

St Augustine's Today



Summer 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 June to August

The Parish Eucharist is celebrated every Sunday at 10.30. with hymns, sung sections and a sermon. Materials for children of all ages are provided at the back of church. Activities in the hall are led by our children's worker.

June

7th	Trinity 1	Bishop Richard
14th	Trinity 2	Ela Nutu Hall
21st	Trinity 3	Mike West
28th	Trinity 4	Ela Nutu Hall

July

5th	Trinity 5	Bishop Richard
12th	Trinity 6	Mike West
19th	Trinity 7	Mike West
26th	Trinity 8	TBA

August

2nd	Trinity 9	Bishop Richard
9th	Trinity 10	Ela Nutu Hall
16th	Trinity 11	Mike West
23rd	Trinity 12	Ela Nutu Hall
30th	Trinity 13	Ela Nutu Hall

Message from Ela

Creation: Animals

'God saw everything that he had made, and indeed, it was
very good.'
(Genesis 1.31)

We are truly blessed to live on this wonderful planet. Its riches and its beauty, indeed its wonder, all speak of the glory of God. Our lives are intertwined with all aspects of creation, often dependent on where we are actually located (flora, fauna, climate, etc) but also, and very importantly, dependent on how others in different parts of the globe treat nature. Many, if not most of us, understand how important it is to be good stewards of God's creation (including ourselves and one another). But moving away from the utilitarian perspective, I've been thinking recently about the pleasure and joy that creation brings to all of us. (Maybe it's got something to do with all those Attenborough documentaries I've been watching – and by the way, Happy 100th Birthday, Sir David!)

In my last piece, I wrote about flowers. About their beauty and their fragrance and the joy they bring. Now I'd like to share a few thoughts about animals. And before you get any ideas that I'll be waxing lyrical about rats and mosquitoes, think again. I really don't have it in me... (and those who know me will understand this – not only that I have a deep dislike of rats and mosquitoes – who doesn't? – but also that I'm not very good at pretending; so I won't). No, I'd like to talk about pets. We LOVE our pets, don't we? In our family we've had cats, dogs, goldfish, bearded dragons (the last because Henry, our son, insisted). And I'm sure there'll be many of you

being able to list all of these and more... (you've got children, right?).

Certainly cats and dogs are the most common pets in this country and I'll focus on them here. They're so common (and commonly perceived as on opposing sides), that 'are you a cat or dog person?' is one of those questions that people ask when they try to get to know you. In fact, the American late-night comedian Stephen Colbert formulated a questionnaire for his famous guests including this very question (former President Barak Obama is a dog person, apparently), after which he concludes with 'Congratulations. Now you are fully known.' A joke, of course... 'Fully known?!?' I don't think so. We are only known fully by God (1 Corinthians 13.12). We cannot truly know even ourselves fully, let alone another person.

This reminds me of a theory by the Bulgarian-French psychoanalyst, Julia Kristeva, who famously said that we are all *sujets en procès* (subjects-in-process), always in a state of 'becoming', always evolving; our identity never fully sutured to one subject position. Don't know about you, but I agree with her.

Back to cats and dogs, I've always been stumped by the 'cat or dog' question myself. The answer doesn't come easily to me... I always say, 'Both', and the looks I get seem to deem me cowardly for what is perceived perhaps as my 'sitting on the fence', not having the *hutzpah* to be honest about it for the fear of offending 'the other side'. It's all nonsense. I genuinely love – LOVE, not like, not tolerate – both. Probably because I've been lucky enough to grow up with both cats and dogs, who also got on very well together, thank you very much. And I remember them all by name and can tell you all about their individual personalities, their likes and dislikes, their quirks, etc.

As a family, we now have three 10-month old kittens (Charlie, Lola and Jellybean) and one seven-year old dog (Belle). I've included their pictures here. Many of you will recognise Belle, who often comes into church, to say hello. We adore them all, and they make our lives so much richer. (I'm truly grateful that none of us has any allergies.)



