

# St Augustine's Today



## Autumn 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.achurchnearyou.com](http://www.achurchnearyou.com)

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](http://www.endcliffechurch.co.uk)



# Calendar

## September to November 2025

We celebrate the Parish Eucharist every Sunday. Activities are provided for children in the Hall led by our children's worker and materials for children of all ages is available at the back of church. Keep up to date with the weekly notices emailed to your in-box.

### September

7th	Trinity 12	Ela Nutu Hall
14th	Trinity 13	Bishop Richard
21st	Trinity 14	Ela Nutu Hall
28th	HALF MARATHON AND 10k RUN NO SERVICE	

### October

5th	Parish Eucharist including the Baptism of Vivian	Mike West Marsden
12th	<b>HARVEST SUNDAY##</b>	Ela Nutu Hall
19th	Trinity 18	Bishop Richard
26th	Bible Sunday	Ela Nutu Hall

### November

2nd	All Saints and All Souls	Ela Nutu Hall
9th	<b>REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY</b>	Mike West
16th	2nd before Advent	Bishop Richard
23rd	Christ the King	Ela Nutu Hall
30th	Advent Sunday	Mike West

## Bring Harvest Gifts which we will donate to the Cathedral's Archer Project. Food, both fresh and packets; warm clothes for men and women of all sizes.

## Early Warning Christmas dates

Sunday 21st December 7pm Lessons and Carols by Candle Light

24th December at 11.30pm First Communion of Christmas  
Christingle date and time to be arranged.



### Balm

Leaves and trunk flame-gold,  
tinged from the setting sun -  
spreading joy and peace  
calming worries  
glorifying the Creator,  
reminder of His presence  
everywhere, any time,  
here, for me, now.

Joy Tobler

# Message from Ela

## Back to School...

When Jesus was 12 years old, he and his parents went up to Jerusalem as usual for the festival of the Passover. When the festival was ended and they started to return, the boy Jesus stayed behind in Jerusalem, but his parents did not know it. [...] After three days they found him in the temple, sitting among the teachers, listening to them and asking them questions. And all who heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. And Jesus increased in wisdom and in years and in divine and human favour.

(The Gospel according to Luke, Chapter 2, verses 41 to 52)

### Did Jesus go to school?

Luke's mention of Jesus's growth and development is important, because it marks a significant part of Christ's human path. In other words, Jesus, too, needed to learn things (and the theology behind it is quite complex). So, what do we know about his schooling?

The Bible is nowhere explicit about whether Jesus went to school or not. Yet, even lacking clear data on this, the Christian imagination has developed quite a strong tradition of Christ 'among the Doctors' (as in 'teachers'). Anyone with an online search engine will find countless depictions of the scene in Luke 2 (including a number of rather interesting 14th century tiles held by the British Museum that contain images of Jesus's early childhood, including school scenes; showing his reaction to teachers and to a fellow pupil who bullied him, supposedly!).



An example of such depictions of 'Christ among Doctors' is Matthias Stom's, seen here.



Matthias Stom, Christ among the Doctors (1635-39) Private Collection

Based on Luke 2.41-52 (above), Jesus is frequently depicted as teaching the teachers; a young genius amongst learned elders, who are 'amazed at his understanding'. Not a particularly helpful representation of Jesus, but it emerged from our desire always to make sense of Jesus's dual nature, divine and human; all knowing and yet increasing in wisdom here on earth, as mentioned by Luke.

The whole notion may be debatable, but the biblical narratives do place Jesus in contexts in which his literacy seems evident (for example, in Luke 4.16-21 Jesus reads from a scroll in the synagogue; in John 8.6-8 he writes on the earth; and he is often addressed as 'Teacher'). And Jesus is likely to have been familiar with both Hebrew (the language of the scriptures) and Aramaic (the common language).

