

**Free – but donations welcome**



# The Pinnacle

**A Magazine for the parish of  
Kildwick, Cononley and Bradley**

*The Churches of St Andrew's,  
St John's and St Mary's*

St John's is a Local Anglican/Methodist Ecumenical Partnership

**October 2020**

## A Church Directory

<b>Interim Vicar</b>	The Revd Julie Bacon revjulesbacon@gmail.com	01274 405170
<b>Readers</b>	Cononley: Mr Kevin Wood Mr Rod Tickner	633950
<b>Church Wardens</b>	Kildwick: Mrs Joan McCartney Cononley: vacant Bradley: Mr Robert Hall	635736 635549
<b>PCC Vice Chair</b>	Mr Tim Chapman	635063
<b>PCC Secretary</b>	Mrs Jill Wright jill@woodchipcomputers.co.uk	634526
<b>PCC Treasurer</b>	Mrs Janet Wade	632369
<b>Planned Giving &amp; Gift Aid Secretaries</b>	Kildwick: Mrs Brenda Brock Cononley: Mrs Janet Wade	633938 632369
<b>Safeguarding Officer</b>	Mrs Geraldine Sands	07437 857495
<b>Parish Group Leaders</b>	Buildings and Land: Mr Robert Hall Pastoral and Outreach: Mrs June Whitaker Worship: The Revd Julie Bacon Treasury: Mrs Janet Wade	635549 655320 01274 405170 632369
<b>Bell Tower &amp; MiniRingers</b>	Kildwick: Mr Chris Wright	634526
<b>CHUFFS</b> ( <i>Church for the u.5's</i> )	Kildwick: Mrs Lesley Hudson	07712 652101
<b>Church Magazine</b> magazine@ kcbchurches.org.uk	Kildwick: Mr Chris Wright Kildwick: Mrs Sylvia Clarke Cononley: Mrs Eileen Boothman	634526 636070 630659
<b>CDFC Representatives</b>	Kildwick: Mrs Christine Anderton Kildwick: Miss Glyn Evans	633596 630735
<b>Flower Rota</b>	Kildwick: Mrs June Whitaker	655320
<b>Organist/Choir Leader</b>	Kildwick: Miss Glyn Evans	630735
<b>Parish Room Bookings</b>	Kildwick: Mrs Libba Utley	631631
<b>Pastoral Care</b>	Kildwick: Mrs June Whitaker	655320

email: Contact the Pinnacle editorial team at [magazine@kcbchurches.org.uk](mailto:magazine@kcbchurches.org.uk)

## About time

For several close members of my family, October is birthday time. But I have to confess that for me, October means something else – the changing of the clocks. The last weekend in October is usually when we reset our clocks from British Summer Time back to Greenwich Mean Time. The transient pleasure of an extra hour in bed on the Saturday night is quickly replaced with the reality of the nights drawing in.

When I was a child, I struggled to understand both how and why we changed the clocks twice a year. How could we alter time? Wasn't time – just time? How could we mess about with it, and decide that what one day was 8am was now 7am (important for getting ready for school!)? And why did we bother? Did it really matter that in the summer it could be light until nearly 11pm – wouldn't 10pm do? The idea of time as something that could be manipulated and shifted baffled me. It wasn't until I was much older that I understood that the whole notion of measuring and naming 'time' was a human invention. Calendars (for reckoning intervals of time) and clocks (for measuring its passage) have a long history. The first calendars were lunar, and there's evidence of them

as long as 6,000 years ago. The first clocks were a form of sundial, found in Egypt. Clearly humans have long felt the need to track the passage of time.



In conversations, I've discovered that quite a lot of people shared the same experience that I and my family had in March. When lockdown happened, suddenly time seemed to be weird. However we experienced individual days, the month seemed to drag on endlessly. People make jokes about how March actually lasted a decade. Since then, time seems to have more or less resumed its usual pace, but it was a very strange experience that reminded me that time is much less static than I usually assume.

“ The early church was also concerned about time. ”

A dictionary defines time as *'the indefinite continued progress of existence and events that occur in an apparently irreversible succession from the past, through the present, into the future.'* From human perspective, time is linear and goes in one direction. What could happen if we were freed from this constraint

has long teased writers' imaginations. In the new Christopher Nolan film 'Tenet' the characters live both forwards and backwards through time. Many other writers have delighted in exploring the idea of being able to travel back in time, or even jump about in it, and have explored the paradoxes that could result from people meeting their younger selves, or altering events that have already happened. In an episode of one of my favourite TV programmes, 'Dr Who', the Doctor put it like this: *'People assume that time is a strict progression of cause to effect, but actually from a non-linear, non-subjective viewpoint - it's more like a big ball of wibbly wobbly... time-y wimey... stuff.'*

So that's what time is like for human beings. But what about for God? This is a question that has exercised much bigger brains than mine! Christians believe that God stands outside time. There was never a time when God wasn't, and there will never be a time when God isn't. As creatures living in time and subject to it, this is incredibly difficult for us to get our heads around.

