



# *The Creeksea* Chronicle

## *The Story of Christmas*

**H**ow did Christmas happen - and why? These questions are answered in the time honoured service of nine-lessons and carols – that wonderful moment of peace in the whole build up to the festival – the moment when so many of us feel that Christmas has started.

This year within the traditional service there will be new voices taking up the tale as the Christmas Diaries are opened, and the thoughts of some of the characters in the story are revealed. How did the shepherds feel as they listened to the heavenly choirs singing their good news? When did the wise men start out on their journey – and why? And just what was Isaiah thinking about when he foretold the birth of Jesus?

As the story unfolds in the readings and carols the sense of God's plan and promise of peace comes into focus. This is what Christmas is all about.

Come and listen to the Christmas story in a warm and candlelit Church on Sunday 14th December at 6.00pm.

## *Play & Praise – the Crib Service*

**A**LGERNON BEAR is very busy at Christmas time – he has so much to do. But will his plans work out? At the Play and Praise Crib service Algernon will be up to even more mischief than usual – but everyone hopes that it will all come out right in the end.

This service is the culmination of our Play & Praise Planning for Christmas Series – in November we made our own Countdowns to Christmas as we made table decorations with an advent calendar candle in the centre, coloured in our own advent calendars and

made decorations for the Christmas Tree Service.

The Crib Service, on the 21<sup>ST</sup> December at 10.15am, is our special carol service. We hear the Christmas story and sing carols and then enjoy making cards and presents for our family and friends. Open to everyone – to come and join with this happy celebration – a children's Christmas.

## *In the darkness – a light*

**N**O LIGHT glimmers in the darkened church. All is quiet.

A single flame is struck. The first candle is lit and as the opening prayer is read the light spreads - along the pews, around the church, the glowing of candles lighting our church as it used – in the times of our ancestors. Here tonight we stop – stop being busy. We stop thinking of all the things we could have done, should have done.

*Here to-night we meet the Christ-child.*

*Here to-night we meet the truth of Christmas.*

This is the Midnight Service – the service of light in the darkness. It begins on Christmas Eve. As the words of consecration are uttered and as we welcome the presence of Christ in our communion we move into Christmas Day and the celebration of the Lord's birth.

It is the transition – the moment when time seems suspended and the story of an event more than 2000 years ago becomes more real than all this world holds to-day. This is what we have been preparing for – this was what God had been planning for. This IS Christmas.

A light in the darkness – which the darkness has never put out.

## *The Elmwood Nativity*

**T**HIS ADVENTURE, with the youngsters who ride at the Elmwood Riding Stables in the tiny village of Creeksea, started about 12 years ago. Newly ordained and assistant in the multi-parish Crouch Valley Benefice, I'd just started learning to ride and Ann Hull the owner of the stables thought it would be a brilliant idea if we put on a Nativity play that first Christmas. She was confident the children would love to take part. But some of the actors in this drama were not exactly thrilled with hanging around in silly gear – in fact some of the cast weren't going to dress up in 'frocks' for anyone. The first read through turned into a script conference and some hasty alternations were made.

At that point it became clear that some of the adults who worked or rode at the stables were just longing to exercise their skills – and the Elmwood Nativity began to morph from that old fashioned one – you know – angel, Mary, angel Joseph, donkey, innkeeper, baby, more angels, shepherds, 'Kings' – which had been lovingly produced from the Gospels of Luke and Matthew – into something else. It became a time slip adventure with some distinctly unbiblical characters getting in on the act. So with Babushka, who was Paul who ran the café (*more of a pantomime dame than your usual staid nativity cast member*) ably assisted by his partner and with two 21<sup>st</sup> century teenagers, the journey to Bethlehem began.

It began, this journey, in front of a garage, where the two teenagers were faced with the apparition of Babushka, complete with black plastic bin liner of 'toys', trying to catch up with the Kings in their journey to see the new born Jesus. An opening prayer, a simple carol, and we were all off, following Babushka and co in their search. It was bitterly cold, even with thermals under jeans. It was very dark. Torches were essential, as were wellies. But when in the distance the ponies of the three 'Kings' could be heard, moving along the tracks around the farm – clear but distant – the atmosphere changed.