Above: L-R: Jellybean, Charlie and Lola. **Right:** Belle Steffie.

barely trained when she arrived (which may have been the reason why the previous families didn't keep her), but within a few weeks with us she was a different dog. The four of us sat down, researched and formulated a training plan and we were all consistent in our approach. Yes, it took

Belle Steffie (because she looks like a Steif bear) Rose (because when she was little she was rather partial to eating horse manure – don't judge), Belle for short is the most amazing dog we've even known. She's immensely clever and good, very loving with all. We adopted her when she was six months old; she'd been with four families before us. She was



my sleeping on the floor next to her crate for the first week (the crate soon went, by the way), lots of exercise, miles of sausage, a lot of toys and chews (we needed to keep her away from our shoes – my walking boots still don't have full tongues!), but Belle learned very quickly. Her recall, for example, is parallel to none. She is a treasure.

The kittens were part of a litter of six, belonging to my immediately younger sister's cat, Poofy (again, don't judge; this is what you get when you let your children name your pets). Soon after they were born, they needed looking after whilst my sister and her family were abroad for a month. They arrived in our home when they were only four weeks old... and we fell in love with them. Our children hadn't known kittens in the house (our cats were fully grown when the children were born – you may remember Louis and Jasmine, our two Birmans, both of whom we sadly lost recently, but at the rather good old age of 18).

We were only going to keep two kittens, but Henry formed a bond with a third, the blue girl, whom he named... wait for it, 'Jowls' (!?!). Poor thing. Luckily she is now 'Jellybean'; much better. Henry is definitely Jellybean's favourite person; she waits every morning outside his bedroom until he opens the door and lets her in. She then settles on his bed, waiting for him to wake up fully. And when it comes to leaving the house for school, Henry cannot part easily with Jellybean, cuddling her lots... and then Charlie, too (and getting cat hairs on his blazer – he's infamous at school for that). Charlie is the most pliant of the three. He loves being picked up and he also loves to settle against one of us (often Christopher – yes, I'm jealous) to fall asleep. His purrs are the loudest. Charlie is also quite brazen and takes joy in often playing with Belle (the dog) and even stealing her bed... which Belle doesn't mind (she's too good!). Lola is the most independent but also most timid of the three kittens. She is very sweet

and loves fuss, but on her terms. You have to wait for her to approach you, and then she turns into a purr bag. She often likes to fall asleep on someone's lap.

All different, all wonderful, all loved. We are blessed. God is good. I'll finish with this quote: 'Heads of warring nations could learn a lot about how to achieve lasting peace by watching dogs and cats who live in the same house.' Blaize Clement.

*With love and blessings,
Ela*

Organ update

Warning! If you have not been in the church in May be prepared for a surprise or even a shock. Where the 40 visible organ pipes had beautified the chancel there is a gaping hole through which you can see the back wall of the organ chamber. Where are the other 1,610 pipes of all sizes and their operating mechanism? The long-planned refurbishment of our wonderful but aged Keates organ is under way. It was in 2020 that the Church Council began to consider what we should do in the face of the signs of the organ's ageing, sometimes announced by a stuck valve unwantedly playing one note. The decision to refurbish, to keep the superb instrument our predecessors had bequeathed us, was easy compared with the fear of facing the cost. But the committed generosity of St Augustine's people has persuaded many charitable trusts to donate. So we are now only (only!) £10,000 short of the current estimate of £168,000. Once you got over your shock at the gaping hole you may notice a piano-like object in front of the choir stalls. It is essential that our strong musical tradition, on Sundays and at weddings, should continue whilst the organ is at the menders. At first the electric piano was planned to provide music, but a well-wisher, following some opinions within the choir, has generously donated the electric organ we are now using.

In the autumn we will celebrate our renewed organ, not only for Sunday worship but for student organists to practise and support choral concerts. Watch our for the date of blessing and inauguration as an opportunity to thank God for Keates standards and all those who have given time and cash to make this possible.

(the very unmusical) Mike West

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



To enquire about banns, weddings and other services please contact us via our website www.achurchnearyou.com or staugustines.endcliffe@gmail.com

Christopher Hall is Churchwarden, the elected leader of the congregation, with certain legal responsibilities for the building and finance and Viv Smith is Deputy Churchwarden.