The early church was also concerned about time. In the later half of the first century, there were many who believed that the risen and ascended Jesus would return during their lifetimes, to complete what he had started. When this didn't happen, they were puzzled, and some became disheartened. In 2 Peter, the writer, addressing these concerns, puts it like this: *But do not ignore this one fact, beloved, that with the Lord one day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like one day.* From the perspective of God's realm of eternity, time looks very different.

But even though God exists outside time, and is not subject to it, God reveals Godself within time, because humanity and creation is. Starting with Abraham, God promised that through his descendants, all creation would know God's blessing. Some thousands of years later, and 2,000 years distant from us, God revealed Godself in human flesh, in the person of Jesus, a human being born in a specific place at a specific time. The ancient Greeks had two words for time: *chronos*, referring to sequential time, and *kairos*, which signifies the proper or opportune moment for something. Somehow, when Jesus entered *chronos*, it was also *kairos*. With God, we have all the time in the world.

With every blessing



# A pattern of Services and Readings for October

	<i>Sunday 4th Trinity 17</i>	<i>Sunday 11th Trinity 18</i>	<i>Sunday 18th Trinity 19</i>	<i>Sunday 25th Trinity 20</i>
<b>Kildwick</b>	<b>2.00pm</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>2.00pm</b>
	<b>Baptism</b> of Annabelle Hollings	<b>Eucharist</b> <i>2 Cor. 9:6-end Luke 12. 16-30</i>	<b>Informal Worship</b> <i>Matt. 25.14-30</i>	<b>Eucharist</b> <i>Col. 3.12-17 Matt. 24.30-35</i>
<b>Cononley</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>11-12noon</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>11.00am</b>
	<b>Harvest Celebration</b> <i>(Methodist-led)</i>	<b>Private prayer</b>	<b>Holy Communion</b> <i>1 Thess. 1.1-10 Matt. 22.15-22</i>	<b>Morning Worship</b> <i>(Lay-led)</i>
<b>Bradley</b>	<b>9.30am</b>	<b>9.30am</b>	<b>9.30am</b>	<b>9.30am</b>
	<b>Holy Communion</b> Harvest Celebration <i>2 Cor. 9:6-end Luke 12. 16-30</i>	<b>Morning Prayer</b> <i>Phil. 4.1-9 Matt. 22.1-14</i>	<b>Morning Prayer</b> <i>1 Thess. 1.1-10 Matt. 22.15-22</i>	<b>Holy Communion</b> <i>Col. 3.12-17 Matt. 24.30-35</i>

## Looking ahead

The regular 3-week rota will probably continue through November with the Methodists looking after the First Sunday every month at Cononley.

Each village will hold an Act of Remembrance on 8th November and discussions are continuing to determine how that will best be arranged.

Arrangements for Christmastide services will probably become clearer next month.

## Introducing...

### Rod Tickner



2020 has been a year of changes for all of us: for myself the big changes started when I moved to Cononley last October upon marriage to Shelagh Powell, who has lived here for a long time. Since then we have been very busy bringing two houses, both full of 30 years' worth of stuff, into one home - an exercise in identifying what was truly important - at least lockdown provided the space for this!

I have been very involved in the Keighley Parish where I lived, as a Reader (or Licensed Lay Minister) at All Saints and St Barnabas Churches, preaching and leading services such as the Friday Shoppers' Service in the town centre Shared Church. I trained as a Reader on retirement from full time work although my first involvement with taking a church service was in my College Chapel when I was 20 years old.

I feel a very real call to be involved in the local church; the current restrictions have given me the opportunity to bring forward my longer-term plan to exercise a ministry here.

I started writing an occasional blog in 2014 recording my thoughts on faith as well as the text of most of my sermons. It is entitled "A Reader Reflects" and is found on: [rodtickner.wordpress.com](http://rodtickner.wordpress.com) and some social media.

It gives some idea of my background and thoughts, although as my faith journey continues I may have altered my views compared to what I wrote in the past. Another aspect of my faith is a Community Companion with a retreat house based in Thirsk: Holy Rood House - a centre for health and pastoral care.

I have a wide range of interests, but mention just two significant ones for now. I am one of the founders of Dementia Friendly Keighley and continue involvement in various projects; I hope to continue along similar lines locally. I am a director of the Leeds-Morecambe Community Rail Partnership Company, which last year won an award for our innovative work in creating the first dementia-friendly railway.

