

St Augustine's Today



Summer 2025

The Endcliffe Parish Church
of St Augustine, Brocco Bank

St Augustine's

Everyone is welcome at our morning service. It is an opportunity for calm reflection within a dignified setting with music led by our wonderful choir. St Augustine's stands in the liberal catholic tradition of the Church of England. Together we seek to express the Christian faith in liberal and inclusive terms. We are a member of the Central Mission Partnership. We are also a member of the Inclusive Church Movement.

Every Sunday

- The service is at 10:30am
- Children are welcome
- Refreshments are served afterwards in the Hall
- The service uses material from Common Worship
- The Bible readings follow the Common Lectionary
- The text of the readings is provided on a printed sheet

The Parish Eucharist follows the Common Worship order with hymns, sung sections and a sermon. Activities are provided for children led by our children's worker. Once a month there is a simplified service to give children a chance to participate more fully in the service. There are activities for everyone, children and adults, in the first part of the service. See the calendar for the dates of these services.

For details see www.staugustinessheffield.org

Find us on Brocco Bank, 100m from Hunter's Bar roundabout. The church postcode is S11 8RQ.

Christ Church Endcliffe holds its services at St Augustine's. The services are informal, focused on Bible teaching.

For details see www.endcliffechurch.co.uk



Calendar June to August 2025

The Parish Eucharist is celebrated every Sunday
at 10.30am.

Groups for children are held in the Hall during the service.

June

1st	Easter 7	Ela Nutu Hall
8th	Pentecost	Bishop Richard
15th	Trinity	Ela Nutu Hall
22nd	Trinity 1	Mike West
29th	SS Peter and Paul	Ela Nutu Hall
	Trinity 2	

July

6th	Trinity 3	Bishop Richard
13th	Trinity 4	Ela Nutu Hall
20th	Trinity 5	Ela Nutu Hall
27th	Trinity 6	t.b.a.

August

3rd	Trinity 7	Bishop Richard
10th	Trinity 8	Ela Nutu Hall
17th	Trinity 9	Mike West
24th	Trinity 10	Ela Nutu Hall
31st	Trinity 11	Mike West

Holidays and other responsibilities may make it necessary to
appoint other celebrants on some Sundays.

Message from Ela

Peace...

Jesus said, 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid'. (John 14:27)

My mother had a sudden stroke on Easter Saturday and died in hospital a few days later. The relationship that I had with my mother was complex and complicated. In truth, I didn't expect to find her death so heartbreaking. And yet, here I am, heartbroken... and many other things. As many of you reading this and who have experienced the death of someone close to you will know, or some other traumatic incident, words don't quite do our feelings justice. Mainly because our feelings can't always be articulated; certainly not this early on. It will take some time.

Our comfort comes from the Lord. My mother is with him now. And, whilst dealing with ailing bodies and death is not pleasant, I am reminded of resurrection. New bodies in heaven. Free of pain; free of limitations. This experience brought into clearer focus the love that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea showed at the end of Jesus's life (John 19). When all the disciples ran away, Joseph came forward openly to ask for the dead body of the Lord, and Nicodemus brought spices, myrrh and aloes and linen cloths. With the women, they made sure that the dead body was cleaned, perfumed, wrapped and buried. Not pleasant work, but necessary; not glamorous, but quiet; not sycophantic, but genuinely loving. Not the end; but the beginning: new life, in heaven. When confronted with death, we Christians live with

the promise of Easter; the promise of resurrection after death; and there is incomparable comfort in that.

When we were little, my older sister and I watched a film or a series on TV (can't quite remember) in which Christian monks would greet one another with 'Pax vobiscum'. We didn't know what those two words meant, but for some reason we took to greeting each other with 'Pax vobiscum' all the time; for fun. And this lasted months if not years. We found out later, when we took Latin at school, that the words meant 'Peace be with you'.

