cries, stopped huddling round the doors of their churches and could only hear the cries of the poor and the earth and work hard to attend to them.

And the Spirit said much the same to the other worshippers of the different holy Names of God:

And they all began to take away from their worship what it had been trying to tell them for ages.

So the Buddhists came out from the Sangha and brought the compassion of the eightfold path to all those who suffered violence.

The Sikhs went from the Gurdwara and Guru Granth to the Langer, the food kitchen, for all in sewa - service of the world.

The Jews, went from their synagogues and the Torah out to heal the world with the words of blessing of the Creator

The Hindus went from the Temples and the Gita to selfless service of the God in everyone

The Muslims went from the Mosques and the Holy Qur'an, from salat, sawm and hajj to daily zakat for the poor and the suffering earth.

There they met the wisdom peoples, the shamans, the wise women and men of the steppes, the savannah, the great forests and plains, the ice and the fields and mountains and islands who knew that God lived in all the earth and that in their eating of the foods and drinks of the earth they became one with it and through it with the life Divine.

And so the earth was transformed and the peoples with it. And even Augustine was content. Jesus smiled. The people understood.

David Jackson

Some thoughts from lockdown

During lockdown I have been reading *Not in God's Name* by Jonathan Sacks, onetime Chief Rabbi. This is not intended to be a review of the book but rather some thoughts inspired by it. I should explain that the book is primarily a consideration of what it is that allows otherwise normal human beings to commit such devastating atrocities against other human beings all apparently in 'the Name of God' – not an easy read! This is not a new problem. Within Christianity we think of the Crusades and of the Spanish Inquisition. More recently there have been many instances of 'ethnic cleansing', one race trying to eliminate another one, possibly initiated for political ends but inspired by a general popular appeal to discrimination on religious grounds. What concerns Sacks most is the recent growth of faith – inspired terrorism where individuals or small groups can do maximum harm to large groups of randomly chosen people such as happened in Paris and Manchester.

One factor in all this Sacks suggests is our natural tendency to form ourselves into groups – an 'in group' where we share ideas and beliefs and are comfortable and, most importantly, are *right* in what we believe – and all other groups who in some way or other get things wrong, sometimes disastrously so. Perhaps for our group as Christians our biggest error has been to assume that we, and only we, are the ones who 'are saved'. Maybe we are now growing out of this but it is still part of our psyche and remains very much the view of us held by those outside the church. Perhaps it is the biggest obstacle to our task of making disciples of all nations. If we believe that God loves us *all* with a love that will never let us

go then perhaps our real task is to demonstrate, as far as we are able, this love of God in action amongst all we meet.

Looking back to when I first became a church member (1953) although there was at that time some difficulty in accepting and being accepted by Christians of other denomination it was as nothing to the divide which then existed between those of different faiths. However I recall in myself a growing respect for the Jewish faith, especially after reading some of the Old Testament prophets - something our politicians might well do today when considering attitudes to refugees and asylum seekers. Islam was a little harder to learn about but a talk to a church young people's club in London by a young man from the Islamic Cultural Centre in the 1960's showed me a faith which really did worship God.

It is of interest, therefore, that Sacks' book, published in 2015, concludes with the paragraph – "Today God is calling us, Jew, Christian and Muslim, to let go of hate and the preaching of hate, and live at last as brothers and sisters, true to our faith and a blessing to others regardless of their faith, honouring God's name by honouring his image, humankind".

John Harding

Book review

Debbie Young, *Stranger at St Brides* (Paperback) ISBN 978-1-911223-597 £8.99

In the garden, under the parasol, I have just finished reading the story of how a fraudster is caught among the stalls and the crowds of fond parents of a Christmas Fair at a minor public school for girls. It was a most incongruous setting, and a fun and entertaining light read.

Stranger at St Brides (a school story for grown-ups) is the second in a series by my writing friend, Debbie Young, and here she is really into her stride. Whatever we think of Public (boarding) schools, packed with the local and the overseas offspring of doting parents who can do without their teenage

daughters for approximately half a year, in 3 term bites, this one is both homely and hilarious. As fitting in a 'story for grown-ups' we see everything from the teachers' viewpoints, frequently visiting the staffroom where over coffee from the machine ("old faithful" - a rather traditional and ancient one?), chat and speculations over the latest mystery fill the air, and flapjacks satisfy the appetite.

Indeed food - the formal three meals a day - is taken in The Trough, as the dining room is nicknamed. But also, food appears in the wonderful creations proceeding from the domestic science department. In this volume, scrumptious mince pies, and extremely originally decorated Christmas cakes, made by the girls to sell at the Fair. It's Autumn Term, and as the 'stranger' appears, claiming to be the long-lost heir to the estate and inheritor of the stately home which houses St Brides School for Girls, all manner of japes follow. Hallowe'en, Carol Singing, and the Fair provide a backdrop to the fraudster's attempt to be a convincing rich American from the Deep South. Gemma, our heroine and a young English teacher, her pupils, her colleagues (especially Joe, the also mysterious PE teacher, and Max, the security man,) and even McPhee, the Headmistress's cat, all take part.

