

# Outlook



Parish Magazine

December/January 2026



Vol: 25 | No: 2

£2



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# **Welcome from the Outlook Editor**

Miranda Reading

Welcome to the Advent edition of Outlook!

Advent is a season of contrasts. Firstly, we have the busy run-up to Christmas, with presents to buy, shopping to do and hopefully some parties to go to! But for Christians everywhere, Advent is also a quiet time, a season for devotion and fasting as we await the arrival of the Christ child. In the modern world, where Christmas becomes ever more commercial and seems to start earlier every year we can lose sight of ourselves and the duties that we owe to Our Lord – duties that should be our pleasure and our joy to fulfil.

What can we do to make Advent meaningful? We can pray more, trying to fit our prayers to the season. We can donate money or time to charity, remembering that at this time of the year, there are many people who will go without. Finally, we can really *notice* the season of Advent and take time to be in the moment, in perfect harmony with God.

We have numerous services and events coming up during Advent and Christmas at St Martin's. You can find our events on page 9. But our lovely church is open every day for you to pop into and pray, light a candle and just take some quiet time from the noise of the outside world.

Could you contribute something to the magazine? Do send us your thoughts, your prayers and your stories. All contributions and feedback by 16<sup>th</sup> January 2026 please to

[MirandaAtStMartins@gmail.com](mailto:MirandaAtStMartins@gmail.com). Thank you.



Member Editor 2025  
Association for Church Editors



## Fr Robert Writes....

Dear Friends,

I write having just celebrated a wonderful Patronal Festival with a 'blast from the past'! This year our preacher was Bishop Richard Fenwick, or as most people would remember him, Fr Fenwick. His sermon from the night is included elsewhere in *Outlook*. We then celebrated our Martinmass Fair which as well as raising funds for St Martin's, more importantly, saw us have a wonderful community day. It was on this day that led me to think about the season we are heading towards.

The Martinmass Fair had many Christmassy themed things. We had Father Christmas taking a break from the North Pole to visit us, Christmas Cards and various potential gifts to be purchased. From the numerous stalls, one thing surprised me and made my heart sing – a door-knocker. Now if I said that the knocker was made of brittle plastic, you will start to, justifiably in terms of functionality, think of chocolate teapots. However, functionality was not the point, for this plastic piece of door furniture was a replica of a famous knocker. This was a replica of the knocker from *The Muppet Christmas Carol*. In that film, the famous scene where Scrooge returns home and the knocker changes into the image of his former business partner Marley, is represented by a knocker of the Muppet character Statler.



However, I absolutely love the *Muppets*' version of the story because it is so well done balancing humour and pathos, and being so UnMuppet-like. For despite growing up in the seventies and eighties the, er humm, 'charm' of the Muppets was completely lost on me.

Therefore, I was not the 'natural audience' for a full length film featuring such incongruous characters as a frog in a relationship with a pig. I was also not the natural audience, because I adore the story of a *Christmas Carol* so very much (I have at least 9 versions of it on DVD and even wrote a panto based on it in my last parish).

Nearly everyone knows the story of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. This 1834 novella became an overnight sensation as the first print run sold out by Christmas Eve, and by the end of the following year 11 editions had been printed.

This beautifully produced book with colour, costing well over £30 in today's money, was a success because it touched on universal themes and characters. Anyone who has worked for an exacting boss will have sympathy with Bob Cratchett, and anyone who has been accosted by an overly enthusiastic chugger will have a sense of (probably unconfessed) connection to Scrooge. Throw in themes of the true meaning of Christmas and redemption for even the worst of sinners, and it's no wonder that 15,000 copies were sold in a year.

Some people (my Grandfather!) dismiss the whole story as "sentimental claptrap", but this is more than *Mills and Boon* pulp fiction. A similarly censorious attitude can also be heard in connection to Christmas itself. For many Scrooge's "Bah Humbug" becomes a seasonal call to arms. Even within the Church weary expressions are revealed, especially when being confronted with Christmas items in supermarkets in August. Again, there is within this feeling a desire that something is being lost, when of all the

seasons it should be about gain. When Statler and his muppet partner Waldorf appear to Scrooge, as Messrs Marley and Marley, they try to communicate, in song, the gain that the season should embody:

We're Marley and Marley  
Averice and greed  
We took advantage of the poor  
Just ignored the needy

We specialized in causing pain  
Spreading fear and doubt  
And if you could not pay the rent  
We simply threw you out

We're Marley and Marley  
Our hearts were painted black  
We should have known our evil deeds  
Would put us both in shackles

Captive Bound  
We're double-ironed  
Exhausted by the weight  
As freedom comes from giving love  
So, prison comes with hate...

The sentiment and song follow in a tradition of Christmas carols; think of Christina Rossetti's *In the Bleak Midwinter*:

What can I give him,  
poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd,  
I would bring a lamb,  
if I were a wise man  
I would do my part,

yet what I can I give him,  
give my heart.

Christmas, at its best raises important questions for us, and holds a mirror of reality up to us, and this is as important for the Church as it is for us a individuals. St Martin's will throughout this coming season provide the usual much loved diet of musical and liturgical festive treats. However, we do it, not to cushion ourselves or escape life's harsh realities, but to confront them. The heart of our message is that of a visitation, not three ghosts, but the Christ-child, and like the aforementioned *A Christmas Carol*, show how redemption is possible even in the most unlikely of circumstances.



We hope to be able to welcome you to St Martin's over the next few weeks, and so on behalf of myself and every connected to this wonderful parish church, altogether after Tiny Tim:

*"God bless us, everyone!"*

Your friend and priest,

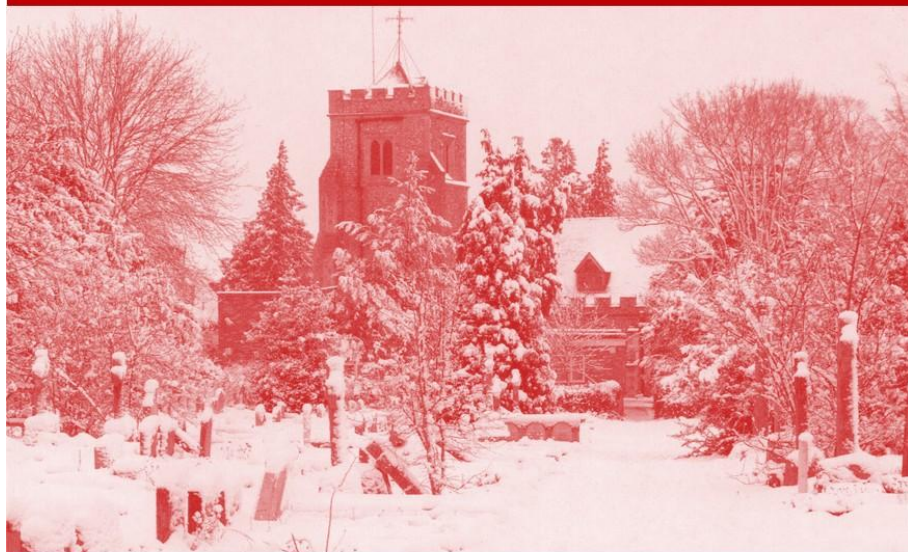
Fr Robert



# Christmas at



St Martin's



**Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> December 6.30pm**

*Carol Service: Nine Lessons & Carols*

**Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> December**

**4.30pm** *Children's Crib Service with Carols*

**6.00pm** *Vigil Nativity Mass with Christingles*

**11.30pm** *Midnight Mass*

**Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> December**

**8.00am & 10.00am** *Christmas Day Masses*

**Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> December**

**8.00am & 10.00am** *Masses – Holy Family*



## Dates for your Diary!

### December 2025

Friday 5 <sup>th</sup> December	Carol Singing at the Duck Pond Market from 6pm.
Friday 12 <sup>th</sup> December	St Martin's Christmas Dinner at Browns.
Sunday 14 <sup>th</sup> December	Nine Lessons & Carols.
Tuesday 16 <sup>th</sup> December	Carol Singing at the Hop and Vine from 8pm.
Wednesday 24 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Christmas Eve 4.30pm Children's Carols 6pm Nativity and Christingle Mass 11.30pm Midnight Mass
Thursday 25 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Christmas Day 8am Mass 10am Mass
Sunday 28 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Holy Family. Mass at 8am and 10am

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# Ask St Martin

Dear St Martin,

*How did St George become the patron saint of England?*

When we consider patron saints and the reasons behind their patronage, we must reflect on their lives, the impact they had and what they are remembered for. It is no different for the patron saints of countries. England has had many different patron saints over the centuries. At one time, St Edmund was the patron saint of England, at another time, it was St Edward the Confessor. Whilst both remain patrons of some areas in England, the national patron saint was adopted as St George by King Edward III around 1350. But, quite why did Edward III decide to adopt St George, I hear you ask? To understand that, we need to go through and look at his life and consider what he is remembered for.

The most famous story of St George is one found in a collection called *The Golden Legend*, where we read of how St George saved the city of Silene, Libya, from a dragon by killing it after it was given the king's daughter as a sacrifice. *The Golden Legend* was compiled by Jacobus de Voragine and was widely read in Europe during the Late Middle Ages, probably around 1260, and was almost certainly the reason St George rose to such fame. However, even before that, there were sources of St George in the church, such as the fact that he was tortured and decapitated under Diocletian's persecution of Christians in 303. All the sources agree that he was a Roman soldier. As well as that, all the stories join together to show how St George showed incredible courage and faith in danger and risk of death. However,

for these same reasons, St George is the patron saint of many countries such as Ethiopia, Germany, Ukraine, and Malta.



It was because of those traits of courage and faith in danger that people started to think about St George when in battle. It is said that he had been seen helping the Franks at the Battle of Antioch in 1098, all this helped to popularise his prominence in England. Eventually, when Edward III founded The Most Noble Order of the Garter in 1348, St George was made the patron of that order of chivalry and shortly after made the new patron Saint of all England. This was firmly established by the time Henry V

was on the throne, when those going to battle in the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 wore the George Cross as part of their uniform. The patronage of St George was then cemented in British culture by Shakespeare when Henry V finished his rousing pre-battle speech by saying “Cry God for Harry, England and St. George!”.

I now hear you saying, but why is the St George cross red on a white background? What does that have to do with a Roman soldier? Well, that is a slightly simpler one. The ‘George Cross’ is also known as the flag of the resurrection. It represents Jesus’ victory over death. How Jesus, the sinless one, shed his blood for us on the cross, hence the red cross representing Jesus’s blood. This flag of the resurrection was adopted by the Crusaders returning from Jerusalem after seeing it flying there as the flag of Jerusalem. If St George did ever use it, it would have been a sign of his Christian faith.

If you have any burning questions about Christianity or the Church and her life, you can pass these through the editor, who will anonymously pass them on.

With my sincerest thoughts and prayers,  
*Sanctus Martinus Turonensis*

Saint Martin of Tours (with a little secretarial help from Fr. Joe Grogan)



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*printers of Outlook - the St Martin's parish magazine*

# Raising the Roof for the Future!

After years of service to the community, the time has come to ensure our church remains a safe, welcoming place for community activities, marking key moments in family life, worship, fellowship, and service. But we can't do it alone – we need your support - help us to raise the roof!



## Why We Need Your Help:

- Our roof is showing signs of wear and tear, risking potential damage to our church
- Protecting our church is essential for continuing our mission and serving the community
- Your contribution will fund the necessary repairs, ensuring the safety and longevity of our space
- We have already been awarded a grant from the

diocese for £30,000 and are able to fund £20,000 from reserves, but this still leaves £74,365 to raise.

## How You Can Help:

- We will continue to seek additional grants towards this shortfall, but please do consider a generous donation to help ensure the future survival of our ancient church building
- Spread the Word – Share this campaign with friends and family to help us reach our goal

## Ways to Give:

- Donate here via the website
- Donate directly at the Parish Office with reference to fundraising for the chancel roof
- Bank transfer: Account Name: ST MARTINS CHURCH  
Account Number: 00525022 Sort Code: 40-11-58



# Guests at Christmas Dinner

## By Dr Jide Menakaya

Several years ago, I was unlucky to be stumped at a dinner event. I was sat at this table with other well-dressed guests staring at the array of polished shiny knives, forks, spoons and teaspoons in front of me as I prepared to eat. They all looked similar but also different. I plucked the courage to ask a co-dinner. What is that spoon for, that fork, that knife?... It felt challenging at first, but I was determined to put on my best table manners at this impressive event.



Talking of table manners, we were reminded of this by one of the visiting preachers during the summer. We all remember as children, the exhortations of the grownups at the dinner table. Don't speak whilst you are eating! Hold your fork this way, not that way! Use the knife for that bit of food, not the spoon and numerous other nudges as we were firmly guided to polish off our table manners. We all chuckled at the memory of those 'stressful days' at dinner.

The perennial problem of table manners and dinner etiquette was the subject of a summer homily. Our priest was reflecting on the account of a dinner party that was described by Jesus Christ in one of His parables. The rich man had organised a dinner party for his guests. His guests were of course his friends. There was a hint of obsequiousness by them as they jostled for position to capture his attention. Who will be sat at the front seats and who will be at the backrow? Who will have impeccable table manners and who will be wanting? Who will be the best dressed and whose wardrobe will malfunction?

Guests invited to dinner parties have made the cut. They deserve to be treated specially and they are special. No wonder there is an expectation that they should be up there, near the host. But Jesus warned us not to assume too much and then suffer the embarrassment of demotion from the high table to the floor table. It is better that your host exalts you to a higher table when you attend the party with humility and gratitude than when you arrive with a sense of entitlement.



Indeed, during the summer, we learnt more about whom Jesus Christ extends his dinner invitations. Contrary to usual dinner etiquette where our invite lists are close friends, relatives, colleagues, acquaintances and neighbours, the guest list he suggests for us are strangers we do not know – the poor, the crippled, the lame, the blind. The people who cannot afford to attend the party and thus cannot repay the cost of the rich food served in fine

China plates and eaten with an array of silver cutlery.

