

What a dreadful winter this has been – of course much worse for some than for others, especially those people who have been driven from their homes by the floods. When we are living through the cold, wet, dark days of winter, it is easy to forget that Spring is on its way and all the beauty that can bring.

As I write we are experiencing the first really warm and sunny day of the year and rather than the gradual signs of approaching Spring the whole of nature seems suddenly to have burst into life. Wandering through Anglesey Abbey gardens this morning I felt deeply moved by the beauty – of miniature iris, hellebores, cowslips, tiny green shoots, blossom on the trees and shrubs and the stark red of the cornus against a clear blue sky. It was all quite breathtaking, it always takes me by surprise, and yet this happens every year. We can be sure that spring will follow the dark, dismal days of winter; the certainty of spring, bringing with it the bursting forth of new life.

Now we are moving through the more sombre, reflective time of Lent, through the darkness of Holy Week and the pain of Good Friday until we come face to face with another certainty – that Christ will burst from the tomb, burst into new life, the certainty of the resurrection.

The bursting into life of God's glorious creation and the resurrection of Christ on Easter Day are signs of hope for us. The warmth and beauty of this day are not a sign that the rain, frost and cold have definitely gone for this year but they bring us the hope of things to come. We may be walking a difficult road of pain, uncertainty or suffering but in the end, through the renewing power of his love, God will transform darkness to light, suffering to joy,

death to life. We know it won't be the end of the difficult times for good, but we have that hope, the certainty of Easter, the certainty of new life and a new beginning in Christ. God's voice calls to us and we are alive again.

Yesterday, in the gardens, I felt an overwhelming sense of love, the love of God. For me it was one of life's little resurrection experiences; and there are many of those – we just have to look for them!

Linda

Easter Blessing

How beautiful is the blossom
spilling from the tree,
the hidden primrose
and the bluebell
ringing out the news.
He is risen
he is alive we shall live for evermore.
The dark winter is past,
the slow, cold, foggy days are over.
May the warmth of your resurrection
touch our hearts and minds
as the warmth of the sun
blesses our bodies.



PARISH DIRECTORY

Vicar	Rev. David Maher	351844
Honorary Assistant Curate	Rev. John Polkinghorne	360743
Assistant Priest	Rev. Harry Rose	01954 211553
Licensed Lay Minister	Linda Dean	328658
Licensed Lay Minister	Martha Clark	07990 588479
Authorised Lay Minister (Admin & Music)	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
Authorised Lay Minister (Pastoral Care)	Lilas Davison	354300
Authorised Lay Minister (Social Awareness)	Liz Collinson	01954 251377
Churchwarden	Terry Barringer	424584
Churchwarden	Rhodri James	357607
PCC Chairman	Rev. David Maher	351844
PCC Vice Chairman	Rhodri James	357607
PCC Secretary	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
PCC Treasurer	Ginni Carroll	01954 212993
PCC Electoral Roll Officer	Lilas Davison	354300
Administrator	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
Convenor PCC Buildings and Grounds Team	David Wilson	720097
Convenor PCC Children and Families Team	Hazel Maher	351844
Convenor PCC Discipleship and Teaching Team	David Maher	351844
Convenor PCC Pastoral Team	Linda Dean	328658
Convenor PCC Social Awareness Team	Liz Collinson	01954 251377
Convenor PCC Worship and Music Team	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
Altar Linen	Finsetta Cummings	352757
Assistant Treasurer	Bill Elsey	357622
Chalice Bearers	Bill Elsey	357622
Child Protection Co-ordinator	Paula Carter	07952 919701
Children's Society	Ruby Leyshon	352151
Children's Work	John & Alison Phillips	502969
Church Hall Bookings	Ruby Leyshon	352151
Coffee Makers	Gill Ambrose	858994
Coffee & Rolls	Fiona Blows	329822
Music Co-Ordinator	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
Friends of Etterbeek	John & Elizabeth Lamont	565559
Fund Raising Events Co-ordinators	Eva Hutson	574070
Fund Raising Events Co-ordinators	Ruby Leyshon	352151
Fund Raising Events Co-ordinators	Evelyn Walker	364067
Good Shepherd Players	Liz Collinson	01954 251377
Good Shepherd Players	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
Intercessors	John Lamont	565559
Jimmy's Night Shelter	Paula Carter	07952919701
Food Bank	Liz Collinson	01954 251377
Lesson Readers	Lilas Davison	354300
Monday Club	Eva Hutson	574070
Good Shepherd News Editor	Ruth Banger	07764 613862
North Cambridge Area Deanery Synod	John Phillips	502969
North Cambridge Area Deanery Synod	Ginni Carroll	01954 212993
North Cambridge Council of Churches	Michael Lovell	328521
Pastoral Care Co-ordinator	Linda Dean	328658
Planned Giving Secretary	Lilas Davison	354300
Registrar of Planned Giving Envelopes	Tom Shipp	353734
Rural Development Movement	Henry Disney	359396
Sacristan	Stuart Keir	572303
Servers	Bill Elsey	357622
Sidesmen & Sideswomen	Terry Barringer	424584
Sidesmen & Sideswomen	Rhodri James	357607
Sound System	David Wilson	07899 917831

