

St Augustine's Today



Spring 2026

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

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

March to May 2026

The Parish Eucharist is celebrated every Sunday at 10.30am.

March

1st	Lent 2	Mike West
8th	Lent 3	Bishop Richard
15th	Lent 4 Mothering Sunday	Ela Nutu Hall
22nd	Passion Sunday	Ela Nutu Hall
29th	Palm Sunday (Half Marathon)	Mike West

April

2nd	Maundy Thursday 7pm Agape Meal Followed by Stripping of the Altar	
3rd	Good Friday 12.00 – 3.00 at St Andrew's Psalter Lane Reflection and Meditation with music	
5th	EASTER DAY	Ela Nutu Hall
12th	Easter 1 + Baptism	Bishop Richard
19th	Easter 2	Ela Nutu Hall
26th	Easter 3	Mike West

May

3rd	Easter 4	Ela Nutu Hall
10th	Easter 5	Bishop Richard
17th	Ascension 1	Ela Nutu Hall
Followed by the Annual Parish Meeting		
24th	Pentecost	Mike West
31st	Trinity Sunday	Ela Nutu Hall

Message from Ela

Creation: Flowers

'The creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the children of God... in hope that the creation itself will be set free from its enslavement to decay and will obtain the freedom of the glory of the children of God'.
(The Letter of Paul to the Romans, 8.19-21)

I don't have a favourite flower. Not if we're talking aesthetics. I may be stereotypical, but I absolutely adore all flowers. Who can resist their beauty? Whether a velvety rose or a fleeting cherry blossom; a full peony or a lovely dandelion; an open tulip or a fragile camelia; a sweet pansy or a resilient snowdrop; a happy daffodil or a sultry petunia? They are all different, and they are all wonderful. There is something about each and every one that makes them beautiful and attractive. Whether it's the colour; the shape; the feel of the petals; their scent... there is always something that attracts. (You can tell that there are very few places where I find joy as much as in nature.)

Moving beyond aesthetics, however, there are four types of flowers that I cannot resist: nicotiana flowers; lilies of the valley; lilacs and magnolia flowers. Nicotiana flowers evoke a primal response in me. We had them in the garden when I was born and, as the story goes, whenever I was crying and fussing as a baby, I would be taken into the garden and I would settle almost immediately by the nicotiana flowers (maybe because of their heady fragrance). And yes, this happened at night, since the flowers only open at dusk. Even now, all my perfume choices have nicotiana undertones; it can't be helped. Interestingly, I hadn't come across them in this country until my first visit to my now parents-in-law; we

arrived in the evening and as we were approaching the front porch of their house, the most amazing scent enveloped me and almost brought tears in my eyes. It had been years since I had last seen and smelled nicotiana flowers and my mother-in-law had them in her garden. Needless to say, I took it as a good omen. I probably married my husband because of those flowers!



Next on my list are lilies of the valley. I would have loved them in my wedding bouquet but couldn't find any. They too grew in our garden, and I always used to get a little posy of them on my birthday, when I was a child. I've tried many times to grow them in our garden here in Sheffield, with no success. (If anyone has any tips, please let me know.)



Lilacs remind me of my late grandmother, who raised me. She had many lilac trees around the garden (and yes, it was her garden that also housed the nicotiana and the lilies of the valley). She loved them, and so did I. She even had still life paintings of lilacs. They were probably her favourite. Our next-door neighbours have a lilac tree in their garden, right by the shared fence, and so I pretend that it's ours... (don't



tell). When in blossom, our whole garden is filled with the fragrance of the flowers, and it brings me both joy and a touch of melancholia, with memories of my beloved grandmother.

And the fourth on my list, the magnolia flowers...? Well, that's another story for another day. I've already shared too much.

Okay, I'll say it: my 'favourite' flowers could not be more different in appearance, but they have a few things in common: they all grow outdoors; most of them are heavily fragrant; they naturally bloom for a very short window in the year; and they are all connected to some of my key memories. They are dear to me not merely because of their qualities but also, and perhaps more importantly, because of what they signify.