I am very much looking forward to this next phase of my Christian ministry and hope to meet many of you over the coming months whether in Kildwick, Cononley or Bradley.

## ... and Farewell

### from Lesley and Peter Bannister

It's hard to believe that we've been resident in our new abode for over a month now. We were so pleased to see so many friends at Kildwick on the last Sunday before we left. It meant a great deal as St. Andrew's church has played a very important part of our lives for the last 17 (nearly) years!

We are gradually settling in and sorting ourselves out, although we have lost (or perhaps, more accurately, not found yet) several items! No doubt all will reappear when the new furniture arrives and we can 'search diligently' through everything we had to pack away again to await said furniture!

Folk here seem very friendly and welcoming, but of course the restraints of the pandemic are very evident, making the goal of finding and settling into a new church family rather challenging. All part of life's rich pattern!

We send our love and best wishes to all our friends especially at St Andrew's. Assuring you of our prayers at all times.

*Lesley and Peter*

## Streamed Sunday Morning Services

There is a variety of different services you can join in with on a Sunday. Alan Ratledge (p. 10) recommends looking at the Roman Catholic church offerings.

If you are looking for a streamed service of the Eucharist, you could do a lot worse than visit our own Mother Church, Bradford Cathedral at 10.30am: **[bradfordcathedral.org/worship/online-services](http://bradfordcathedral.org/worship/online-services)**

### Sundays

A service of Evening Prayer is streamed most Sundays at 4.00pm.

This takes place on our Facebook page. [www.facebook.com/KCBParish](http://www.facebook.com/KCBParish)

A downloadable booklet containing these streamed services in September may be available on the KCB Website at [www.kcbchurches.org.uk/index.php/services](http://www.kcbchurches.org.uk/index.php/services)

Morning and Evening Prayer takes place on most weekdays.

# I Love To Sew

I have always loved to sew and then I became hooked on patchwork and quilting. It became my passion but eventually I had all I needed for my home and I was running out of friends and family to give things to. They were nearly running away from me crying "no more, no more"!

Then I discovered Africa and in particular Kenya. My husband John was in Export and in his last 20 years of working concentrated on Africa and occasionally I went with him.

I would come home enthralled with the people there and the happy faces of children dressed in rags, no shoes, sliding down rubbish mounds for fun and yet always seemed to be laughing. They may have nothing, barely a roof over their heads, little to eat, snotty noses but their smiles were huge.

I wanted to help. I was desperate to help but I didn't know how.

I didn't want to give to an established organisation because I wouldn't know who it would help

Around this time we moved back to our roots of West Yorkshire, settling in Kildwick, where I immediately made many new friends through the beautiful church here.

Still my heart ached to help these children.

I prayed hard for guidance and then...

John was due to visit Nairobi and was asked by our daughter in law if he could possibly visit this small orphanage she had heard about. She was thinking of supporting a child there and maybe this was somewhere I would be interested in.

John did visit and met this wonderful, genuine man called Fanuel, the Director, who always says that he was called by God to do this.

They were desperate for help and money.

I didn't want to just send money, that was too easy. I wanted to earn it.

With encouragement from my new found friends I decided to hold a coffee morning at St Andrew's in Kildwick.

I sewed and sewed to my heart's content, cakes were baked and help was offered.

The morning was a huge success and I couldn't believe the amount I raised; nearly £800.



That was it. At every opportunity I had a stall at a fair or coffee morning selling my handmade items and cards. Or I ran workshops to raise money. It was very hard work keeping up with the sewing to have a full table but as I said I loved to sew.

Every penny I get goes to the orphanage, not the profit but every penny. I feel God gave me this gift and passion and not just for my pleasure but to help these wonderful happy children.

I have visited the orphanage quite a number of times and seen it grow from 40 children to over 300.

Fanuel is a wonderful man who has the deepest chuckle and laugh I have ever known and he is always chuckling!

If he hears of an orphan wandering the slum area or sleeping in a field he goes himself and searches for them. Many are the victims of parents who have died from AIDS

I don't know how much money I have raised in total but I rarely do a fair anymore as it is such hard work



Now I send sew, knit or crochet items that can be used by them and courier the boxes out to them.

On one visit to Nairobi I discovered that every month girls had to miss school for a week as they had no protection. Every month, a whole week. I was mortified. It was not something I had thought of. No protection, I had to do something. These girls needed to be in school. They wanted to be in school.

I researched this and discovered an organisation called Days For Girls Period who had patterns for hygiene packs. I got the patterns and started making them. They take a lot of work but if the girls are careful these packs can last up to 3 years. Well worth doing.