READINGS FOR APRIL

Sundays and holy days

- 6 PASSION SUNDAY
Ezekiel 37: 1-14
Romans 8: 6-11
Matthew 27: 11-54
- 13 PALM SUNDAY
Matthew 21: 1-11
Isaiah 50: 4-9
- 17 MAUNDY THURSDAY at 7.30pm
Exodus 12: 1-4, 11-14
1 Corinthians 11: 23-26
John 13: 1-17, 31-35
- 20 EASTER VIGIL at 5am
Romans 6: 3-11
Psalm 114
Matthew 28: 1-10
- 20 EASTER DAY at 10am
Acts 10: 34-43
John 20: 1-18
- 27 SECOND SUNDAY OF EASTER
tbc
tbc

Wednesdays

- 2 Isaiah 49: 8-15
John 5: 17-30
- 9 Daniel 3: 14-20, 24-25, 28
John 8: 31-42
- 16 Isaiah 50: 4-9
Hebrews 12: 1-3
John 13: 21-32
- 23 NO SERVICE
- 30 Acts 5: 17-26
John 3: 16-21

FIRST CALL

Sunday April 6 at 7pm in the Church



REGULAR SERVICES IN APRIL

- Sundays 8.30am Holy Communion
10am Parish Communion
- Mondays 9.30am Morning Prayer
- Tuesdays 9.30am Morning Prayer
- Wednesdays 9.30am Holy Communion
- Thursdays 9.30am Morning Prayer
- Fridays 9.30am Morning Prayer

CHURCH CLOSURE

The Church will close after the 10am service on Easter Day (April 20) and will reopen for the 10am service on April 27. There will be no midweek services while the church is closed and no 8.30 service on April 27.

SPECIAL SERVICES IN APRIL

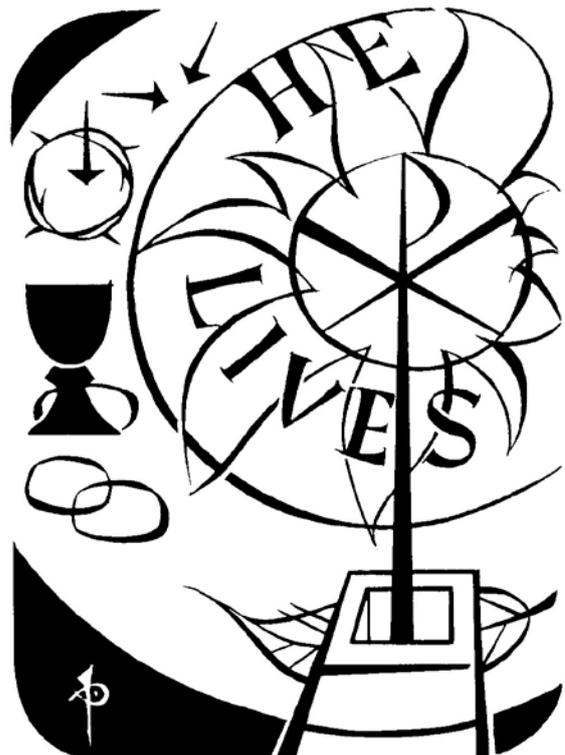
Sunday April 27 All Age service.
(see page 4 for Easter services)