God's creation, our world, is so beautiful in its diversity. As we appreciate the beauty of creation in nature, I wish that we could also better recognise the beauty of creation in ourselves and in one another. And I also wish that humanity

would become better caretakers of all that God has given us. That's a good prayer for Lent, wouldn't you say?

I'll finish with this: 'Now the winter is past... The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land'. (Song of Solomon 2.11-12)

*With love and blessings,
Ela*

Starting To Dig

Like Peter Rabbit sensing Mr McGregor's approach
I felt the earth shake to my left
and heard the sound of watery mud squelching
and of boot on spade.

I shivered, wondering how long
I had before that spade hit me,
lifted me out of the ground
and slapped me back, upside down.

I screamed, but the spade and boot
didn't seem to hear as they came closer
and closer. What could I do,
rooted as I was in that one place?

I gave myself up for lost,
until suddenly warm fingers gently
lifted me, and set me to one side,
ready to be lovingly replanted.

Joy Tobler

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 to enquire about banns, weddings and other services.

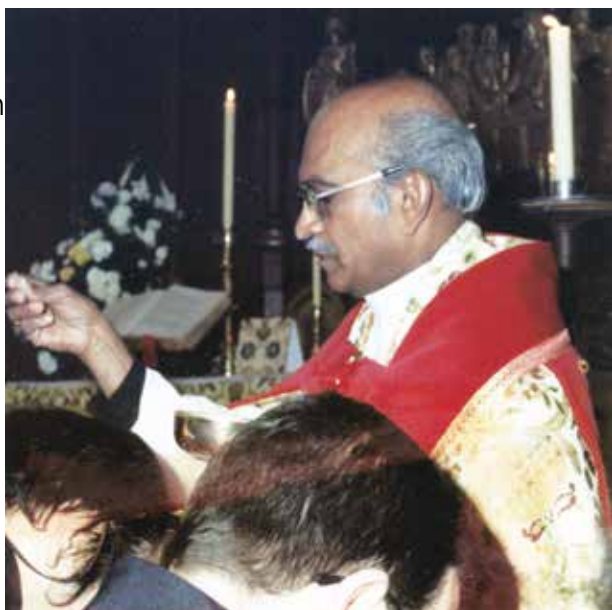


Father Charles 1928 - 2026

After a long illness Father Charles passed away on January 18th. His family name was Charles and he was baptised Charles in Nagercoil, India in 1928. It was never clear when we called him 'Father Charles', which everyone always did, whether we were using his christian name or his family name!

He was Vicar of St Augustine's from 1979 until 1990 when he retired because of his ill health.

He was brought back to Sheffield after 12 years in Birmingham, recruited there by the former Bishop of Singapore. There he introduced the new rules for Church Government including limited



tenure of Church Wardens. Much of the dignified solemnity of our Parish Eucharist was settled in his time.

His marriage had been dissolved in 1973 so he and his two daughters, Mary and Chandra, lived in the upper two floors of the Vicarage on Botanical Road, leaving the ground floor as a Parish Centre. There he established a Counselling Centre patronised especially by desperate students. People who were active in the Church youth group at the time report that "they had the run of the place". Often homeless people slept in the cellar.

After studying at the ecumenical United Theological College in Bangalore he was ordained in 1954 to serve in the Parish of Malacca in Malaysia where, amongst many other activities, he founded an Indian congregation. His second curacy was at St Andrews Cathedral, Singapore. He first came to Britain in 1958 for a year's postgraduate study at Fitzwilliam College Cambridge.

He had earlier impressed the then Archdeacon of Sheffield, Robin Woods, and was appointed Vicar of St Bartholomew, Lower Walkley, Sheffield in 1960. He was the first East Asian priest to be an incumbent in England. Although he seldom spoke of it, he experienced racial prejudice within the church and in the parish. He was a founding member of the Birmingham Community Relations Council and a member of the British Council of Churches Race Relations Unit. In Sheffield he helped found and led the Sheffield Campaign against Racism. He published and lectured on support for people of different races and cultures and contributed to a Hansard paper on Immigrants and Education.

