

LITTLE S. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE

November 2022: No. 605

NEWSLETTER



*This newsletter contains:
Remembrance, Remorse & Catharsis in Berlin:
“Iona, again”;
A Personal View on ... Beauty;
Garden News;
plus the usual Vicar’s letter, daily intentions for prayer
and more...*

Notable dates in November

13th November

Remembrance Sunday

10.30am High Mass includes 2 minute silence, laying of wreath & prayers

16th November

Catholic Societies of the Church of England

7.15pm Vespers of the Dead

8pm High Mass of Requiem for departed members

19th November

Resourcing Faith – at LSM

10.30am The Rev'd Dr Mark Oakley: poetry as the native language of faith

21st November

Food & Faith – LSM Young Adults' Group

7.30pm Dr Simon Jackson speaks on the priest-poet George Herbert.

30th November

Feast of S. Andrew, apostle

Low Mass 10am, Sung Mass 7pm (followed by refreshments)

Advance notice for Advent

Preachers at the 10.30am High Mass:

Advent I: Fr Mark Bishop

Advent II: The Rev'd Anne Strauss
Chaplain, Trinity College, Cambridge

Advent III: The Rev'd Dr Jeremy Morris
Church of England National Ecumenical Advisor

Advent IV: Canon Andrew Greany
Chantry Priest, Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham

Advent Carol Service: 6pm, Sunday 4th December (Advent II)

Nine Lessons & Carols: 6pm, Sunday 18th December (Advent IV)
both followed by mulled wine & mince pies

From the Vicar

5th November 2022

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

This letter is a little late this month, and so as I type I can hear fireworks being let off across from the vicarage on Lammas Land. Since becoming a dog owner six years ago I've been less enthusiastic for fireworks (Sancroft is not a fan!) but otherwise I have to say I've always loved them. Bonfire Night is a jolly event and you'd have to be especially miserable not to enjoy the wonderful colours and lights, together with hot dogs around a bonfire; just the cheering thing after the clocks go back.

Until the 19th century there would have been a service in church on this day, a service of thanksgiving for the preservation of the King and parliament after the foiling of the Popish plot to blow both up. For, of course, Bonfire Night might also be called Guy Fawkes Night, when we burn an image of Guy Fawkes or indeed the Pope in effigy on a bonfire. I'm pleased to say that I've never attended an event where the figure of anyone recognisable has been burned and generally today it is an altogether more harmless event than it might have been in the past. Yet each November we hear reports of leading public figures (Tony Blair, Boris Johnson and Liz Truss in recent years) being put in effigy on top of bonfires and one wonders what generations of peaceful Roman Catholics made of having their spiritual leader burned in public across the land each autumn. When we see the American flag or effigies of public figures burned in Iran or somewhere we can be tempted to shake our heads in sadness at the barbarism of these foreign countries and peoples. This time of year should remind us of the beam in our own eye before we observe superiorly the speck in anyone else's.

I mention this also because November is the month of the Holy Souls, of remembrance. A lot of that remembering is of people who have not died peacefully in their beds but either painfully on a battlefield or murderously through crime or addiction. The inciting of violence goes on today, with crime, 'honour killings' and the alarming desire (according to opinion polls) of the younger generations for a 'strong leader' who will do away with the problems and frailties of democracy.

In this month of remembrance we also celebrate the Dedication of our church building. The physical building should be a constant reminder to us of what the church, the Body of Christ, the people of God should be: a beautiful gathering of those dedicated to undoing the false logic of violence with peace. We are the people of Jesus Christ who undid the cycle of violence by accepting death on the Cross and returning at the Resurrection with forgiveness and peace, not revenge. As we praise God for 670 years of Little Saint Mary's, we rededicate ourselves to Him whom we hear in the Gospels and see offered for and to us at the altar: Jesus the Prince of Peace.

All of which is not to say we can't enjoy Bonfire Night!