We were taking part in a journey around

farm buildings, hearing the Christmas story read from any vantage point whether bales of haylage, chairs, benches or even sturdy buckets. And somehow as we moved round in this very messy nativity – time did seem to slip away. Officials counted populations at tables with queues; innkeepers peered over stable doors in the pony block [*Bethlehem*] to say loudly and clearly 'No room, No room at this Inn'; shepherds led their sheep, a real hand reared pet, as they too made their way around the barns and stables, through the pony block, past the café, ever onwards to Bethlehem 2000 years ago.

Starting self-consciously, the cast began to lose their inhibitions. Readings became clearer and firmer and when we stopped at the census table, the inns, the shepherds' 'fire' the carols were sung with increasing confidence. And the messy nativity with the cast mixing and moving publically around the set, Mary and Joseph talking about cakes with Babushka as they hurried to the next part of the story, became something else entirely.

Even the failure of the lighting increased the sense of distance from the here and now, a pocket torch becoming a lantern to light the reader of the next part of the story. And away from the power supply that had provided the accompaniment of the keyboard, the piping of a recorder pierced the air with clarity.

Slowly we all approached the final scene, a stable built of straw bales, complete with manger and animals. As the audience took its places on the bales in a semi-circle around the 'stable', Mary and Joseph were shown into their places by the innkeeper. The baby appeared. The shepherds and sheep arrived. By now the echoing of hooves was getting closer and three mounted 'kings' arrived at the door of the barn – to dismount, relinquish their reins, to bear their gifts to the new born child. An angel flew in to complete the scene as Babushka finally arrived in time – to turn and give her 'gifts' of sweets not to the babe in the manger but to the delighted children.

Away in a manger was sung by the cast

***The Elmwood Nativity—continued***

and audience and then a moment of utter silence as the blessing was announced – and over bowed heads words of peace and love from God uttered as an end to an Act of Worship.

And now, twelve years later, the original cast has grown up, moved away or simply moved on, but not without handing on the tradition of the Elmwood Nativity to the next generation of Elmwood riders. Almost every year since then, the only gaps being due to icy conditions making the route dangerous, the nativity has been one of the highlights of Creeksea's Christmas celebrations. But what is most remarkable – and quite wonderful – is that it has been driven by the children themselves. They love the story of that first Christmas. And just a little aside – one teenage boy – brought reluctantly to see it with his mum and sisters – turned round at the end of last year's play and said – 'isn't it moving – I've never really thought about the story like this – it's always seemed a bit of nonsense. But here in the cold, with the smell of the horses, it seems so real.'

To experience the Elmwood Nativity this year just make your way to Elmwood

Equestrian Centre on Tuesday 23<sup>RD</sup> December at 5.00pm for an approximate 5.30pm start. Remember wellies, woollies and water-proofs – but most of all remember a torch. Leave the 21<sup>st</sup> century behind and with a willing suspension of disbelief enter into a 2000-year-old mystery – the Nativity Story. It will be cold, muddy and chaotic – but it will seem so real! Vera Wadman.

***Christmas Tree Service***

Everything's ready.

**Tree:-** it's growing right now, ready to be cut for the service: **Lights:-** they work and they're ready.

**Decorations:-** they are in the box, just waiting to be taken out. **Tinsel:-** wound up and ready to go...

***Now all we need its lots of children of all ages to help put it all together.***

***Algernon is thinking 'bout Christmas too – Just what, O what, will our Bear do?***

***Will he be naughty or will he be good***

***And behave himself like a nice bear should?***

Come find out what Algernon has been up to and join the celebration of the Tree's Christmas story as we decorate our special tree.

***On Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> December at 10.15am***

***The Christmas Fayre – 6<sup>th</sup> December***

**A** GIANT CHRISTMAS CRIB should be almost the first thing you see at the Christmas Fayre. As the UK begins to adopt the traditions of the Christmas market, so popular in other European countries, Churches Together in Burnham have decided to add the tradition of the Christmas Crib to the festivities.