Later still, after many years, and immersed in Church tradition, we still find the common practice of sharing a sign of peace during our usual Sunday morning Eucharist services deeply meaningful. When we shake hands (typically) and say, 'Peace be with you', this connection goes beyond just saying 'Hello' to fellow Christians in church. It is about sharing the blessings of Christ. It is the Lord's peace that we share with one another. It is reassuring; supporting; and loving. We have each other, and we have the Lord. And that is immense.

As it happens, 'Peace be with you...' were also the first words of the newly elected Pope, the head of the Roman Catholic Church. We don't yet know what kind of leader Pope Leo XIV will be. I am hopeful, however. All of us Christians – Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Baptists or of other traditions – share the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The world might not be at peace (in fact, it is evident that violent conflicts exist all over the globe, some closer to home than others). Our hearts may be troubled; fearful; or broken. Our minds unfocused; burdened; or unclear. But Christ has left his peace with us, and not like the world gives ... As Paul put it in his letter to the Philippians, 'the peace of God, which

surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus' (Philippians 4:7).

Therefore, 'Pax vobiscum', everyone. The peace of the Lord be with you all. Now and always.

*With love and blessings,
Ela*



Friends

I had listened with only half an ear as she chatted on and on about the difficult time at Christmas that 'my arthritic friend' had had and her forthcoming visit to 'my forgetful friend' and part of my mind was compiling my shopping list for the next day's supermarket trip, while another part wondered and, not for the first time, how she described me to her other friends. Was I her 'diabetic friend' or her 'sporty friend' or maybe her 'organized friend'? Which was my dominant attribute or characteristic by which she labelled me?

We had first met many years ago, both arriving as new staff at the same school – though I as a raw novice, while she had 10 years' experience behind her already. Notwithstanding that and the equivalent difference in our ages, we became good friends, regularly meeting out of school for coffee and chat, or going to the occasional concert or play together. One summer, just before I moved on to a new post in another part of the country, we even went on holiday together which, in hindsight, was not such a good idea.

We rented a caravan in Devon for a week, planning sea bathes and cliff-top walks. Alas, the rain sheeted down for five of the six days there, confining us to Scrabble, Canasta and jigsaws indoors. The presumed luxury of space, there being only the two of us in a supposedly six-berth caravan, seemed shrivelled to nothingness as the week progressed and the continuous clinking of her spoon in the mug as she stirred her coffee round and round and round set my teeth and patience on edge; while the daily drip-drying of undies over the sink somehow irritated me beyond measure.

Afterwards, however, with many miles between us, the friendship stabilised again, resumed by correspondence with only an occasional short visit to break a longer journey which passed close by. Now, as we stood around hesitantly and self-consciously after the funeral, a young woman approached me, smiled as she touched my brooch (the smallest and only utilitarian member of my collection) and said: "Oh, you must be her 'owl friend'!"

Joy Tobler

Who's who at St Augustine's

Ela Nutu Hall is our Priest-in-Charge

She can be contacted on
revd.

elanutuhall@gmail.com



Mike West is retired and our Associate Priest
He can be contacted on
266 2188

or mike.west@staugustinessheffield.org



Viv Smith and Christopher Hall are Churchwardens, the elected leaders of the congregation, with certain legal responsibilities for the building and finance.

They can be contacted on
VS viv.smith@staugustinessheffield.org
CH christopher.ml.hall@gmail.com

Viv is also our Children's Minister. She collaborates with the clergy in providing a range of activities during the Sunday services.



Campaigning Women

On the table when stopping for coffee I was impressed to find a card from the Sheffield Soroptimists. I knew nothing about this group and was surprised by what I discovered. This association founded in 1921 campaigns on all issues that concerns women. They are 'committed to a world where women and girls together achieve their individual collective potential, realise aspirations and have an equal voice in creating strong peaceful communities worldwide'. It is an international women's movement with special status at the United Nations.