Not to give any spoilers away, a book to help you relax and smile, full of endearing characters and a deceptively friendly take on the British tradition of Boarding School.

Clare Weiner

Obituaries

John Waugh 1937-2020

The following is based on the Editors' invitation to John's wife, Pat, to contribute information for an obituary.

John was born 6 weeks prematurely on 20 June 1937, the youngest of five children.

He grew up with his family in London in difficult circumstances. His eldest brother and sister were both killed during the war. When he was 14 years old, his father died. These experiences instilled in him the values of compassion and fortitude which were always present in his life, both public and private.

John qualified for an economics degree at Leicester University. He then worked in the Finance Department of the Plessey Company and the Ford Motor Co, before moving to the Institute of Actuaries where he was responsible for the education programme and the organization of examinations both in the UK and overseas.

Music played a great part in John's life. He was a Junior Exhibitioner at the Guildhall School of Music, playing the violin. He enjoyed singing a variety of music from choral to Christmas concerts. From the age of 9 and for over 40 years he was a member of the Barking Parish Church Choir, and when he moved to Oxford he sang in the choir at St Peter's Church. He may be remembered playing the Judge in *Trial by Jury* performed by the choir one Peter tide.

John was always committed to his faith, and was involved in church and community both in Barking and Oxford. At St Peter's he was Treasurer for 11 years, he organized a number of fetes, and was a sidesperson and a reader. He had planned his funeral service down to the specific tunes for each hymn.

John had been unwell for some time with heart failure but he had defied the medical profession on so many occasions. Nevertheless he enjoyed an active life, never lost his dry sense of humour and his ready smile, and was a life long *Guardian* reader! He would have been married 58 years this September. John was much loved and will leave a huge gap in the lives of Pat, Helen, Philip and their families.

Alison Adcock

Many readers will recall Alison, who died on 5 August, as a regular worshipper at St Peter's, from 'Share the Word', preaching, or as a correspondent and contributor of articles & reviews to both the *Diocesan Magazine* and this *Quarterly*, at The Open Fellowship Group, 'doing flowers', church sitting or presiding over a bran tub at the Fete. Unsurprising perhaps for a retired clergy wife & widow but bland and routine Alison was not.

Born in 1919, the only child in an academic family – her father was professor of English at the University College of Reading – Alison went up to Girton College in 1937 to read classics. She hugely enjoyed Cambridge and took an active part in church and many other societies. A lifelong socialist she was amused to find herself secretary to the Conservatives 'as all the men were at the War'. At Cambridge she met Arthur Adcock, subsequently ordained, whom she married in 1943. Her college connections remained very important to her and the local book group of which she was a founder member was initially comprised of Oxfordshire Girtonians.

After their marriage Alison and Arthur, who had been Curate to Paul Rebbeck at St Peter's, moved to Dorney in Buckinghamshire before transferring to the Parish of Yarnton in the 1950s. The Stockfords, then living there, remember a busy mother of 3 daughters, and a vigorous and entertaining organiser of Sunday school with which Rita assisted. While at

Yarnton Alison trained as a Reader (nowadays an LLM); she and the late Mary Evers were the first women appointed by the Oxford Diocese. At St Peter's, Revd David Michaels asked her to help start 'Share the Word', a children and families' service which succeeded the old formal Sunday school. Margaret Broadbent and I, who joined this later, recall a great story teller who made both OT and NT accessible, a great illustrator and 'prop' maker. She was also an accomplished embroideress; the high altar kneeler celebrating Creation and the hassocks featuring Rainbow – First Turn Stores cat of the time – and pre c19th rebuild St Peter's are some of her work.

Alison was always excited by the life of the mind and read extensively beyond her discipline and theological studies. Friends were sometimes surprised: e.g. she knew and was intrigued by the Constant π (3.1416 ad infinitum) being an irrational number. She was concerned that subjects, including – save the phrase – God, should not be comfortably domesticated. The same went for the wild flowers, weeds and garden escapes which adorned her front path in Mere Road. She had a lifelong concern for animal welfare and the natural environment. Born too late to be a suffragette and unlikely to have described herself as Feminist, as interpreted by later generations, Alison never doubted that women could and should take a free and equal part with men.

At ease in a public role such as Reader, Alison otherwise distrusted attention and 'fuss'. At Lady Nuffield Home, about which she had mixed feelings, she was fearful of what the 100th birthday she didn't relish might bring. On Margaret's and my suitably low key visit that day a large bouquet arrived; she ignored it. Eventually, persuaded at least to read the message, she discovered 'Congratulations from Girton College' – and that was wonderful!

Evelyn Bryant

Readers may like to see a letter that Alison Adcock wrote to the Church Times in December 1972.

Ministresses of grace

Sir – Mr Sheldon-Williams (*Church Times*, December 1) should take heart. The great Fowler himself, as long ago as 1927, was canvassing in favour of “doctress” and applauding “teacheress” and “painteress,” which were already then in use.