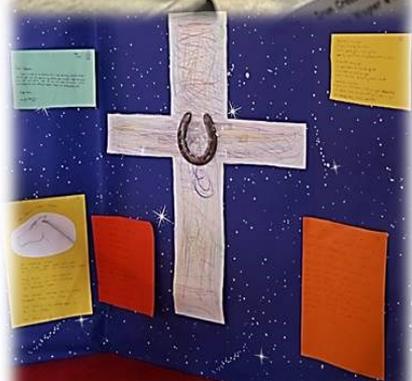
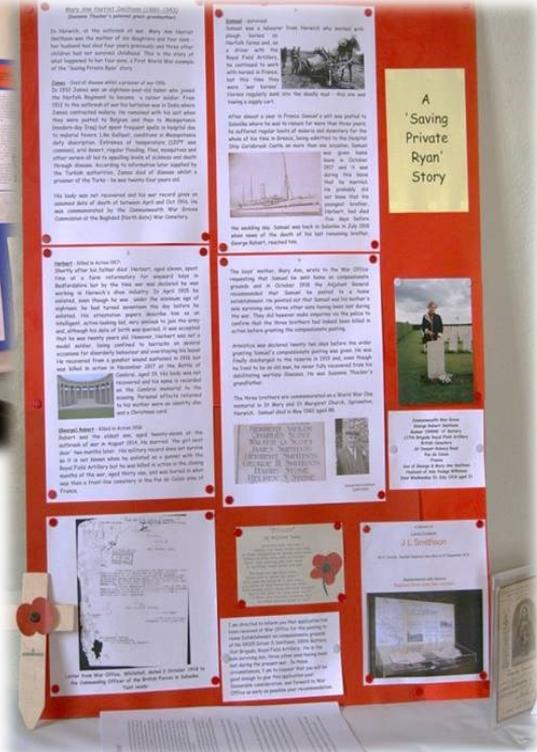
Outside the Star Inn [where else!] there will be a representation of the Nativity – probably in a gazebo rather than a stable – and with life sized model people. CTiB will be giving away small bags containing their gifts for the children – a small story book about Christmas and some colouring or craft items – as well as information about Christmas services and other Church activities.

All Saints is the prime mover behind this scheme – so if you feel you would like to support this attempt to pass on the Christmas story to the younger generation and their families please do contact Revd Vera on 783963 or the Church Wardens Sue Kettleley on 782083 or Eirwen Shephard on 01621 331006.

Or just put your name down on the list at the back of the church.

***CAPTIONS FOR PICTURES ON PAGE FOUR [OVERLEAF]***

*From the top left hand side, anti-clockwise; Richard Burgess stands beside the story of his maternal Grandfather Frederick Potts who was awarded the Victoria Cross for rescuing a fellow soldier by dragging him through no-man's land on a shovel; Below Richard – some of the artefacts the Burgess family loaned for display – including a Tommy's 'tin hat'; Then a display of poetry around a cross created by the Pony Club of Elmwood Equestrian Centre; With a facsimile of the Victoria Cross awarded to Frederick Potts; Pictures from the Pony Club; A wine bottle found at a Great War site – with poppies; And above - the Elmwood Altar Frontal – representing trench warfare; Above the frontal is the board telling the story of Samuel Harry Smithson (Suzanne's paternal grandfather) – the only brother of four to survive WW1 – the others were all killed in action.; Centre – the symbol of Remembrance – Poppy.*



## **Remembrance – a weekend of thanksgiving**

**W**HAT moved you over the Remembrance weekend? Was it the service at the War Memorial, the Albert Hall, and the Cenotaph? Or was it the sight of the poppies at the tower – and all their significance – a poppy for every one of the British war dead; or a child bringing up a cross to place at the steps of the memorial in Burnham thoughtfully standing there before wheeling away to disappear in the crowd. Or perhaps the wonderful altar frontal on display at the church over the weekend – made by the members of the Pony Club at Elmwood. So many images, so many thoughts, so much gratitude and thanksgiving.

One hundred years after the start of the Great War we are still remembering, still recalling names and stories, still voicing our thanks. The stories of our ancestors were brought into focus on the displays in the open church. With photos and text, all around the walls, we saw and read of our own people – and learnt so much more of the story through their eyes.