Looking at it from a historical perspective, we can assume quite safely that Jesus would have attended the local synagogue school, like the other boys in his community. In Jesus' context (1st century Palestine), all children would begin learning about Jewish culture and history at home, from their parents, and then typically the boys would start attending classes at the local synagogue from around the age of six. There they would be taught to read and write – with the Scriptures (the Hebrew Bible / Old Testament) being the set text-books – as well as some history and elementary sciences and maths. The education was free, and available to all school-age Jewish boys irrespective of their standing in society. Girls, however, were not allowed to go to school. They were expected to continue their education at home, primarily from their mothers, and pertaining mainly to domestic matters.

I do thank God that things have changed for girls since.

As a child, I always liked school and looked forward to going back each September. (By the way, isn't it interesting that in the Northern Hemisphere, September is symbolic of the start of the school year whilst in the Southern Hemisphere the school year corresponds more or less with the calendar year? In Australia, for example, school follows a roughly February-to-December timeline. Likely to do with weather patterns, as well as cultural contexts... But I digress!)

So, I enjoyed school as a little girl. For me it was lot of fun and quite rewarding (even given the 'key to the city' for my achievements; and I also got to meet the President on national news – a rather sad claim to fame). When a little older, however (and my homework a little heavier), my fervour diminished somewhat. What started with a few years of excitement (getting new school supplies was better than Christmas – yes, I was a bit of a nerd) evolved into... well,

work. (For a while, my report cards were not particularly complimentary about my behaviour, let's just say.) And yet, those who know me are also aware that I remained in education for quite some time (!).

I owe taking this path primarily to my Grandmother, who raised me. Having suffered a great deal under the Communist regime, she used to say, 'the only things nobody can take away from you are your skills and your education'. So, I listened and persisted... and really found much joy in it.

As I write this, my own children (a girl and a boy) are getting ready for the start of their new school year, with excitement and a little apprehension (GCSCs... need I say more?). How time flies.

I am praying for them, as I pray for all children and students at whatever their stage of learning, particularly those we know. I pray for enthusiasm and clarity, for ease of understanding, for healthy friendships and good fun. And I pray for teachers and all educators, that they maintain the love and patience necessary for their job; and for them to be given the resources they need to make positive impacts on those they teach, leading to growth and development.

Have a good school/academic year, everyone!

*With love and blessings,  
Ela*



# Who's who at St Augustine's

Ela Nutu Hall  
is our  
Priest-in-  
Charge

She can be  
contacted on  
07595 087 441



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



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



They can all be contacted on  
[staugustines.endcliffe@gmail.com](mailto:staugustines.endcliffe@gmail.com)  
to enquire about banns, weddings and other  
services.



# Organ Matters

Regular readers will know we plan to have our wonderful Keates pipe organ rebuilt, preserving it for future generations and that the work is scheduled to start mid-2026 and take about six months to complete. Although that's still some way off, we haven't been idle! Below are some of the things that we have been working on in the background.

## Funding

We have had a fantastic response from our congregation for donations and pledges – thanks to all those who have given so generously – and in February we were delighted to receive confirmation of a grant of £30,000 from the Sheffield Church Burgesses Trust. Together with money from a legacy given a few years ago, it means we are now over two thirds of the way to our target of £150,000. Amazing!

But we don't stop there. In the past few months, Michelle and Fred have been beavering away at grant applications to some other Trust Funds and Foundations and this work will continue through the autumn. At the time of writing we don't know how much this will raise and there will almost certainly still be a small funding gap to fill next year, but we are confident it can be achieved. If you would like to



donate, please use the Sum-Up machine in church for small donations (less than £50). For larger payments bank transfer is better – contact the wardens for details.

### **The organ chamber**

One of the problems we have to deal with is that the organ chamber is in a poor state and it will be quite a big building job to sort out the broken floor, corroded heating pipes and the crumbling plaster. It will need scaffolding inside the organ chamber and the work can't start until the organ has been taken out, but in the meantime Viv and Christopher are getting quotes from builders and the necessary permissions from the church authorities. There is also work to be done to stop the damp getting in and this autumn you will see the external stonework being repointed and the organ chamber roof being repaired before the winter rains.

Finally, thanks to those who helped with a clear-out of a lot of things which had accumulated inside the organ chamber over the years – a messy job, but really useful.

