

SAINT PETER'S MINI-MAG

St Peter's Church

The Lawn

Budleigh Salterton EX9 6LT

Editor: Lizzy Doorbar



February 2026

A MESSAGE FROM THE REVD. MARTIN JACQUES



Dear Friends,

February has the reputation of being a cold, bleak month and is only made more palatable for me by also being my birthday. Last year my birthday and wedding anniversary were celebrated in India and Sri Lanka respectively and this year both will be celebrated in India. We leave the day after Ash Wednesday, which marks the start of lent. Lent could also be characterised as being a cold and bleak season, but I prefer the word austere. Pared back and more reserved worship was to act as a deliberate counterpoint and contrast to the joy and excesses of Easter.

Contrary to what many Christians believe, Lent has nothing directly to do with Jesus in the wilderness. Originally it was a period of study, prayer and preparation for people preparing to be baptised on Easter Sunday. Eventually the church realised that it would be useful for the practice of prayer and study to be extended out to a wider constituency. "Giving up" things became a thing, which attracted its own theological rationale and fitted well into the austerity theme already mentioned. Giving up something for Lent has been proven to have been the longest lasting impact on society as a whole and might be called cultural Christianity.

In more catholic countries the day before Ash Wednesday, Shrove Tuesday, is the excuse for wild parties and excess – because that is the last opportunity before Easter. Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) in New Orleans and Carnival (literally meaning take away meat) in Latin countries.

In Britain's cooler and more temperate way we celebrate shrove Tuesday – which comes from Shriving or making confession, though I doubt much confessing is done nowadays, and it is celebrated mainly by making pancakes, so using up all the rich foodstuffs before Lent. So, carnival, as in Rio de Janeiro, or pancakes in Budleigh Salterton, provide a splash of colour and partying in an otherwise cold and bleak month. And after weeks of cold, rain, fog and ice – boy do we usually need something.

Martin

100 Club for January

No 4 £10 Angie McKenna.

No 53 £15 Anne Marshall for Jasmin.

No 11 £25 Gill Shilcock

I have just 2 tickets left Tel 01395 488671. First-come, first-served!

Fiona Hennah

Sunday morning coffee

Many thanks to the wonderful team who prepare and serve coffee and tea on a Sunday morning. It is a lovely sociable way to end the 10 o'clock service, but we could do with a couple more helpers who are willing to come in a bit earlier once a month to set things up and help clear up afterwards. Full training will be given!

Judith Stewart-Young

The Mother's Union

We celebrated the New Year with an excellent lunch cooked by Mandy Butcher. Thirty people enjoyed the meal and a generous raffle. The next meeting is on February 10th, 2.30pm in the Peter Hall. This will be the AGM followed by a talk by Simon and Mandy Martyn, about Jackie Pullinger - her life in Hong Kong, an amazing lady. Visitors will be very welcome.

Alison Newson

A little something

A young couple moved into a new home and the next day at breakfast the woman looked out of the window to see her neighbour hanging out the washing. ‘That laundry isn’t very clean,’ she said to her husband. ‘Our neighbour doesn’t know how to do the washing properly, perhaps she needs a better detergent.’ Her husband looked on, but remained silent. Every time her neighbour hung her washing out to dry, the young woman would make the same comments. Then, about a month later, again while eating breakfast, the young woman looked out of the window and was surprised to see a nice clean wash on her neighbour’s line. She said to her husband, ‘Look! Our neighbour has finally learned how to wash her clothes properly. I wonder who taught her that?’ Her husband quietly said, ‘No-one. I got up early this morning and washed our windows.’ (Lent begins on 18 February). *Jean Burrows*

Open the Book

We began the new term with the Epiphany story, separating it from Jesus’ birth to one teacher’s surprise, (Open the Book isn’t just for the children.) We can’t always take pictures of the children who help us due to their parents’ wishes but this time in Otterton School we could. L to R Hazel was Herod, Ann, Jenny and Tricia the three starwatchers, I was a scribe and Ann the narrator. In the front are two more scribes, Mary and Joseph and the star carrier. The next story in January was Jesus going missing as a twelve-year-old.

