

*The Parish Magazine
of St Stephen's Church
Guernsey*



May 2026

Hello my dear friends

I am thrilled to report that I have a new contributor for this month's issue; Theresa Le Flem has sent me a lovely poem –to quote Ernie Wise-'wot she wrote!'



It is such a joy for me to have different and varied copy for the mag but I would also really like to revive some of the regular articles that I set up. Remember 'Really Reliable Recipes', 'Handy Hints' and 'Best Books?' If you have anything that you can send me for these pages please, please do!

It would also be great to have more poems, short stories and reflections from you if you can. Thank you in advance!

In the meantime I hope that you all have a lovely month and that the weather decides which season we are in!

Much love to you all.
Nikki



**All contributions for the June magazine
will be gratefully received!!.
Copy deadline will be Friday May 29th 2026
Send to nikkiattwooll@gmail.com**

WHY DO WE EXIST?



Recently, a very interesting newspaper article was posted to me in which it is reported that scientists have discovered the “golden bullet” or potentially so, indicating the idea that all life came from a ribonucleic acid molecule called QT45 (“Quite Tiny 45” an enzyme of 45 nucleotides.). For the first time scientists have discovered a molecule that can make copies of itself. *“This is really the cornerstone of what had become known as the RNA world hypothesis, the idea that life really starts when RNA begins to make copies of itself”*. The words of Philipp Holliger who led the team at the MRC Laboratory of Molecular Biology at Cambridge.

There is such debate and discussion around the origin of life, often with conflicting views and ideas, that we can become overwhelmed by it all. The starting point for most scientific views is that in the beginning there was nothing. Then (and again views differ greatly) something happened to nothing and life emerged. Within our Biblical teaching there are two different stories, the 7 Day story (Genesis 1:1 - 2:3) and the story of Adam and Eve (Genesis 2:4ff). In the first creation story, God creates all life – starting with light (although the sun, moon and stars are only created on Day 4) and ending with humanity (lots of them). In the second, God creates a Garden in the East and then forms a man from the dust to care for it (Adam). And, as one child told me many years ago, “And there’s no mention of dinosaurs in either of them!”

Of course, I am simplifying the whole debate, however, I wonder if we haven’t lost sight of the most fundamental aspect of creation – why do we exist at all? What is our purpose in this life? Some may argue that it is simply to spread the genome as far as possible so that we are not all related to one another. Others suggest that it is just by chance that we are here, it was that lucky sperm that managed to get through. Ultimately, all of us up until this point are the product of one male sperm fusing with a female egg. Those who have tried IVF know that this isn’t as easy as it sounds.

But what does it mean for our lives to have a purpose?

St Paul, writing to the people of Ephesus suggests this, *“For we are God’s handiwork, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.”* (Ephesians 2: 10). The Bible teaches us that we are created with the image of God within us. (Read a little further in the magazine about a glycoprotein called “laminin”. It forms the most basic structure of virtually every cell in creation, more importantly... it is shaped like a cross). We have been made in Love, by Love, through Love in order that we might LOVE! Sadly, many communities have lost sight of this purpose and many focus on our differences rather than on our common creation—this is witnessed through the numerous wars and conflicts throughout time and fill our world today.

For me, pondering all this takes me to my understanding that its not as important where we have come from but rather why we are here: to love one another. It is captured so powerfully on the Cross of Calvary, and expressed by Jesus Himself, *“For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.”* (John 3: 16). As we have been loved, so we are called to love... that’s our purpose right there.

Thank you to everyone for all the love you show one another as a family at St Stephen’s. God bless you all.

Love Fr Joe



ST STEPHEN'S
COMMUNITY CENTRE

Friendship Lunch

TUESDAY 12th MAY 2026 at 12pm

£ 10.00

Beef Cottage Pie or
Veggie Cottage Pie



Guernsey Gâche Pudding
with ice-cream

RSVP by Sunday 10th May 2026
Jill Mabire / Linda Barnes / Aileen Thompson
01481 720 268



What's On for Children St Stephen's Church

Every Sunday

9:30am
Children's Church

Godly Play
with child led activities

1st Sunday of the month

2:30 - 4pm
**Creative Children's
Church**

Bible themed activities, games
and crafts for primary school
aged children with toddler
play corner