Jettisoning his customary purism in favour of what he regarded as the vital importance of making it clear what was the sex of any functionary whatsoever that might be, either male or female, Fowler listed many beautiful existing feminines (adultress, adventuress, etc.) and pleaded for a wholesale introduction of new -ess words.

On the other hand, *priestess* itself dates only from 1698, before which it seems that the female as well as the male sacrificer was a “priest” in English (as indeed in Latin *sacerdos* is a noun of common gender). But, if Fowler is to be our inspiration, let us be bold and consistent.

If priestess it must be, let us also have – choristress, vergress, taperess, servress, crucifix, thurifix, organiste, sacristane, sideswoman; “church warden” is awkward, and I am sure many will wish the word “warden” had a convenient feminine form, if only to provide a respectable designation for the female of the “traffic” subspecies of the class.

Deaconess and canoness we have already; add curatess, vicaress, rectress, deaness, bishopess, cardinale (compare Claudia), matriarch ... I presume an eligible cardinale will be dubbed “mamabilis”, but what if she is elected?

Pope Joan may seem to provide a precedent for not differentiating the sexes at the top level, but this should not

be taken as final. *Popess* would be no more barbarous than “Abbess” (both being equivalent to “fatheress”) – or alternatively there are Mome and Mame ... should not our canonised membresses be saintesses and martyresses?

Angels (neuter) and ministresses of grace, defend us.

Alison Adcock
(Mistress of Arts
Readress
Parochial Church Councilress)
Yarnton Vicarage

Partnership News

Summertown URC

We have continued to share weekly Sunday services on Zoom with our sister churches at Marston and Wheatley and have also welcomed other members of our Partnership churches as well as past members keeping in touch. Each service is followed by two short sessions when we can get together in smaller numbers for a chat and sharing of news. We also meet midweek on Zoom for a short period of worship and a general discussion. A Zoom service for harvest is being planned at which people are invited to provide photos or a short video of the harvest from their garden or allotment for display at the service.

In view of the high average age of our congregation we have not rushed into opening the church for normal worship. Plans however are being drawn up in the hope that a monthly service in church starting in the autumn will be possible. A lot will depend on how the pandemic develops and how far the circulation of the virus is controlled.

St Peter's, Wolvercote and All Saints', Wytham

The process of appointing a successor to the Revd Charles Draper is in hand. The Wolvercote and Wytham PCCs are agreeing who should be on the appointment committee and are preparing profiles that will provide a full picture of the two parishes.

Christian Aid Iraq/Lebanon Project

This is a Partnership Project which the Partnership Enabling Group undertook just about 2 years ago and in which we were committed to raising a total of £5,000 by the end of 2020. This funding is matched by a further £30,000 from the German Protestant churches. A final set of five cheques was sent to Christian Aid last month. With their confirmation of receipt, we are very happy to announce that this target has now been achieved (with a small amount over). On behalf of

Christian Aid we would like to acknowledge the very generous support we have received from our Partnership Churches and from those many members of our five churches whose individual donations made this possible.

The most recent report we have received of the progress on the project was in September 2019 and was circulated at the time. If you missed it or wish to refresh your memory it may be seen on the Christian Aid page of the Partnership website at:

<https://www.summertown-wolvercotechurchpartnership.org/wp-content/uploads/Iraq-and-Lebanon-update-Sept-2019.pdf>

People may remember Zener Zakar, the Christian Aid Partner from Lebanon who came to speak to us in December 2018 about the work there. In the light of recent news from Lebanon we have asked the International team at Christian Aid to pass on our prayers and very best wishes for her and her family.

John and Caroline Harding

We are sad to report the deaths of the following:

Ursula Amey (*St Michael's*)
Margaret Bell (*St Michael's*)
Kay Longworth (*St Michael's*)
Kathleen Plowright (*St Michael's*)
Elizabeth Sears (*St Michael's*)
David Easton (*St Peter's*)
Dorothy Dorman (*St Peter's*)
Christine Bower (*St Peter's*)
Anne Kindersley (*St Peter's*)
Nicholas Baker (*St Peter's*)
John Waugh (*St Peter's*)
Cyril Phipps (*St Peter's*)
Alison Adcock (*St Peter's*)

The Summertown-Wolvercote Church Partnership

unites in covenanted relationship:

All Saints', Wytham

St Michael and All Angels, Summertown;

St Peter's, Wolvercote;

Summertown United Reformed Church;

and Wolvercote Baptist Church

Clergy: Revd Gavin Knight *St Michael's*

Tel 556079

Revd Charles Draper *St Peter's and All Saints'*

Tel 553992

Revd Pauline Main *URC*

Tel 513581

Revd Vivien Edwards *Wolvercote Baptist Church*

Tel 790755

All Saints Churchwardens:

Kathy Day-Dawson

Lorna Logan

St Michael's Churchwardens:

Doreen Barrett

Irim Sarwar

St Peter's Churchwardens:

Wendy Sobey

Will & Sandie Capel

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