Lockdown has been a blessing for me as I could sit and sew to my heart's content

Two large boxes have just gone out.

I made 20 quilts, 35 hygiene packs for girls, 25 beanies, 8 ear warmers (yes it gets cold in Kenya) and at the last minute 50 face masks.

I feel so happy, my husband more so but perhaps for a different reason in seeing all that go out of the house!

(I do have the best, most tolerant husband in the world because at times nearly every room in the house has sewing in in some form or another!)

I can't take all the credit either.

I rope in friends, they come, they sew, they chat and I give them lunch and we have a wonderful day together. Another blessing.

I am most thankful to John's Rotary Club which has helped so far with the cost of sending the boxes out. They also sponsor two boys at the orphanage. Thank you Skipton Craven Rotary.

So now the boxes have gone and I feel quite bereft, what shall I do ?

The boxes went yesterday. Today I shall start the process all over again

Should anyone wish to contact me with offers of single quilts, beanies, ear warmers or cotton fabric, Aran or chunky wool, I never refuse! In particular, if you have unwanted flannelette sheets, they are like gold dust to me! They are used to make liners in the hygiene packs and it gets very expensive when I have to buy them. Not so many folk use them now so they are like gold dust to me.

*Libba Utley*

## Salvation Army Foodbank in Keighley

The Manager of the Keighley Salvation Army Foodbank tells us that during the four months from April to July, the Foodbank provided about 1,500 food parcels. From their records of numbers in each household, they know that 3,600 individuals benefitted from this food. The total value of food distributed was about £60,000.

About 6.3% of population of Keighley have needed to ask for food help.

Food parcels are only provided to folk referred by a recognised agency, such as Citizens' Advice Bureau, Mental Health Team, Housing workers, Child Protection teams, GPs or other recognised agencies.



"Er... Vicar?... you're a praying man, aren't you?..."

Considering the state of St Andrew's boiler, this is, perhaps, not very funny...

The community has been most generous. However, autumn is usually time when Salvation Army stock up with food donated by Churches and schools as result of Harvest Festivals. This year, Church Services may be limited and so restocking will be a problem. In addition the Food Bank expects that needs will probably increase when the Government Furlough scheme comes to an end.

Can you help? If you can, please give generously. Contact your local church – or write to [magazine@kbcchurches](mailto:magazine@kbcchurches) for more details

**Bob Holland**

Creator God, forgive our moments of ingratitude,  
the spiritual blindness that prevents us  
from appreciating the wonder that is this world,  
the endless cycle of nature,  
of life and death and rebirth.  
Forgive us for taking without giving  
reaping without sowing.  
Open our eyes to see  
our lips to praise  
our hands to share  
our feet tread lightly on the path we tread  
and our footsteps be worthy of following  
for they lead to you. Amen

This is your garden, Creator God,  
A thing of beauty  
Beyond understanding ,  
A poem that is being written,  
Not in words,  
But in colours,  
Wind's whisper,  
Soaring bird,  
Snowdrop's petal,  
Gentle rain,  
Sunlight's warmth.  
This is your garden, Creator God,  
A thing of beauty  
Beyond understanding. Amen

As a part of nature's wondrous cycle  
Of new birth, growth, fruitfulness and death  
We rejoice in the creation of new life,  
For parenthood, the passing on of knowledge,  
For understanding and the wisdom of years.  
We are grateful for those who have gone before  
Passing on to us our spiritual heritage.  
May our lives blossom as the apple tree in Spring  
May we become fruitful in thought and deed  
And may the seed of love that falls to the ground  
Linger beyond our time on this earth. Amen

May this eternal truth be always on our hearts,  
That the God who breathed this world into  
being,  
Placed stars into the heavens  
And designed a butterfly's wing,  
Is the God who entrusted his life  
to the care of ordinary people,  
became vulnerable that we might know  
how strong is the power of Love,  
A mystery so deep it is impossible to grasp,  
A mystery so beautiful it is impossible to ignore.  
Amen

## **Onward to the Pinnacle (and Beyond)**

We arrived in Cononley in 1997, when Doreen Ratledge printed "Onward" on a duplicator. Our memories are a bit vague now but at some point, we became involved by collating the info and giving it to Doreen to print.

At some point, the Onward publication moved to 6 Crag View on my computer printer and then Jean Field offered to print the copies on her photocopier – with Ian Boothman who kindly stepped into the print shop when Jean was away.

David and Elsie continued to collate and set up the pages and during this time, Ruby and Doreen, took over collating, folding and stapling the sheets with help from Malcolm. Onward magazine was then distributed by Ruby and Doreen and passed onto other folk who delivered, with one batch going to Andrea Baxter for Bradley folk.