The particular campaign that so impressed me was to do with violence against women in a relationship. The card that I saw took the form of a two-sided bookmark. Under the heading 'loves me' were lists of the attributes of a healthy partnership. Such things as 'makes me feel safe', 'is truthful with me' and 'treats me as an equal'. There are 16 such qualities listed and at the end 'you deserve a healthy relationship'. On the reverse side under the heading 'loves me not' are 16 warning signs that indicate you may be a victim of abuse. These are things such as 'is possessive', 'always blames me' and 'teases, bullies and puts me down'. It ends you deserve better so call for help now and lists where you can get it. This card is attractively produced



and is aimed at those unsure in their relationship. If you are concerned about someone you know then pass it on.

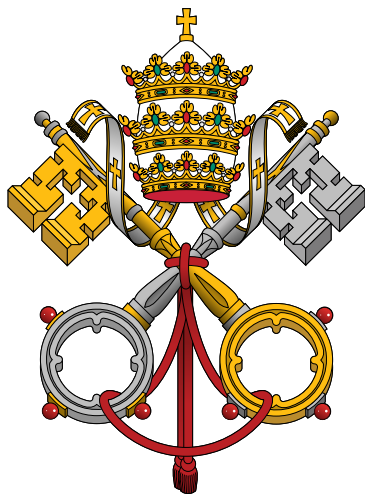
There was a second leaflet aimed at grandparents and carers entitled 'is there something to worry about? It is to raise awareness of changes in the behaviour of children and young people which may indicate they are facing inappropriate challenges in their life. Some of the things you may have noticed are becoming secretive', 'have changed their daily routine', 'have two mobiles' and 'show signs of self-harm eg cuts on arms'. It lists what to do if you are worried. This is particularly sharing your concerns with others who may have also noticed such things. It also lists places you can get help and advice. Do look out for these cards when you are out and about.

Pam West



10 Things You Didn't Know About The Popes

Whilst we at St Augustine's are not a Roman Catholic community, we have many things in common with our Catholic siblings. With the recent death of Pope Francis and the election of Pope Leo XIV, it seems fitting to look back at some of the craziest stories in the 2,000-year history of the Papacy.



1. In 897, Stephen VI (896-897) had the corpse of his predecessor Formosus (891-896) dug up and put on trial for assuming the Papacy under illegal circumstances. When Formosus refused to answer the charges (on the basis that he was dead) he was found in contempt of court and thrown into the Tiber.
2. Benedict IX (1032-1044, 1044-1045, 1047-1048) became Pope when he was 20 and embarked on one of the maddest papacies in history, culminating in him being forced out of Rome in 1044. Surprisingly, he was returned to the Papacy later that year, only to get bored and sell it to his godfather in 1045. Even more surprisingly, he then returned again, only to ultimately be driven away and excommunicated for simony in 1048.
3. In 1147, Eugene III (1145-1153) was travelling to Paris, which was planning to celebrate his visit with a grand feast. However, he was due to arrive on Friday, a fast day in the medieval Church and thus no feast could take place. Not wanting to miss out on a party, Eugene declared that on the week of his arrival Friday would be cancelled and replaced with an extra Thursday.
4. Following the death of Clement IV in 1268, the Cardinals convened in a chapel in the town of Viterbo, kicking off the

longest Papal conclave ever. After the first two years, the citizens of Viterbo removed the chapel roof in the hope that exposure to the elements would accelerate the decision. It didn't; the cardinals simply threatened to excommunicate the town unless they put the roof back (they complied). The choice of Gregory X was only made after a grand total of three years of deliberation.

5. After three Popes died of illness in 1276, the College of Cardinals decided to elect a medical scholar, John XXI (1276-1277) as Pope, trusting that he would know how to care for his health. John decided to house his library of medical texts in a lavish purpose-built study in the Papal apartments, the ceiling of which promptly fell on him, ending his Papacy after only eight months.

6. Leo X (1513-1521) had a pet elephant called Hanno, who was gifted to him by the King of Portugal. When Hanno died, Leo was so distraught that he composed a lengthy poem celebrating how noble his pachyderm pal had been.

7. Urban VII (1590) had the shortest Papacy in history at only 12 days. However, he had time to introduce the world's first smoking ban, making smoking tobacco in a church an excommunicable offence.