Jean Burrows



Thank you to everyone who enhanced our worship at Christmas



I know Christmas seems a long way away now, but this is the first opportunity we have to thank so many people who enabled our worship at Christmas to be so meaningful and significant. First, the ladies who produce the most wonderful flower arrangements. There were so many in church, including this one in the porch. The skill and artistry of the arrangers are extraordinary. Fran Mills, our parish administrator, for managing all the extra commitments beautifully. There were so many additional orders of service to construct and print, and inevitably more queries to be resolved than normal! With many

additional services, our church wardens and deputy wardens had many more duties, which they achieved with aplomb, it seemed! By the same token, our clergy (retired and not) had more services to plan for and lead. Of course the music was an integral element of all our services – thank you to Stephen Tanner and our wonderful choir for the inspiring and beautiful music we were able to enjoy.

The Christingle service on Christmas Eve was a joy, and thanks go to Jean Burrows for leading the service with clarity and humour, to the team who created 174 christingles in the morning, and the eight elves who ensured that the only things that were lit with the tapers were candles!

Editor Lizzy

In memory of Doris Godfrey

St Peter’s has lost a true friend in Doris. Rendezvous was her passion and she helped to raise lots of money for many local charities. She was blessed with an enchanting voice and with her love of music, her many years with St Peter’s choir was her greatest joy. Thank you Doris! We will miss you. God Bless.

Dawn Townley

Our library is at risk of its opening hours being reduced from 27 hours a week to 15. If you haven't done so already, please complete the consultation document. This can either be done online at devon.cc/devon-libraries or pop into the library for a paper copy. The consultation finishes on 22nd February.

From Yong & Wendy Lim in Cambodia

Yong has been involved in an accident which occurred on his way to a gym to do some more rehab on his knee, following his recent operation for an anterior cruciate ligament injury. He has no knowledge of what happened and only came to his senses after being taken home by friends. He will remain out of action until he recovers from a fractured clavicle. InterServe has covered the hospital bills.

Wendy has been undertaking the nurses' annual reviews at the Mercy Medical Christian Community hospital. The nurses particularly enjoy the teamwork, learning opportunities and see the ways God is building faith and bringing blessings to patients. In the New Year, Wendy will join a small team facilitating cross-cultural trainings to help new workers to explore and discuss the deeper significance of sharing faith and building up the Cambodian church.

Andrew Kingsnorth, Mission Representative

Sock Sunday

"Sock Sunday, help wanted, Geoff." Now I wasn't about to volunteer to this notice in the church newsletter but I was intrigued to know what Sock Sunday could be. I knew Geoff well, as a fellow choir member. His wife had had several bad falls, ending in hospital and no longer sang in the choir, nor went out very much. So I cornered Geoff and asked him. He was so grateful that I suddenly found myself volunteering. Turned out, he just wanted a driver for a trip to Exeter and some help that his wife could no longer give. That sounded very easy, just one trip. Something I could do to help. We arranged a date, Monday 15 December.

Sock Sunday was all about clothes for the homeless for Christmas. Geoff said they been running it for years. "I never noticed" I said. "Well of course, not since Judith had her falls" he amended. I looked at the back row of pews in the church where boxes for all the latest requests were arranged, with lots of bric a brac for the church fair, lots of food tins for the poor, etc. So I pointed out to Geoff that he had no offering box and time was short. "Oh," he said, "I do have a box." "Where is it?" I asked. "It's outside in the rain," he said a bit sadly. "Well that's no good," I said. "Oh," he suddenly said brightly, "it's plastic." "Well you need to get it here for next Sunday," I told him decisively, thinking that there wasn't much hope of contributions. Not from me. I had no socks to give away. I don't even wear socks.

Nest Sunday as I walked in the church door, fairly late as usual, there on the back pews among all the other stuff was a large white empty plastic box, about three feet long by two feet wide, faced with an appropriate notice about woollies for Sock Sunday. Well, I thought, at least he's provided a box. Didn't see how I could fill it. Not with socks or woollies.