Walking Pilgrim Cross

A Journey of Faith

What does pilgrimage mean to me? It's community, it's reflection, it's time out from the bustle of everyday life but above all, it's fun. This year, once again, Edward and I took to the beautiful country lanes and footpaths of Norfolk and walked our way through Easter week towards Walsingham. And this year, for the first time, we had Clem (6) with us! We each took a different route this year. I joined one of the adult groups, walking on an ancient pilgrimage route from London to the Norfolk coast. Edward and Clem took the slower path with one of the family groups – staying in a youth hostel and walking five miles a day as they wended their way to meet me.

There is something uniquely restorative about the adult legs. Walking 12–15 miles a day allows for a type of 'slow-motion' thinking that just doesn't happen in the chaos of daily life. This year, I found myself in the middle of a three-hour conversation about faith and hope in an unstable world (inspired by some of our reflections on Psalm 22 from the St Augustine's Lent course!) that started in a muddy field and ended over a mug of tea in a village hall. The community that forms as you're walking together is something else. We laugh, sing and cheer each other on the way and share our thoughts on faith, life and everything in between. The depth of conversations that you get into with fellow pilgrims is incredible, forging bonds that last long after we've come home.

We carry an eight-foot cross with us as we walk (which is lighter than it sounds) and we stop every couple miles for tea stops with the churches we pass along the route. Parishioners come out to greet us and welcome us with



meals, beds, or a cup of tea and a slice of (incredible) cake. The kindness of strangers reminds me that we are not just pilgrims moving through a landscape – we are part of a larger story, a living connection between believers. And, of course, there's always the support car to give you a lift if your feet are too tired to walk anymore.

Edward and Clem had a less strenuous week on the family pilgrimage. The children have their own mini cross that they carry with them and Clem reports that his favourite bits were the walking and the singing and the other children! He found a gang of other 6 to 8-year olds and Edward barely saw him except for mealtimes and bedtimes. The highlight was the Easter Hunt, where the children's chaplain had constructed an experiential journey through Easter week around a church. They pushed through green crêpe vines for Palm Sunday, overturned money-changing tables, splashed through a foot washing and fell asleep in the garden of Gethsemane.



The most emotional moment of the week wasn't on the road, but the reunion in Walsingham on Good Friday. Seeing all the different 'legs' converge on the village – each with their own cross, their own blisters, and their own stories – is always powerful. But seeing my own son run towards me, exhausted but buzzing with the excitement of his first pilgrimage, brought a whole new meaning to the experience.

The air was humming with a sense of the sacred, as all the pilgrims came together for the Easter weekend. My highlight was the candlelit procession through the village on our way to the vigil service. Walking in candlelight, surrounded by others who share this journey of faith, I felt a profound sense of belonging. Pilgrim Cross is not just a route to a destination; it is an experience of transformation, a time to reflect, and an opportunity to celebrate Easter in a way that is both deeply personal and beautifully communal.

So, what is a pilgrimage? A pilgrimage is more than just a walk – it is a way of life. It is about carrying the spirit of community, faith, and kindness beyond the road, into everyday life.

Sarah Browncross

For this edition I asked our congregation to write about Animals/Pets. I hope you enjoy this selection.

Do Pets go to Heaven?

To me it won't be much of a Heaven unless Animals are there. I could happily end my message thus but I will continue a little.

'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.'
Isaiah 11:6&7

Paradise restored indeed!

God has created the marvellous creatures for his own and our good pleasure. I suspect he will be pleased, at the right time, to end the 'Nature red in tooth and claw' that presently afflicts us.

'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now'.
Romans 8:22

I think animals wait and hope, as we, albeit not at the same sentient level as we do.

'For thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day'. Ezekiel 34:11&12

I think animals, as we, deserve to be delivered from the dark day. They, as we, are His sheep.

'And out of the ground the LORD God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.'

Genesis 2:19

The animals, as we, have been created by God and we are in relationship with them.