8. When coffee first reached Europe from the Islamic world, concerned Cardinals requested that Clement VIII (1592-1605) ban it as a drink of Satan. Upon tasting it, however, Clement remarked "Why, this Satan's brew is so delicious that it would be a waste to only let infidels drink it," and became an enthusiastic proponent of European coffee houses.

9. Speaking of Papal drinking habits, Leo XIII (1878-1903) appeared on a poster advertising his favourite drink, Vin Mariani: a coca-infused wine which later became the basis for Coca-Cola.

10. Prior to his ordination, Francis (2013-2025) worked as a bouncer at a nightclub and as an amateur boxer.

Tom Pymer

SHETLAND FLYING HIGH

**An illustrated talk
with cheese and wine**

Richard Ashbee

www.amazingshetland.co.uk

Tuesday 24th June 7.15pm

At St Augustine's Church

Brocco Bank

S11 8RQ

Admission £10



Holiday Horrors and Happiness

Members of St. Augustines have recalled memories of holidays which they particularly remember. Here are some of their stories.

Dog-and-House-sitting

My customary holiday, at a lovely old Mill House by the Thames. Usually in the summer but this time over the New Year, while the owners were away skiing.

There had been a lot of rain and the river was running high and fast. It was fascinating to watch the daily rise in water level by the lock and to see how the ducks and geese and resident heron were coping with the challenge.

Then the water covered the landing jetty at the end of the garden and began creeping up the lawn. I began to feel apprehensive and asked the 'dowager' lady of the house, who lived in a cottage in the village, when to be concerned. "When the water reaches the bottom of the roof of the boat house," she said. It wasn't far off!

I began a hunt for sandbags – surely they must have some? But they weren't in the garage or the apple store. Finally, I found them under a tarpaulin against a wall in the garden. All sodden and extra heavy. However I began humping them in a wheelbarrow to make a defence line across the back of the house. "If the water comes into the house, it will come in first under the back door (a lovely stable door) into the dining room," the dowager lady had said.

It didn't! It came into the scullery and kitchen. But that was after I'd had the delight of watching a kingfisher plunging for fish from the pear tree in the middle of the garden!

Later I went into the dining room and my feet subsided as the parquet floor was floating. I hurried to move furniture up to the three-steps higher sunlounge, hunted for old blankets to lay on the floor, wringing out when saturated and putting down again – which happily kept the parquet blocks in place.

The elderly Welsh housekeeper, who lived down the road, came with her son, daughter-in-law and grandson, over from Australia for Christmas. The four of us worked tirelessly for three hours, spinning the blankets dry in the ancient washing machine, and reverse vacuuming water out of the scullery; while the dog slept unconcerned. But you can't reverse a river in flood, and in the end we gave up. Thankfully the owners were due home late that night and I had phoned to warn them of the situation.

The minute they arrived they donned wellies and took charge. I waded through water a foot deep to get to my car (safely parked on higher ground after I had been stranded in a flooded road two days earlier), and so home, glad to leave the family to cope with clearing up. They said they never would have gone away if they thought the river would rise that fast – over seven feet in a week.

But that was nothing to the 40+-foot rise I'd experienced on a Brazilian river!

Joy Tobler

A Memorable Holiday, backpacking in Vietnam and Cambodia with my daughter Helen

When I decided to retire in June 2011 people kept asking what I was going to do. I did have a plan, I signed up to work for Citizens Advice, art classes (which led to an independent Art group) and exercise classes where I made a new friend with whom I had many social adventures. However, one evening, after a bottle of wine (Helen rarely drinks alcohol)

she offered up six weeks of her medical school summer holiday to go backpacking with me, I am very grateful for this experience as it gave me the confidence to subsequently do a backpacking trip with David to South America. So I could now reply, "I'm going travelling" and on 20th June, exactly one week after I retired, we set off from Heathrow Airport. This account is just a small taster of our trip.