Last Saturday of the month

10 - 11:30
**Tiny 'Pillars'
Toddler Group**

Stories, play & snacks

CANTAMUS

Musical Director: Andrew Warren

**SPRING CONCERT AT
FOREST PARISH CHURCH
Friday 15th May 7pm**

**Retiring collection in aid of the Tumaini Fund
and the Forest Church**

Refreshments served after the performance

**SINGING GOD'S
PRAISE**

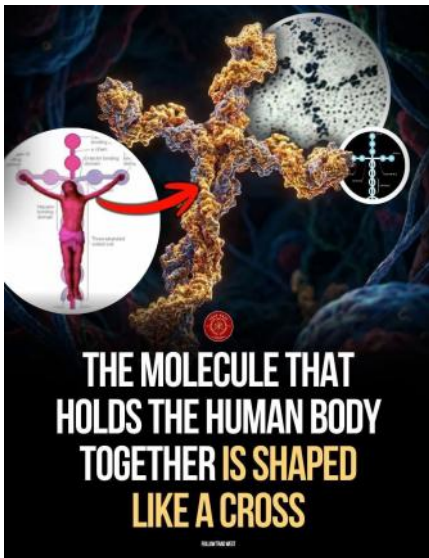
Laminin

This is Laminin.
It is the protein that holds human cells together.

Does it look familiar?

Laminin cell adhesion molecule is shaped like a cross.

"He is before all things, and in Him all things hold together" - Colossians 1:17



Secular biologists will quickly point out that this is simply Laminin, a vital glycoprotein. They will accurately explain that it acts as the essential structural scaffolding of the human body—the biological "glue" that literally binds our cells, tissues, and organs together into a cohesive structure. Without it, the human form would quite literally fall apart.

But sometimes, anatomy preaches a sermon that is impossible to ignore. It is a staggering reality that the exact microscopic protein responsible for physically holding humanity together happens to be forged in the precise, undeniable shape of a cross. For believers, this isn't merely a biological anomaly or a random cosmic coincidence. It is a profound, microscopic echo of the ancient truth found in Colossians 1:17:

"He is before all things, and in Him all things hold together."

The modern world works tirelessly to convince you that your existence is nothing more than a random, meaningless collision of atoms. Yet, down to the deepest, most fundamental cellular level of your physical frame, you are structurally bound together by the ultimate symbol of redemption and sacrifice.

Jesus didn't just speak the universe into existence; He signed His work.

Submitted by Fr Joe Thompson

FINDINGS!

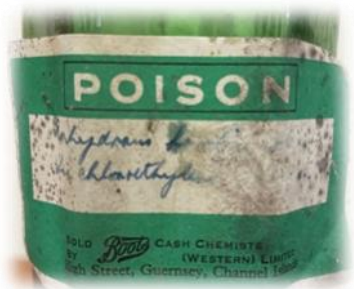
Found in the wall above the Resurrection Chapel by the builders when investigating the damp problems were an old boot and a poison bottle. This may seem a strange thing to find but is quite common in old buildings. (Quite a few have been found in Winchester Cathedral and many other churches.)

A quick question to Google reveals that - 'This "apotropaic" (evil-averting) practice was believed to trap evil spirits or "the devil" within the shoe, protecting the inhabitants of the building.' Likewise, the poison bottles were to guard against witches!

The boot looks old enough that it could have been placed in the walls when the church was built, however, the poison bottle clearly shows it came from Boots Cash Chemist in the High Street.

As Boots was only established in 1849 in Nottingham, I'm not sure the Guernsey branch would have been open when the church was being built. To my mind it was more likely placed when the organ was relocated to the balcony in 1934 and the now Resurrection Chapel was created.

Tony Kaines





NERD CORNER



A little interlude:-

The other week Nikki asked me if I'd seen a post on Facebook that one of my relatives had put up. Now folks this is a bit of a sore point, not the post from my relatives' post I hasten to add, but because I haven't been able to access face-ache for over a year.

I joined face-ache in the very early days, and dipped in and out. I can't say I posted much but it was interesting to keep in touch with people and see what they were up to. After a while I drifted away and didn't really use it. Then I got an email saying that my account had been suspended!

'This is because your account, or activity on it, doesn't follow our Community Standards on [account integrity](#).'

What on earth could this mean, I haven't done anything so how can I have breached account integrity!? I could appeal, and this meant sending a video or photo or something of my face. The reply came back that 'my review was unsuccessful', my account had been 'permanently disabled', and 'you can't request another review'.