His direct and sometimes demanding Indian style of personal relations may have limited close relations with some members of the church and parish. Those of us who came to St Augustine's after his time were always glad to see him when he worshipped with us and were pleased to be able to give him some support in his later difficult years.

Maureen Fischer

Maureen was a dedicated member of St Augustine's who died recently and whose life was celebrated at a service in January. The following comes from that service.

'When we think of mum, we think of family, it was so important to her. She loved it when we were all together playing numerous different games. One of her favourites being good day Bob. However, she did struggle at Dobble.



Mum was born in 1945 in Sheffield, to parents Olive and Wilf or, as we knew him, Oo. She was christened Patricia Maureen Elce but was known as Maureen, in her later years she also became known as Granny Mo and Margaret. Honestly, I'm surprised she actually knew her official name as we would reel off Maureen, Patricia, Granny Mo and Margaret and amazingly she would answer. We have even invented a fun game in her honour using all her different names which we can all play in the hall after the service...

Mum was raised and educated locally and attended Abbeydale Grammar School for girls. She enjoyed school and achieved some great results in her O Levels. She also represented the school netball team. While chatting to Mike, her cousin, recently it became apparent mum was no angel. He recalls there were quite a few occasions mum would sneak out to go to parties or come home with multi-coloured



Becky Fischer delivering the Eulogy.

nail varnish on, which Granny and Oo did not approve at all. We did come across her end of school leavers' book, in which one of her friends had written. 'If all the boys lived over the sea what a good swimmer Maureen would be'.

Family holidays were spent in Bournemouth visiting the extended family at the beach hut at Sandbanks and spending afternoons playing cards. Some of those she played with on the beach all those years ago are here today. After leaving school mum worked in a dental practice, where she met Helen who became a lifelong friend. Nigel and I recall stories she would tell us about how she, Helen, Nick, Andy and the rest of the crowd would race cars back from Baslow after frequenting the local pubs. There was also a certain occasion when mum had to hide in a wardrobe while in Anglesey. We never quite got to the bottom of why but I'm sure someone here today may know.

She joined Sheffield Publicity in 1971 where she worked on many projects to promote Sheffield as a thriving city – the most iconic one being the ‘City on the Move’ film, which 20 years later featured at the start of ‘The Full Monty’. Mum and Dad had a whirlwind romance and were married here at St Augustine’s in 1972. In 1974, mum gave birth to Nigel and then 18 months later I (Rebecca) arrived.

Mum had always enjoyed visiting different places and did not blink when dad came home one night and announced we were moving to the Seychelles even if she did have to ask where this was. Over the next 12 years we lived in the Seychelles, Lesotho, South Africa, Mauritius, Malta, Barbados, Kenya and Turkey. Mum threw herself into the local life and became a girl guide Leader while in the Seychelles and Mauritius. She also was an active member of the women’s Round Table when we lived in South Africa. While in Mauritius she tried to windsurf but sadly it was not meant to be. I remember dad on numerous occasions sending out the staff to rescue her when she got stranded on the coral reef.



On our trips back to England, mum would drag us to watch numerous musicals as she had a real passion for the theatre. This passion extended to treading the boards herself when she was part of Ecclesall Theatre Company. In the late 80s mum settled back in Sheffield and reconnected with old friends. Wendy, Grace, herself and the two Sues would while away Saturday afternoons drinking cocktails in Henry's. She also loved spending time with Jo and Rob and was over the moon when they asked her to be Godmother to Katie. She joined the coal board in Sheffield and quickly progressed to be office Manager, where she stayed in this role until she retired in 2011. As well as a working mum she enjoyed lots of holidays to Menorca and loved that she could spend the time there with past and present friends and show them the best bits of the island. She spent several New Years down in Henley with Andy and some of the old crowd.