EVENTS IN APRIL

Sunday April 6 at 12 noon Sunday Lunch Club meets in the Church Hall.

Sunday April 27 Annual Parochial Church meeting in church after the 10am service.

Sunday April 27 Last Orders in a local pub



HOLY WEEK 2014

at The Good Shepherd

April 14-16 at 9.30am
Holy Communion

Thursday April 17 at 7.30pm
Maundy Thursday service of Holy Communion

Friday April 18 (Good Friday)
at 11am
Joint service of witness in Arbury
(meet outside the Community Centre)
and at 1.30pm
A Good Friday meditation

Sunday April 20 (Easter Day)
at 5am Easter vigil
at 8.30am said Holy Communion
9.00-9.45am Shared breakfast
10am All Age Easter Day Communion followed by Easter Egg hunt



AT ST. CUTHMAN'S RETREAT CENTRE, SUSSEX – EARLY MARCH

Christ of the lake
I pray you walk to me
upon these steel-grey waters.
Arrow me with love
as bladed sun arrows
this laced fretwork
of winter trees.
Speak to me
within the silence, in the cries
of coot and moorhen,
in the light that slides
over the mirror of the lake.

Though my soul sink
for very faithlessness,
catch me into
your coracle of hope;
uphold and strengthen me,
set my course by yours
that, though the crops fail,
the flocks vanish from the folds
and the stalls stand empty of cattle,
yet I may fix my trust in you.

When faith dries to nothingness,
when I am pared down
like a broken stump in the leafless woods,
then Lord may I know your grace
and knowing, find the courage
to stretch out my hand.....

Rex Collinson

St Cuthman's Retreat Centre is situated beside a lake in the western weald of Sussex. St Cuthman was a seventh-century Sussex saint who built a church at Steyning, just north of the South Downs. His story has been dramatized in Christopher Fry's play THE BOY WITH A CART.

The last four lines of the second verse of the poem are adapted from part of the third chapter of Habakkuk which we read one morning at prayers in the chapel.

WHAT IS THE RURAL DEVELOPMENT MOVEMENT OF SOUTH INDIA?

Based in the village of Parakkanvilai, one of the poorest villages in South India, the RDM is a registered charity both in India and Britain. Supported from the beginning by the Church of the Good Shepherd, the RDM is based on the proposition that unless your understanding of the Gospel addresses the needs of the poorest of the poor you have failed to grasp a central theme of the Gospel!

Despite its origins in the Church of South India, the RDM welcomes support from anyone of goodwill and currently includes moderate Hindu and Moslem supporters. The agenda is set by a committee of the local villagers themselves, rather than by some external, albeit well intentioned, agency telling them what they need. As funds allow, the RDM will gradually extend to neighbouring villages who have observed the success of the movement in improving the lot of the poorest of the poor. Among current projects are the following:-

Nursery schools (the first being called the Church of the Good Shepherd Nursery School), at which the children also receive refreshments.

Handicraft and Other Skills Training Centre. This provides training and a fixed wage for the poorest women. Included skills are tailoring, printing, typewriting and computing (when the Government's recently introduced electricity is working). Arrangements are made for sitting examinations for official (Government) certificates of competence.