Apparently my face is 'non-compliant' I can't say that I've ever really thought about my face and its compliance. I am fortunate enough to have all the right components in just about all the right places, some people say in striking resemblance to my father's. When we lose a parent we often think of things we would have liked to asked them, but I can't say that 'Is your face compliant?' was ever one of them however I can picture the look on his face if I told him our faces are 'non-compliant'!

I blame AI, now I know I love all things technical and in theory should love it but so far I haven't wittingly used it. And quite frankly unless it bucks its ideas up and give my poor face a chance I'll give it a pass, thank you very much.

Till Next time Nerdlettes



Saint of the Month ST BEDE

"The Father of English History" was an English monk, author and scholar, one of the best known writers during the Early Middle Ages, and he is remembered best for his most famous work, *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*. He served at the monastery of St Peter and its companion monastery of St Paul in the Kingdom of Northumbria for most of his life.

Bede entered the monastery school at Jarrow at the tender age of seven and never left. Even though he was in the monastery for all that time, he spent a great deal of time in reading and studying the early movement of Christianity across the British isles before writing down his findings in the *Ecclesiastical History*.

What little we know about his private life comes from the last chapter of the *Ecclesiastical History*. It was completed in about 731AD, and Bede implies that he was then in his fifty-ninth year, which would give a birth date in 672 or 673AD. There is a tradition that he was born at Monkton, two miles from the site where the monastery at Jarrow was later built. Although Bede says nothing of his origins, his connections with men of noble ancestry suggest that his own family was well-to-do.

Abbot Ceolfrith was the monk in charge at Jarrow when the young Bede joined. Both of them survived a plague that struck in 686 and killed the majority of the population around that area. While Bede spent most of his life in the monastery, he travelled to several abbeys and monasteries across the British Isles, also visiting the archbishop of York and King Ceolwulf of Northumbria. As an author, Bede wrote many other works as well, which became standard reading in medieval schools at the time. Bede was moreover a skilled linguist and translator, and his work made the Greek and Latin writings of the early Church Fathers much more accessible to his fellow Anglo-Saxons, which contributed significantly to English Christianity.

In about 692, in Bede's nineteenth year, Bede was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Hexham, so clearly his abilities were considered exceptional. In Bede's thirtieth year (about 702), he became a priest, with the ordination again performed by Bishop John of Hexham.

"I have devoted my energies to the study of the Scriptures, observing monastic discipline, and singing the daily services in church; study, teaching, and writing have always been my delight." His last few hours were spent dictating a translation of St John's Gospel from the Latin to his secretary. He finished that work and died shortly thereafter in 735. The title 'venerable' was given to Bede by his contemporaries after his death in recognition of his work but also of his character as a humble monk. His feast day is May 25.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR MAY

Saturday May 2	10.00am – 11.30am Coffee, Cake & Chat
Sunday May 3	The Fifth Sunday of Easter 9.30am Mass with Children’s Church 11.00am Sung Mass 2.30pm – 4.00pm Creative Children’s Church
Monday to Friday	08.00am Morning Prayer
Tuesday May 5	11.00am Weekday Mass
Wednesday 6	4.00pm – 5.30pm Rainbows
Friday 8	10.30am - Ladies College Valedictory Service
Saturday May 9	10.00am – 11.30am Coffee, Cake & Chat
Sunday May 10	The Sixth Sunday of Easter 9.30am Mass with Children’s Church 11.00am Sung Mass
Monday to Friday	08.00am Morning Prayer
Tuesday May 12	11.00am Weekday Mass 12.00 Friendship Lunch
Wednesday May 13	4.00pm – 5.30pm Rainbows
Thursday May 14	Ascension Day 7.00pm - Sung Mass
Saturday May 16	10.00am – 11.30am Coffee, Cake & Chat
Sunday May 17	The Seventh Sunday of Easter– Sunday After Ascension 9.30am Mass with Children’s Church 11.00am Sung Mass
Monday to Friday	08.00am Morning Prayer
Tuesday May 19	11.00am Weekday Mass
Saturday May 23	10.00am – 11.30am Coffee, Cake & Chat 7.00pm Guernsey Puffers Concert
Sunday May 24	Pentecost 9.30am Mass with Children’s Church 11.00am Sung Mass
Monday to Friday	08.00am Morning Prayer
Tuesday May 26	11.00am Weekday Mass
Wednesday 27	4.00pm – 5.30pm Rainbows
Saturday May 30	10.00am – 11.30am Coffee, Cake & Chat and Tiny Pillars Toddler Group
Sunday May 31	Trinity 9.30am Mass with Children’s Church 11.00am Sung Mass Bake Sale after both services