As the days grow shorter, the nights longer and the weather colder, Christmas cheer draws nearer. It is time we make for family and friends. Those we know and those closest to us. We will soon start making firm plans for the Christmas Day Dinner and discussing those on the invite list. It will be fun to plan and execute. In the cold depths of the bleak mid-winter, sharing Christmas dinner with family and friends feels safe, warm and cuddly. And rightly so.

Many years ago, as a young doctor recently arrived from Nigeria, my boss invited me rather unexpectedly to be a guest at the Christmas dinner with his family just outside Portsmouth. It was a wonderful dinner, sharing my life stories, my hopes for the future and gaining insight from them about life in the UK. I remember biting into a coin that was baked into the Christmas cake and was alarmed that I had once again flunked my manners. But my host's wife reassured me that I had done nothing wrong. Placing coins within a Christmas cake is a timeless British tradition.... a feature I included in my

own first Christmas cake baked for my family more than 30 years later. That dinner remains for me, one of the most memorable experiences of my life since I came to the UK.

It takes courage and openness for any host to invite guests different from them to dinner. It upends our known models of table manners and dinner etiquette. It is a risky endeavour....but it is transformative to all. The experience elevates the host to that of a visionary leader and society builder and the guest, no longer a lone bystander, but someone inspired to contribute meaningfully to the host's vision of a better society. Quite simply as the visiting priest intoned, it is these intricate interactions 'that brings the Kingdom of God a little bit closer'.

I wish you and yours a very merry Christmas.



Contributed by Pawprint

**Bookworm**  
**‘My Druid is Christ’ (attributed to St Columba, 521-597)**  
**The reinterpretation of a spiritual framework of Celtic Christianity**  
**By Valery Cowley**

“We thought Christianity in Scotland began with John Knox”, said the German students as they read the plaque describing the ruined chapel of St Fillan in Perthshire. Long before, missionaries spread the new faith in various Atlantic lands including Ireland, Wales and Brittany, becoming exiles for Christ on ‘peregrinatio’ over land at sea, leading difficult, demanding and dangerous lives. They left centres of preaching in the form of high, carved stone crosses often strengthened by a circle, as on Iona; also ruined monasteries with chapels, graves, caves, such as Fillan’s, now a shrine, at Pittenweem and his healing pool near Tyndrum.



The Ring-headed cross at Kildalton, Islay with Biblical and geometric stone carvings.

Abbots and bishops were powerful, witness the *quigrich* (silvered crozier) of St Fillan or the handbells used as a summons to prayer. Because the early Celtic church was part of the undivided Christian church before the 1054 schism, some Orthodox venerate and produce icons of these Celtic saints, e.g. at Mull Monastery.

The Celts’ less hierarchical approach to faith and their focus on the spiritual and nature have given rise to New Age

influences which may easily become whimsical. However, Celtic saints by popular repute and acclaim, such as St Serf of Culross included married clergy, non-Roman tonsure (from ear to ear), though continental links were strong, for instance via St Ninian and St Martin of Tours at Whithorn,

Galloway, the 'candida casa' or white house. Martins's pet goose, Celtic symbol of the Holy Spirit, is Ruislip's sanctuary lamp.

I began with my ancestral Scotland but I much enjoyed introducing the early holy ones to Living Word study groups with members from Ireland and Wales. We inherit their 'anamchara' (soul friend) gifts: St Kentigern was nicknamed 'Mungo' (my friend). The sunwise 'caim' walk or dance enacts the protection of an endless circle from demonic forces. Royal princess St Hilda presided over the 664 Synod of Whitby which promoted a widespread celebration date for Easter. Illuminated manuscripts such as the Lindisfarne Gospels or Columba's Cathach (Psalter) are evidence of a rich Celtic culture. There are 'thin' places like Glen Lyon, Aberfeldy, where the ancient Fortingall yew and pagan Bodach, house shrine of three stone figures bear witness to transitions.



The triskele symbol blending pagan and Christian influences

Much has been written about Celtic Christianity so I mention only authors who are not simply promoting their whimsical interpretations: Alexander Carmichael's collection 'Carmina Gadelica'; George McLeod, founder of the Iona Community with its Wild Goose publications; John O'Donoghue; Ian Bradley; Esther de Waal; Ray Simpson of the Northumbria Community; David Adam; 'Maggie Ross' (solitary, Martha Reeves); Caitlin Matthews.

## Celtic Prayer

Be O Lord

A guiding star above me,

A smooth path below me,

A kindly shepherd behind me,

And a bright flame before me;

Today, tonight and forever. Amen

Attributed to St Columcille (Columba), 521-597

# St Martin's Day Sermon

## By Bishop Richard Fenwick

Just for a moment, imagine the angry scene within a loyal Roman military family, somewhere in the old Roman Province of Upper Pannonia - nowadays, Western Hungary.....

“YOU WHAT!!!” ... it's the voice of a **very** irate father...

“My boy, I haven't spent the best years of my life serving in the Roman Imperial Army... providing for you and your mother... just to be told that my own son... **assured**, mark you, of a fine position as an Officer... **through my sweat**... now intends to become... A CONFOUNDED CHRISTIAN!!!” (As the editor of “Private Eye” would say... “continued on page 94”)...



Every year on 11<sup>th</sup> November, the Church Calendar remembers one of its great soldier-saints, and for us in Ruislip there's a special significance. Martin of Tours is a remarkable, if very strange saint, and he's been a favourite over the centuries. So, why?

Well, his story is as strange as the man himself. Martin was born around 316AD, and his parents were Roman citizens who lived in Upper Pannonia - the old Roman Province which covered what is now western Hungary. By religion they were pagans, and his father was an officer in the Imperial army who had risen from the ranks. So .... while Martin was still a youngster, his father was transferred to a new garrison in Pavia, northern Italy. It was a choice posting, but to his father's alarm and fury, it was here that their son had learned about Christianity and took instruction as a “catechumen” – before being baptised into the Christian Faith.

There were problems for Martin from the word go. As the son of a Veteran, when he reached 15 he was required to join the army himself, but it was clearly not to his choice at all! Even so, he did the right thing by his parents



– and duly became a Roman Officer. But he was like a fish out of water, for his biographers commented that he lived more like a monk than a soldier... Young Martin was stationed at Amiens, in Gaul, when the kindness for which he was always famous showed itself. You all know the story of the bitter winter's day when, as he rode towards the town, he noticed a poor beggar close by the gates, clad in rags and shivering with cold. Nobody passing by him even gave him a second look, and he had nothing with him but the clothes he wore. At once, drawing his sword from its scabbard, Martin cut his great woollen army cloak in two. One half he gave to the beggar, and the other half he used to wrap around himself. According to the ancient tradition, that night in his sleep Martin saw Christ, surrounded by angels. But he was dressed in the half of the cloak that Martin had given away. In his dream he heard Jesus say to the angels, "Martin, though only a catechumen, has covered me with his cloak." Immediately afterwards, according to Sulpicius Severus, the saint's biographer, Martin took it as a sign, and he "flew to be baptized."