Small Savings Scheme. This now helps hundreds of families and prevents them becoming trapped by money-lending sharks.

Health Centre. A qualified nurse holds clinics and provides health education. Periodically the services of a doctor are also obtained.

Awareness Education. This is designed to help those with problems such as drug and alcohol abuse and the consequent effects on their families.

Study help. This programme helps poor children move beyond primary school and helps the poorest with their school fees

Shelter for the homeless. Simple tiled houses are being constructed by means of bank loans obtained on their behalf by the RDM.

Sanitation. Construction of simple pit latrines has proved very popular, leading to greater privacy and improved hygiene.

Self help groups. Procrastination, indifference and corruption frequently prevent the poor getting access to services that are their due. Social workers help local people, especially women, in how to deal with local government officials and other authorities.

Suicide. Publicising the availability of counseling for those contemplating suicide and of those who have lost a family member through suicide.

Domestic abuse. Publicising the availability of counseling for those suffering domestic abuse.

Henry Disney

THIS YEAR WE (AND OTHER NORTH CAMBRIDGE CHURCHES) HAVE BOUGHT OUR PALM CROSSES FROM RDM, SO PROVIDING THEM WITH ADDITIONAL FUNDS. WE ALSO SELL THEIR BASKETS AND MATS. WE HOPE TO BE ORGANISING FURTHER FUND RAISING EVENTS TO HELP THEM RAISE THE MONEY TO BUY A GENERATOR TO GIVE THEM UNBROKEN ACCESS TO THEIR COMPUTERS.

We are grateful to GS for your support for the RDM nursery schools for several years since 1989. Henry Disney and his late wife Audrey visited the project. It was on their advice and encouragement we bought computers and started a centre for computer training. The last person from Cambridge who visited RDM was Janet Witting. As I shared with Fr. David in the presence of the congregation in May we are badly in need of an oil Generator. The power cuts in the area last up to 18 hours. There are different sizes of generator, power outputs etc. After considering the options we want to go for a silent generator with power capacity for meeting all the needs. The cost quoted is about the equivalent of 3000 sterling pounds. Individual donors can gift aid through 'RDM Parakkanvilai Fund' a registered charity in the UK.

Israel

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT RDM. MORE TALK TO HENRY DISNEY *or* JANET WITTING



Early Days on the Portobello Road

When the Portobello Road opened up as an antique centre I became fascinated, not only by the variety of goods on sale, but by the vendors as well.

At this time, the remains of bombed out London were being removed of the rubble, bringing to light, especially from basements and cellars, the most amazing collection of china, pictures, glass etc. The Antique Centre consisted of empty shops and houses, themselves in a dreadful state of repair, and any tables or corners were let to anyone for a reasonable rent. This street of antiques was only open on Saturdays, I managed to hire a small section of an amusement “Penny rolling” table. I used to travel all around other people’s stalls or tables in the buildings, or open on the street, and I sort of specialized in fine china, pottery or anything interesting.

As I was leaving one Saturday evening, a man approached me. He was pulling a tin bath or wash tub on a pushchair, and it was full to the top with seaside china. You know, little bottles or jugs saying “A present from ...”

“I don’t want that rubbish” I said to him.

“Give it yer, missus, for nuthink” he replied.

I thought again, I had done extremely well that day and could afford a taxi home.

“Alright”, I said, “but only if you can stop a taxi at the top of the road, and send it to me down here.”

“Done!” he said, and lifted the bath full of seaside mementoes off the pushchair and on to the street. Eventually a taxi appeared, but the driver seemed not to like the washtub, but between us we got it into the boot of the cab and off we went.

Now at that time I lived in a very classy area in London and had a beautifully furnished flat on the second floor of a very expensive block. The concierge took one disparaging look at the washtub, and sniffed. Never the less he helped the taxi driver lift the goods into the lift, and then into my lounge. I tipped them both, and considered my “free gift” which had cost a considerable amount to get home. I was to be surprised, delighted and entertained as never before though.

