



From our Chairman, Julie Galliard

As I write these few words on the date of the Autumn Equinox, it seems a very long time since we had our 2007 Friends' AGM and dinner last April when Carolin Gohler spoke to us about the work of the Cambridge Preservation Trust, and in particular, the development of the site at Wandlebury. Despite some slight hitches with the equipment, Carolin's talk was interesting and lively, prompting many questions and observations from the audience.

At the AGM in April the 2006–2007 committee was re-elected en bloc and the officers have stayed the same for the current year. However, John Martin has indicated that this will be his final year on the committee, thus we will be looking to recruit at least one new committee member at the next AGM. There could never be another John but I am sure there must be a Friend out there somewhere who could join our committee, attend three meetings a year, and contribute to discussions and ideas for future projects. Think about it!

The three free standing frontals – two for the choir and one for the clergy – arrived in July and were dedicated during the morning service on Sunday 15th July. It is gratifying to note that they have been in constant use ever since and now seem an established part of the nave furniture.

English Heritage has not objected to the construction of the gate and

arch into the car park so, with final permission from the Diocesan Registry expected any time now, we hope the forger can begin the construction work very soon. The aim is for this to be completed during the winter months ready for dedication in the spring – maybe at the next Friends' Festival Day.



View of the new choir frontals

Another project forging ahead (no pun intended!) is the provision of cushions for the pews in the main body of the church, plus the choir and clergy pews. Two quotes have been obtained together with samples; one more quote is to be considered before the final decision is made by the PCC as to the final design and colour. The cushions will make the seating more comfortable and warmer in winter. Hopefully, it too will be completed before long so we can enjoy the Christmas services in more comfortable seats.

You may remember that lighting for the churchyard was discussed at the Friends' AGM as a possible project. Although some work was

done on this, the PCC and Standing Committee felt it was outside the remit of the stated aims of the Friends and that our efforts should be directed at the projects discussed above.

I do hope you enjoy reading this autumn's newsletter as much as I have. As a relative newcomer to the village, I find the memories of past times fascinating and thank our three contributors very warmly for their articles. Let's hope they are the start of many more. I am sure there are lots of Friends reading this who have a story to tell or a memory to recall. Please let us have them – any form will do.

Once again, my thanks to all members who continue to support the Friends, and to those who have recently joined. I shall look forward to meeting you at our next Friends' day – Saturday 10th May 2008.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Many thanks to all who have created standing orders to pay their annual subscriptions. If you do not pay in this way, would you consider it? A form is included for your use.

All forms should be returned to

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James Morgan remembers Monica Buttress

I met Monica and Gerald for the first time in the early 1970s, not long after we first moved to the village. My wife and I were immediately struck by their kindness to us as newcomers and I can clearly remember several visits to their home where Monica would produce delicious cakes while Gerald and I would enthuse over the ancient Watt pumping engine down the road at Streatham.

Monica had a special relationship with the Friends of St John's Church. When the Friends were formed in 1988 to help raise funds to meet the ever-increasing costs of preserving and maintaining the fabric of the church and its fittings, Monica joined as a founder member, proving to be one of our most loyal and enthusiastic supporters. Later she became a life member, remaining one of the organisation's keenest and dedicated members to the end of her life.

Monica was a clergyman's daughter, her father being the rector of Cockley Cley in Norfolk for over 30 years. Thus from an early age Monica became familiar



Monica and Gerald at Monica's eightieth birthday party

with church buildings which later developed into a love for all that is so special about the English country church. From her arrival in Waterbeach, this love was certainly focused on St Johns, which she served so well in so many different ways. In particular, she showed enthusiastic interest in the various projects undertaken by the Friends - the South Aisle window, the pew shelves and the kneelers, to name just a few.

Monica made a point of being present at our Annual General Meetings and took a keen interest in the various projects under discussion; she also contributed generously, often providing a variety of dishes for our Annual Dinner. She invariably brought a party of guests to the occasion,

which helped to swell our numbers, and therefore our coffers. It is not known how many members Monica managed to recruit for the Friends over the years, but I am sure it is quite a number.