To my enormous surprise, after the service, as the church was emptying, I went out towards the back and behold! that plastic box was full of plastic bags of all description, bulging! Amazing! Just one hour later! I couldn't believe it.

Moreover, a week later, the contents had actually doubled, overflowing everywhere. Fortunately the bric a brac was gone. Even so, woollies for the homeless of Exeter???

Now I did know that the homeless of London, or those on low incomes, as cared for by St James's church on Piccadilly, no longer accepted just any clothing. No, the charity there has a new winter wardrobe wishlist on Amazon. You are asked to buy specific types of outdoor jackets, shoes, trousers etc, to donate.

I then discovered that Geoff was expecting to supply St Petrock's in Exeter, a very highly respected charity. I looked them up on the internet. Seems there isn't a lot of difference between London and Exeter in terms of the homeless. St Petrock's also had a wish list. I discovered that their Paris Street shop is closing because the lease is not being renewed. A maximum of four bags might be accepted by the nearby Mint Methodist church (I resolved to bring some BIG bags). And you need to make an appointment if you're donating goods. I knew we had no appointment. How long since Geoff had done this sort of thing? Times change. By this time it was late Sunday night. I didn't sleep very well.

In the morning there was a phone call from Geoff. He admitted he hadn't slept very well either. But he had phoned St Petrock's and he had an appointment for that very afternoon. Moreover, they were apparently happy to accept what we had (I still didn't know exactly what we did have; I had visions of sorting things as we packed the car, discarding some offerings, keeping others).

More happily, therefore, I set off, ready to collect from the church. Geoff had brought large black bin bags and we began to fill them. I found mittens, gloves, socks, woolly hats, and all appeared to be new, nothing used about this lot. A number of the gifts had foil-wrapped chocolates attached. Geoff muttered that there should have been more chocolates. I was astonished. At least four or five bin bags' worth plus a cardboard box or two. No discards.

By a very circuitous route we finally reached our destination of Cathedral Yard in Exeter. Geoff was a very useful navigator but it took us about an hour. St Petrock's church is very old, dating to the 12th century, but I didn't get to see inside. It was all over in 5 minutes. Geoff rang the bell, explained who we were to a speaker grille, and two women and a man suddenly emerged to unload the car. One looked at some of the contents briefly, appeared happy, and they disappeared with the booty, murmuring things like "thanks" "so kind" and so on. I tried to say "We're only delivering for . . .". But no one was listening.

Suddenly we were left in the rain with a car to turn and a homeward journey to make. Nevertheless, we both felt that the whole enterprise had been extraordinarily successful. Geoff asked if I could go by myself next year. I told him definitely not!

Heather Gordon

DIARY DATES FOR FEBRUARY

Tuesday 3rd : St Peter's Prayer Group in the Lady Chapel

Sunday 8th 6 pm : Choral Evensong

Tuesday 10th: Mother's Union – AGM followed by a talk about Jackie Pullinger (details above)

Thursday 12th 12.15 pm : Loaves and Fishes lunch, Peter Hall. Book with Fran, or Mary Jones on 443333 by six days in advance. Cost £10

Thursday 19th 8.45 am : Men's Breakfast, Wesley's (Methodist Church Hall). Book with Malcolm Jones on 443333 by three days in advance

Sunday 22nd 12.30 pm : Solos Lunch. Book with Fran or Christine Channon on 442927

Rendezvous Café every Friday at 10 am in the Peter Hall

SERVICES

Sundays Holy Communion at 8 am and 10 am

Choral Evensong 6 pm Second Sunday

Wednesdays Holy Communion at 9.30 am

For services at the other RMC churches see www.raleighmissioncommunity.org.uk

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To join the Mini-Mag email list, please send your address to Lizzy Doorbar at doorbars@btinternet.com

Contributions to the Mini-Mag are most welcome – please send them to me by the 20th of the month.