When Jean gave up printing, we used the photocopier at Silsden Methodist Church Office to print and their machine folded and stapled too which was a terrific bonus! As Elsie and I were going to Silsden for a two hours session each month, Ruby and Doreen took on the dispatch of copies in the village, continuing with their own "recipients" as well involving others to do so. An attempt to persuade more folk to take Onward by email, resulted in thirty folk willing to accept it that way.

Finally, The Pinnacle was born and a trip to Kildwick church office to collect the completed copies was fitted in when copies were ready and when Chris or Lesley could be there to hand the copies over.

Speaking for myself (David), my brain often sends the wrong signals to my fingers nowadays so lots of words have jumbled up spellings – so the time has come to withdraw! As Eric Morecambe did not quite say, "all the right letters but not necessarily in the right order".

For the involvement of Doreen and Ruby over the years, we are extremely grateful, and we now thank Eileen Boothman for continuing to be the link between Cononley and The Pinnacle.

***David and Elsie Clarke***

... and a footnote from the current staff...

*Thank you, David and Elsie, for your huge contribution over a period of some 20 years. We're delighted that Eileen Boothman will be stepping in your (very large!) footsteps from next month's issue. Her contact is at the front of the magazine.*

# The Thumbnail Chain



Having just reached seventeen years of age, I was between leaving school and starting work seventy miles from home. It was August 1956 and I was in the kitchen with my mother. The mail had been delivered, which my father had read as had my mother. I then picked up the postcard from a "school gate" friend of my mother. She had sent it from where she was on holiday with her six year old son at Bacton on the Norfolk coast. The note said that she knew it was a favourite spot of ours on the beach there. Hence the card showing three guys digging channels in the pool left by the out going tide. The sender had not realised, nor had Dad, nor had Mum, until I looked at it and the memory of digging in that pool flooded back as I was in fact looking at my Dad, my late brother (then five years old) and myself, on that card. It was very emotional as my brother had died of cancer in February 1956.

When Mum telephoned her friend to thank her for the card and mentioned that we were in the photo, she was very upset that she had not realised that it was us. We never heard from her again.

1956 had been a sad year for me – my brother died in the week of school mock exams in February. My father had sold his business so, in July, in the middle of my GSCE exams, we moved out from the house adjoining the business to a small village twenty miles north of Norwich. I finally left home in September 1956 for Westminster Bank in Haverhill, seventy miles south of home, where I was in digs with a recently widowed lady who hailed from Leeds.

*David Clarke*

## Somewhere in England

*On the first day on which the ringing was allowed after the COVID shut-down, our Spy-in-the-Tower was observing – **Somewhere In England...***

The tower captain awaiting the other three ringers. Arthur, (for that was his name), pulled out the briefing aide-memoire to ensure that he would comply with the Risk Assessment. Brenda, Clive and Daphne turned up and spread themselves 2m apart. They awaited Arthur's pronouncements.

Firstly, Arthur took the temperature of everyone and checked they had a face mask and hand-sanitiser. He recited the rules to minimise the risk of transmitting the virus. "Any questions?", he asked. It was just starting to rain, and Arthur assumed that the silence was due to everyone fully understanding his briefing, rather than the wish to get inside before they got wet. They all then put on their face masks, and Arthur led the procession up the spiral staircase into the ringing chamber.

Their face masks were very different. Brenda and Daphne had each made their own, using remnants of fabric and/or discarded clothing. Clive was a keen DIY-er, and felt that his workshop dust mask, which looked strange with its rubber construction and attached particle filter cartridge, would do the job perfectly. Arthur had a commercial mask, washable, and with a pocket into which the wearer could insert extra layers. He decided that extra layers meant extra protection, and had stuffed two handkerchiefs in the mask, which made it almost as bulky as Clive's dust mask.

It was a light ring of eight (not like Kildwick!), and they were to ring 2, 4, 6 and 8. They stood beside their ropes, applied hand-sanitiser, and waited. Arthur looked at his watch checked that his bell was down, took in some coils, and made a grunting sort of noise before vigorously pulling the rope. The others realised that they should be doing the same, and soon all four bells had been raised and set.

Arthur looked round and made some more grunting noises. He paused and then said what Brenda thought was "Cuckoo, Revel Horwood", and after a brief pause, "cheese gong", Brenda was an avid watcher of a particular TV dancing programme, and had her own opinion of one of the judges, but wouldn't have described him as being a cuckoo. The reference to cheese was a mystery to her. She glanced towards Daphne, but suddenly realised that Arthur had started ringing, and therefore pulled off, rather late and was followed by Clive. Arthur said "Stand", but Daphne thought he had said "Damn!" and started berating him for using such language in church.