Rev Pip Salmon of Christ Church Pitsmoor.

St Augustine's has been a big part of her life. She was church warden for a number of years and enjoyed the Saturday mornings she spent at church arranging the flowers and catching up on the gossip. Even though this kept her busy after retiring she decided she wanted to keep working in some capacity and joined Christ Church Pitsmoor as Office Manager, where she worked up until a few years ago. She was a doting Granny Mo to Charlotte and Martha and loved

watching and joining in musicals and dance shows the girls had put together. She was their biggest fan in all the different activities they did and loved telling everyone about their achievements. The girls will now each share a poem they have written.

Dear Granny Mo

Through your kindness others bloomed whether on or off stage and with family or friends your presence would always be made.

It made me so proud to have a Granny like you and every day I will remember in my heart you will always stay.

No matter how sad or happy I am your fighting spirit will always remain and remind me of how lucky I am to have a granny with so many names.

Charlotte

Poem to Granny Mo from Martha

Dear Granny Mo

Your hair is so curly, it shines so bright,

You loved me with all your might.

From every step you took,

From helping, caring and loving me.

I will miss you and love you so much but know you will always be with me.

And last but not least mum has been outlived by her adoring cockapoo, Poppy, who has just reached the grand old age of 17 or 95 in human years! I can honestly say Poppy ruled the roost for all those years living in her own bedroom with a double bed at mum's house on Bannerdale Road, (my old teenage bedroom). Mum, thank you for every check-in, every hug, every lesson and for loving us all. We will always love you and will miss you every day'.

Becky Fischer

As this is the Spring edition I asked for contributions on the subject of gardens or gardening. I hope you enjoy the variety I have received.

Garden Memories

As a small child in the early 30s, I moved with my parents from a small house in the Peak District to a semi in Beauchief. From once having a communal yard with about four families sharing, to one with a garden for one family (a lot of my family came from the Peak District).

After a short space of time the rumblings of the Second World War began and dad was called up and assigned to the RAF. I had a place booked for me in the local school. We loved where we lived in Beauchief and were so pleased to have a house with a nice garden which we had never had before. In the intervening years dad had transformed our building plot into a nice garden, complete with a little run for my rabbit, Rinty, and a lawn which was very useful for sitting out and for playing. The houses all had small front gardens where plants and flowers were encouraged to make a colourful show.

Move on a period of time in which the war was gathering pace. Our next move (decreed by the government I think), was to install an air-raid shelter into the top of the garden. This was a small unobtrusive building to go into in the event of bombing getting close to the houses. Our row of houses all had a garden big enough to house a shelter, so all the neighbours set to and before long there was a row of little houses along the top of the gardens. They were set partially in the ground and we put soil and plants on top to hide it. Most people rigged out their shelters very basically, but some

were like little palaces where the occupants could move into without having to forgo the comforts of home. It was quite a nightmare having to get up in the night and decamp up the garden if and when the sirens started. The shelters were made as comfortable and warm as possible and I can still picture ours easily.



The editor wanted a piece about gardens principally and I am afraid I have gone 'off course' by saying how many gardens were put to use this way and didn't revert back to their proper function until much later. Sorry! Please forgive this reversal of use.

Heather Snowden

Note from the editor: This is a memory of a garden which many readers will relate to and if you are too young to remember then it is history!

Ten Of The World's Most Interesting Gardens

1. Oldest – the Sigiriya gardens in Sri Lanka were constructed by King Kashyapa in 477 AD for his mountaintop fortress. They remain the oldest surviving planned gardens in the world, having been carefully maintained by royal dynasties in the 1,600 years since.
2. Largest (area) – the gardens of the Palace of Versailles in France covers 2,000 acres (about three square miles), making them the largest gardens in the world; 2,000 is also the number of fountains at Versailles, which at the time of their opening in 1664 consumed more water per day than the entire city of Paris.
3. Largest (collection) – the Royal Botanical Gardens in Kew, London, has the largest botanical collection in the world, with approximately 17,000 different species at last count and that's



Inside one of the amazing glasshouses at Kew Gardens.

just the living plants – the gardens also have preserved or dried specimens of 8.5 million plants and fungi.