### **Katia Farn**

One of our driving principles is that the organ should be a resource for students and young people who need somewhere to practise, and we were pleased this summer to offer free use of the organ to Katia Farn. Kat hails from Sheffield and is currently studying composition at Birmingham Conservatoire. She is a prolific composer and a talented organist and recitalist and she has her own YouTube channel (@thekathal) which includes some recordings made at St Augustine's. You can also hear Kat (and some of our other organists) putting the organ through its paces on our organ webpage <https://organ91.wordpress.com/>

Peter Verity

## Mi Amigo

We are pleased to announce that the RAFA have kindly paid for a new display cabinet to hold Mi Amigo items such as the stained glass image of the plane donated by the Kreigshauser family in 2024.



# Sheffield Chamber Choir

JOIN US ON SATURDAY 11TH  
OCTOBER AT 7.30

## FOR AN EVENING OF BEAUTIFUL SACRED MUSIC SUNG BY SHEFFIELD CHAMBER CHOIR

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT WEBB AND  
ACCOMPANIED BY ORGANIST ADAM HERON  
ADAM HERON WILL ALSO BE GIVING AN ORGAN  
RECITAL ON NOVEMBER 22ND AT 7.30

All proceeds will go towards fundraising for the rebuild  
and refurbish of our historic Keates organ

For more details and ticketing see  
[https://www.facebook.com/  
ShefChambChoir/?locale=en\\_GB](https://www.facebook.com/ShefChambChoir/?locale=en_GB)

## A public recognition poll

A new poll has found people in the UK are more likely to identify correctly a short extract from the Lord's Prayer than one from the National Anthem and other sources chosen for their deep cultural resonance. The polling, carried out for the Church of England, also found the reference in the prayer to being forgiven and forgiving others was the element people found most meaningful to them.

Pollsters Savanta surveyed more than 2,000 people across the UK. They asked them to match seven famous lines, spanning areas ranging from literature and history to popular culture, with their source, from a list of correct answers. The phrase from the Lord's Prayer was recognised correctly by the largest number of people, (80.3 %), just ahead of the Star Wars theme, (79.9%). They were followed by Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' (73%) and an extract from the National Anthem (63%). These were followed by a line from Churchill's 'The Few' speech (61%) and 'You'll Never Walk Alone' (58%), although this must have scored higher in Liverpool!

Overall 89% of those surveyed said that they had previously heard of the Lord's Prayer or of Our Father. This was highest among those who described themselves as Christian's (95%) but also also by 88% of those who said they had no religion.

The Archbishop of York, Stephen Cottrell, is currently leading a 'Lord's Prayer Tour' of events at churches and cathedrals across the north of England attended by thousands of people, as part of his 'faith in the North' initiative. He said: "In a world of shifting cultures and changing circumstances, the Lord's Prayer remains a steady guide, perhaps more so now than ever. Lines like 'Give us this day our daily bread' speak powerfully to today's challenges,



reminding us to seek sufficiency, not excess, and to consider what 'enough' really means."

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**As September is the start of school for so many young people we thought that memories of the first school by some of our congregation would be of interest. We hope you enjoy reading them.**

### **My First School**

This was St Andrew's School on the edge of Ham Common. It was a short walk from home and I went by myself from the start. It was a one-form entry Infant and Junior School. The infants were in a two class off-shoot from the junior school. The first classroom had high windows so we could not see out and was heated by a large metal stove. There were four pictures on the walls illustrating the four seasons. I sat beneath autumn which showed a harvest scene of people with sheaves of corn, hardly relevant for a school on the edge of London!

There was a play yard outside which we infants shared with the junior girls. The boys played on the other side of the building being too rough to be with us! The toilets were on the far side of the yard (and not to be desired.) We were given milk at play time and this was poured from big jugs into our individual cups. We had to bring a cup from home and my Grandma gave me a particularly pretty one (of which I was very proud). These were placed on the top of the stove so we had warm milk.