Passing those stories on – learning from the previous generations – is what the Festival of Remembrance is all about. Over four sessions with the Elmwood Pony Club a group from the church worked with the Club members to create a memorial to the fallen. It was in the form of a three dimensional altar frontal – representing the rough and muddy wood of the trenches, complete with barbed wire, hand sewn sand bags, and with memorials to the horses as well as the men. As they worked on their act of remembrance the young people offered their thoughts in poetry and in pictures – all of which were also displayed in the church. It was a remarkable work, and all involved found it very moving. Seeing the vitality and enthusiasm of the teenagers – only a few years younger than the people whose sacrifice they were commemorating – brought home the cost of those years of war. How many lives lost – how much of the future lost too – what could they have achieved if they had lived – what would the world be like to-day if that war had never happened?

Remembrance asks many questions – and the answers lay in the heart of each and every one of us. At the end of the weekend we gathered in the church once more – to remember. This service brought together the offerings of all – the memories of loved ones around the church and held in our hearts; the Elmwood frontal and the youngster's poems; the singing of the choir as, in the heart of Ralph Laurence Binyon's poem for the fallen they sang the iconic words –

they shall grow not old,  
as we who are left grow old,  
age shall not weary them,  
nor the years condemn,  
at the going down of the sun  
and in the morning –  
we will remember them.

And we did – and we still do.

Our grateful thanks also to the following people who loaned the artefacts on show and who shared their family stories with us, helping us to understand the real history of the Great War.

### **Artefacts were loaned by:**

Richard Burgess (*WW1 battlefield items & replica VC*); David Watson (*Western Front map, Princess Mary Box, Derby armband, driving licence & leave pass, baptism cert, post-cards for scanning by Rod*); Howard Watling (*YMCA bible with Lord Roberts' message*); Robin Bassil (*medals*); Peter & Marie Simmons (*Ypres embroidery*); Rod Eastham (*scanned his cigarette cards and David's postcards and gave some photocopies for display + account of Battle of Thiepval*); Keith & Suzanne Thacker (*dog tag, Mercantile Marine papers, original Lille poster*)

### **Story boards:**

Frederick Owen Potts VC (*Richard Burgess's maternal grandfather*) - by rescuing a comrade by dragging him on a shovel through no-man's-land. Arthur Stanley Smith (*David Watson's maternal grandfather*) - Army Service Corps chauffeur for officers; sent postcards home so his family would know where he was. Lionel Augustus Watson (*David Watson's paternal grand-father*) - re-enlisted as a private to join his old

**Remembrance – a weekend of thanksgiving—continued**

comrades when they were sent to France without him - killed! Frank Aubrey Aves (*Marion Pearson's father*) - first in Royal Naval Air Service then transferred to RAF where all had to wear odd bits of uniform to begin with. Frederick Marrington (*Jenny Watson's paternal grandfather*) - given an undeserved white feather. Samuel John Cattle (*Jenny Watson's maternal grandfather*) - prisoner of war who grubbed up raw vegetables to survive. Arthur Morris Lewis (*Keith Thacker's maternal grandfather*) - awarded the Military Medal, fought at High Wood and was at the liberation of Lille. Eliza Ashton née Thacker (*Keith's great aunt*) - sailed throughout the war with the Mercantile Marine delivering mail/supplies to/from far flung places. Samuel Harry Smithson (*Suzanne Thacker's paternal grandfather*) - only brother of four to survive WW1 - others killed in action. Alfred Victor Weeks (*Pam Eastham's uncle*) - reported as missing in action but turned up at a field dressing station. William Weeks (*Pam's father's cousin*) - killed in action at Salonika. Henry William Lenny (*Howard Watling's maternal grandfather*) - suffered from shell-shock.

*We owe them ALL so much!*

**...do you remember?** SERIES FOR THE CHRONICLE

## **Memories of Creeksea**

**Continuing our series on the past, with the memories of Bernard Dutton of Creeksea Church in the 1950s.**

**M**y Grandmother, Katie Smith, was one of a number of flower ladies who took turns to decorate the church with flowers, and was a member of the Cricksea Mothers' Union.