I hope our dogs are waiting for me in Heaven. It will be a joy to see them again. There are not many people I want to see again more. I expect they will be able to talk to me; Talking Beasts Narnia-style. I wonder what they will have to say. Do I expect our hamsters/gerbils/goldfish to be there ?! Probably, but only as Dumb Beasts Narnia-style.

'Well done, thou good and faithful servant... enter thou into the joy of thy lord'. Mathew 25:21

I hope one day to hear this. I hope my dogs have heard it already.

Mark Dixon

At Home with Amazonian Animals

She talked about bats in her old vicarage, which reminded me of that house in Manaus, where bats roosted in the eaves and with no ceilings, that meant above our bed! Thankfully we had mosquito nets to keep the bats, and most of their droppings, off us but every morning we had to sweep up and we could never rid the place of the smell.

They weren't the only animals we found in our various houses in Brazil. There was the snake up in the rafters on the day we brought our first one-day old baby home. There was the coati who came to raid our 'kitchen' for the fresh pineapple in the tribe. And the 17 tarantulas trying to visit

in three weeks – which we didn't allow! But also the cute little marmoset monkey our oldest son had as a pet and the almost transparent geckos who lived on our walls, hopefully feeding on mosquitoes.

Outside our house there were foot-high frogs, a sloth high in the trees, beautiful huge blue iridescent butterflies and brilliant parrots and macaws. There were animals we heard but never saw, like the howler monkeys, which sounded like the roar of the crowd in a sports stadium far away and the night-time chorus of cicadas and frogs. And there were animals we never saw alive, but ate! – monkey, alligator, turtle eggs with their soft shells.

And, of course, there were the insects! – termites chewing up books; cockroaches eating anything with gum on the back, such as jar labels, or stamps; mosquitoes with the gift of malaria but, above all, the ants! Big ants, small ants, fierce stinging ants, leaf-cutter ants, army ants, trails of ants – especially 'sugar ants'. Don't leave your fresh-baked cake on the table – it will be found in minutes and invaded. Don't store food in loose-lidded containers – the ants will soon squeeze in. How best to deter the pests? A ring of detergent around your cake or other foods will be a sure barrier to the ants. (detergent = deter-agent!). But it didn't work for pasta or rice – these came already infested with weavils!

The army ants, a huge swathe of them, marched into, onto and through our tribal house – taking about two hours for all to pass through, consuming all the insects in the palm-thatch walls and roof; a good spring-clean!

Oh, and don't forget to shake out your shoes in the morning before you put them on – scorpion stings are definitely not nice!

Joy Tobler

My Pets

In the early 1940s, aged about seven, I desperately wanted a pet dog. Very sadly, with Father being away in the RAF and Mother working full time, it was not feasible to add to our household. I did have a gerbil and a fish from the pond in the local wood, but they soon lost their charm as you couldn't play with them. Our friendly local butcher's wife knowing my longing for a pet, told my mother that their cat was having kittens and would I like one. I certainly would and did, and a dear little female kitten came to enlarge our household. I was overcome with love and excitement and love for this tiny creature and named her Binky. She became the mistress of our house and was loved and cherished as I hadn't any siblings at that time.

About this time I acquired a rabbit from the market. Mother was quite clever and knocked a hutch together which was sited in our quite spacious back garden. He was named Rinty and had the run of the garden. One day he went AWOL and was found under next door's garden hut, so that was the end of his adventurous ways. Mother had to quickly construct a run for Rinty with wood and chicken wire to cater for his wanderlust. So far, so good. I also acquired a baby rabbit from the market. This little rabbit was spotted struggling to force his body through one of the holes in the wire netting in the market cage. Mum and I were so sorry for the trauma that he was going through that with one accord we felt we ought to adopt this tiny being and make his struggle worthwhile. At first he lived in a baby's pram in the hut until room was made for him in the rabbit hutch, now enlarged. Sadly Rinty died of a kidney complaint while he was still fairly young. So we had one cat and one rabbit.