After a meal I began to sort out my “present”. The little jugs, mugs and very small items I put on one side on the draining board. But the rest were a source of wonder! For they were war memorials of the First World War. There were a dozen Edith Cavell figurines with or without a monument adjoining – and all in porcelain. There were machine guns, shells, ships, bullets – some said “Stick it up your jumper, Jerry” on them – I had a whole fleet of battleships, destroyers, torpedoes, submarines with figures of soldiers, sailors and Red Cross ladies. There were bandoliers of bullets, soldier hats, sailor hats, grenades – and all in china! After some enquiries, I found that if you gave money to the War effort or bought War Bonds between 1914 and 1918 you could be given one of these china pieces, depending on how much you paid. I gave them all a wash, putting aside those of whom I had several copies, and the next Saturday I put some out on my stall. They sold like hot cakes! Before long I had regular customers, and this led to me being arrested!

It was during the time of the Irish troubles when soldiers and even their horses were targeted in London. I was going home one Saturday night, boarding a train at Notting Hill Station, and stood just inside the door. The carriage was full, and the door was just closing, when a man squeezed in beside me. The train started and I recognized the man as one of my regular customers.

“Oh” he said “I’m so glad to see you. I went to your stall, but you had already gone.”

“Did you want anything special?” I asked.

“Yes,” he answered, “I’ve got two hand grenades, and I wondered if I could swap one for a shell.”

Immediately we both felt a hand on a shoulder and a voice yelled “Pull the emergency strap!” The train came to a stop, and then shunted back to the nearest station. We, my customer and I, were handcuffed and marched to the nearest police station.

There we were asked our names, identity and address. I was asked first, but the man refused to co-operate and stayed dumb. It was only when one of the policemen – a detective, it turned out – said what he had heard us say that the penny dropped and I began to laugh. This surprised everyone but I could see the funny side and my poor customer I could see was ashen and agitated.

I explained to the police about my collection of war trophies, but they could not believe me. Then I suggested that they had better come to my flat and see for themselves if they had a Black Maria or other transport. This they did, both of us still in handcuffs, and as I had placed my collection of war china pieces on shelves on each side of the fireplace, they showed to perfection.

The policemen stood in silence, admiring the fleets, armaments and statues. Then they began to laugh as well, and they released us from our cuffs.

Still, they had to write a report on the whole incident, and told my customer that he had better disclose who he was. Did I know who he was, they asked me. But I had no idea, he was just a customer. Then he said, “I was going to give you my name, but you asked her first, and, until she said her name, I didn’t know it, because I was a customer. When I heard her name I couldn’t tell you my name, could I? Because her name is Skin and my name is Bone! Would you have believed us?”

The policemen soon became regular customers too.

Kathleen Skin





IT'S 'AS WE FORGIVE OTHERS'

Before the Christ forgiveness came
From God alone, and only if
Repentance stirred that awesome heart.
And even then the slightest whiff
Of lack of real regret was sure
To leave a gnawing sense of guilt
In place of sorrow truly felt.
But kingdom Christ proclaimed is built
Upon our call to share with God
Renewing gifts forgiveness brings
To every person causing hurt,
From greatest crimes to smallest things.
With vengeance retribution comes
With curse of self regarding sense
Of pride at being in the right,
Despite we know that's no defence.
Forgiveness feeds the roots of love,
Allowing grace of God's own light,
Allowing growth of healing fruits
Compassion yields and sets aright.