The next time we hear about Martin "making waves" was when he was about 20. A group of Teutonic tribes had invaded Gaul but had been defeated by Martin and his fellow soldiers. Together with his comrades he was called before the Emperor Julian to receive a war-bounty. Despite the honour, he refused to accept it. He spoke up to the Emperor: "Up to now," he said, "I have served you as a soldier. Allow me henceforth to serve Christ. Give the bounty to these others who are going out to battle. As a soldier of Christ it is not lawful for me to fight!

The Emperor was furious and called Martin a coward. The young man replied that he was ready to go into battle the next day unarmed - a challenge not taken up. He was thrown into prison: but then, probably as an appreciation for his father's long service, Martin was discharged. His military career was finished, but he immediately went to the City of Poitiers, where the renowned Hilary had been bishop for many years. Seeing the sincerity of this "conscientious objector", Hilary welcomed him, and after instruction Martin was ordained deacon.



At this point, once again Martin had a dream, and this time he was commanded to return home to visit his parents. Despite the distances and the dangers he crossed the Alps, and from Milan he went over to Pannonia. According to the accounts of his life, whilst there he not only converted his mother to Christianity but also a number of other people: unsurprisingly his father remained determinedly pagan!! In the meanwhile, ever ready to enter into a fight over the Christian cause,

whilst Martin was in Illyricum he involved himself in the bitter "Arian" theological controversy. This (roughly!) was the argument as to whether Jesus, as the Son of God, was subservient to the Father ... or co-equal with him. All gripping stuff ... In truth Martin was a firebrand, and he disputed with the Arians so militantly that he was flogged, and thrown out of the Country!

Back in Italy once more, he prepared to go up to Gaul because he learned that the Gallic Church was *also* under attack by the Arians. In fact the controversy was so sharp that his good friend Hilary had been banished from Poitiers. Because of this, Martin stayed a while at Milan, but the bishop there, Auxentius (who was an Arian) drove Martin out of the diocese, and he was forced to take refuge with an old priest-friend on an Island in the gulf of Genoa.

It seems strange to us now, but these were days when theological disagreement could be bitter – indeed it could mean death for the defeated. So Martin was forced to stay in the safety of the Island until the year 360, when Hilary was able to return victorious to Poitiers. Yet, by now Martin himself had changed. Now he felt called to the life of a Solitary within Community - rather than living under a blanket "family" discipline. And so Hilary gave him a small piece of land, now called Liguge, in central France. He was soon joined by other hermits, and the community grew into a large monastic settlement.

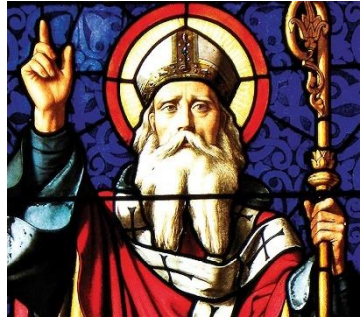
For ten years Martin lived there at Liguge, directing the life of the monastic community and preaching all over that part of central France – again, as with many of the early Christian leaders, a number of miracles were attributed to him. But then came a complete turn-about in his life, for about the year 371, Lidorius, Bishop of Tours, died - and to Martin's absolute horror, the people demanded him in his place. In fact Martin was so reluctant to accept the office that they had to resort to trickery even to get him to the City of Tours. There are several stories of the way in which they did this. One tells how the people called him to Tours to give his blessing to someone who was dying - and then, so it is said, they grabbed him, and took him to the Cathedral by force!

Interestingly, Martin was far from being the choice of many in the hierarchy, for when neighbouring bishops were summoned to confirm this choice, they made it quite clear that the monk's poor and frankly scruffy appearance made him unfit for the office. Nevertheless, they were overruled by the local clergy and the people... and so it was that the reluctant monk was consecrated as Bishop of Tours.

But .... you will all know the other story about Martin at this time....and it concerns a pet goose which used to follow him everywhere. He had found the bird as a tiny chick, and then had reared it himself. According to this story, when Martin received the news that he had been chosen by the clergy and the people as Bishop, he was so appalled that he fled into the forest to avoid being taken back to Tours. The local people, however, were determined to find him - and Martin had left in such a hurry that his pet goose had been left at home. At once the people took the goose to the place where Martin was last seen. And rather like a bloodhound now, the bird immediately picked up his tracks and led the people directly to where he was hiding! It's a delightful story, and very often, if you see a picture or a statue of Martin, you will see the goose beside him!

Now, there's no doubt that Martin was austere. He always had the call to a solitary life – but it was a call he could never fulfil. At one time, because of constant interruptions, he retired from Tours to a retreat that was later to

become the famous abbey of Marmoutier. This site was enclosed by a steep cliff on one side and by a tributary of the Loire on the other. Here Martin and the monks who followed him built cells, or lived in caves dug out of the rock. Yet even there people sought him out. In a short time their number grew, many of them of high rank.



Certainly Martin cannot have been an easy person to deal with. Nevertheless he was painstaking and diligent in his care of the diocese he had taken over so unwillingly. Once a year Martin would visit each of his parishes, travelling on foot, or by donkey.

Above all, the proper treatment and well-being of **people** was of paramount importance to him. His biographer tells of one particular battle he had with Roman Imperial authority. When a brutal imperial officer, Avitianus, arrived at Tours with a band of prisoners he planned to torture and then kill the following day, Martin at once hurried in from Marmoutier to negotiate for them. He didn't get to the city until almost midnight, but he went straight to the quarters of Avitianus, hammered on his door, and refused to leave until the officer promised mercy to his captives.

Importantly, whilst he was so militant for Christian orthodoxy he felt nothing but revulsion for Church leaders who saw death as the deserved recompense for what they saw as heresy!

It was early in the year 400 that Martin knew he was dying. He was at Candès, in a remote part of the diocese, when illness finally took hold. According to his biographers, he lay with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, until the monks begged him at least to turn on one side to avoid bedsores. But Martin was typically stubborn. "Allow me," he retorted, "to look towards Heaven rather than to earth, that my soul may be ready to take its flight ..." On 8<sup>th</sup> November 400 he died, and three days later was buried at Tours in the presence of 2000 monks and nuns.

The chapel built over his grave was later replaced by a large basilica. A still later church on this site was destroyed during the French Revolution. Nevertheless, the re-built church was to become a national shrine in France. Indeed, Martin is one of the 3 patron saints of France, and his shrine is one of the most popular pilgrimage places in Europe.



There are so many churches, chapels and schools all over the world dedicated to this strange man. And he **was** as strange as he was complex ... stubborn, single-minded, resentful of authority - in so many respects a born rebel. Even so, he was one of the very great leaders and pastors of the Church in these early years. And whether you think of his determined defiance of his father, the cutting-in-half of his cloak to clothe the beggar, his flight into the forest to avoid being carried off to Tours... or even the strange story of his pet goose, the overriding picture that comes across is of a very human man - full of insecurities and contradictions. But he was also someone who drew people like a magnet... most important of all, he drew people to God.

