

St Stephen's News

ST STEPHEN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH · TIMONIUM, MARYLAND

Volume XXVI, Number 40

A parish in the classical Anglican tradition

13 October 2015

FROM THE RECTOR

Back in the 'olden days' life wasn't much fun – or was it?

History has always fascinated me. Even as a very small boy, I was constantly asking questions about how life was lived in times past. Most memorably, at the age of five, I decided to grill my Grandfather Myall about what things were like 'in the olden days,' when he was a boy.

'Well,' he said gravely, 'Back in the olden days, when I was your age, my father was a caveman and life wasn't very much fun. Caves are very draughty, you know. The food wasn't up to much either. Dinosaur meat is really tough and sabre-tooth tiger isn't much better. I was really glad when the Romans turned up.'

'What happened then, grandfather?' I asked.

'Father got a really good job as a Roman soldier,' he said. 'We had a nice fort to live in, and we didn't have to wear animal skins and eat dinosaur any more. Things got even better when the Anglo-Saxons came – until the Vikings arrived, that is. After that, it was lot of fighting and shouting rude names.'

'Did you fight the Vikings, grandfather?' I asked.

'No,' he replied, 'I was much too young. I didn't fight anybody until I grew up and became a knight in armour. Then we had to fight dragons and rescue fair damsels in distress. That's how I met Grandmother, of course. She was being held captive by a dragon, but she promised to marry me if I set her free.'

'Fighting that dragon must have been very frightening,' I said, awestruck.

'All in day's work in the olden days, my boy,' replied Grandfather, 'Today, the most exciting thing I get to do is weed the garden.'

It seemed an ideal story for Monday morning's Show and Tell session at school. But I dropped the idea after I quizzed Grandmother about what it was like to be held prisoner by a dragon.

'Take no notice of your Grandfather,' she sniffed. 'My mother was a very sweet and kind-hearted lady.'

My first unsuccessful foray into the realm of oral history, however, did nothing to quell my interest in the subject. And today, more than six decades later, I've come to realise that my own childhood experience is far closer to that of my grandparents than that of my own grandchildren.

The automobile was still in its earliest stages of development when my grandparents were children. However, Grandfather Hawtin was still a young man when he bought his first motorcar from a showroom in central London in 1898 or thereabouts.

(After 10 minutes instruction from the salesman, he drove the vehicle home through 15 miles of jam-packed horse drawn traffic. Those 10 minutes were the sum of his driver's education. After that, like the Bourbons, he learned nothing and forgot nothing. Driving with him was a truly white-knuckle experience.)

When I was a boy, however, automobiles were not much in evidence. Unlike the United States, ordinary folks didn't drive cars, while the members of the 'upper crust' who could afford them rarely used their vehicles for trips that were shorter than two miles.

Second World War newsreels record images of German panzers forging through the French countryside and U.S. tanks breasting the surf at Normandy. But the vaunted German Wehrmacht was largely horse drawn, while the bulk of the British Army – dubbed 'footsloggers' – simply marched, as did many G.I.s.

During my childhood, tradesmen's vans were mostly hay burners. The only gasoline powered trade vehicle seen in our village was the British Railways 'mechanical horse' – an odd-looking three-wheeled tractor-trailer.

For most boys, the idea of heaven was to drive the milk float while the milkman made deliveries. Actually, no driving was involved. The horse knew his route backwards and would stop at each house of his own accord.

The abundance of horse traffic afforded plenty of opportunities for private enterprise. My price for a bucket of horse manure gleaned from farm field and village street was one penny, or one U.S. cent at the prevailing exchange rate.

My father, home on leave from the Royal Air Force and eager to improve our rose beds, contracted with me for as much horse manure as I could supply. I took him at his word, and delivered a grand total of 40 buckets – at 12 pennies to the shilling, the bill added up to a princely three shillings and four pence.

It was then I learned my first lesson in capitalist economics – the downside of over supply.

'How much?' exclaimed father when I presented the bill, 'That's absolutely outrageous! I'll give you half a crown.' At stroke, he cut my earnings by 25 percent or 10 whole pennies! It taught me to settle the precise details of a contract – quality, quantity, price and delivery date – before fulfilling it.

There were more interesting ways of making money than collecting horse manure – helping out on farms at harvest time, for starters. Another source of income was pest control – helping keep the grey squirrel population in check.

A couple of centuries ago visitors to America thought it would be fun to bring back to Britain some of those cute grey squirrels as souvenirs. Nature being red in tooth and claw, the newcomers immediately set about ousting and then eradicating the smaller, much less aggressive native red squirrel.

By the middle of the 20th Century, the red squirrel was on the verge of extinction, while the grey squirrels, having no natural enemies, had gone forth and multiplied in such great numbers they were a menace to both forestry and agriculture.

The Parish Prayer List

Our Prayer Chain offers prayer daily for people on the Prayer List as well as the guests of the Joseph Richey Hospice. To add a name to the prayer list, or to the visiting list, or to join the Prayer Chain, ring the parish office on 410 560 6776.