We arrived in Hanoi to temperatures of around 40C and 90% humidity. We decided to escape this 'sauna' and travel North to Sa Pa, a cooler, mountainous area, for an escorted walk. Not only did our hostel in Hanoi book this for us, they also took us to the enormous and densely crowded Hanoi station; got our tickets for the overnight journey and took us to our carriage on the 'Orient Express'. We shared our cabin with two Chinese ladies who plied us with lychees. At the destination station we alighted to see a man holding a sign labelled Patricia, (my first name) we assumed it was for us and followed him to a minibus containing Vietnamese people, chickens and sacks of grain.

The group also included a young Czech couple and an Israeli girl. Our guide for the walk chose the hard route, but it was not that arduous but he was very attentive to the pensioner. He advised we hire wellies, just as well as after three days of torrential rain it was very muddy and we waded through fast flowing rivers, as well as rice terraces and lush greenery. Our bed for the night was in a home stay, as we were Westerners they decided to give us chips, we sat in the kitchen round an open fire, with an electric fan for bellows,

peeling potatoes, whilst a very large wok filled with oil sat on top of the fire awaiting our chips, very precarious! Dinner was accompanied by copious 'happy water' aka rice wine.

Back in Hanoi our hostel very kindly gave us a room for the day as we were getting the night bus to Hue. Night buses were our usual mode of transport. We travelled on to Hoi An where the hostel transport into town was on the back of a motorcycle – would I have done this at home ? No! Next Nha Trang and then Ho Chi Minh City. The latter journey was in the day time, we nearly collided with a lorry only avoiding it by going in a ditch where we tilted over by around 45 degrees with luggage and people flying everywhere.

On a trip to the Cuchi tunnels, as a claustrophobic I surprised myself by venturing into one of the these. We booked a day out to the Mekong delta, five minutes before pick up we were told we weren't booked into the hotel for that night, fortunately they offered us accommodation nearby. We had to belt up to the 8th floor (no lift) and pack up all our stuff which we left at the hotel, and yes it was in our new room when we got back. The trip included a river cruiser down to the floating market, followed by a pontoon down the narrower waterways, lunch then bike ride round an island.

Next the bus to Phnom Penh Cambodia. The Silver Pagoda in Phnom Penh had a floor made of seven tons of pure silver, a two-foot Buddha made of emerald and a six-foot one made of solid gold encrusted with diamonds, and that was a very small example of the jewels. From the obscenely opulent to the obscenely cruel and distressing, the killing fields and the genocide museum.

Next a bus to Battenbam. We chatted to one of the attendants at the bus station who said he had a friend who would meet us there with his Tuk tuk . The poverty was very

notable as we travelled through the countryside, hovels with walls of palm leaves and roofs of plastic sheet and litter everywhere. The bus driver spent the first two hours yawning, biting his hand, pulling out his eyebrows, and driving with one or no hands on the wheel as he hung his head out the window. When we stopped for a break I was glad to see him drinking coffee. We arrived in torrential rain and were pleased to see a Mr Han Houn with a sign saying welcome Helen Young and Anne Xoung.

Battenbam was like something from the 1950s and more authentically Cambodian. We agreed to meet Han in the morning who took us to the Bamboo railway, flat beds on wheels so designed that you could take it off the rails when you met something coming the other way, as we did. We sped through the countryside at 30mph. Next a visit to the killing caves this time again on the back of a motorbike, the drivers wore helmets but not us passengers. The Cambodian people were very friendly, on our return we met a man who said he ran a school and wanted us to go and converse with his pupils in English. Helen went, and three hours later I was in my room thinking why did I let my daughter go off with a stranger on the back of his motorcycle to who knows where, and I had no means of communicating with her. Fortunately he was kosher and she came back having taught correct pronunciation, including to an American student volunteer!

After a few more days of sightseeing by pushbike we got a bus to Siem Reap and a lovely hostel called Jasmine Lodge. We got a three-day ticket for the Ankor Wat site, the first two days we went by tuk tuk. On the first day the driver also took us to the floating village which included a floating Catholic Church. On the second day we got up at 4.30am so we could see the sunrise over Ankor Wat. Day three we did by bike, around 35 miles on a boneshaker with poor brakes and no gears in temperatures in the high 30s. We visited Ta Prohm

which had been swallowed up by trees and was used in the 'Tomb Raiders' film. Our final stop was a four star hotel I had booked near the airport, amidst the limousines we turned up in a tuk tuk, I have to say my one dollar curry at Jasmine Lodge was better than the hotel food which included rancid butter at breakfast.