He certainly drew the mind and the heart of the person who, back in the 1100's decided that this beautiful church, here on the banks of the Pinn, be dedicated to him...Martin of Tours! And for (give-or-take) 900 years, the story of this odd, rebellious, and scruffy man (!), has grasped the hearts and imaginations of people here through the generations, and it has turned them "Godwards" - my own included. And I hope and pray that it will go on doing just that to the end of time!

God bless - it's wonderful to see you all again - and thank you for so much.

AMEN.



Contributed by Pawprint



## **‘Enter by the narrow gate’**

### **By Janet Tippetts**

Fr. Tommy Merry’s sermon on the 28<sup>th</sup> of August, when Fr Robert was away, was a powerful discourse on the gospel for the day.

This phrase kept returning to me during the day. It first took me back to the ‘needle’s eye’ in the church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. You have to crouch and keep your edges in as you go down to the crypt where tradition says Christ was born – a small cave with a star on the floor; only a few can squeeze in at a time.

Then I thought of the rotating doors into St Paul’s cathedral. For all but ‘special occasions’ such as the end of an ordination or for royalty, the Great West Door is flung open for all.



Next – turnstiles – once common but now I have only met them at the seaside resorts far from London – public loos when you insert the necessary coin. In goes the coin, the arms rotate and you have to nip in smartly to get your slot.

Some shops, e.g. Ruislip Iceland, force you to walk all round the shop to go past the pay area, as you cannot just grab the item just inside the door and go sideways.

Door that are hinged on one side – fire doors, e.g. to enter a shop – necessarily heavy, but impossible if you have a buggy or are a frail shopper. You have to turn round and use your bottom to back in. The ones that are hinged at the top. You pass under an arch with a metal portcullis (hoping the points don’t come down on your head!) e.g. going in to visit our church’s Patron, the Dean and Chapter of St George’s Chapel Windsor.

The psalmist wrote ‘for he strengthens the bars of your gates’. Psalm 147

# Pathways in Spirituality

## By David Hudson

### **The Heartbeat of Franciscan Spirituality:**

Franciscan spirituality is following in the footsteps of St. Francis of Assisi who strived to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. At the center of Franciscan spirituality is one simple truth: God is love. St. Francis of Assisi allowed that love to capture his whole heart, and it changed the way he saw everything. Francis looked at Jesus — humble in the manger, self-giving on the Cross, present in the Eucharist — and saw the face of Love itself. This love drew him into a life of simplicity, not because poverty was noble on its own, but because he wanted nothing to stand in the way of loving God and neighbour completely.



Love opened his eyes to creation. Brother Sun, Sister Moon, even the smallest creatures were part of the great family of God's love. Love moved him toward peace and reaching across divisions between people with compassion and respect.

For us, Francis's way is an invitation:

- to slow down,
- to live gratefully,
- to notice the beauty of creation,
- and to let every act be shaped by love.

When we choose love, even in small ways, we are walking in the footsteps of Jesus — and in the joyful spirit of St. Francis who says "Where there is love and wisdom, fear and ignorance are absent.

### **Francis during Advent:**

Advent is a season of waiting, not a passive waiting but a time of longing, hope, and joyful preparation for the coming of Jesus. For Francis, whose heart was captivated by the love of God, this waiting was always centered on love made flesh in Jesus.

Francis was in awe of the humility of the manger: the God of all creation becoming small, vulnerable and close. He saw in the nativity a perfect picture of God's overflowing love. That is why Francis built the first Christmas creche in Greccio - to help people not just imagine, but enter into the mystery of God's love made visible. St. Francis saw love not as an idea but as a presence—Christ, poor and hidden, waiting to be found in manger and neighbour alike. In Advent, we enter that same posture of expectancy. Francis teaches us that to prepare for Christ is not merely to polish churches or plan hymns, but to strip our hearts of excess until there is room for a Child. Love, for Francis, was both tender and radical: tender enough to cradle creation, radical enough to embrace lepers and enemies.

Advent love, then, is Franciscan love—watchful, uncluttered, ready to kneel before God in the smallest and most surprising places. Just as Francis staged the first Nativity to make the Incarnation tangible, Advent calls us to do the same: to let Love be born again, not in distant memory, but here, among us, in acts of mercy, peace, and joyful simplicity.

Some meditative Franciscan prayers for use during Advent:

In the quiet of waiting,  
I hear Francis whisper:  
Love comes small,  
Love comes poor,  
Love comes hidden in straw.

He saw in Bethlehem's Child  
the poverty of God  
and the riches of mercy—  
so he bent low:  
to kiss the leper, to cradle  
creation,  
to make space for Love.

Lord, in this Advent of shadows and stars,  
teach me Francis' simplicity.

Strip me of fear,  
that I may love without counting  
the cost.

Unclutter my heart,  
that there may be room for You.

Open my eyes,  
that I may find You  
in manger and neighbour alike.



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**Meanwhile in America.....**



**Contributed by Jack Sheen**

## Curate's Corner

### By Fr. Joe Grogan



Over the course of November, I have been thinking about and planning for the start of the New Liturgical year, which begins on Advent Sunday, 30th November, and I am preparing for my first Advent and Christmas with you at St Martin's. We will be preparing for the new life we find through the birth of that small bambino, the Christ Child, at Christmas. I find it can often be hard to remember new life starting in a time when it can be so bleak, so grey, wet or miserable, but it's about the preparation we do. At the risk of talking about my garden again in Outlook, I will compare it to that. One of the things I have been doing as I prepare for the new life to come in spring is planting some snowdrop bulbs. Hopefully, before the next edition of Outlook is out, we will start to see the snowdrops springing up, signaling the new life to come. And I look forward to seeing them. And it's on this tiny, unassuming snowdrop I want to reflect on, as they are pretty amazing plants.

Through Christian history, and even in Jewish tradition, plants and trees have been used to symbolise people, places, and characteristics, such as the Cedars of Lebanon being used to represent strength and longevity or a red rose being used to represent martyrdom. I want to think of the snowdrop as a sign of Our Lady.

Snowdrops produce a form of protein known as glycoproteins, which act as a sort of natural antifreeze, allowing them to grow even in freezing conditions. This means they are the first flowers of the year, a sign of the new life that is coming, much like Our Lady is often described as the first fruit of the new creation and redemption. Mary was the first to follow Jesus, having believed since the message from the angel Gabriel.

We often associate snowdrops with hope, as they are the first flowers of the year, usually blooming while still in winter. This is similar to one of the

names given to Mary, which is 'The Mother of Hope' due to the unwavering hope she held in Jesus even at the most difficult of times, for instance, at the Crucifixion.

The snowdrop can also be used to remind us of Mary's humble nature. The drooping flower head can invoke the image of a head bowed in simple humility.