On another trip to the market we were encouraged to adopt some day-old chicks; They were simply adorable. We took

six at first and they found their refuge in the baby's pram. They were quite comfortable and warm and and took their food easily and quickly. In no time they grew quickly and we were afraid their loud voices would annoy and disturb the neighbours. Fortunately, this didn't happen and they were soon running around the garden. The rabbit's run became very handy to contain them. As they got older we asked a friend who kept hens if she would add them to her brood. She was happy to do so and our hens found a happy home with her. Many years later my two boys took on two tortoises and they had the run of our back garden. They provided a lot of interest, although they didn't have much to say and were not cuddly!

Heather Snowden

Our Family Pets

Since living in Sheffield our family furry members have been cats and dogs – three cats and on to our third dog (who will be nearly 10 years puppy old) in total.

All our pets have been rescued and we all feel they are the best ones. We wouldn't have anything else and think it's a privilege to give a future to an animal that's been rejected. The only problem is choosing which one to adopt!

This is a picture of our current dog (Bailey) when we first picked him up from Mosborough Kennels. He was found roaming the streets. The Vet thought he was about



six months old, when he was picked up. He has had some issues but has overcome mostly all of them and as with all of our pets, our furry baby is a part of all our hearts and is such a lovely good boy.

Elaine Ilbbotson

Pandas

Some time ago we were on holiday in China and visited the Panda Research Centre in Chengdu. I have always been fascinated by these gentle looking animals and was excited by the visit. We learnt that they are not the gentle beast seen in children's soft toys but closer to the brown bears that need to be avoided in the wild and not a big cuddly animal at all. At the centre the adult pandas live a solitary and laid-back life where food is always available without any effort on their





part. They only eat bamboo shoots, which have little nutrition, so they need to eat a lot of them. In fact it appears to be all that they do. They lean back looking like very old men in an armchair with a pipe, and chew away, moving only to reach out for the next shoot from the pile provided for them.

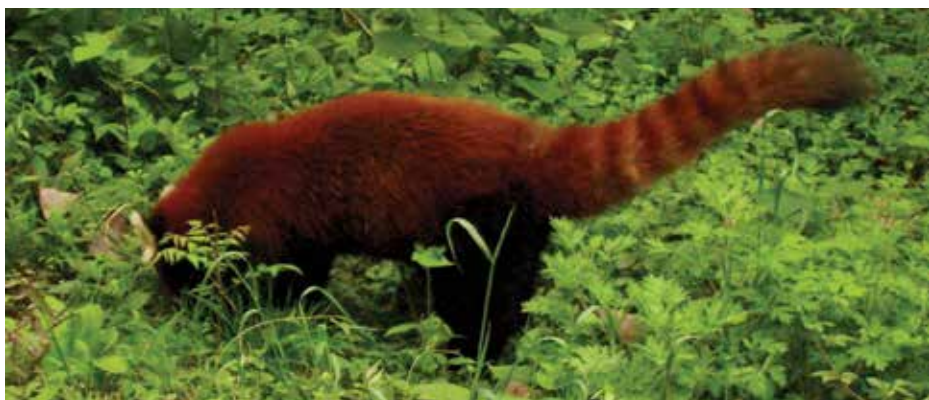
This was also a breeding centre so we were lucky to see young pandas who were playing in the trees. They were about two years old as pandas have a long and slow growing time. The staff were trying to catch some of them as it was time for a check-up and vaccination. However, the young pandas thought this was a good game and raced among the trees resisting all attempts to capture them.

It seemed a shame that they would grow into the somnolent adults that we could see. We were allowed to look through a window to the nursery area. Pandas are born very small and hair-less so spend time gradually growing in their mother's



front pocket. They do not emerge until over a year. The centre also had some red pandas. We had never heard of these before and were very surprised as they were nothing like the traditional pandas before us. They were small with red hair and seemed to be very energetic. They were very pretty creatures and it seemed quite wrong to call them pandas, but there they were.

Pam West



The elusive red panda.

Ten Facts About Animals in History

1. Incitatus was the favourite horse of the Roman Emperor Caligula, who at one point announced he would appoint Incitatus to the Senate. He never actually followed through with it, and the whole thing is likely to have been a practical joke by Caligula to show how little he thought of the Senate.