The teachers of the infants seemed to be good friends as they came to school together and both spent any spare time knitting. They both wore hand-knitted skirts and tops, which I found fascinating as my mother did not knit. The first



This building was my school and is now a Catholic Church. The infant rooms are at the far end and the roof has been raised.

teacher taught basic skills. I remember the cards she held up illustrating phonics, a for apple etc. I cannot remember how we got from there to books, but I soon became a prolific reader. We also learnt basic arithmetic and had sum books. We joined the second class for singing and learnt some traditional songs as well as nursery rhymes. The school day always ended with story

time. If the weather was nice we would each take a rush mat out onto the common and sit under the trees to read or do craft work and have a story. We always enjoyed that. The school moved to a new building when a new estate was built but the building is still there. It is now a Catholic church.

Pam West

## Some Primary School Memories

I started school after Easter 1937 at a school in a small town west of Manchester. Back then mothers were expected to leave their children at the school gates. I was a reluctant pupil and remember being hauled loudly protesting across the playground by a teacher. One day my Mother gave me some daffodils to take. My memories of that day were of the headmistress, a buxom little person with grey hair and big pearl earrings, dragging me in to a classroom with a roaring fire surrounded by a big metal fire guard and a big rocking horse in the corner. What happened after that is a mystery, but it was the last time I protested. Very soon after that I announced that I was going to be a teacher when I grew up. I have no further infant school memories.

In 1939 war was declared as I moved to the junior school.

My life there seemed to be full of exciting things like air raid practises, when we sat in the shelters and chanted tables or sang songs to pass the time. I do not remember any daytime raids while in school. Another thing we did was sit in the classroom with our gas masks on doing lessons. I suppose this was to familiarize us with wearing them. As an artistic child I also painted posters to decorate the school hall for Warships Week or Spitfire Week when we collected money to help the war effort.

We must have done some 'real work' too as in 1943 I was lucky to be one of a record number in our school to pass the scholarship, as it was then called, to be able to go to the Grammar School.

About 15 years after that first day I nervously walked across the same playground to start my 40-year-long teaching career. The fire, fire goad and rocking horse were still there.

Marjorie Jowett

### **Mini Memories of my Primary School**

My very first school was just across the road in a big old house, run by an elderly spinster. My only memory of it is of the cellar where we went to play on wet days. It was cold, dark and damp, with a slippery ramp down into it, slippery, uneven floor and slimy walls. It was horrible but we always raced to get down there!

We moved and my next school, aged eight, was a purpose built school with many classrooms and a hall-cum-gym. We'd never had gym or games at our first school, so I felt very awkward and disadvantaged in that respect.

It seemed, however, that I was over-advantaged on the academic side and would have fitted in with the year above;

but for the disadvantage of being two days too young. So when it came to reading down a list of words, I managed very happily, further than others in my class, but got stumped on 'idiosyncrasy'; a word I have loved ever since!

My strongest memory from that time, though, is getting off the bus on my way home from school one day and hearing a passenger getting on, tell the conductor, 'The King is Dead!'

Joy Tobler

## My first days at school

My parents met as students in an evening school in book-keeping. They were both bright and ambitious and knew that their basic education (which ended at age 14) would limit their careers. Before leaving to bring me into the world Mum was Private Secretary to the Managing Director of a large dairy company. After passing many exams Dad was the Company Secretary of an engineering firm.



Mike West

I report their histories to explain why they chose to pay for me to attend private

Nursery and Junior schools, to launch my ambitions. I started at The Mall School, Teddington in the summer term of my fourth birthday. It was the lower part of a girls' junior school, run by two sisters in a large converted house. The infants class was in the newly built extension. I progressed well

and soon became an avid reader, visiting the town library every Saturday. Not long after I began there was an air raid warning so the whole school had to cram into the cellar for what seemed like hours. Perhaps the most character forming experience of those years was the journey to school. This involved a quarter mile path through an active gravel pit and two bridges across the River Thames. I think my Mother took me in the first term but later another mother took over. Before I was eight years old I would often make the journey, especially at the end of the school day, by myself.