I wanted to update you on the whereabouts of various older members of our congregation: **Daphne Foreman** and **Fr Nigel Hancock** are both in the Cherry Hinton Care Home in Cherry Hinton Road; **Keitha Jones** is in the Manor Care Home in Milton Road; **Derek Beales** is in Arlington Manor Care Home in Girton.

Please remember in your prayers the soul of **Margaret Bowker** who died in recent days (and her husband **John** as he mourns); **Liz Hume** who is increasingly housebound; and **Tony Fletcher** as he awaits medical appointments. I particularly ask your prayers for those who through mental illness (especially anxiety and depression) have found it very hard to come back to church since the pandemic and those who have fallen out of the habit and whose faith has perhaps grown cold and thin through not being exercised and fed. I am offering a Mass each month where I name them in my heart and ask you to unite your prayers with mine for them and the welfare of their souls. We miss them and remember our time at the altar together with gratitude and longing for its restoration.

With my love & prayers, I am, then,
ever affectionately remembering you in Christ,

Fr Robert.

PS: We've been very sorry to lose our Administrator Elaine Shield after over three excellent years. I'm delighted to report, however, that we have just appointed her replacement: Mr Mark Boden. Do make him welcome!

Remembrance, Remorse & Catharsis in Berlin

by Rosanna Moseley Gore



“We are here to honour our ancestors, Viktor Goldfeld and Henriette (Jettchen) Goldfeld, née Russ.

“We never knew them, but we have always known about them. Anya and I remember our grandfather Michael (or Walter) very well, and he was one of their sons. Our father Peter knew them until he left Berlin in 1939 on a *Kindertransport*, and loved them.

“These were good, kind, decent people, and their murder by the Nazis – while too painful to speak about – was always present in our family memory.

“Viktor (*Wie du weisst, er war ein Doktor!* - Who, as you know, was a doctor!) as Michael always said), was remembered by our father as warm-hearted, sentimental about music. He was a tall man, known as *Grosser Opa*, whose medical practice was mostly working for charities and good causes. Oma Jettchen was the ‘boss’ of the family, incisive and decisive, with a huge love of music, especially opera and particularly Verdi. In the 1930s, they had a dachshund called Strolch, whom Jettchen taught to obey commands in English. Peter visited them on Saturday mornings (they lived 15 minutes’ walk away) and listened to music with Oma and went for walks with Opa.

“They were real people, loved and cherished, who were taken away to be killed when they were old – not just two of the six million.

“And we are the last of their direct descendants, who remember and loved those who remembered and loved them.”

These were the words I spoke in a quiet residential street south of the Tiergarten in Berlin, on Friday 21st October 2022. My sister (Anya) and my two children had travelled there to attend the laying of *Stolpersteine* for our great, and great great, grandparents.

If you are unfamiliar with the term *Stolperstein*, may I commend what they are – and what they represent – to you. You may have seen them set into pavements in many European cities, and perhaps not fully registered them. Or maybe you have stopped and pondered, looking at what lies at your feet.

They mean ‘stumbling stones’, and they are a 10cm cube of concrete with an upper surface of engraved brass. Each is laid for someone who was persecuted, disfranchised, deported or murdered by the Nazis, in front of that person’s last voluntarily chosen residential address. They show the name, dates of birth and death, and manner of death of the individual. They are handmade so that those who were victims of industrial killing by a regime should not have a mass-produced memorial.

So far, so informative.

What we actually experienced was profoundly unsettling and at the same time profoundly heartwarming. I had brought with me original photographs

that Viktor and Jettchen would have handled, as well as copies of distressing Red Cross telegrams received by my grandfather in Australia recording his elderly parents' distress, worries, health concerns, sense of lost abandonment (the plans for them to follow their sons to safety in Australia were scuppered by the outbreak of war), and their 'love and kisses'. What we hadn't realised was quite how much information the local volunteer, Renate, had gathered about our ancestors. She read out an outline of each of their lives, with details that I had only thought were held in my father's memoirs. She was able to give us copies of their death certificates. She was delighted to get more information from us. These were *real* people to her, and their individuality mattered to her.