The Caterpillar

I've never seen a baby butterfly
perched on a leaf, testing its wings,
have you? But the caterpillar
ripples and bristles his way,
like a green hairy centipede
who declares that one day
he'll change, grow wings with a striking design
symmetrical, colourful, fit only for royalty,
but first he must nibble our cabbages neatly
all around the edges, quietly, discreetly,
while we are all sleeping, I'm sorry to say

But one day I saw him busily preening,
hastily spinning, winding and weaving
a thread like a shroud all around his long body,
a shape called a chrysalis, wrapped up in silk,
I watched him and waited, I thought he was dead,
dangling listlessly, dry as a leaf.
I lost interest then, went away, wrote a poem,
and next time I looked he was still there, the same,
so I left him again, went away, read a book,
but when I returned something spooky had happened,
the chrysalis moved and started to open!

Peering inside I saw brilliant colours,
silk satin ribbons, a treasure unfolding,
and out climbed a creature that opened its wings
the most beautiful butterfly I've ever seen,
it rested a while in the afternoon sun
then spread out its wings, flew off and was gone!

by Theresa Le Flem



HERSCHEL MOWS THE LAWN
RELIGIOUSLY EVERY SATURDAY

REFLECTIONS by Fr Jerome Prins

School Chaplain to St Dunstan's College, Benoni, South Africa
ON A SCHOOL TOUR TO EUROPE, APRIL 2026

Final Tour Day Reflection

"The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy.

I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly." John 10:10

Venice – The Voice

Today began like any other day in Venice, but the city quickly revealed itself to me as something far more complex than the postcard vision of canals and gondolas.

"The sheep follow him because they know his voice. They will not follow a stranger." (John 10:4–5)

Venice broke my heart before it taught me anything. It is beautiful—yes, dazzling in its mosaics and gilded domes, mysterious in its foggy alleys and lapping canals. The Basilica of San Marco rang with bells, and I felt the presence of angels protecting ancient secrets beneath the floor. There, at the High Altar, lies St. Mark the Evangelist himself—an apostle resting in a city built on trade and tides. But Venice also showed me something terrible.

The aristocrats of old are gone. In their place walk modern, empty people. Tourists and passersby who do not seek the ancient faith, but rather the attention that faith once demanded. The streets are so busy, yet utterly devoid of greeting, smiles, laughter, joy, or happiness. They speak so many languages, but they see without being present. They are not interested in your story. They are not even interested in Venice's story—only its backdrop.

And yet Venice itself cries out from its depths: Let me live.

I realised, standing on a bridge over a quiet canal, that the voice of the Shepherd is not always loud. Sometimes it is a whisper beneath the noise. Sometimes it is a groan from a sinking city, a sigh from an empty pew, a tear on the face of a city slowly returning to the mud from which it was raised.

Venice is not dying. It is waiting.

And the question, as I walked away, was not whether the Shepherd is speaking. The question was: Am I listening to His voice, or to the noise of the crowd?

Florence – The Door

From Venice, I carried that question to Florence.

"Very truly, I tell you, anyone who does not enter the sheepfold by the gate but climbs in by another way is a thief and a bandit." (John 10:1)

Florence dazzled me. The Duomo's green, blue, and white marble. Michelangelo's David, a giant carved from a stone everyone else had rejected. The monks of San Miniato singing Gregorian chant as the sun bled gold over the city. The forgotten builders, the ones who lifted stones and mixed sand and received no plaque, no statue, no name.

But Florence also showed me the same wound I had seen in Venice.

The selfie-takers looking only at themselves. The tourists swarming like ants, consuming beauty without being consumed by it. The woman with the Live Better bag curled on the cold steps of San Lorenzo, invisible to the thousands who stepped over her.

Florence asked me a question: Which gate are you entering by?

Am I coming as a thief—here to take, to photograph, to check boxes? Or am I coming as a sheep—hungry for the Shepherd, willing to be led?

I stood in the Piazza del Duomo, surrounded by music and laughter and the sound of a trombone and an Italian voice singing contemporary songs to a standing crowd. And I realised: the Shepherd's gate is narrow. It requires humility. It requires slowness. It requires seeing the homeless woman and the monk and the builder and the beggar all as sheep, just like me.

Lord, help me enter by the gate. Not by another way.