My Uncle Leonard Smith was Altar Server to the Rector, Reverend Browning.

I do not recall my exact age, but it would have been about 10 or 12, when I was given the job of pumping the church organ. This involved pumping up and down a handle of about three feet in length located to the Altar side of the organ. This operated a bellows which supplied air for the organ to play. I did not know the exact method of operation but I imagine there was some sort of reservoir of air. There was a lead weight on a string which moved up and down to indicate the amount of available air. This had to be kept between the upper and the lower mark or the organ could run out of air. Pumping could be quite hard work at times, especially when the organist, Miss Robinson [*I never knew her first name as then everyone was addressed as Miss, Mr or Mrs*] decided to open up all the stops for a lively toccata and fugue or wedding march. Most of the time though it was quite a leisurely rhythmic operation. Some of the most memorable and somewhat amusing

occasions were when a note [*valve*] in the organ would stick in the open position due to dampness or some malfunction and would play all the time despite Miss Robinson's efforts to stop it.

I had to use my judgement by observing the lead weight to let the organ run out of air just as the music ended, or otherwise the note would continue its mournful wailing into the next part of the service. For this I was paid one shilling [*5p*] with extra for weddings.

In the winter I was also tasked with lighting the paraffin heaters in the church for the early morning communion services [*no health and safety concerns then!*] Early in the morning, about 5am in the pitch darkness [*no street lighting*] with only my bicycle lamp to light the way I rode to the isolated church, remembering the Dracula films I had seen. Letting myself, breathlessly into the dark Church, and with relief turning on all the lights [*there were electric lights even if the heating and the organ were not electrically operated*]. I slammed the door against any possibly pursuing vampires. I then had to brave the darkness again, going to the shed where the paraffin was stored, fill and light the somewhat temperamental and dangerous heaters and then wait around for a time to ensure they burned correctly and did not go out. By this time it was usually getting light – so the vampires would have retreated to their lairs – and I could cycle less fearfully home. I do not remember if I was paid for this or not –

*Memories of Creeksea—continued*

but danger money would have been appropriate.

Finally a little later I Joined my uncle Len as an Altar Server for a short time, until, as I entered my teenage years and schoolwork became more demanding, I fell away from church attendance. I look back now to this time with fond memories of the positive influence it had on my beliefs and values to-day.

**Bernard Dutton [30<sup>th</sup> October 2014]**

## ***Church Records***

### ***A sweeping view of social history***

**T**HE past is certainly a different country. The Creeksea Church records showed that – as we were able to turn the pages of baptism and marriage registers and the burial records of the church at the Remembrance weekend. They told stories by the hundreds, revealing the life of the past in all its joy and sorrow. A half written entry, in the marriage register, was crossed out and in the margin the reason was written in a cramped hand.

*Cancelled due to a fatal accident befalling the groom.*

Those simple words paint a picture of distraught families and a community in mourning as the joy of a wedding turns to the sorrow of a funeral.

Or more happily the cheerful, almost annual, occasion of the baptism of another member of the Smith Family. These were ancestors of David Watson whose Grandfather Lionel Augustus Watson's Great War story was displayed in the church with his gift from Princess Mary to the troops a little embossed box still with its pencil in the form of a bullet and its little greetings card.

And in more recent registers there were the records of the marriages of old friends, now no longer with us, and the baptisms of their children and grandchildren. Seeing their entries brought home to us all the fact that those entries, written in the older leather bound books, with pens dipped in ink wells – little notes scribbled in margins – were about people just like us, who loved and laughed, worked and played, celebrated

and mourned under the Creeksea Sky – just as we do.

All Saints' records reach back into the past – as far back as the 1700s – and they are so precious that they are usually kept in the very carefully controlled environment of the County Record's Office at Chelmsford. Only occasionally are they released back into our care at the church. Imagine the amazement of the Tulk family when – coming to visit the site of family graves they were able to look through the registers to see not only entries about the family but to learn that they were actually related to David Watson – and all those Smith babies whose baptisms were entered into the register in the 1830s and later. They spent some time in the church reading the story boards of the Great War, with especial interest in the Smith and Watson Families.