The key things we found out were:

Viktor was a doctor doing much humanitarian work, but in 1937 he was prevented from practising by the Nazis, because he was Jewish.

They were deported to Theresienstadt on 14th September 1942, as part of a thousand-strong transportation that day from Berlin alone. They died not in a gas chamber, as my father had always believed (knowing that they died on the same day, this seemed the likeliest explanation). Theresienstadt (now Terezin) is a town in Czechoslovakia, which was in 1942 being used as a ghetto to which unwanted and 'left behind' old people from Germany and Austria were transported. Once there, rather than the 'retirement home' these old people were promised – often also being made to pay up-front for accommodation – they found themselves in filthy, unsanitary conditions and were deprived of food. The death certificates state cause of death was 'enteritis', an apparently generic term used by the authorities there to cover up catastrophic decline due to starvation and filth. As Viktor died some hours before Jettchen, she is chillingly described as a 'Widow' on her death certificate.

They were in a transport of a thousand old people from Berlin on that day.

Form B. 6

REPLY FORM

Serial No. 3,10,000



Deutsches Rotes Kreuz
7 SEP 1942
AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

MESSAGE SERVICE

(Through the intermediary of the International Red Cross Committee)

1. Sender—*Envoyeur—Absender.*

Name—*Nom*... GOLDFELD
Christian Name—*Prénom—Vorname*... VICTOR
Street—*Rue—Strasse*... MÜNCHENER STR 42
Locality—*Localité—Ortschaft*... BERLIN W 30
County—*Province—Provinz*...
Country—*Pays—Land*... DEUTSCHLAND

2. Message—*Message à transmettre—Mitteilung.*

Endlich Brief April erhalten. Grosse Freude.
Uebersiedeln 14. September Theresienstadt.
Gesundheit schlecht, besonders Mutters.
Beide Nieren steinkrank. Hoffnung auf Wieder-
sehen schwindet. Viele Grüsse Küsse Eltern.

3. Addressee—*Destinataire—Empfänger.*

Name—*Nom*... CORE
Christian Name—*Prénom—Vorname*... WALTER MICHAEL
Street—*Rue—Strasse*... FLAT 18 "WARATAH" 40 BAYS
Locality—*Localité—Ortschaft*... KINGS CROSS WATER ROAD
County—*Province—Provinz*... NEW SOUTH WALES
Country—*Pays—Land*... AUSTRALIA

Form to be detached and used for reply.

Detachez la forme et s'en servir pour la réponse.

Dieses Formular ist abzutrennen und für die Antwort zu benutzen.

There are more than a thousand *Stolpersteine* in that part of Berlin alone, and more are added every month. Five thousand in Berlin. Currently 45,000 across Europe.

My grandfather never spoke of this - couldn't. Nor could my dad. Grief and guilt buried and eating them up from within.

It is hard to write this so soon after coming home. It is hard to write this at all. As my daughter Natalie wrote in an Instagram post “It’s almost impossible to imagine what it was like for their children (and grandchildren): first to endure several years of not knowing the fate that had befallen their elderly parents and, after they did find out, to carry the burden of horror and guilt for the rest of their lives, shocked into silence by their grief.” But the catharsis, which all of us who were there feel moving and swirling inside us, has been set in motion partly because of the hugely symbolic act of the *Stolpersteine* actually being *buried* in the pavement as the nearest these good people have come to a seemly, respectful and loving funeral (and, in the Jewish tradition, we each placed a stone – pebbles I’d just brought back from Iona – at these miniature ‘graves’). But even more, perhaps, because of the kindness and loving care we witnessed, and were on the receiving end of, from the Berlin people we came across. Not just Renate, who had worked tirelessly to make this a personal memorial, but her colleague who read a poem and brought flowers; the wonderful man who did the actual cutting of the cobbles and the laying and fixing of the *Stolpersteine* with painstaking care; the neighbours who came out to pay their respects and speak with us about our ancestral lost ones; the young man who made it his business to attend as many ceremonies as he could and make a photographic record of them; the woman with her young daughter who were walking by and stopped to observe the process for a good twenty minutes (the mother quietly explaining things to her child); the passer-by whose stricken expression revealed the truth that she – indeed many in the entire population – had lived her life traumatised by what had been done by her parents’ generation, maybe by her actual parents.