The Mall School only took boys in its infant classes so aged eight I moved to a private boys school, Denmead in Hampton. This was squeezed into a converted house which also was home to the head and her husband. The school had recently purchased the gymnasium and sports field of the local girls Grammar School. I enjoyed the fully equipped gym which was also home to the school Cub Pack. We used the hockey equipment left behind by the girls school, further delaying my introduction to football.

On the negative side there was no music teaching and the singing I had enjoyed earlier stopped, leaving a mark on my singing ever since. I suspect that many of the teachers were not fully trained, certainly my first was in his 'gap' year but the small classes and enthusiastic teaching delivered my parents goal of an 11+ place in a Grammar School.

The character forming experience at The Mall school was considerably extended. The journey began across the gravel pits and bridges, followed by half mile along the high street to Teddington station where I caught the train to Hampton – all by myself. Such independence and responsibility created many opportunities for other non-educational activities. I was given a bike for my eighth birthday and thereafter rode the three and a half miles to and from school, partly through

Bushey Park which extended opportunities for 'creative play'. I enjoyed my education in these two small schools with small classes though I expect the syllabus might not meet current standards. I learned to enjoy reading books of all types and was not afraid of calculations which propelled me into the Grammar School. There is not space to report on my growing suspicion about authority associated with the independence I acquired by the journeys to and from school.

Mike West

## School Dinners



Viv Smith

My first school was a primary school in South Devon which had several scary teachers including the Head Teacher, dressed in tweed, called Miss Fleet. There were two classes per year and the average size of our class was 44 so the school had about 500 pupils. My strongest memory is of school dinners. Each class had to line up along the corridor which was open at one side and so you were exposed to all kinds of weather. I didn't really enjoy the dinners, especially the banana custard, I always asked for the custard without the brown floating bits of banana. It was served out

of what seemed to be a vast cauldron – yuk – but you had to eat everything. If you didn't the dinner ladies would make you sit there until you had. This meant you were there when the older children came in for their dinner, very embarrassing. The only solution was to carefully line up what you didn't



want in a line along the plate and place your knife and fork over the top to hide it. However, there is evidence of me allegedly enjoying my Christmas dinner at school, I think I was probably six, as this picture appeared in the local paper.

Viv Smith

## My infant school

My family tell me I don't listen when they give me information. Whether or not that it is true it may explain why I found myself at the age of five in the middle of a class of children, wearing my brand new (two sizes too big – you'll grow into it) navy gabardine and not having a clue why I was there. My mother had disappeared, the rest of the children were busy working and I had made this grand entrance on my own after the term had started.



Christine Markham

A very nice lady approached me and settled me down with a slate and some coloured chalks. (Yes, I am that old.) She sat me next to a boy who was drawing a very impressive picture of a wolf. I did some random scribbles and, whilst the boy next to me was given a bar of chocolate for best picture, I was also given chocolate as it was my first day. After that we went into the school yard for play time and the boys tore around yelling whilst the girls skipped. I stood in a corner not sure what was going on. My school life continued in a structured pattern – walk with my Mother up Argyle Road to Carfield Infants, attend morning school, go home at lunch time, walk back up Argyle Road,

attend afternoon school, walk back home. I was always accompanied by my Mother so she got plenty of exercise. She must have found it very tedious. I was more vehement – I HATED SCHOOL.

The school was a one storey stone building, you began at one entrance, spent a term or two in a classroom and then moved on to the next one, continuing the process until you reached the other end of the building and 'moved up' to the Junior School. I can remember very little about my time at Carfield Infants but I was a sickly child who had the full range of childish ailments and became adept at taking a long time to recover from each ailment so I probably wasn't at school all that much anyway.

SPOILER ALERT. I liked Junior School – most of the time

Christine Markham

## The Incredible Journeys of Jonathon Powell Wiffen... continued

This extract is when I moved out of my European comfort zone into Turkey with a different faith and language. Prior to the internet, researching a route east of Istanbul was not easy, especially the timing along unknown roads and, in spite of all my efforts, I had never considered Ramadan in my planning! Now I am glad that I experienced it.