We can also reflect on our own Christian journeys with snowdrops too. Snowdrops are poisonous if ingested. Whilst not deadly poisonous to a healthy human, this poisonous state can lead us to reflect on the death of our old lives and the new life we find in Christ.



But, finally, we also have a connection between ourselves and the Virgin Mary through snowdrops. During the Victorian era, it was common for churches to be decorated with snowdrops for the feast of Candlemas. Because of this, snowdrops gained the nickname of 'Candlemas Bells'. As we think of Mary bringing Jesus to the temple, we can be reminded how Mary brings us to Jesus in her continual prayers before his throne in the heavenly temple.

So, with all these different symbols and reflections, I say now and when the snowdrops start to flower in January, 'Our Lady of the Snowdrop, pray for us.'

With every blessing,

Fr. Joe

# The Walsingham Pilgrimage

## By Alison Rollin

Most of us had visited Walsingham before, but for some it was a new experience: new people, new sights, new activities.



The Parish Weekend always begins with a service in our church here, before we head out, first to our regular lunch stop, and then on to Walsingham. This year the logistics of travel were particularly challenging: out of the 24 of us, 7 travelled in a large borrowed car, and 7 in a hired minibus. The minibus, of course, produced its own challenges: being

very high, several of us were totally unable to climb in – a problem solved by Ruth and a folding foot-stool. (We also had a surprise visit to an old people's complex, but, after adjusting the sat-nav, all was well again.)

We had a programme of the weekend events, though were free to choose whether to attend. Friday began gently, with plenty of time for 'social conviviality', so several of us met both before and after supper (following our first visit to the Holy House in the Shrine Church), clutching nibbles, bottles of wine and plastic toothmugs.

On Saturday morning, our first group-event was to walk the Stations of the Cross, which are sited around the Shrine grounds. (There are also Stations inside the church, and some of us used those.) Outside, when we reached the three wooden crosses and everyone bowed their heads, I was vividly reminded of Millet's painting of *The Angelus*.





Usually on the Saturday there's a fair bit of free time, so it's possible to catch the bus to Wells-next-the-Sea, or walk to the Slipper Chapel (Fr Joe did the return walk barefoot; he also performed a little jig – pleasingly caught on video); or visit places in the village or just spend quiet time in the Shrine. It was only later, when we entered the church for the Pilgrimage Mass, that we discovered the

programme had been altered, and it had already taken place. Luckily, the evening service, with Procession, Benediction and Healing Ministries, was unaffected.

Sunday is the busiest time. Previously, we had each been asked to write out our own prayers, under various headings. All were collated, and on Sunday morning we gathered in the Holy House to pray these intercessions together. That, for me, was one of the most special moments: I was surprised at the variety and comprehensiveness of our combined prayers – some very personal, others wide-ranging; all heart-felt. Then to the local parish church for Mass (and the psalm singer had the most glorious voice!). Back quickly to the Shrine for lunch, and then the final service, with another Procession, Benediction and water from the Well.

Altogether it was a brilliant weekend – thanks to so many people – *and* we were lucky with the weather: calm, dry and warm; the rain, promised for the Sunday, only began as we were loading our vehicles to come home. Our return journey was as fast as safety allowed: the minibus was due back at Heathrow by 8.00 p.m., empty of passengers and luggage, and refilled with fuel: this was Father Joe's final challenge of the Pilgrimage Weekend!



## St Martin's Day Patronal Festival

On St Martin's Day, the 11<sup>th</sup> of November, the annual Patronal Festival, honouring St Martin of Tours was held. We were blessed with the presence of Bishop Richard Fenwick, one-time Vicar of St Martin's who gave an interesting sermon on the life of St Martin (reproduced earlier in these pages). Following the mass, there was a parish party, with refreshments provided by Social Committee. Thanks to all who attended and especially to Bishop Richard – it was wonderful for us all to see him again!



Photos by Alison Rollin & Words by Miranda Reading



## The Martinmas Fayre!

Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> November saw the annual Martinmas Fayre at St Martin's. It had a variety of interesting craft stalls and all the old favourites such as bottle and chocolate tomboles, facepainting and Santa's Grotto. Father Christmas favoured us with a visit (although his sleigh had a puncture, making him a little late!) and meanwhile the grown-ups enjoyed mulled wine and mince pies. Huge thanks go to everyone who contributed (there are too many names to mention here) in large and small ways.



Photos by Shirley Woods/Words by Miranda Reading



## Solution to Last Edition's Crossword

	<sup>1</sup> A	<sup>2</sup> C	T	<sup>3</sup> S		<sup>4</sup> D		<sup>5</sup> B	A	<sup>6</sup> L	A	<sup>7</sup> A	M		
<sup>8</sup>		O		U		<sup>9</sup> E	V	E		A		L		<sup>10</sup> L	
<sup>11</sup>	A	G	R	A	P	H	A		<sup>12</sup> D	E	M	I	L	L	E
		I		P		D		E		M		E		V	
<sup>13</sup>	C	E	N	S	E	R		<sup>14</sup> C		<sup>15</sup> H	A	G	G	A	I
		T		R		<sup>16</sup> H	A	M		S		R		T	
<sup>17</sup>	<sup>18</sup> A	<sup>18</sup> C	<sup>18</sup> H	<sup>18</sup> E		<sup>19</sup> G		L		<sup>20</sup> A		<sup>21</sup> F	<sup>22</sup> I	<sup>22</sup> V	<sup>22</sup> E
		U			<sup>23</sup> H	A	R	V	E	S	T			O	
<sup>24</sup>	<sup>24</sup> A	<sup>25</sup> P	<sup>25</sup> S	<sup>25</sup> E		D		A		A		<sup>26</sup> H	<sup>27</sup> A	<sup>28</sup> W	<sup>28</sup> K
	B		E		<sup>29</sup> S		<sup>30</sup> A	R	K		<sup>31</sup> F		N		E
<sup>32</sup>	<sup>32</sup> B	<sup>32</sup> A	<sup>32</sup> R	<sup>32</sup> U	<sup>32</sup> C	<sup>32</sup> H		Y		<sup>33</sup> R	<sup>33</sup> O	<sup>33</sup> O	<sup>33</sup> D		E
	E		A		R		<sup>34</sup> A		<sup>35</sup> K		R		A		P
<sup>36</sup>	<sup>36</sup> S	<sup>36</sup> U	<sup>36</sup> P	<sup>36</sup> P	<sup>36</sup> E	<sup>36</sup> R	<sup>36</sup> S		<sup>37</sup> I	<sup>37</sup> N	<sup>37</sup> C	<sup>37</sup> E	<sup>37</sup> N	<sup>37</sup> S	<sup>37</sup> E
	S		H		E		<sup>38</sup> P	<sup>38</sup> U	<sup>38</sup> L		E		T		R
	<sup>39</sup> A	<sup>39</sup> S	<sup>39</sup> A	<sup>39</sup> N	<sup>39</sup> A	<sup>39</sup> S		<sup>40</sup> L	<sup>40</sup> A	<sup>40</sup> D	<sup>40</sup> D	<sup>40</sup> E	<sup>40</sup> R		

# KIDS ZONE



## Kids Zone....Kids Zone....Kids Zone.....Kids Zone.....Kids Zone..

Hello! Welcome to the zone for the Kids of St Martin's! This is intended to be *your* space with things that interest *you* as well as things relating to you and your doings. This space will encompass BWI news and Young Church.