I’ve witnessed before the depth and breadth of the acknowledgement of the sins perpetrated by German people and state under the Nazis, the ubiquity of memorials large and small. I will never cease to appreciate it, and be grateful for it. More people in this country, particularly those who still choose to demonise Germany and Germans now, should know just how much they collectively say ‘*mea culpa*’ and continue to teach their young about their shameful history.

Taking a break from writing this, we went to Evensong at the cathedral in Ely. The visiting choir unexpectedly started the service by singing a setting of *Ubi Caritas* – “Where charity (love) is, God is there”. Yes!



I'm writing a much bigger, more comprehensive, piece about this, and about them – please ask me if you'd like me to send you a copy – wisewomanwalks@gmail.com – Ed.



**Calendar and Intentions
for
November 2022**

*The list of Thanksgivings and Intercessions offers a focus
for our daily prayer, both at the Offices and Mass,
and in our personal times of prayer.*

*The Vicar would be glad of suggestions or
additions to the list of daily intentions.*

Calendar for November

TUE 1st ALL SAINTS' DAY
WED 2nd ALL SOULS' DAY
THU 3rd Richard Hooker. Anniversary of Dedication of LSM
FRI 4th of the Sacred Heart
SAT 5th

SUN 6th DEDICATION FESTIVAL
MON 7th S. Willibrord, bishop
TUE 8th Saints & martyrs of England
WED 9th *Margery Kempe*
THU 10th S. Leo, bishop & doctor
FRI 11th S. Martin of Tours, bishop
SAT 12th of the Blessed Virgin Mary

SUN 13th 2nd SUNDAY before ADVENT, REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY
MON 14th Samuel Seabury, bishop
TUE 15th
WED 16th S. Margaret of Scotland, queen
THU 17th S. Hugh of Lincoln, bishop
FRI 18th S. Elisabeth of Hungary
SAT 19th S. Hilda of Whitby, abbess

SUN 20th CHRIST the KING, NEXT before ADVENT
MON 21st
TUE 22nd *S. Cecilia, martyr*
WED 23rd S. Clement, bishop & martyr
THU 24th
FRI 25th *S. Catherine of Alexandria, martyr*
SAT 26th

SUN 27th 1st SUNDAY in ADVENT
MON 28th of Requiem
TUE 29th
WED 30th S. Andrew, apostle

Daily Intentions & Anniversaries of death in November

A sense of our share in the Communion of Saints		1 st
The Faithful Departed	<i>Michael Latham</i>	2 nd
Thanksgiving for our Parish		3 rd
Fulbourn Hospital and its Friends	<i>Stephen Roskill, Alfred Whitham</i>	4 th
Parliament	<i>Dorothy Roberts, Elizabeth Rayner, Sally Coni</i>	5 th

Our Parish & People		6th
The Union of Utrecht of the Old Catholic Churches		7 th
Conversion of England	<i>Joyce Wolton, Dick Richardson</i>	8 th
The sick		9 th
Pope Francis		10 th
Social Responsibility & Global Group		11 th
Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham		12 th

Our Parish & People	<i>John Meurig Thomas</i>	13th
The Episcopal Church in the USA	<i>Eleanor Fynes-Clinton</i>	14 th
CamTrust	<i>Dorothy Marlow, Betty Barnard</i>	15 th
The Catholic Societies	<i>Alan Huskinson, Michael Waring</i>	16 th
Bishops	<i>Betty Clough, Dorothy Pickett, Ann Knight</i>	17 th
Spiritual Directors	<i>John Byrom, pr.</i>	18 th
Vocations to the Religious Life		19 th

