Services and events for May

1st - The Eucharist 9.30am

4th - The Parish Eucharist -Tony's last service 10.30am Evensong 6pm

11th - Morning Worship 10.30am VE80 Thanksgiving service 3pm

15th - the Eucharist 9.30am

18th - The Parish Eucharist Choral Evensong 6pm

25 - The Parish Eucharist

Informal prayer in church on Fridays 9-930. everyone welcome

"As you all aware, Canon Tony is to retire on 18th May and he and Rachel will be leaving Bakewell for Yorkshire very shortly thereafter. His last "official" service at All Saints will be on Sunday 4th May at 10.30am when he will officiate at the Eucharist. Everyone is welcome to join in this service and to enjoy fellowship, cake and wine after the service"



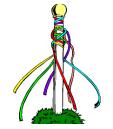
Copy for June

Editor: Pat Bryant. 01629 815225 or pmbryant83@gmail.com

All Saints with St. Anne's



Parish Pump



MAY 2025

Dear Friends

We continue to share the joy of Eastertide and the hope that the Resurrection of Jesus offers to the world of peace, especially as we reflect on the turbulence we see and read about in the trading relationships of nations, and the horrifying attacks on civilian populations in Ukraine, Sudan and Gaza. Easter speaks of so much joy and transformation for those who witness the death and then the rising of Jesus, and for those who follow today.

We are all transitory in life, staying for a period of time and hoping to make meaningful contributions to the communities we live within and identify with, and the lives of those we are in a relationship with, as part of our family and through friendship. We all have hopes, aims and ambitions that we want to achieve, or help others to do so, through our encouragement, commitment, experience and skills. Sometimes, it might be putting ourselves forward in offering our time enthusiasm, and expertise, or needing a bit of encouragement and persuasion because somebody can see our potential.

Over the past 44 years of ministry within the Church of England as a deacon and priest I have seen, as indeed many of you will have, many changes to how things are seen, done and contemplated, as we respond to challenges and opportunities presented by God. Change and adaptation is true in nearly every aspect of life as we know it, and have known it- some good and some not so.

As a parish priest, it is trying to discern where God is present and active in guiding our thinking, planning and awareness of how values of kindness, generosity, justice, peace, integrity, faithfulness and compassion are lived out in the reality of our lives, that try to answer the Commission of Jesus to make disciples, and love our neighbour as we try to love ourselves. The local Parish Church exists for those who have yet to become members of it, which is a challenge and an opportunity always to put at the heart of any agenda and discussion. There are no easy answers, nor quick fixes to growing church and community, but we begin to communicate with people who are not familiar with church practices, and probably don't want to be, by living an authentic life as a follower of Jesus through lives that mirror in every way God's abundant love, forgiveness, generosity, compassion, welcome and hospitality.

I know there is the temptation of the wider Church to measure how we do these things through measuring numbers attending Services, but there are many seeds to be sown by walking with people, accompanying them through the shadows of sadness and uncertainty, and having the confidence to let faith be shown.

It has been the greatest privilege and joy to have served as your Parish Priest and to work and minister with committed, faithful, loving, supportive and conscientious people, not just within the church community, but in schools, through community groups and activities, and giving of themselves to improve people's lives and opportunities. Thank you for your love, support, encouragement, help, prayer and faithfulness.

The path of appointment for a new Vicar appears long, but I have confidence that God will send in time the right person to move forward,

Christmas Tree Festival

As you are no doubt aware, I am planning to leave Bakewell for pastures new in the foreseeable future. I do not yet know when this will be, but it is now necessary to look towards the future coordination of the Christmas Tree Festival.

A great many people do sterling work in ensuring that the festival is a success and there is a large group within the Bakewell congregation who do a superb job in the preparation, organisation and closing down of the festival. However, a co ordinator is required to work along with Joyce to make sure that tasks are done at the right time, that everything is covered and that communication happens!

Could you be that person?

It is not such an onerous task as it might appear. Over the years we have developed routines and patterns of working. Joyce has taken the responsibility of the bookings and the ordering of trees, so there would be no need for you to be involved in the financial aspects of the festival. Of course you may want to make changes, but a pattern is in place to be developed and amended as you see fit. At least you would not be starting from scratch. It is also a very satisfying event with which to be involved. It is a much loved and important part of the run up to Christmas and is eagerly anticipated annually by locals and visitors alike. If you would like any further information please get in touch with me and I would be happy to have a chat.