FOR REPOSE OF SOUL: Finton

FOR RECOVERY: Hilarie, Jack, Cal, Phyllis, Edie, Adele, Linda, Elizabeth, Shelby, Melissa, Sandra, Ralph, Nathan, Hobie, Hayley, John, Nancy, Gloria, Judy, Pam, Neal, Will, Aida, Julie

FOR LIGHT, STRENGTH & GUIDANCE: Stephen, Melba, Scott, Vinnie, Doug, Ian, Lisa, Carey, Ned

ON ACTIVE SERVICE: Lt Alex Bursi, Capt. Charles Bursi, Lt Nicholas Clouse, USN; Lt Col. Harry Hughes

Eventually the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries offered a bounty on grey squirrels of a penny per tail, payable in cash or .22 caliber cartridges or .410 shotgun shells. Thus a morning's hunting could, with reasonable luck, furnish the price of a front row seat at the movies.

Yet another source of income, of course, was the church choir. Trebles were paid a shilling a week – serious money, back then. And there were plenty of chances to earn additional fees.

We weren't paid for funerals as they were classed as 'acts of corporal mercy.' Weddings, however, commanded a healthy two bob (two shillings) – riches beyond our dreams of avarice.

My grandchildren today live entirely different lives from mine back then. They have play dates and are car pooled to a myriad of activities – swimming, soccer, the Boy and Girl Scouts. They have so many toys it must be difficult for them to make their minds up about which one to play with.

However I wouldn't trade my childhood for theirs. Today's kids seem so organised they scarcely have time to think. Certainly they aren't interested in times past. They've never asked about the olden days when my dad was a caveman. And I doubt they'll ever learn I rescued their grandmother from a dragon. **GPH**

FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday School needs your help!

The Sunday School has been blessed with many new children this year. We need some extra help with our toddlers during the 9.15 Sunday service. Please sign up in the Cadwalader Room for the Sundays you are able to help. Many hands make light work!

ON THE KALENDAR

King Edward the Confessor

Edward was the seventh son of Æthelred the Unready, and the first by his second wife, Emma of Normandy. You can imagine the tumultuous childhood which led to Edward succeeding to the throne. (England was assaulted by a series of Viking raids, and Edward's mother Emma married Cnut, the invader who defeated Edward's older step-brother, Edmund Ironsides.) He does not seem to have been a particularly strong king, for all that he reigned for over two decades (1042–1066). He was the last King of Wessex, and he possibly paved the way for the Norman invasion (some contemporary sources claim he chose William of Normandy as his successor).

Edward's reputation for holiness seems to be based on his accessibility to his subjects, his generosity to the poor, and his

supposedly unconsummated marriage to Edith, daughter of Godwin, the Earl of Wessex (whose family controlled southern England, and who was a manipulative power behind the throne). Nevertheless, he became one of the most popular English saints, holding the place of Patron Saint until the cult of St George was brought back from the Holy Land during the Crusades.

Edward's feast day was originally 5 January, the date of his death; he was buried in Westminster Abbey, whose rebuilding Edward funded to provide an appropriate burial church for himself. His relics were translated twice within the Abbey, first on 13 October 1163, two years after his canonisation by Alexander III, and again on the same date in 1269. As a result, the date of his translation has become his principal feast day.

FROM THE LADIES WHO LUNCH

The Ladies will lunch on 21 October

The Ladies Who Lunch have planned their next outing to a brand new restaurant, **Cu Vino**, on Wednesday, 21 October at noon. Cu Vino is located in the Padonia Shopping Centre at 61 East Padonia Road in Timonium. Why not join them for a convivial get-together over a delicious meal? Good food and good fellowship – what more could you want? Please ring Joyce Perlberg on **410 252 2680** to make your reservation; she will need a final count by the 19th.

St Stephen's Anglican Church

11856 Mays Chapel Road, Timonium, MD 21093

Office: 410 560 6776 · Rectory: 410 665 1278

Pastoral Care: 410 252 8674

www.ststeve.com

The Ven. Canon Guy P. Hawtin, *Rector*

The Ven. Michael Kerouac, *Vicar*

The Rev. Michael Belt, The Rev. John Novicki, *Associate Rectors*

The Rev. M. Wiley Hawks, *Priest · Adric, Magister Chori*

Mrs Happy Riley, *Director of Pastoral Care & Wedding Coordinator*

SUNDAY SERVICES

8 am: Said Eucharist

9.15 am: Choral Eucharist (with Nursery & Church School)

11 am: Choral Mattins (1st Sunday: Sung Eucharist)

6 pm: Choral Evensong (as announced: evensong.ststeve.com)

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Wednesday, 6 pm: Evening Prayer

Friday, 12 noon: Healing Eucharist

Saturday, 5 pm: Family Eucharist

Calendar of Events

WEEKLY

Mondays, 6.30 pm: Bridge Club

Tuesdays, 7 am: Fellowship Breakfast (Nautilus Diner)

Thursdays, 10 am: Knitting Circle

Fridays, 10.30 am: Bible Study

MONTHLY & SPECIAL

Wednesday, 21 October, 12 noon

The Ladies Who Lunch meet at Cu Vino

(No Afternoon Tea in October – Teas resume in November)

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

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11856 Mays Chapel Road

St Stephen's Anglican Church

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