Our Parish & People	<i>Joyce Bones</i>	20th
Expectant mothers		21 st
Church musicians	<i>Enid Hunter, Stephen Cleobury</i>	22 nd
Our Parochial Church Council		23 rd
Our Home Communicants		24 th
S. Catharine's College	<i>Jan Ellison, Robert Beesley, Joan Waton</i>	25 th
Preparations for Advent	<i>David Morgan, Val Mendel</i>	26 th

Our Parish & People	<i>Freda Jones</i>	27th
The Faithful Departed	<i>Ronald Fletcher</i>	28 th
Missionary work of the church	<i>John Clough, Audrey Bunting</i>	29 th
People of Scotland	<i>Ann Watson, William Thurbon, Harold White, Peter Smith</i>	30 th

Iona, again
by Charles Moseley



What did I do on my holidays? When I was at junior school, that used to be a common enough question a stoical teacher facing a new term with the little dears might set for an essay. It still remains an intriguing one, for do we not all find that in the flatness that almost always follows a return home from ‘Away’ to old clothes and porridge, you look back and think, ‘Well, what was all that about? What was all the fuss about? What *did* matter?’

When I was much younger and perhaps a little more foolish, I used glibly to say to people, ‘To get the most out of going on holiday you ought to come home more tired than when you set off: get your money’s worth!’ (That last criterion is my Lancashire canniness coming out.) To be fair, holidays then were usually pretty energetic, involving some challenging walks each day in harder country, and camping in weather often foul, and if not foul, then warm enough for clouds of midges to commit hara-kiri on top of the soup after they had bitten you. Trying to cook bacon and eggs over a wood fire in the rain, or attempting to feed eight people for a week on what you could catch (that one did happen, except for one day out of the seven: rabbits shot on the dunes, fresh finnock caught where the burn in spate ran into the sea, and mackerel. I admit we bought vegetables). Do I think like that now? Well, I am glad we did it, but...

So, this year, as usual around the time the leaves begin to turn sere and the equinoctial moon brings the highest tides, to our blessed place, Iona – *Ì mo chridhe*, ‘Iona of my heart’, as St Columba called it. I’ve written about the outwardly unremarkable place quite a bit, as many of you know, but oddly its very familiarity is ever old, ever new. As the little ferry (on which you can’t take your car) makes its slow and noisy way across the Sound you can’t help a certain excitement at once more coming to what George MacLeod, founder of the Iona Community, called a ‘thin place.’ It’s a long way from Cambridge. This time, dreading the awful motorway drive round Glasgow and the tedious road up Loch Lomond, we had decided on a long short cut. Forget about getting there as fast as possible: the journeying and not just the arriving can be the meaning. So we took the ferry to Arran – that’s where years ago both the wettest camp and the most successful foraging happened to a much younger me – then stayed a couple of nights so that Rosanna and I could walk to the remarkable Neolithic and Bronze Age remains at Machrie. (Worth it, if you are ever in those parts: 11 stone circles and many, many burial cairns in two square miles of peat bog.) There were other bounties too: Hutton’s Unconformity on the north shore of raised beach to inspect, for geeks like us, and several close encounters with goat-smelly stags and the valley loud all through the night with their belling. Milo the Lab was nonplussed, both by the belling and the smell, and snuggled a bit closer. Then another ferry to Claonaig, and a wet drive to Oban through Kilmartin so that we could assess whether we wanted to go there one day to explore its 180 prehistoric sites within five miles of the