Dot - 01629 814496/ 07752 674719

My WarI



I was ten years old when the war ended and five when it began. My school was only 500 yards from the sea. In Junior school we used, each day after school, to go down to the beach and watch for a convoy passing out at sea, which could mean an air raid, this being Sunderland, with shipyards and docks. We couldn't go on the beach because rolls of barbed wire closed it off all along the promenade. I hadn't been on the beach since I was four.

When there was an air raid, it was out quickly and into the Anderson shelter in the garden, which had two bunks, in my siren suit (green corduroy) if it was night and grabbing whatever food came to hand at other times. We were frequently bombed destroying houses as close as the bottom of my street. And I can still see in my head, the night when the land mine came down on a parachute with searchlights tracking it. It came down very close to the shipyards.

In May 1945 came joy. The war was over. My dad, in the Air Force, could come home, the barbed wire was rolled and taken away and we could go on the beach and paddle in the sea again.

Best of all, there was to be a big party. My street and the next street joined forces. They were both cul-de-sacs and tables - trestles used for wall papering - went all down one street. Sheets covered the tables and everyone brought out the bits and bobs that they had been hoarding and made sandwiches and cakes and jellies. The tables were decorated with flags and bunting was hung wherever it was possible to hang it. Somebody brought a gramophone (wind up) and there was music and singing and smiling faces everywhere. That was my V.E.day!

building on the best of the past, with the hopes and commitments that the churches in the benefice will be working on, with the Archdeacon, to help plan a future mission strategy that grows Church and grows Community.

For me, it is time to roll up the tent with Rachel and move on to a new part of our lives. It is never Good bye, but God be with you until we meet again. Pray for Rachel and myself, and as we pray for you, for the well-being of everybody and everything that makes us this wonderful part of God's Kingdom in the Peak District. God bless and keep you all in his love, peace and presence.

With love and Prayers.

Tony

And you both go with our love and our prayers and with grateful thanks for all that you have done for us and with us. Ed.



A Word from St Anne's

May is a truly delightful month amongst the seasons of the year. Spring is well established and moving towards Summer and nature still presents the widest range of fresh greens as well as a profusion of blossom in the trees and flowers in the grass. It is also,

statistically, one of the dryest months and usually one of the sunniest, so what is not to enjoy, especially in our lovely National Park surroundings?

Strange, then, that at this time of burgeoning life one of the most dominant international stories is of a death - the death of a man who was, undoubtedly, the most significant and consequential leader of the Christian world, Pope Francis. It must be said that he was a most unusual pope, - charismatic but lacking in grandeur, eschewing the pomp of office and opting for simplicity, seeking out the poor and marginalised whilst criticising the rich and powerful. As a result he made enemies among the latter, and amongst the establishment generally, but was loved by the vast majority of his flock, and greatly admired by many who were not part of his flock

Perhaps it is not so strange, though, because we have just celebrated the story of another death in the Church calendar - that of Jesus upon the cross - but also, of course, of His rising from the dead and appearing to His followers. And so Pope Francis is now part of the "great army of saints."

This is a particularly poignant thought for me at the moment because my wife Olga died recently. Her funeral was held at St Anne's church in Over Haddon, where we have lived for 56 years, and she is buried in the churchyard, close to the grave of her parents and sister and between the graves of two friends. That is to say, of course, her body is buried there, but her soul lives on, as we have been promised by our Lord.

Roger Truscott

* * *

100 club

The winners of the latest draw, taken on April 6 were:-

1st prize - 45 - £40

2nd prize - 10 - £20

3rd prize - 12 - £10

3rd prize - 20 - £10

If you would like to join the draw please contact Joyce Glencross on 07808 539464 or email j.glencross@btinternet.com

* * *

The chaplain was walking through the prison garment factory.

"Sewing?" he asked a prisoner who was at work.

"No, Chaplain," replied the prisoner gloomily, "reaping!"

O M Witherby