On our outward journey we were given boarding passes at Heathrow for both legs of our flight to Hanoi. At Seam Reap airport we were told we would have to get those for the second flight at Kuala Lumpur airport, however, as we sat in the departure lounge the clerk turned up with the boarding passes for our second flight, what a nice service. If you have to have a seven-hour wait Kuala Lumpur airport is not a bad place to do it, not crowded, a nice central area with trees and water feature open to the elements and areas with comfy sofas for viewing films. We opted for 'Cars' (Helen bought me 'Cars 2' for Xmas).

Anne Young

A Trip to China

Fifteen years ago, having seen programmes about China, we decided to go to see all those wonders ourselves. It had to be a package holiday as we cannot speak or read the language. We were a small group of 18 when we flew to Beijing. We met our guide at the airport. This particular tour provided local guides at every stop so they were able to give us good local knowledge. On our first day we visited The Great Wall which was some way out of the city. We were dropped at a part where we could get on the wall and then walked along it for about five kilometres. We could see the wall continuing in both directions away from us always on the top of the mountains. There were forts every half kilometre, most in good repair. Not many people walked along the wall, so it was a special experience.



The Great Wall.

Our second visit was to the Forbidden City. To get there we went through Tiananmen Square which was crowded with visitors, many of them from other parts of China. They



The Terracotta Army.

were very curious about us and wanted to take photos with us, having not seen Europeans before. Many tried to get children, who were learning English in school, to talk to us! The Forbidden City was magical. It was the home of the Emperor, his family and the seat of government and was full of amazing ornate buildings. There were stone lions to guard the entrances and the ones beside the throne held a large stone which would drop on the head of anyone approaching the Emperor!

The next day we flew to Xi'an to see the terracotta warriors. The television pictures had not prepared us for this spectacular sight. This Chinese army was lined up in ranks to protect the Emperor in the next life. Each soldiers' face was



The Temple of Heaven.



Pandas in the Breeding Centre.

different. Some were kneeling to work their long-bows and others were preparing to fire their weapons. There were also horses and chariots. Incredibly The site has not yet been fully excavated. There were also treasures in the town which was a walled city and contained the beautiful Temple of Heaven.

We went on to Chengdu and visited the Panda Breeding Centre. The adult pandas just sat around eating bamboo, but the young ones played in the trees. We had a trip on the Li river where the fishermen used cormorants to catch fish for them! We also had a five-day trip on a small cruise ship along the Yangtse River. This was in a valley, the sides of which were occupied by small farms managed by farming families. However, a large dam was built near the mouth of the river which then flooded the valley. The farmers were given the option to move to land near the top of hill or to go to the city of Shanghai. Our guide on this trip had lived on a farm and decided to move to the city but his parents had moved to a new farm. The trip ended at the dam which was enormous. We had several days exploring Shanghai and also Hong Kong. Then we flew back to Beijing and so back to England.

I have just given a short summary of our trip to this wondrous country and not mentioned many of the places we visited, the delightful people we met and all the delicious food we ate. The cities were prosperous but there was poverty outside of them. Everywhere there were amazing buildings and stories told. It's a very large country and we only saw a small part of it but will never forget it.

Pam West

Our holiday home

One sunny Friday in January my husband, my sister, my brother in law and I caught the overnight ferry to France. The following day we bought a French cottage, fully furnished, with a large garden and rudimentary sanitation. The cottage was in a cul de sac on the outskirts of the village of Trédion in Southern Brittany. Our nearest neighbours only spoke Breton, there was a bar and boules patch nearby and, on Sunday mornings there were regular 'pop pop' sounds as the locals went into the woods to catch their Sunday lunch.