Meanwhile, Brenda had stood, but Clive was still ringing on his own. Arthur repeated his command, but Clive was finding it difficult to ring, as his rope tended to brush against his dust mask.

Eventually all the bells were silent, and Arthur decided to try again. This time, he was more careful with his commands, and a few rounds were being performed, but Daphne became noticeably erratic, and she suddenly stood without warning. "Stand", he said as loudly and clearly as he could. He and Brenda managed to do this almost immediately, but Clive took a few more pulls before succeeding. Daphne's problem was obvious. She had removed her glasses and was wiping them with a cloth. "They're all steaming up", she said. "I couldn't see a thing."

Arthur looked at his watch. They had been ringing, on and off, for eight minutes. Tempted to abandon the session, they tried again. By this time, they were becoming familiar with his commands, and they set off again in rounds, but Clive's problem with his mask took a turn for the worse. His rope was flapping about more than usual and it caught the bottom of his mask and pulled it up over the rest of his face.

Clive had the presence of mind to step back slightly and hang on to his rope while he endeavoured to pull the mask down to enable him to see again. The bell had come down quite a way, and the others had set their bells without waiting for a command. Decisive action was called for. Arthur pulled off his mask and threw it to the floor. "Ring them all down", he shouted, "Now, quick as you can."

Silence at last. Arthur looked at his watch. Three minutes to spare. He picked up his mask, pulled out the extra handkerchiefs and replaced the mask over his mouth and nose. He was smiling, but no-one could see him doing so. He again applied hand sanitiser, as did the others, and they all descended to the ground in reverse order.

The rain had eased off, and they all, following Arthur's example, removed their masks. Arthur was still smiling, and thanked everyone for coming. "That was exciting", he said. "I hope we didn't frighten folk away, and it certainly was good that we made our presence known to the wider community."

"I apologise for the confusion caused by my muffled voice", he went on, and might have said more but Clive butted in. "I apologise for choosing such an inappropriate mask". They all laughed, and pledged to do better next week, which indeed they did.

*David Pearson*

# I made a mistake

It doesn't often happen (well, perhaps I don't admit it often!) but I did make a mistake.

I helped out at a baptism at Kildwick yesterday morning. The weather was fabulous and the church wasn't cold, everyone was dressed in their best, the baptism candidate was a delightful toddler and the church building was buzzing. We even had one godparent joining in firmly from France, thanks to modern technology. It was great.

So what was my mistake? Well, particularly since the arrival of COVID, we've been exercised about the pattern of services for the three churches. Having been used to each church being able to hold a Communion service every Sunday, our cage has been well and truly rattled. Pre-pandemic, we'd come up with a pattern that ... ok, it wasn't perfect, but it was workable and we were developing it and alongside, developing our parish's worship leadership skills.

Thanks to various circumstances, we now have to work with the 72 hour rule, so that we can't have any kind of service in any of our church buildings within 72 hours of a previous one. That's fine, providing we don't expect to have something we want on the Sundays we can't have a Communion service. Having to restrict numbers means that if we are asked for a service of baptism (like yesterday's) then the chances are the regular congregation can't join in.

Like others on the PCC and in the congregations, I was bothered by that. Why should I be deprived of my opportunity to worship with my friends, albeit socially distanced, because a family wanted a baptism? After all, the chances of seeing them again were slim, and anyway, the church congregation should be there to welcome the newly baptised.

Now, to be fair, in this case the family are members of Bradley's congregation and were holding the baptism in Kildwick simply because of numbers.

BUT

At the end of Matthew's gospel, Jesus bids us "go therefore to all nations and make them my disciples; baptise them ... and teach them ..."

And I began to wonder whether I was being challenged to make a sacrifice so that we can welcome the people who aren't members of our regular congregation. What rights do I have which over-rule the rights of the people whom I'm bidden to seek out and bring in?



## Fairtrade

Once upon a time, I ran a Fair Trade stall in church. We sold and used Traidcraft produce and helped workers far away to make the most of their businesses in a fair way by stopping exploitation. Incidentally, we made a little profit for church funds, too.

Clearly, that hasn't happened since March! But the problem of exploitation hasn't gone away and the Coronavirus pandemic has made things worse for very many. Traidcraft has worked to promote Trade Justice, Social Justice and Environmental Justice for more than forty years – and they are not stopping now.

I've just received the Autumn/Winter catalogue, which has a great collection of food, clothing, gifts and stationery – in fact, all the usual things, together with news of fair trade issues world-wide. It even has a small section devoted to Christmas things – and there'll be more of that to come, I'm sure! If you want to buy a Real Advent Calendar (£3.99 or £4.99) or chocolate coins, I will need to order them fairly early.