4. Highest – the Pamir Botanical Garden in Tajikistan are 3,500 metres above sea level. That's about two and a half times higher than Ben Nevis. It will come as no surprise that they specialise in Himalayan and other high-altitude plant life.
5. Hottest – the Dubai Miracle Garden in the UAE holds two distinctions – it is both the hottest garden in the world, with temperatures reaching 40 degrees Centigrade in the summer and the world's largest natural flower garden, with over 150 million blooms.
6. Coldest – the Botanical Gardens of Tromsø, Norway, are 1,400 miles from the North Pole, with an average temperature of -4 degrees Centigrade. They are the coldest gardens in the world which do not make use of a greenhouse.
7. Most Expensive – for the 2010 Chelsea Flower Show, a garden named the Ace of Diamonds was created. It was planted exclusively with plants named after jewels, but also featured an array of real diamonds dotted among the plants and paving stones. The final price tag was £20 million.
8. Most Dangerous – the Poison Gardens in Alnwick, Northumberland, are host to over 100 species of poisonous and venomous plants. Gardeners wear hazmat suits, whilst visitors must be supervised at all times and are strictly forbidden from touching or even smelling any of the plants.
9. Most Secure – the Kinabalu National Park in Malaysia is one of the few places on Earth which is home to the extremely endangered Gold of Kinabalu Orchid, which takes 15 years to flower. The section of the Park hosting the orchids is kept under constant surveillance all year.
10. Most Mysterious – the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which are attested to by several ancient sources, are the only one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World whose location is not known. Debate rages as to who might have constructed such gardens and for what purpose, with some historians concluding they were likely mythical.

Tom Pymer

RHS Bridgewater

Last summer my son suggested a visit to the Royal Horticultural Society gardens at Bridgewater near Manchester. As a keen gardener in past years I was delighted. We decided to go in late August, and the entrance was booked, as well as a stay the previous night in a nearby hotel so that we could be there soon after opening time. Since I cannot walk far a mobility scooter was booked for me in the gardens.

The, hotel, one in a large chain, was excellent and within walking distance of the gardens for those who are able.

On arrival I picked up my scooter and, as I had not been before, I joined a conducted tour of the formal gardens.

The gardens were spectacular in their colour and variety and beautifully laid out. The tour guide made it very interesting telling us about the history of the site and about the many groups who visit regularly. Some groups go to work in the gardens as therapy, others volunteer so that they are away from the city for a while. One of my favourite flower beds was a large area of almost pure white hydrangeas which looked like a fluffy cloud. Unfortunately, they did not photograph very well.



Another lovely place was the lily pond with the large green leaves and waxy pink flowers floating on the surface of the water. They reminded me of a Monet painting. Other beds were full of multi-coloured and varied species of flowers which were very popular with the bees and other insects.



There were also large glasshouses which held many interesting plants. They are also used to cultivate more plants for the gardens.

After the tour was over, we met to sample the excellent outdoor café. We then went to the woodland walk towards the Chinese-inspired garden. This was my favourite part of the day. There were so many beautiful trees and plants that it was hard to realise that this was only about four miles from the city centre. The path wound in and out of the trees passing stoney outcrops, streams and small waterfalls. I was inspired to take several photographs there. I later painted a picture from one of these photos at the art group I attend. I was very pleased when a fellow student likened it to RHS Bridgewater. Success! It had been a lovely day. I would love to see the woodland walk in autumn.

Marjorie Jowett

Gardening Leave

March 2016. Overwhelmed by work I hit the red 'stop' button and called time on my job. Too much pressure. Too high expectations. I had lost the ability to take blow after blow and come back for more. So I bowed out. Stress, that's what the doctor called it. Later on it would become gardening leave. In more ways than one. I considered the future. It was hard to imagine what that might look like. I had dedicated the last six years of my life to the job, only to be defeated by it in the end.