Monica's very special flower arranging skills were also a dominant feature at our Dinners; she provided wonderful table displays which were auctioned at the end of the evening for vast sums. When everything had been accounted for, it became almost a routine for Monica to ask, with a twinkle in her eye: 'Well, James, have we made a profit on the evening?' To which I would truthfully reply: 'Just about - once again we were rescued by your flowers, Monica!'

Monica was a very special person and her passing is a great loss to us all but we are so blessed for having known her and enjoyed her friendship. The Friends are extremely grateful for the proceeds of the retiring collection at Monica's funeral. We will make sure it is well used in her memory in the church that she worshipped and loved for so many years.

Friends' Accounts for the year 2006

Receipts and Payments account January 1st, 2006 to December 31st, 2006

	2006	2005
	£	£
RECEIPTS		
Annual membership subscriptions	482	537
Donations in memory of Phyllis Morton	-	335
Other donations	100	-
Annual Dinner	292	248
Interest on deposits	191	183
Dividends on investments	<u>53</u>	<u>49</u>
TOTAL RECEIPTS	<u>1,118</u>	<u>1,352</u>
PAYMENTS		
Postage, administration, etc.	-	-
Annual Dinner costs	124	115
Charitable expenditure	<u>158</u>	<u>2,806</u>
TOTAL PAYMENTS	<u>282</u>	<u>2,921</u>
Surplus / (Deficit) for the year	836	(1,569)
Cash and bank deposits at January 1st, 2006	<u>4,547</u>	<u>6,116</u>
Cash and bank deposits at December 31st, 2006	<u>5,383</u>	<u>4,547</u>

Rowena Small remembers growing up in Waterbeach

I blame my childhood for my incurable sweet tooth. Not because I had an unhealthy diet, you understand – with both parents trained as doctors there was scant chance of that! No, it was more the temptation provided by half-a-dozen places to buy sweets between home and school. We walked ourselves to school, of course, and anyone cunning enough to sneak her pocket money out hidden in her sock could spend it at the Mace store (now redeveloped as offices and Gibson Close), the Co-op (also now offices), the Post Office, Mrs Nichol's sweet shop (later a wool shop, now Rose Cottage) or Cooper's grocery (now the bakery) – all without crossing the road. Off the direct route to school, and therefore more risky in the morning, were the Chocolate Box (now the Village Stores) and the "Paper Shop" (now One-Stop). Friends with army connections also had access to the NAAFI store up at the camp, but no stretch of the imagination could place that on the way to school! For those who doubt the direct causal relationship outlined above I can only say that my husband, who doesn't have a sweet tooth, grew up in Kent where the only thing between him and the school bus was a long winding lane, and my children, who have moderately sweet teeth, grew up in London and were therefore escorted to school!

There was, of course, more to growing up in Waterbeach than sweet shops. I have to confess that my grasp of local history is somewhat shaky, but I am sure

we passed at least two fields as we walked along Greenside and the High Street each day. The old Vicarage (now Vicarage Close) was still standing for much of my childhood, and we used to look out for the donkeys – which were rumoured to live in the ground floor of the house itself. The village itself was much smaller then than it is now – although the married quarters at the camp seemed impossibly far away and a trip to the river was a major outing. Even walking the length of Backstiles to the Ely Road was not undertaken lightly, despite the attractions it offered – hawthorn blossom in spring, blackberries in autumn, the peacocks in the house nearest the Ely Road, scrumping potatoes from the allotments (sorry!) and daring each other to take a short cut across the field occupied by Fred, the shire-horse.