2. Porphyrios was a whale who moved into the Black Sea in 527 and spent most of the next 50 years chasing and sinking ships. Things eventually got so bad that Byzantine Emperor Justinian I officially declared him an enemy of the state, but was never able to devise a method of catching him.

3. Muhammad of Mecca, founder of Islam, owned a pet cat named Muizza, of whom he was very fond. Perhaps as a legacy of Muizza, it is forbidden in Islam to prevent a cat from entering a mosque and they are considered to be automatically ritually clean and imbued with spiritual power.

4. In 1096, a group of Crusaders set off from the Rhineland with a very unusual guide: a goose, which they believed was filled with the Holy Spirit. The crusaders hoped the Spirit would reveal to the goose the way to Jerusalem and were surprised when it instead led them to Lorraine. Not to be disheartened, they tried again, this time with a goat. Only when the goat led them to Hungary did they finally give up and go home.



Incitatus

5. The first living creature to fly in a hot air balloon was a sheep called Montaciel, who made his maiden flight at Versailles in 1783 along with a duck and a rooster.

6. Cher Ami was a pigeon who delivered essential messages during the First World War, at one point saving the lives of over 500 American soldiers under threat from friendly fire. For this heroic act, he was awarded the French War Cross.



Cher Ami.

7. Speaking of wartime animals, Wojtek the bear was adopted by the Polish 22nd Artillery Company and subsequently assisted in the Allied conquest of Rome by carrying artillery shells into position. For this, he was promoted to Corporal.

8. Whilst Laika the canine cosmonaut is the most famous, the first animals in space were in a fact a handful of fruit flies aboard a V2 rocket launched from New Mexico in 1947.

9. In 1966, the FIFA World Cup trophy was dramatically stolen, only to be found six days later under a hedge in Norwood by a dog named Pickles.

10. The colonel-in-chief of the Norwegian Kings' Guard is a penguin; Major General Sir Nils Olav III. The Norwegian Kings' Guard formally adopted Nils Olav I as a member of their regiment on a visit to Edinburgh Zoo in 1972 and have granted him and his heirs a promotion upon every subsequent visit.

Tom Pymer

Ceolacanth

They said I was extinct!
They said I used to swim the world's
oceans 400mill. years ago, but
was wiped out with the dinosaurs.

They said I was extinct, until
one of us was trawled up
in a fishing boat's nets in 1938,
alive! An international sensation!

Has any other creature ever
played Hide & Seek for 400mill. years
without ever being found, or
even spotted hiding?

We were sorry we'd been
found out at last, but
couldn't help being amused at having
kept humans in the dark so long.

Now they've found a family of 8 of us
and filmed us for all to see.
We barely moved. It would have been boring
had we not been unique 'living fossils.'

But you should have seen the
millions of pounds' worth of tech
it took them to finally achieve this,
after 400 million years!

Joy Tobler

The Cat and The Bag

I'd only been on Facebook 2 days
and already the cat was out of the bag:
People were sending me birthday greetings!
How did they know? I had carefully
guarded this secret, but now it was out.
How? It was, I learnt, through FB.

My grandmother and aunt always
stayed with us for Christmas and Easter,
and would bring Goldie, their cat, zipped up
in an old knitting bag. He didn't like it,
and was always eager to be let out
to find a lap to curl up on.

Once when they let the cat out of the bag
he escaped, but fortunately didn't go far.
Sadly, though, when secrets are let out
they often go quite a-ways, from
one person to another to another to . . .
So keep your cats in their bags!

Joy Tobler

Defibrillator Now Installed

You have probably noticed that we now have a defibrillator in the grounds of the Church and visible from Brocco Bank.

This came about with the support of two local community groups, the Endcliffe Corner Community Organisation (ECCO) and the Botanical Association Community Association (BACA) who successfully applied for Ward Pot Grants from the City Council, together with a generous grant from the Graves Charitable Trust. The Church then paid for the installation materials and will contribute towards the defibrillator yearly running costs.



Many grateful thanks to everyone and to Brian and Stu from the ECCO community group, who gave their own time to install the defibrillator. If you need to use the defibrillator, ring 999 and you will be given the code to unlock the defibrillator. It contains fittings for adults and for children and the instructions given for use are very clear. There are also instructions in a clear box in the entrance to church.