We'd also like to welcome contributions to the Kids Zone from our younger readers. It can be something you've done at school, a favourite pet, something that you've done at school or simply your feelings about God and the Christian world. Send your contributions of 50-300 words to

[MirandaAtStMartins@gmail.com](mailto:MirandaAtStMartins@gmail.com) by the 16<sup>th</sup> of January 2026.

## Kids Zone....Kids Zone....Kids Zone.....Kids Zone.....Kids Zone..

### Bumper Christmas Word Search

S	S	T	N	A	E	G	A	P	C	I	S	U	M	Y
T	M	S	E	A	S	O	N	R	E	Y	A	R	P	L
O	A	U	R	Y	L	O	H	C	N	M	N	O	E	L
C	R	S	D	E	Y	D	E	R	S	W	O	N	S	O
K	Y	E	L	L	D	W	E	E	U	B	I	R	T	H
I	T	J	I	A	N	I	H	C	S	T	A	R	H	P
N	U	M	H	D	A	L	Y	H	E	L	U	Y	G	E
G	A	D	C	V	L	L	A	E	L	M	O	D	I	S
F	E	O	R	E	R	G	D	V	C	J	B	R	L	O
L	B	R	U	N	A	T	I	V	I	T	Y	E	A	J
T	M	E	H	T	G	B	L	V	C	T	G	H	R	C
R	A	H	C	H	E	V	O	L	I	N	S	P	E	A
E	G	T	S	A	E	F	H	M	A	N	G	E	R	R
E	I	Y	R	R	E	M	S	L	E	I	G	H	F	D
S	A	T	N	A	S	P	T	C	H	R	I	S	T	S

All the words listed below are in the puzzle - left, right, up, down or diagonally. After you have found all the words, arrange the leftover letters in the correct order to form the mystery answer.

Advent, Angels, Beauty, Birth, Cards, Carols, Census, Children, Christ, Church, Creche, December, Family, Feast, Festival, Garland, Giving, Goodwill, Herod, Holiday, Holly, Holy, Icicles, Jesus, Joseph, Joy, Lights, Love, Magi, Manger, Mary, Merry,

Music, Nativity, Noel, Pageants, Peace, Prayer, Santa, Season, Shepherd, Sleigh, Snow, Star, Stocking, Trees, Yule

Credit: <https://www.christianbiblereference.org>

# What's on at Bishop Winnington-Ingram Primary School

## Our vision: 'My Cup Overflows' Psalm 23:5

A community that gives each child an outstanding spiritual, academic and practical education and instils an awareness of the overflowing joy, love and peace that comes from God's love for us, so that they are able to achieve their potential and truly experience 'life in all its fullness' (John 10:10).



## Welcome to your regular update from BWI Primary School!

What a wonderfully busy and successful term it has been so far! The relationship between our school and the community of St Martin's remains so important to us all here at BWI.

This term has been filled with exciting events and opportunities for our children. Our annual Fireworks Display was a huge success, bringing together so many families from across our community for an evening of fun and celebration. We also marked Odd Sock Day as part of Anti-Bullying Week, celebrating our diversity, individuality and commitment to standing up for kindness and respect.

Our Year 4 pupils have thoroughly enjoyed their swimming lessons at Highgrove Pool, growing in skill and confidence in the water. Back at school, we've been busy enhancing our playground spaces – with a new construction area and digging zone, as well as new play equipment provided weekly by our wonderful Parents' Association. These additions have brought even more joy and creativity to playtimes.

As always, our strong links with St Martin's Church continue to enrich school life. We gathered there for a moving Remembrance service, honouring soldiers and service families. Earlier in the term, we also celebrated Harvest, collecting generous donations for Hillingdon Foodbank to support those in need.



Our blessings and prayers to all the community at St Martin's, *Mrs Rodenas*

# www.bwicofe.co.uk

# Friendships

## By Hugo Gotham (age 13)

Abraham Lincoln once wrote, “The better part of one’s life consists of his friendships.” This is certainly true. To many of us, our friendships are everything. Our friends should help us through adversity and their company propels us forward. Friends should be uplifting and helpful, with an emphasis on maintaining the golden rule: Do unto others as you would have done unto you. Your goal should be to create dependable and meaningful relationships with other people. As Dale Carnegie wrote in *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, “You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people, than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you.”



When making friends, you don’t need many, but they do need to be reliable. People are sort of like apples. Some of them might have smooth and shiny surfaces, but are rotten at the core, while others may have discrepancies on the outside, while the inside is pure and loyal. You need to be able to try and judge what

kind of people your friends are. If a friend seems nice in the beginning, but then starts to be unkind and disrespectful, you should disengage from them and find someone that isn’t toxic. Sometimes you may find a really nasty apple, nasty on the outside and horrendous on the inside. If you find someone like that, run away. Here are a way to identify a trustworthy friend: A true friend will uplift you when you’re down, and tell you what you’re doing wrong, even if you are prosperous. This is a rule of thumb for friends.

When you’re choosing friends, you should pay attention to how you feel around them. Do they provide helpful, uplifting feedback, or do they point out all your faults, even if you get a win? Are they jealous of your triumphs, or do they say kind and helpful words? These are key points in understanding all



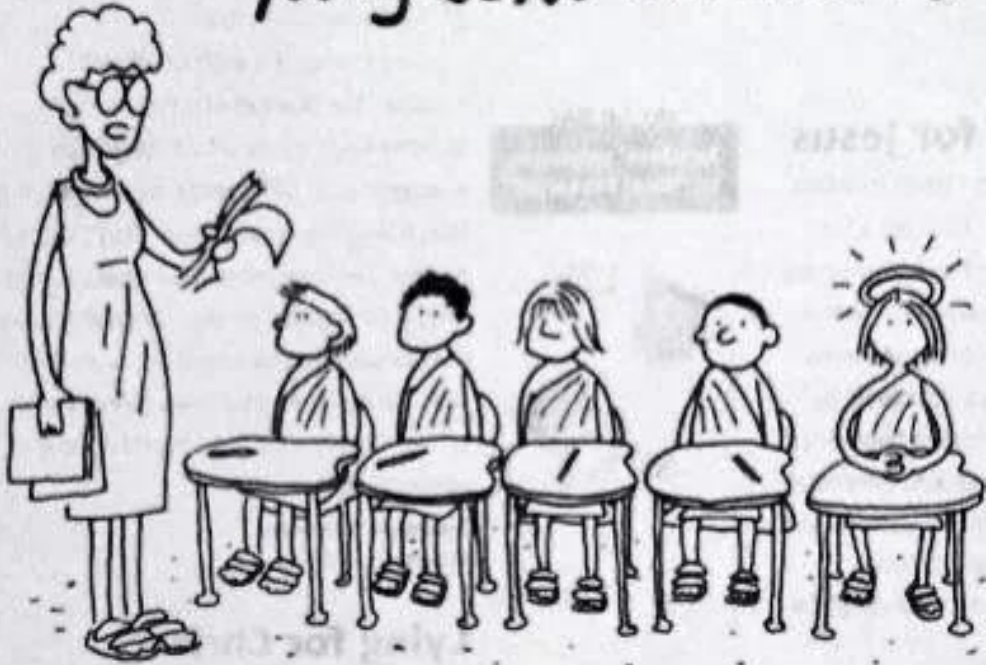
people, not just friends. When you meet someone, you might want to set a trial period, for example a period of month, where you can start to discover what their personality is really like.