Now the registers are back at the Records Office in Chelmsford, kept in safe and secure conditions for the future. In time our current registers will also be sent there. It is strange to think that sometime in the future there may well be descendants of ours looking back into the past. They will be reading the hand writing of the current incumbent – and will see that she celebrated the marriage of her own daughter and baptised her granddaughter in All Saints' church – as well as officiating at those important moments in other lives. So right now we are living in the future's history – what will those generations make of the changes they see. In the earliest records couples made their mark – a simple cross on the register which was witnessed by more literate neighbours or relatives. They married young, lived in their home parish, saw children born, baptised, married and eventually took their place in the church-yard, often with no memorial. And there were often second marriages of widows and widowers as the span of life was cruelly short.

Then there were the wartime marriages – between men in uniform and women working in the fields and factories – or in the Second War between women and men in uniform.

To-day couples marrying at Creeksea may come from much further afield, they are usually older than in the past and although

**Church Records—A sweeping view of social history - continued**

many have their children Christened in the church – emphasising a traditional continuity – many do not.

The records tell more than just those bald facts of how married whom or whose child was Christened, or who died and was buried in the churchyard. They give us a little slice of life as it was lived in our community over the years – precious memories still held for the future generations to wonder about their ancestors and how they lived in the past.

The Chronicle team would like to take this opportunity in wishing all our readers a

**Very Happy Christmas  
and a Wonderful Year  
for 2015**

## ***Carols round the Tree***

The Annual Lighting of the Christmas Lights  
A mini carol service  
With Churches Together in Burnham  
**On Friday 5<sup>th</sup> December 6.00pm**



### **Unlock a life for Lockey....**

# ***Charity Ball 2015***

**On Saturday, 7<sup>th</sup> February 2015**

**Unlock a Life for Lockey** will be holding their first Charity Ball in memory of Laughlin, and to help to raise money to fund their Unlock Boxes and days out at The Happy Shack. It is also hoped that enough money will be raised to enable the Charity to reach their ultimate goal of buying a holiday home to help families of children going through cancer treatment, to enjoy some respite and quality time together.

**The Ball will be held at Stock Brook Manor Golf Club, in Billericay**

Tickets are £55 per person and include: entrance drink, three course meal, tea/coffee and table wine. If you would like to reserve a ticket, or for more information about the Ball and

Unlock a Life for Lockey,

**please visit: [www.unlockalifeforlockey.co.uk](http://www.unlockalifeforlockey.co.uk).**



## **Plough Sunday**

**11<sup>th</sup> January 2015**

**10.15am Family Service**



Wish 'God Speed' to the plough as a real plough is brought into the Church for a blessing—give thanks for the wonders of the seasons and look forward to the joys of sowing and reaping—and find out what Algernon thinks of Plough Sunday

## *Unlock a life for Lockey*

**C**AN you imagine what it must be like for a child to be stuck in hospital – undergoing treatment? Especially if some of the time you feel OK and would love to be busy doing stuff.

Laughlin Whiteley knew all about that. At age 4 he overcame a brain tumour, and then in early 2014 he received a stem cell transplant to fight off Acute Myeloid Leukaemia. In August of this year, at only 7 years old, he relapsed and bravely fought cancer for the third time in his young life. He spent a great deal of almost 4 years of his short life in hospital and **Lockey**, as he was affectionately known, told his parents, (*Andrea and John*), that he would like to help other children like him, and they decided to set up the charity '*Unlock a Life for Lockey*'.

Although the original impetus of the charity was to help find stem cell donors for children with leukaemia **Lockey** was keen to help children in other ways and so he came up with the idea of the Unlock Box

Laughlin sadly lost his battle with cancer on Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> October 2014 and passed away peacefully, surrounded by his Mummy and Daddy.

Now **Lockey's** thoughtful ideas are being made a reality by the charity set up in his name. Unlock a Life for **Lockey** currently fundraises to provide Unlock Boxes to assist children facing stem cell transplants, to cope with isolation by providing them with play and art and craft activities that enable them to remain engaged and stimulated. By being surrounded by inspiring and creative materials, it is the Charity's hope that this will help the children to find the strength to heal.