Seeking meaning, I stood in the garden, as the rain began to fall. The left-hand side was a lawn, the occasional mowing of which represented the limit of my time, while I had still been employed. On the other side, the right, I gazed at a wasteland. A horrific concoction of pits, old planks, tossed aside tarpaulins and failed projects. Muddy water pooled in inexplicable excavations and small rivulets seeped between moss and odd tussocks of long grass.

I had dedicated too much of the last six years to thinking and planning and talking. Now was not the time for that. Now was the time to dig. I grabbed my shovel and knifed it into the claggy earth, feeling the grain and the stickiness of the



mud as it slid down, before encountering something more solid with the blade only half-covered. Angrily, I leapt onto the kickplate with both feet, jumping repeatedly, determined to smash through the unseen obstacle. Over and over again I propelled my weight downwards onto the spade until eventually the earth gave way and I exultantly pulled out my first spoils of stubborn mud.

I continued the breaking of the soil; a catharsis. All of the pain, all of the pent-up frustration, all of the bitterness, transferred into reshaping and reforming this unsightly patch. To what end, though? I could dig as much as I wanted – I certainly had the time – but good must come. Slowly, over days and weeks, the land began to alter. Where once I had seen only holes, water and unsightliness, I now began to recognise potential. As I evened the soil out, I realised that this once-defeated section of the garden could become something new, an asset even, to the family home. I hadn't been idle in applying for work. I was offered a role with a local business down the road a week before new turf was delivered in May. As I unspooled the rolls of grass and laid the 'north lawn' I was struck by the transformational power of nature and the inextricable connection between the soil and the soul.

Sam Denno

My Grandad the Gardener

My grandad, Joseph Weatherley, was a gardener. "So was mine" I hear many of you saying. Not like mine; he was a professional gardener for almost 70 years. He was born and grew up in Iver, now in the angle between the M45 and the M25. He started work aged 13 as the fifth under gardener at Stoke Park, a Georgian mansion whose grounds had been laid out by 'Capability' Brown. His father had worked there since 1871. For some reason he left Iver, moved to

Teddington and in the 1901 census is listed as Carmen i.e. drove a delivery lorry. I don't know if the move to Teddington was caused by him meeting a local girl, Ada Paddock but, it certainly led to their marriage in 1900.

Unfortunately I have no details of his employment as a gardener; perhaps it was servicing the gardens of large houses. But he said that he had "always been a gardener." It showed in his small, very well-tended garden, and love of gardening he transferred to my mother, the youngest of his six children. His last job from 1949 was to tend the gardens around the works of Toughts Boatbuilders on the Thames, where they created river cruisers. Towards the end of his career, after a fall whilst pruning a tree, he found walking to the boatyard difficult, so granny would help him onto his bike. Someone from the boatyard would help him on to it to go home. Thus he could continue to work until he was 84. He died in 1962, a year after his wife.

Mike West

Starting the new gardening year

This time of year can be one of hope for gardening enthusiasts. For many, it's when sunlit dreams of budding spring in its full glory stoke plans of which seeds to choose for propagators on the house windowsills.

A few years ago, I built a small greenhouse from scratch. It was part of a bigger structure I was working on and completely bespoke – a complex structure with detailed joinery, carefully thought-out design incorporating a bit of tech. Back then, it was all about hope – albeit a naive ambition for a rich gardening future, full of exotic, beautiful plants whose cultivation methods appealed to my inner engineer, having self-watering, humidity monitoring, thermal batteries and so on...



My first attempts at growing multiple plants from seed for the greenhouse were chaotic. Sixteen 12-cell propagators, Morning glory, tomatoes, sweetcorn, sunflowers, pumpkins, aquilegias, sweet peas... the assortment was random and far too many to list. A high successful propagation rate meant constructing an additional raised bed (having just built the first), to accommodate them and creating a kitchen garden border to the lawn. I wanted everything I seeded to survive – this meant finding places for them all, whether between established shrubs or in the hands of neighbours. The garden became full of life, much more so than ever before.