The village itself was well provided with amenities – school, church, post office, library, boulangerie, wine merchant, numerous small bars and two 'restaurants'. Chez Dédé was a bar/restaurant which provided a three course lunch (wine included) for less than £5. It was a stopping off place for travelling salespeople and the 'go to' place for workers in the local factory. We never understood how they managed to get back to work as a lunch at Chez Dédé necessitated an afternoon nap for us.

The main road out of the village passed the bottom of our lane and had surprising historical connections. In June 1944 the French SAS Parachutists combined with the local maquis to attack the German forces locally. A grave commemorating one of the parachutists who was killed in the action can still be seen today. Further along the same road is Trédion's

chateau, complete with moat and, more recently, the road appeared on television as the Tour de France passed by.

Our life in France had two distinct aspects – enjoying the food, the seaside and the elegant shops in the nearby town of Vannes contrasted with the tasks involved in updating and maintaining a second home. Rewiring, installing two toilets and hacking down grass were all part of the experience and a trip to the Déchetterie (Dumpit Site) after a DIY session was very exciting. Over the years transport links improved, new houses were built and a large supermarket appeared in the village five kilometres away. Tredion, however, did not lose its charm and it was only the demands of upkeep, coupled with Covid, that forced us into the reluctant decision to sell our house in France.

Christine Markham



The house in the village of Trédion.

Incredible Journeys

Long before Jonathan PW came to Sheffield he had made another voyage of discovery and we began extracts from his diaries in the last issue. Welcome to the second part below.

This extract is from my travels in Greece during which time the Greeks and the Turks were fighting over Cyprus. Fortunately, I had a college friend studying modern Greek in Thessaloniki. I stayed there longer than expected as the Greek/Turkish border was closed and even the British Consul was left guessing as to whether there would be an evacuation. They even tested the air raid sirens in the city whilst I was there!

Patras 18th November 1967

Apart from the Roman amphitheatre and an 11th century castle there is not much to see. However, I did go into a Greek Orthodox Church whilst a service was on which was most interesting. They have more candles and incense than the Roman Church and I coughed when I first went in, it was so powerful. There was a man and two boys who kept up a long chanting, only stopping for a few words from the priest, then the chanting again, the people standing doing nothing. The service certainly had an Eastern flavour.

Delphi 21st November 1967

The site itself is very beautiful with a deep gorge between us and the sea and 9,000ft mountains rising up behind us, there are hot springs here and it is easy to believe how the ancients considered this spot to be sacred.

Delphi 22nd November 1967

Delphi has some of the finest ruins I have seen this side of Mexico. There is the ruined Temple of Apollo where the oracle was given out – it was told by drunken women and their incoherent messages were then interpreted by the

priests. Above the temple there was a large theatre and above that was a very long stadium. All this complex was built going up the hillside which then rose vertically above the stadium and ended in



snow-covered peaks. The whole place was filled with the most tremendous echoes which persisted for two to three seconds. Apparently this too is a place to see in spring, when the almond blossom is out, although at this time of year we competed with the nuthatches for the almonds themselves. It puzzled me for a little while what the continuous tapping was (plus echo) and it turned out to be many of these birds breaking open the nuts on the ruins.

Lamia 24th November 1967

I was given a lift in an old Chevrolet containing a Greek Orthodox priest and his chauffeur. Unfortunately, neither of them spoke English so I could not learn much about the Orthodox Church. I am afraid that I cannot help thinking them rather comical figures with their beards and hair done up under their stove pipe hats, however, they are held in high esteem – women give up their seats to them on the buses. As we were going along, quite a few police saluted us which I thought was a nice gesture, also every church and roadside shrine was a dangerous moment in the car as the priest and his chauffeur made very elaborate gestures as they crossed themselves.

Salonika 25th November 1967

This was another glorious drive as we went through a valley with the Ossa Mountains on one side and Mount Olympus on the left, high and snow-covered, looking very majestic with the sun glistening on the ice, 8,000ft above us. I do not

know about the ancient Greek mythology, but if I was a God I should choose my home in a somewhat warmer area.