village (yes) .Then the long, lonely, familiar drive, single-track all the way, across Mull, as the westering sun led us to our shore of departure. And once again, to the adventure of semi-silence – we do sometimes sit for a long time, in sight of each other but at far ends of a beach. (Confusing for the dog, who has discovered he likes beaches and tearing huge strands of storm-uprooted kelp cast up by the storm – oh yes, there was one, as usual - to bits.) Early prayers before breakfast for me alone in the 11th-century St Oran’s Chapel with the dog at my feet and the feel of ancient centuries of prayer all around. Rosanna, meditating at her favourite spot in the abbey, disturbed only by some ‘praise songs’ and a loud voice saying, ‘I’d better go and cut up the bread for Communion.’ In the tiny shrine of St Columba, where there is just room for six people at the most, I sat in unlit silence as the evening darkened. Then, as I sat there with only the light that burns before the icon, a sudden shadow across the low open door – clearly someone wanting to enter the darkness within. And unseen Milo gave the most enormous, gruff, bark. The shadow disappeared, the noise of boots on the gravel rapidly receding, and when I came out to apologise - I do it cautiously, as the doorway is so low I have to bend almost double - there was nobody to be seen. I wonder what story they told about the shrine of St Columba?

Why do we go, and go again? Why do we religiously (oh dear!) eschew all news? Why do we feel we need to go to that strange place where 1,500 years and more ago a curragh’s prow breasted the stones of the storm beach, and thirteen men landed from the wet leather – and changed the world? Retreat? Not formal, not structured, almost ad-libbed. Healing of mind? Learning at least for a time to *know*, not just say, or repeat, that all shall be well, all manner of thing shall be well? Daring to trust that insight, despite all the appearances to the contrary of this poor world, despite all the terrible news of what we humans, all brothers and sisters descended from single ancestors whom we share with the dinosaurs and the cephalopods, do to each other, red in tooth and claw, and to the creatures with whom we share this fragile planet? And sometimes, in the silence, as the storm beats on the roof of St Michael’s Chapel, you *are* given the grace to glimpse that peace which the world cannot give. We shall go back - if we are spared, as an old mentor of mine used to say. But bringing Iona back down the A1, down to the everyday – aye, that is difficult. You can’t live in that, well, *joy* all the time. But the *memory* of that insight, that glimpse, is itself a grace that sweetens this sour world of everyday.



She said that being away had meant she'd neglected her editorial 'commissioning' requests, so would I write something, please? Blame her for these meanderings!

Hamlin Fistula news

by Christine Tipple

Since Covid, blankets have only been able to be sent to Ethiopia twice a year. The next consignment will go at the beginning of November. Adult blankets are a priority. Each patient is given one and with approximately three thousand surgeries planned for this year, three thousand blankets will therefore be needed.



In the past year 2,284 adult blankets, 643 baby blankets and over 3,000 baby hats and cardigans were sent by the Hamlin Fistula office near Birmingham. This week LSM is sending it four adult blankets, three smaller ones and two baby garments.

A Personal View on ... Beauty

by Ceri Lamb



As the years go by, I have become more and more convinced of the importance of beauty in our lives. Of course, the idea of what that constitutes will differ immensely between individuals. However, to enter beautiful buildings such as churches and cathedrals, to wonder at the minds which could have conceived and built such marvels, and to absorb the

centuries of love, prayer and reverence which such buildings exude from their stones are thoughts which must impress the minds of most visitors.

Similarly, to stand before great art or listen to uplifting music can provide peace and stillness, and often great comfort in times of distress. Literature and poetry can also provide comfort. To know that others have had similar experiences gives people the courage to continue their lives even in times of grief or loss.

During Lockdown, many people reported that they had found comfort in nature. Walks in our beautiful countryside often allow us to be introspective and find inner peace, and at the same time appreciate lovely scenery or notice plants, animals or insects which are sometimes overlooked in our busy lives.

Our encounters with beauty, whether it be lovely surroundings, art, literature, music or nature, give us that inner strength which helps us to cope with whatever life throws at us. I believe such moments allow us to become closer to God, and influence us for good, or at the very least make us aspire to be better people.

Garden News

by Christine Tipple

After the rain and the wind, the garden is beginning to look quite autumnal. Path sweeping is a regular task which we hope to do on Friday mornings (when we shall have the Centre warm and welcoming for anyone who cares to come in for some coffee and cake).