We are hoping to put on training about resuscitation and defibrillator use in the near future. Meanwhile there are British Heart Foundation videos at <https://www.bhf.org.uk/how-you-can-help/how-to-save-a-life>

Gwen Wilson(ECCO)

The Incredible Journeys of Jonathon Powell Wiffen... continued

This episode continues my journey through Turkey and into Persia as it was then known, the last Shah of Persia had his coronation on 26th October 1967 and many places still had banners and flags flying that were up to mark the occasion.

Kulu 10th December 1967

I am now getting used to the disturbed night; I have discovered that what really wakes me is the mosque bells and loudspeakers. Around the top of the minarets there are loudspeakers which start chanting and make a hideous noise. I feel they would make a good punishment for the unbelievers, not act as an alarm for the faithful!

Ankara 12th December 1967

Sightseeing took us to 4pm when we returned to the house, tired from our day, as we both observed Ramadan – this precludes even water. I am now writing this whilst supper is being prepared, so if the writing jumps suddenly, it is because my tummy rumbled then!

Rezaiyeh (now called Urmia) 18th December 1967

Unfortunately, the only cloud around was well and truly capping Mount Ararat (nearly 17,000ft), which from what I could see is a very pleasant looking mountain, being exactly conical and rising apart from the rest of the rather craggy peaks.

Tabriz (Iran) 19th December 1967

The official language is Farsi but there are many dialects and languages around. In the south-west there are the Kurds and their language is an old form of Farsi. In the Rezaiyeh area there is a dialect that combines Turkish and Farsi. Also



Mount Ararat.

in the area, there is Assyrian which is the old form of Arabic. Around Rezaiyeh, which is part of the province of Azerbaijan, there are also some Russian speaking people. The reason why I saw Ramadan being broken so much yesterday is because there are quite a few Christians in the area, although the Turks massacred a lot of the Armenians during the First World War. There are also a few villages which are almost entirely Roman Catholic due to the presence of missionaries. Over here they are all 'Shi' Muslims and so I could not find a restaurant open for lunch and thus decided to obey Ramadan. (I was cheating as I had a late breakfast). The Muslims in Turkey are another sect, and they do not see eye to eye – more later about this.

Tehran 21st December 1967

I learnt that today is a day of religious mourning for Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed who was wounded in a battle against the Armenians on this day. Tomorrow, Friday, is their equivalent of our Sunday and then on Saturday, Ali died



Sepahsalar Mosque, Tehran.

of his wounds, many years ago (around about 1300). Ali is very important to the Shi Muslims, as they say he is the true Caliph after Mohammed, though the rest of the Muslims only place him fourth in the pecking order. Thus, all Iran, which is Shi make a great to-do over these mourning days.

Lunch was very good, in the company of two Armenian ministers from whom I learnt a lot about the Muslim religion. After lunch I went on a grand tour of the city, it was a very nice day for walking, which was about all I could do as everything was shut. I first saw the Sepahsalar Mosque which has the most beautiful tiled courtyard and minarets that I could have spent the whole afternoon there. From there I went to the Shah Mosque which has a fine blue dome and then onto the Bazaar which was unfortunately 90% shut.

Friday 22nd December Isfahan

At Qum there is the shrine of Fatima 'the chaste' which I tried to enter but was prevented. I have been told that I was being very optimistic trying to go in during Ramadan, on a Friday and between the Ali mourning days. Qum was at the edge of the desert – the one where the evil Djinns are supposed to dwell, and who are reputed to lick away the life of those who sleep in the desert, through the soles of their feet.

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).
pam.west23@tiscali.co.uk

Contact List

Priest-in-Charge

The Revd Dr Ela Nutu Hall 0759508 7441

Associate Priest

The Revd Canon Mike West 266 2188

Churchwarden

Christopher Hall 0786750 0341

Deputy Churchwarden

Viv Smith 0743492 8608

Church Hall Bookings

staugustinessheffield.hall@gmail.com

Director of Music

Peter Verity 250 0509



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

www.achurchnearyou.com