Salonika 29th November 1967

We had an early start to the day and looked round an old Roman church, now used as a museum. After that we did some more Byzantine and earlier churches. These are all interesting as the early ones started off as Christian, in the 16th century they were overrun by the Turks and used as mosques and since 1912 have been Christian again. Thus on many of them there are added minarets and Turkish inscriptions.

Salonika 30th November 1967

This morning we got up early and went to the museum where we met one of the English girls; we had to find a man with a key who took us to a special old church with some fantastic 14th century frescoes. It was a tiny church and somehow the Turks had missed desecrating them and the colours on a few of them were fantastic. They depicted, on the upper layer, the life of Jesus in about 12 pictures, and then underneath these there was another set depicting the miracles he performed. At the bottom there were many pictures of saints. After seeing this, as we were high on the hill already, we decided to climb up even higher to a monastery where St Paul was supposed to have stayed when he came here. There was an ikon here from the 14th century plus many others. After this we came down to another tiny church which has a very early Christian mosaic, also from the 14th century. This was in excellent condition as it had been covered by plaster for 1,000 years and only found in 1920. All these churches were really Byzantine although they were built on even earlier sites – at first glance the churches look new from the outside because the bricks and plaster they are built from keep their colour very well and do not grey with age like our churches.

Jonathan Powell-Wiffen

The Toad in the Park

The first Toad in Endcliffe Park was created by sculptor Jason Thomson in 1997, reflecting the theme of celebrating nature. It was provided with joint support from the Off the Shelf Literary Festival and the Sheffield Wildlife Trust. It was carved in wood and featured a toad resting on a pile of books, one of which he was reading. It was placed between the playground and the café and was a great success with children who loved to sit on it. However, by 2012 the toad had rotted away and so Jason produced a second toad but by 2024 this too had succumbed to the forces of nature and it was agreed by Friends of The Porter Valley that a new, more durable, Toad was required.



From an initial meeting with Jason on February 9th 2024, a metal replacement was commissioned. The Chair of FoPV, Anne Le Sage, and Andy Phillips of Sheffield Parks Department met regularly with Jason throughout the year. Jason and Anne also worked with pupils at Greystones Primary School, a particularly rewarding aspect of the project. Jason reported news of the process of creation of the new Toad, from initial drawing to the finished Toad to the attention of park users with a series of bulletins outside the café, from an initial drawing to a full-size model in polystyrene. This was taken to the foundry, painted with ceramic paint, and cast.

The cost was paid from the proceeds of the Easter Duck Race and public subscription. Then, on December 5th, the new metal Toad was delivered on a truck with a crane and is now in situ for all to admire. It is attracting lots of interest and positive comment and is already loved by many children. The books on which the toad is resting are all named. It will not surprise you that one of them is 'Wind in the Willows', but all of them have an appropriate title. Do look for these if you go to see it.

Pam West

Save the Date
Saturday 11th October
An Evening with the
Sheffield Chamber Choir
in aid of the St Augustine's
Organ Fund





St Augustine's is proud to have become part of the Inclusive Church movement whose shared vision is:

"We believe in inclusive Church — church which does not discriminate, on any level, on grounds of economic power, gender, mental health, physical ability, race or sexuality. We believe in Church which welcomes and serves all people in the name of Jesus Christ; which is scripturally faithful; which seeks to proclaim the Gospel afresh for each generation; and which, in the power of the Holy Spirit, allows all people to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Jesus Christ."





Uniformed Groups

Groups are sponsored by St Augustine's and meet at the HQ at 17 Botanical Road. Enquiries about any of the Scout sections should be made to the Group Scout Leader: www.59thsheffield.org.uk

Beavers for age 6-8 yrs
www.59thsheffield.org.uk

Wednesdays 5.30

Cubs for age 8-10 yrs
www.59thsheffield.org.uk

Wednesdays 6.45

Scouts for age 10-14 yrs
www.59thsheffield.org.uk

Mondays 7.30
 Thursdays 7.15

We hope you enjoy reading this magazine and that it gives you a bit more of an insight into the life and work of this parish. If you have any comments or ideas please get in touch with Pam West (Editor).
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