Henry Disney

Published in March in my collection COME WHAT MAY



Weeping in Tesco's Car Park

A few months ago during a Sunday Lunch Club a few of us were discussing grief and loss and how it affects you. Most of us had experienced these emotions and we had each found our own unique way of coping with situations. During the space of just over three years, I had lost a fun loving younger brother, a most dear best friend and my lovely mum. I am writing now of my own experience and everyone is different, but at first grief was all around me, touching and colouring everything. At some point it felt as if I was living in a different dimension to other people. One lady I knew described the grief she felt as like living in a black hole. Eventually life regained some semblance of normality and I began to "pick up the pieces" as they say and adjust to my new situation. But as we discussed over lunch, even then grief is never far away and it can catch you in the most unexpected places and when you least expect it. There is a novel by a Canadian author- Elizabeth Smart - called *By Grand Central Station I sat down and wept*. I have never been to Grand Central Station and, as I have never read the book, I don't know why she was weeping there but I imagine it as a noisy and crowded place, not somewhere you could find peace, tranquility and healing. In my own experience grief caught me completely out of the blue and unexpectedly as I was wandering around the shopping aisles in Tesco's. The tins and packages became a watery blur and I abandoned my trolley and embarrassed and watery eyed, I fled to the Car Park and to the safety and privacy of the car. I was given much support and love during my three bereavements but some people find it difficult to show sympathy and even try to avoid you. If you don't know what to say, a warm smile and a hug is always appreciated. Although life is better now, I make sure I always carry my sunglasses in my bag whilst shopping at Tesco's!

Joy Staley

I completely agree with Joy that, just when you think you are "over it", grief can catch you totally unexpectedly and most inappropriately (what's appropriate, after all). The best advice I had came from my brother's mother-in-law who warned me of just what Joy experienced. She lost her husband some years ago and told me that, well over a year after his death, she found herself in floods of tears in her local supermarket as she stared at tins of his favourite soup. I agree with Joy – a smile and a hug go a long way even when you find words too difficult. My best visitors were those who came to see me but said little and those who turned up unexpectedly on my door step and just opened their arms as I came to the door.

Ruth



FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT

A guy sees a sign in front of a house: "Talking Dog for Sale."

He rings the bell and the owner tells him the dog is in the backyard. The guy goes into the backyard and sees a black mutt sitting there.

"Hey," the dog says.

"You really talk?????" the guy asks.

"Yep," the mutt replies.

"Wow. So, what's your story?"

The mutt looks up and says, "Well, I discovered this gift pretty young and I wanted to help the government, so I told the CIA about my gift, and in no time, they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders, because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies eight years running. The jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger and wanted to settle down. So I signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security work, mostly wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. Uncovered some incredible dealings there and was awarded a batch of medals. Had a wife, a mess of puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The guy is amazed. He goes back in and asks the owner what he wants for the dog.

The owner says, "Ten dollars."

The guy says, "This dog is amazing. Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?"

The owner replies, "He's such a liar. He didn't do any of that stuff."



Musical Jokes (with thanks to Classic FM)

Q: What's the difference between a viola and an onion?

A: No one cries when you cut up a viola

Q: What do a viola and a law suit have in common?

A: Everyone is relieved when the case is closed!

Q: How does a soprano sing a scale?

A: Do, Re, Mi, Me, Me, Me, Me ME!

Q: What's the difference between a musician and a large pizza?

A: A pizza can feed a family of four.

Q: What's the definition of perfect pitch?

A: When you throw a banjo in the bin and it lands on an accordion.

Q: What's the difference between a chainsaw and a saxophone?

A: You can tune a chainsaw.

Q: How do you fix a broken brass instrument?

A: With a tuba glue.

Q: How many sopranos does it take to change a light bulb?

A: One. She just holds on and the world revolves around her.

A percussionist, tired from being ridiculed by other musicians, decides to change instruments. He walks into a music shop and says, "I'll take that red trumpet over there, and that accordion." After a second, the shop assistant says, "OK, you can have the fire extinguisher but the radiator stays."

Sam was a 4-year-old who loved candy as much as his mom did. Sam's dad gave Sam's mom a box of chocolates for Valentine's Day. The box was heart-shaped and filled with tons of various chocolates. After a few days had passed, Sam went to the box and reached out to touch one of the pieces of chocolate. Sam's mom said, "Now Sam, you know that if you touch it you have to eat it."