When I was about five, Dr Hartley retired and my father became the junior partner in the GP practice. This meant we had to move from 10 Cambridge Road, where I had lived all my life hitherto, to 12 Cambridge Road. It seemed a big thing at the time! Suddenly we had a much bigger house and a hugely bigger garden, but we also had to share them with patients attending the surgery. The dispensary and the surgery itself were at the north side of the house, but at first the waiting room was at the west so patients walked past our dining room to reach it. They also had an uninterrupted view of the garden, and on occasion children were lifted over the fence to "go and play" while their parents waited to be seen. The waiting

room was eventually transferred to the room next to the dispensary and the queue of patients to the drive, with a high wooden fence restoring our privacy. We still had to be quiet during surgery hours, however, and any patient with a contagious illness or suspicious rash would wait in our kitchen to avoid infecting everyone in the waiting room.

My father and his senior partner, Dr Whitmore, did all their own dispensing – including mixing medicines from a variety of ingredients. We were occasionally allowed to help count out tablets or mix cough syrup, and to put the completed prescriptions out in the box that hung outside our kitchen door for patients to come and collect. The box was emptied at night, of course, but just latched shut during the day. It would be unheard of today, but I was never aware of any medicine going missing.

The practice operated "open" surgeries. Provided you arrived before the advertised end of the session, you would be seen, even if you had to wait for a while. As we became older and more reliable, my twin and I would take it in turns to go round to the waiting room at the appropriate time in the evening to find out who was at the end of the queue. Not knowing most of their names, we would then report back to whichever doctor was on duty that "the lady in the red coat" or "the man with the beard" was the last legitimate patient of the day.

Joan Cameron writes ...

The Cameron family arrived in Waterbeach in January 1979, when my husband, Peter, came to be Vicar of Waterbeach, Rector of Landbeach and officiating chaplain to 39 Engineers. We were only to be in Waterbeach for 4 years before Bishop Peter Walker asked my husband to be the Vicar of the parish of The Good Shepherd, Cambridge - a very different kind of parish from Landbeach and Waterbeach. Although we were not long at Waterbeach, we all retained many happy memories of that time in our family life and James, Alex and I are still in touch with many friends there.

Peter's work took us to the Good Shepherd parish, to Fenstanton with Hilton and finally to Grantchester. During these years I taught at Impington Village College and at the Perse School for Girls in Cambridge. After Peter's death in 2000, I went to live in Ely and became a member of the cathedral congregation. James and Alex are now doing well in their chosen careers. James is married with 2 little boys and, after some years in South Korea, is now working in Barcelona. Alex is now back in London after 5 years in New York. As you can imagine

I have had many interesting holidays as a result of their travels.

In 2000, I retired from teaching and began to look for new ways of putting my Christian faith into action. Opportunities soon arose. I became a member of the local Children's Society Committee and later its chairman. Then I was asked to represent the Mothers' Union on the management committee of a Child Contact Centre in Ely. This is a centre where children from families split by divorce can meet and maintain contact with a non-resident parent when other arrangements are impossible. Very soon I was also asked to represent the Mothers' Union on the Diocesan Committee for Family and Social Welfare and at much the same time I was asked to help to organise the Ministry of Welcome at Ely Cathedral.

The Mothers' Union, with its aim to preserve and strengthen Christian family life through prayer and practical action, has played a part in my life since 1970, when newly married, I was enrolled as a member in our Manchester parish. When we were in Waterbeach, I remember Jane Carter as the Enrolling Member, though as I had returned to

teaching I could not then attend many of the afternoon meetings. Nearly 4 years ago I was asked to join the board of Trustees for the Mothers' Union in this Diocese and in January of this year I was asked to accept the office of Diocesan President. As you can imagine, there are many calls on my time, the President and Trustees have the oversight of all Mothers' Union activities in the Diocese, including work with an asylum seekers' centre, child contact centres, prison visitors' centres, womens' refuges, parenting groups, holidays for families in great need and several hospital projects to name but a few.

The Mothers' Union is a worldwide organisation and I attend the World Wide Council and the Canterbury Provincial Council meetings. It is both a privilege and an encouraging experience to meet members from across the UK and across the world. The faith of some of our members living in the most difficult and dangerous circumstances is truly inspirational.

I am now doing something which I had never expected to do and I thank God for the new opportunities that I have been given for Christian service.

FRIENDS' DAY 2008

will be held on

Saturday 10th May

Speaker to be announced