The boxes contain up to £35 worth of craft activities and are distributed to children undergoing transplants at Great Ormond Street Hospital. The Unlock Boxes are created to meet the needs of individual children.

The GOSH team tell the charity their likes and dislikes, their age and abilities and Team **Lockey** create a unique box aimed to delight and entertain the little patient. It is the Charity's aim to raise enough money to eventually be able to fund Unlock Boxes for children undergoing cancer treatments in other UK hospitals.

The Charity also offers families with children who are, or have recently been, treated for cancer, the use of '*The Happy Shack*' beach hut in Walton-on-the-Naze. The Happy Shack provides these families with the chance to enjoy a day together, with the benefits of a relaxed outdoor 'holiday' environment that is tailored to their needs.

Team Laughlin would like to thank you all for your support over the past years and hope that you will continue to help them help children and their families through Unlock a life for **Lockey**. More information about the charity's work can be found at:

Web: [www.unlockalifeforlockey.co.uk](http://www.unlockalifeforlockey.co.uk)

Twitter: @laughnessmonsta




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**....do you remember?** This is a new feature that we would like to include in future editions of the Chronicle. We ask you to send in your memories of events, or stories of Burnham/Creekease and surrounding villages of yesteryear. Maybe Carnival time/funfair in the High Street; Burnham Week of the past; growing up in this unique part of Essex; the foundry, the boat building, the list is endless. So please put pen to paper, or in these days' fingers to keyboard (in some cases one finger) and create a small memoir of the past. Does not matter how small, contact Revd Vera on 01621 783963 for further details

# Elmwood Equestrian Centre

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# Play & Praise Crib Service



21<sup>st</sup> December, 10.15am

A very special service  
To celebrate the Christmas Season

With the Christmas Story  
Christmas Carols

And, of course, Algernon Bear.



I would like to say thank you to everyone who got behind this project All Saints Church have sent 25 boxes this year to under privilege children which is a tremendous effort and every single one of them will be so appreciated. So, well done everyone.

**Sue Ketteley**

## Burnham Osteopathic Clinic

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# Light up a Life

Farleigh Hospice's  
Annual Service

## A Christmas Remembrance

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup>  
December  
at 7.00 for 7.30pm

Outside The Co-Op  
BURNHAM

**THE GREAT WAR**

ON SCREEN

THURSDAY 4<sup>TH</sup>

DECEMBER 7.30PM

AT

**CREEKSEA CHURCH**

PRESENTED BY POSTCARD HISTORIAN

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FUNDS

INCLUDING REFRESHMENTS



# The Story of Christmas

A service of  
Readings and Carols  
Sunday 14th  
December 6.00pm

At All Saint's, Church

**Services and Events in December**

Date	Time	Service
7 <sup>th</sup> December/Advent 2	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
	10.15am	Sunday Worship
12 <sup>th</sup> December/Friday	7.00pm	Inner Wheel Carol Service
14 <sup>th</sup> December/Advent 3	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
	10.15am	Christmas Tree Service followed by shortened Holy Communion
21 <sup>st</sup> December/Advent 4	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
	10.15am	Play & Praise Crib Service
	6.00pm	Service of Nine Lessons and Carols
Christmas Eve	11.15pm	Midnight Service – First Communion of Christmas
Christmas Day	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
	10.15am	Sunday Worship Christmas Story Time followed by shortened Communion
First Sunday of Christmas		

**Services and Events in January 2015**

Date	Time	Service
4 <sup>th</sup> January	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
Epiphany	10.15am	Holy Communion
11 <sup>th</sup> January/1 <sup>st</sup> Sunday of Epiphany	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
Plough Sunday	10.15am	Family Service followed by Holy Communion
18 <sup>th</sup> January/2 <sup>nd</sup> Sunday of Epiphany	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
	10.15am	Holy Communion
25 <sup>th</sup> January/3 <sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Epiphany/Conversion of St Paul	8.30am	Holy Communion <i>BCP</i>
	10.15am	Play & Praise
	6.00pm	Choral Evensong