That first summer, my parents came to help me – my dad sharing the keen tomato cultivation skills I remembered from my childhood. Having grown too much, I had planted everything too close together. The patio and greenhouse were awash with 32 tomato plants. He was a deft hand with

the secateurs and within a day had everything organised and tidy, teaching me how to properly prune and what to look out for. I remember the different insects benefiting from the vast array of plants, and my dad's reluctance to eradicate them, with the explanation that stayed with me: "They're all God's creatures." I treasure that time when he was passing on his knowledge to me, just as many of the other practical skills that he taught me when I was younger, such as woodworking and electronics, that I now benefit from.

Years before, I used to help my granny tend to her garden in Littleover, Derby and was always in awe that she could remember the Latin names for common plants and many ingenious techniques for propagating and cultivation. Her garden was a good size and always delightfully planted out, especially when I was a child and my grandparents had more energy. A few of these plants made their way into my Sheffield garden or became house plants. In later years I was more of a groundsman (previously my grandpa's role), when I visited them in their twilight years, but we'd usually spend some time tending to and enthusiastically talking about house plants, which still made their conservatory seem like part of a botanical greenhouse.

So where does all this hope come from? Tending to and creating a beautiful garden, (along with my lovely wife, Irene), is a way of keeping the memories of my grandparents and father alive. Like the cycle of seasons, their knowledge continues to bloom through my hands. In nurturing God's creation, I feel closest to them and grateful for the gifts they gave me.

And we're still trying to get through the sizeable quantity of green tomato chutney made late that summer.

Samuel Rees

Our Garden Visits

We got the year off to an interesting start by visiting Biddulph Grange Garden in February – lots of fun for us all, for example, entering a Tudor style house and popping out of an



Egyptian pyramid the other side of the building! There was also a beautiful Chinese garden, stumpery, fossil collection and lots of tunnels to entertain Felix and Lucas. Absolutely fantastic for children and also a good garden to visit in the winter as most of the interest is in the architecture and weirdness of it all!

At Easter we visited Barnsdale Gardens, which as some of you may know, were gardens created for 'Gardeners' World' by Geoff Hamilton while he presented the BBC show in the 80s and 90s. Being on a smaller scale, these had less of a 'wow' factor than some gardens we've visited but were great

for realistic inspiration. They are a set of 38 gardens in all sorts of different styles: Japanese, kitchen garden, children's garden (including smoke effect!), woodland garden, rockery etc so there is something for everyone! Appropriately, we used our Gardeners' World 2-for-1 pass to get discounted entry. (This has also been great for discovering gardens we otherwise wouldn't have known existed.)

Whilst in Lisbon in August, we visited the Bordallo Pinheiro garden, which is an unusual garden full of fantastical ceramic creations by the artist and lots of peacocks! Ceramic monkeys hanging from trees and giant snails on the walls, it was unlike anything we'd ever seen before. It was free to visit and well worth the adventure on the bus to get there.

Bourton House garden in the Cotswolds was recommended as a good garden to visit at the end of summer, and on a sunny day in late August, it did not disappoint. It is not large but is absolutely crammed full of plants, lots of them quite unusual and exotic, in amazing combinations. We were really blown away by it. Lovely tearoom too!

In September we arranged to meet a friend at Kew Gardens (photo right), specifically so that we could take Felix and Lucas to the Palm House before it closes for a five-year restoration project. Lucas was initially rather daunted by the elevated walkways, but soon couldn't get enough of them. Felix enjoyed practising his photography... with daddy's camera! Of course, the gardens are vast and we didn't even get to the children's garden (which I've heard is brilliant) so we'll have to arrange a return visit.

We're looking forward to discovering more gardens this year, and doing some work in our own (if this rain ever stops!).

Laura Willis



Half a dozen Gardening tips

1. Have a go. What's the worst that can happen? A plant has two chances, it will live or die.

2. Accept plants from friends, family and neighbours. Then your garden will be full of memories every time that plant appears. It is also gardening for free as other gardeners love giving away cuttings, plants grown from seed or divided.