It would be great if we could work out how to continue to support fair trade in our parish. I'll take a catalogue to St Andrew's - would you like a catalogue for St Mary's or St John's congregations? I'm very happy to continue with the organising of the orders and so on – I just need to know if you want it! Let me know? Ring me or email me if you're at all interested.

*Jill Wright*



There is a service (usually a Communion service) in one church building in our parish every Sunday. Maybe we need to think about moving out of our comfort zone (and we have been very comfortable till now) and working out a solution.

And we could welcome the newly baptised if a couple of folk were willing to join in with the baptism family. Now there's an opportunity – anyone up for it?

*Jill Wright*

# PCC Report

It's very easy, in the current climate, to begin to feel dissociated from the organisations we belong to – and sadly, that's no less true of the church than of any other group! Be assured that the PCC has been working away behind the scenes, grappling with the difficulties brought on by the pandemic, as well as the ordinary business of being church in our communities. The arrival of the parish newsletter has been a really great innovation, and we hope you'll use that more and more often to circulate news of doings in and around the KCB parish. Julie will be very pleased to hear from you!

The PCC has been meeting regularly via Zoom – indeed, we're almost blasé about it by now! It's certainly not the same as meeting face to face, and you have to concentrate a bit harder, but it's certainly better than nothing!

Much of what we've talked about has been working out how we can help people in our parish to live out their calling as people of God in this very strange world. That means working out how many people we can safely fit in our buildings and how long we can leave between services before we have to do a deep clean ... the ramifications go on and on! Responding to the continuing demands of maintaining a Covid-secure place of worship isn't easy, but thanks to the hard work of a lot of people, we're managing. People have been very caring of one another from the beginning of the pandemic, too. One way you could help out with that is to think about whether you might join one of the Teams we're establishing. Julie spoke about them in her newsletter and in the Pinnacle. They'll only work if they have members though – and that's where you come in! You don't have to be on PCC – you don't have to be a member of a church congregation, but if you're a gardener or interested in buildings or .... the list is pretty well endless. Please think about it – we do need you!

One major topic of conversation and thought has been what happens to the parish after November 13th. That's when Revd Julie Bacon's Licence as Interim Vicar of the parish comes to an end, and we've been in discussion with the Archdeacon, Ven Andy Jolley, about the options available. Clearly, when the original three year term was agreed, we had no idea about Covid and its effect on the life and mission of the parish. One possibility is that the Licence could be extended for another year, with the initial five Interim Objectives adjusted to reflect our current situation. The PCC has signified its acceptance of this possibility and we are waiting to hear about a final decision from the Diocesan authorities. That won't happen very quickly,

as there are others to consult as well: Julie herself, the Bishop, the Patrons and the Mission and Pastoral Committee of the Diocese to name but a few!

Throughout the discussions about our future, we have made it very clear that when and if a more permanent appointment is made, that person should actually be able to live in the parish. Julie has managed the travelling without complaint, but it has not been an ideal situation by any means. Now that the Kildwick Vicarage sale appears to be going through, we shall look forward to hearing the Diocesan plans for the future.

And of course, we have continued with the more mundane but very necessary matters of running our parish: fabric and finance, safeguarding and school liaison. If you have questions about any of this, do please ask Julie or me or any other member of PCC and we'll do our best to answer your questions. Our next meeting is planned for October 20th; if you have ideas for us to discuss, please get in touch and in any case, please pray for us!

*Jill Wright*  
**PCC Secretary**

## The Conundrum Corner

Remember last month's "Conundrum"? Sylvia's TRIP and SLIP resulted in a FALL that was PAINFUL:

We were looking for the greatest possible value for 'PAINFUL' and were told that 'U' = 0

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{T R I P} \\ + \text{ S L I P} \\ = \text{ F A L L} \\ \text{P A I N F U L !} \end{array}$$

There are several answers to this alphametic and we need the answer with the largest possible value for PAINFUL.

To fit in with the 'sum', P must be 1, 2, 3, or 4 (making L = 2, 4, 6, 8). So, for the largest, P = 4.

Possible answers with P = 4 and not using 0 in the sum are:

1 8 9 4	1 8 9 4	3 8 9 4
+ 3 7 9 4	+ 5 3 9 4	+ 1 7 9 4
= 5 6 8 8	= 7 2 8 8	= 5 6 8 8

The only digit 0-9 not used is 2 or 6 or 2 in that order for these 3 sums.