Sam then reached out and tenderly patted the top of every piece of candy with his little hand. He then turned to his mother and said, "Well, now I guess I have to eat them all."

Even under ideal conditions people have trouble locating their car keys in a pocket, finding their cell phone, and pinning the tail on the donkey. But I'd bet everyone can find and push the snooze button from 3 feet away, in about 1.7 seconds, eyes closed, first time, every time.

A 5-year-old boy was playing with his toy cars on the floor next to his bed. He suddenly noticed all the dust under his bed and screamed for his mother.

His mother rushed to his room to find her son sitting on the floor with a very puzzled look on his face.

Mother: "What's wrong?"

Son: "Remember today in church when the preacher said we all came from dust and are going back to dust?"

Mother: "Yes"

Son: "Well, there's someone under my bed but I don't know if they're coming or going."

IN THE CHURCH HALL

THE SUNDAY LUNCH CLUB 1 st Sunday of the month noon – 1.30pm	John & Elizabeth Lamont	565559
THE MONDAY CLUB Monday 2.30 - 4pm	Eva Hutson	574070
THE GOOD SHEPHERD CUBS Monday 6.30 - 8pm	Charles Brown	07720 441123
LINE DANCING Tuesday 10.15 - 11.45am	Mrs B Wright	426517
KEEP FIT 50+ GROUP Tuesday 2.30 - 4pm	Margaret Briggs	01954 250870
THE GOOD SHEPHERD RAINBOWS Tuesday 6.15 – 7.15pm	Miss Rachel Marsh	574520
DOG TRAINING CLASSES Tuesday 7.30 - 9.30pm	Susannah O’Hanlon	235281
CARERS & SUFFERERS OF DEMENTIA Wednesday 10 – 12 noon	The Manager	884031
THE 18th & 25th GOOD SHEPHERD BROWNIES Wednesday 6 - 7.15pm	Mrs Pat Marsh	574520
THE CAMERA CLUB Wednesday 7.30 – 9.30pm	Steve Morrell	529670
GUILDHALL RETIRED MEMBERS CLUB 2 nd Wednesday of the month 2 - 4pm	Yvonne Wisbey	523549
ROYAL BRITISH LEGION 3 rd Wednesday of the month 2.30 - 4.30pm March to November	Mr. Gawthrop	351855
T G W U 4 th Wednesday of the month 2 – 4pm	Evelyn Hunnyball	364293
CAMBRIDGE INSTRUMENTS PENSION FELLOWSHIP 3 rd Thursday of the month 10am - noon	D. Fisher	262282
THE GOOD SHEPHERD BEAVERS Thursday 6.15 - 7.30pm	Emma Roberts	426043
THE GOOD SHEPHERD SCOUTS Thursday 7.30 – 9.00pm	Chris White	0700 891511
CHURCH TODDLERS’ CLUB Friday 9.15 – 11.30am	Claire Duell	0787 4850867
TAI CHI Friday 2 – 3pm	Mike Tabrett	503390
DOG TRAINING CLASSES Friday 7.30 - 9.30pm	Arbury Road Vet. Surgery	361911

TO BOOK THE CHURCH HALL

Please phone 352151 (evenings)

**Submission date for
May Newsletter:
April 13
(Publication date April 27)**



Vicarage 01223 351844

Church Hall bookings
(evenings) 01223 352151

Newsletter Ruth Banger 07764 613862
OR ruthbanger51@gmail.com

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Here at the Good Shepherd we like to help you to celebrate and commemorate many of the milestones on the journey through life; these include weddings, anniversaries, funerals, and baptism services.

If you wish to find out more about these, the first step is to contact the Vicar, the Reverend David Maher. He will be able to tell you what is involved and arrange for a meeting with you if you then wish to take things further.

He can be contacted on 01223 351844

Church website: www.churchofthegoodshepherd.co.uk