3. Buy plants that are in bud not in flower. They are more likely to thrive and last longer.

4. Last year, my hostas did not get eaten by slugs. They were in pots on artificial grass. Worth a try?

5. Grey squirrels love crocuses so they are very hard to grow in pots without protection e.g. a water pistol.

6. A garden is a work in progress, it is never finished.

Viv Smith



The Incredible Journeys of Jonathon Powell Wiffen... continued

These are transcripts of his letters home. This time he is in Turkey.

Nigde 7th December 1967

At Kaymakli there was the first of these underground cities that I saw. This was even more ant-like than Goreme and really is a wonder of the world. The main work was done by the early Christians of the 2nd Century AD and the city consists of seven floors, or perhaps one should say cellars, as the lowest one is 328ft below the surface. There are no frescoes as at Goreme but there are a few rough Maltese crosses carved in the church, also made in the shape of a cross. In fact, it is thought that these people left this city in the 4th Century and migrated to Goreme. Certain parts of the interior have collapsed and you have to use ladders to get from one floor to the other in some cases but most of it is intact and one scuttles down sloping passages, not wide enough to pass in, and so low that one bends down to avoid hitting your head, and then hit your back instead!

Off the main passages there are the living rooms, with one niche each for oil lamps. (The Turks have installed electricity and throw in a guide who is not bad at English for 1 Lira entrance fee.) Each floor could accommodate between 150 and 200 people who must have been very ingenious. There is an air shaft from the top to the bottom and another one that goes out horizontally, and then up, in case the enemy found the first one and blocked it up. It is very dry inside and from the seventh floor there is another 80ft shaft down to the water level. You can also see the various bins for grain storage and the flasks for wine. There is the place where they trod the grapes with a small hole leading directly into a flask. This

place was apparently known to the villagers for a long time but it is only in the last two years that it has been open to tourism, so is not really on the map yet. I think the guide was quite pleased to see me as he had not had any custom for 10 days. Also, underground, where everything is so quiet and eerie, he could break Ramadan by having a cigarette!



From this city to the next – Derinkuyu – was nine kilometres (five pus miles) and there was an underground tunnel joining the two, which has now collapsed after four kilometres. I walked above ground to the second village where there was another similar city, only five floors, but covering a larger area and capable of holding 3,000 people. The total population above ground is now about 800, according to the sign at the beginning of the village – though this is probably out-of-date.

Between the floors there were real 'open sesame' type doors – huge stone wheels that rolled into place and could only be opened by five people inside. In this city there was a fireplace

and you could see where the spits went in the rock. Two hundred and fourteen steps down one reached the church, carved out in an exact Maltese cross and about 10ft high.

Konya 9th December 1967

The festival went on for three hours, though the first hour was very dull for me, because being the first night there was a whole lot of speechifying by various prominent people. After that there was reading from the mystic poetry of Mevlana, which also did not mean much. There was then classical Turkish music played on the original instruments of 600 years ago which sounded very weird and spiritual. After the interval the dervishes came on and went through their 700-year old rite, the object of which is to find complete union with God.

The conical hats that the dervishes wear symbolise their tombstones, their black cloaks their tombs and their white shirts their shrouds. It is all terribly symbolic, but they start by taking their cloaks off which means they are now out of the grave with God. They then make three rotations around the floor, the first is to know God through science, the second is to see God, the third to be together with God. They then bow to the Sheikh, the head dervish and start whirling. The right hand points upwards meaning they receive everything from God and the left hand points downwards, meaning everything they have is distributed to the people.

The whirling goes on for about 25 minutes done by men from about 20 to 70 I should think, and after a while they all have their eyes shut and look to be in a trance. I should think they are as they do not get giddy, even though they do not move their heads as ballet dancers do. The whirling too is all done to set order and significance but I have not time to go into that now – it is all very mystic anyway.

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

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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