### **Istanbul December 3rd 1967**

We first visited the Sultanahmet or Blue Mosque, which was breathtaking. We left our shoes (by we, I mean the two Canadians and myself) at the entrance and went in under a heavy leather flap over the entrance. Inside there



The Blue Mosque.

was a huge congregation, all kneeling on the carpets and frequently prostrating themselves towards Mecca. There was also strict segregation with the men all in front and no women allowed in front of the men. The inside was mainly of blue tiles with beautiful stained glass windows and a large dome, beautifully decorated with frescoes. The light was very clear and there was a very elevating feeling inside – perhaps something to do with walking on the soft carpets without heavy shoes on!

We did not learn until this evening that the reason for the large congregation was because today is the start of Ramadan, the festival where they fast for 30 days during the day. The Muslim year has only 360 days, so this comes round earlier each year and this year goes on to New Year's Day, just my luck to be here at this time although in Istanbul it obviously is not very well-observed, although apparently in the small villages it is very strictly observed and it is impossible to get a meal at lunchtime.

We next went on to see the Aya Sofia – the Byzantine



Aya Sophia.

church built in the 6th century and really the model for all succeeding Byzantine architecture. It has massive walls and buttresses holding up a large dome in the middle. However, it looks as though it is nearer collapsing than York Minster, with many cracked glass tell-tales around the place.

Because it was a Christian church from 1453 the Turks have let it go and only recently started to do any repairs to it as it is a good tourist spot. There are many marble pillars inside, some brought from Alexandria and Ephesus. There are a few mosaics left now because the Turks plastered most of them over or systematically destroyed them, they also added minarets all round. Inside the feeling of space was enormous but we all felt a little uneasy as some of the pillars were leaning over and cracked in a very dangerous fashion.

I next visited the last great mosque here (there are over 300 if you want to be thorough), it is called Suleymaniye Mosque and is supposed to be one of the noted buildings of the world as regards architecture. It is up on a hill, and like St Sofia has four huge walls supporting a dome. It has beautiful tiles, inscriptions and stained glass windows.

### **Near Aksaray December 5th 1967**

I found out that Moslems are allowed to break Ramadan when they go on a journey so we had two apples all day until we stopped at 8pm for the evening meal! After soup (made from milk) we had meat, beans and rice, twice over – I was full after the first round, but they insisted I had another to make up for no lunch. After this we stayed in the restaurant for an hour, letting the digestive system tackle this huge meal.

The Syrian who brought me down was exceptionally friendly and nice – he spoke English, having a wife in New York, besides one in Damascus, although he had not seen his NY one for over a year. I have learnt a lot about the Muslim religion, it is surprisingly similar to the Jewish code over the types of food they can eat, and both races are descended from Abraham. Jesus is just a prophet to them and the tenet of 'love thy neighbour' is the same in the Muslim and Christian religions. I am glad I am not here during Ramadan in summer – think of having to wait until after 10 to eat.

Another observation about the mosques in Istanbul. At night, between the minarets are strung lights which are lit up to show the word Allah. My first evening there I saw these, plus the new crescent moon – the symbol of Turkey, which really seemed most apt.

Jonathon Powell-Wiffen



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](http://www.59thsheffield.org.uk)

**Beavers** for age 6-8 yrs  
[www.59thsheffield.org.uk](http://www.59thsheffield.org.uk)

Wednesdays 5.30

**Cubs** for age 8-10 yrs  
[www.59thsheffield.org.uk](http://www.59thsheffield.org.uk)

Wednesdays 6.45

**Scouts** for age 10-14 yrs  
[www.59thsheffield.org.uk](http://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).  
[pam.west23@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:pam.west23@tiscali.co.uk)

## Contact List

### Priest-in-Charge

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### Associate Priest

The Revd Canon Mike West 266 2188

### Churchwardens

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### Church Hall Bookings

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Catherine Rooker-Brown 0739208 7529

### Director of Music

Peter Verity 250 0509



St. Augustine's – Welcoming All, Following Jesus, Growing Together

[www.achurchnearyou.com](http://www.achurchnearyou.com)