And the largest value for PAINFUL is 4692508

## Bird Flocks in your garden



Autumn is with us, and winter approaches, and this is the time of year when some garden birds form flocks. Birds normally only do things that help them survive, and it's generally thought that flocks help with protection from predators (more eyes to spot them and a swirl of targets to confuse them), roosting warmth and locating food.

Species behave differently, but whatever they get up to, the result can be spectacular as anyone watching a Starling murmuration will witness. Reserves such as Potteric Carr and Saltholme are good places to see murmurations, but they occur all over the country involving anything from a few hundred to hundreds of thousands. I've heard a couple of suggestions for the choice of the collective noun; one is that it is from the sound of myriad wings in flight, and the other that it

comes from the noise they make after they have settled. Take your choice!

Less dramatic, but well worth a closer look, are the finch flocks which are around at the moment. Breeding out of the way, so no need to compete, and with juveniles in abundance, and often large numbers of migrants here for our less intense winters, they get together in flocks that can vary from a dozen to hundreds. Migrant finches tend to feed out in the fields, so those you see in your garden are most likely residents.

Goldfinches are probably the species most often seen in flocks these days, with their numbers being on the increase in contrast to those of Greenfinches and Chaffinches, which are well down, due mainly to trichomonosis, and still falling.

If you do see a Chaffinch flock, have a look to see whether it is predominantly composed of males or females. Linnaeus in 1758 named

the species *Coelebs* (bachelor) because wintering birds in his native Sweden were almost exclusively male. The females gathered elsewhere, usually to the west and south!

Sounding something like a tinkling of bells the Goldfinch's song en masse has earned them the rather lovely collective noun, 'Charm'.

Look more closely though, and you'll see that most flocks are mixed. Greenfinches, Chaffinches, and occasionally Bullfinches are the most common companions, but



Siskins, Bramblings and maybe even the odd vagrant can get involved. It's always worth a second (and third) look, particularly if your binoculars are handy.

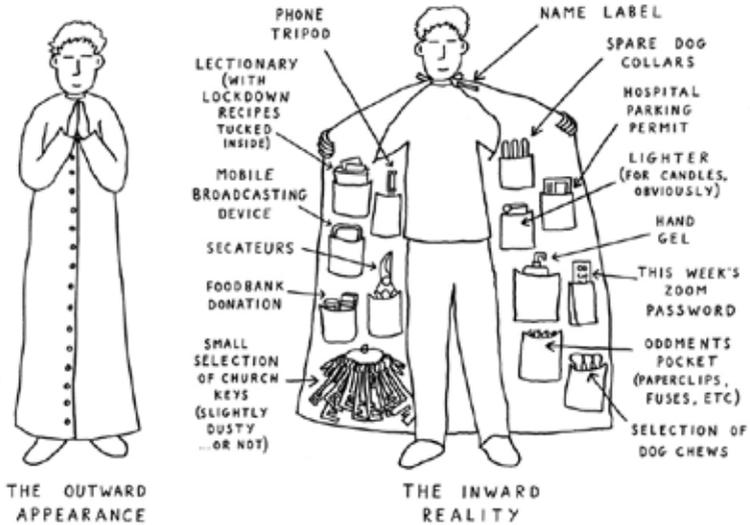
If you do see a flurry of small-bird movement, take a few moments to look and see whether it's just a few sparrows arguing, or whether it's a larger flock of something else moving through. It's not just finches that flock, either. Tits have the same tendency, so again, have a second look. It may seem as though they are all the same, but Long Tailed Tits and various assorted other species often get mixed in.

In most cases, birds in a flock tend to be very restive. Life in a flock is rarely particularly harmonious, and if birds get too close to each other, especially when feeding, there will be a flurry of aggressive calls and much fluttering of wings. There are always one or two nervous characters in there, and if it is a mixed flock, there's a good chance that some of the movements will be a group of the same species, helping you work out what's included. Look at body shapes and beaks as well as colour, they are probably the best way of sorting out who is there.

If you find the lives of our garden birds to be of interest, and would like to join in and count the feathered occupants of your garden, please contact the BTO Garden BirdWatch website ([www.bto.org/gbw](http://www.bto.org/gbw)). Mike Gray [gbwmike@gmail.com](mailto:gbwmike@gmail.com).

b  
a  
c  
k  
t  
o  
p  
a  
g  
e

## THE CASSOCK



### Deadlines

The next edition should be published on November 1st as normal.

The deadline for the November edition is

**Sunday 25th October**

Please let us have your material at least by then  
(but earlier is better!)

*Thanks to Theresa Clark for another cover photo and to Chris Wright for the image of Kildwick bridge on the Prayer Page.*

***We are still running out of cover photos!  
Have you got any pictures of the Pinnacle  
– particularly ones suitable for the winter months?***