Some people are just “fair weather friends”, and they may only pretend to be interested in you when you have just won an award, or just completed something impressive. Most of these fair weather friends are parasites. All they want is to benefit off your hard work, and get a share of the admiration or recognition you time and effort achieving. After a while, if you start to be not so popular, then they will probably drift away and eventually disappear from your life. When you meet someone for the first time, you get a first impression that might or might not be true. If you wait a while, and you are cautious, you can be more successful when choosing the right friends for you. Because friends are so important for us, choosing the right ones is a matter that should take time and effort.



This essay has described the basics of how to choose, keep, and judge friends, the ideal thing to do is to reflect on anything you learned, that was new for you. These instructions are a guideline, so feel free to think about how you can change these rules to fit you. I'm hopeful that after reading this, you will feel more confident in the art of meeting new friends and keeping them.

# Young Jesus Chronicles



***"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, see me after class.  
Your book reports are surprisingly similar."***

Contributed by Pawprint



# St Martin's Church

## Parish Directory

Vicar	Revd Dr Robert Chapman	13 Eastcote Road, Ruislip, HA4 8BE Tel: 01895 633040 E: <a href="mailto:frrobertbchapman@gmail.com">frrobertbchapman@gmail.com</a>
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Associate	Fr. Michael Bedford	Tel: 020 8866 4332 E: <a href="mailto:mabedford07cr@gmail.com">mabedford07cr@gmail.com</a>
<b>All clergy can be contacted through the Parish Office</b>		
Lay Pastoral Assistants	Nina Gibbins	59 Kingsend, Ruislip, HA4 7DD Tel: 01895 639494
	Alison Rollin	149 Bury Street, Ruislip, HA4 7TQ Tel: 01895 675493
Licenced Lay Minister	Vacancy	
Wardens	Jaqueline Alderton	Tel: 07944 878203
	Peter Golby	Tel: 07908 408108 E: <a href="mailto:pgolby@live.co.uk">pgolby@live.co.uk</a>

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Prayer Support Group	Deirdre Davis	Tel: 020 8429 1291
Rainbows (2 <sup>nd</sup> Ruislip)	Gina Glossp	Tel: 07904 030 161
Rainbows (9 <sup>th</sup> Ruislip)	Cat Reid	Tel: 020 8866 1988
St Martins Outlookers	Vacancy	
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Sidespeople	Sarah Jacob & Alan Seymour	<a href="mailto:Sjacob325@gmail.com">Sjacob325@gmail.com</a> Tel: 020 8868 5557
Thursday Lunches	Sweelin Cunliffe	Tel: 07931 134507
Toddler Group	Vacancy	
Tower Captain	Judith Roberts	Tel: 01895 638143
Young Church 9.15am	Vicky Golby	Tel: 07770 782922
PCC Secretary	Catherine Tugnait	Tel: 07902 613854
PCC Treasurer	Danny Dartnail	Tel: 07932 604042

PCC Electoral Roll Officer	Jo Wild	Tel: 01923 820331
Parish Clerk/Admin/Webmaster	Gill Dargue	Tel: 01895 625 456
Bible Reading Fellowship	Alan Seymour	Tel: 020 8868 5557
BWI School	Rachel Blake	Tel: 01895 633 520
Brownies (9 <sup>th</sup> Ruislip)	Fiona Sweet	Tel: 07946 521997
Children's Society	Peter Trott	Tel: 01895 675760
Christian Aid	Jack Sheen	Tel: 01895 634755
Church Grounds Upkeep	Malcolm Roberts	
Church Hall Bookings	Gill Dargue	Tel: 01895 625 456
Church Welcome	Mary Coulthurst	c/o Parish Office
Cursillo Representative	Chris Hoppett	Tel: 01895 672463
Director of Music	Viktoria Goncharova	
Flower Arranging	Jan White	Tel: 07747 463646
Friends of St Martins	Jacqueline Alderton	Tel: 01895 676194
Guides (2 <sup>nd</sup> Ruislip)	Lin Gregory	Tel: 01895 905 511

Please submit all items for the October/November issue to  
[MirandaAtStMartins@gmail.com](mailto:MirandaAtStMartins@gmail.com) by 16<sup>th</sup> January 2026.

Don't forget to include your contact details if sending material by post.  
 Outlook is published every other month. The next edition will be  
 February/March 2026.



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[WWW.HOMEINSTEAD.CO.UK/RUISLIPANDHARROW](http://WWW.HOMEINSTEAD.CO.UK/RUISLIPANDHARROW)

## HOW ELDERLY CARE AT HOME CAN SLOW THE PROCESS DOWN

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01895 624 230

PLEASE CALL US TO BOOK YOUR FREE CONSULTATION

Most people associate care with residential care homes and the end of independence. However, there is the option to stay at home whilst receiving dignified, professional elderly care.

Some people have lived in the same house for decades and it can be heart-breaking to leave it for an unknown place that might not feel as welcoming, familiar and have the cherished memories as your home does. It can also be extremely confusing to move someone with dementia out of familiar surroundings.

If you or your family member is struggling with day-to-day tasks, feeling lonely, need someone to take them shopping, attend medical appointments, or just need someone they can count on to provide care and help that is needed. That is exactly what we do at Home Instead. We provide bespoke, flexible older person's care that is dignified thanks to our compassionate, friendly CAREGivers.

We have found that when you start providing a little help at home to older people, it can help prevent accidents and delay the need to move out of their own house. Our CAREGivers build a strong relationship with their clients which allows them to spot any changes in their health or behaviour and take the necessary actions to prevent the situation from getting worse.



The background of the advertisement is a long-exposure photograph of a street at night. On the right, a two-story Tudor-style building with white timber framing and dark brickwork is visible. The ground floor of this building houses a 'coopers' residential branch, with its name illuminated in blue above the entrance. To the left of this building, a modern, curved architectural structure with glass panels and lights is visible. The foreground is filled with horizontal light trails from passing vehicles, creating a sense of motion. The sky is a deep blue.

# coopers

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**Personable, Professional  
& Proactive**

**Successfully moving people  
since 1986**

01895 625 625 [ruislip@coopersresidential.co.uk](mailto:ruislip@coopersresidential.co.uk)