Rome – The Shepherd

From Florence, I travelled to Rome - the Eternal City, both myth and mystery.

"The shepherd calls his own sheep by name and leads them out." (John 10:3)

Rome was not gentle. It was magnificent and exhausting. The Colosseum whispered of violence. The Vatican thundered with glory. I stood centimetres from the tomb of Peter—the Rock, the denier, the forgiven. I walked where Paul walked. I saw the Door of Mercy, opened by Pope Francis and closed by Pope Leo, and I thought of all the pilgrims who had crossed those thresholds hoping for exactly what I was hoping for: to be called by name.

On the Metro, a man prayed his rosary, oblivious to the noise. Hail Mary, full of grace. A small, faithful voice in a city of emperors and aqueducts and obelisks stolen from Egypt. In the Sistine Chapel, I was breathless. Stunned into silence. Michelangelo's Last Judgement, not pixels on a screen, but real. Christ in the centre, not angry but just. And Mary, tucked beside Him, small and sorrowful. A place of election and tears.

In St Peter's Basilica, I took off my shoes. I sat my bare feet on the marble that once adorned the great palaces of the emperors—now serving the aching feet of a boy from Rand Street, Mossel Bay. And I heard the Shepherd's question, the same one He asked Peter: "Jerome, do you love me?"

Yes, Lord, I love you.

"Then feed my sheep."

Rome taught me that the Shepherd knows my name. Not my job title. Not my nationality. Not my sins or my successes. My name. And He calls me, still calls me, to follow.

Dubrovnik – The Abundant Life

And now, Dubrovnik. The last city. The final stop before home.

"I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly." (John 10:10)

Dubrovnik is different from the others. Smaller. Quieter. The walls here have withstood siege and war. The stone gleams white in the Adriatic sun. The sea is impossibly blue, the kind of blue that makes you believe in eternity.

I walked the walls today. Slowly. I looked out at the water and thought of everything I have seen.

Venice, hollow and waiting. Florence, dazzling and demanding. Rome, glorious and heavy.

Dubrovnik, resilient and peaceful. Four cities. One thread.

Everywhere, the Shepherd is calling. Through mosaics and graffiti. Through monks and homeless women. Through empty pews and full confessionals. Through the sound of bells and the silence of a heart finally quiet within. The thief comes to steal, kill, and destroy. He steals joy with busyness.

He kills wonder with selfies. He destroys presence with distraction. I saw his work in every city, in the crowds who see without looking, who consume without receiving, who pass by the woman on the steps without a single glance. But the Shepherd? The Shepherd gives life. Abundantly. Not easily - abundantly. Not cheaply - abundantly. The kind of life that costs everything and is worth every penny.

A Final Pastoral Word

I came on this tour looking for something. I didn't know what. But the Shepherd knew.

He knew we would weep in Venice for what has been lost and what is still waiting. He knew we would stand in Florence and feel small beneath the dome. He knew we would kneel in Rome and feel the weight of two thousand years of faith. He knew we would walk the walls of Dubrovnik and finally, finally, hear His voice above the noise. "My sheep hear my voice. I know them, and they follow me."

You are not a consumer. You are not a thief climbing in by another window. You are not a ghost moving through a backdrop. You are a sheep. Known. Called. Led. And the life He offers is abundant, not because it is easy, but because it is His.

Homeward

So now, as the day will set on Dubrovnik and the tour ends, I do not feel finished. I feel sent.

Back to the ordinary. Back to the people who were not on this tour but who are, every one of them, loved by the same Shepherd. I see now what I could not see before I left.

The Shepherd is not only in the basilica. He is on the Metro, in the homeless woman, in the tired eyes of the builder who will never be remembered. He is in the empty pew and the crowded square and the sinking city that still cries out: Let me live.

Lord, give me a heart like Yours. Feed my sheep. Tend my lambs. I am coming home.

But I am not the same person who left.

Grazie, Venezia. Grazie, Firenze. Grazie, Roma. Hvala, Dubrovnik. Thank you, Lord.

For the voice. For the door. For the Shepherd. For the abundant life. **Amen**

'HOW THE APOSTLES DIED



- | | | | | | |
|----|--|---|----|--|---|
| 1 | St. Peter –
Crucified upside down in Rome. |  | 2 | St. Paul –
Beheaded in Rome. |  |
| 3 | St. Andrew –
Crucified on an X-shaped cross. |  | 4 | St. James (Greater) –
Killed by the sword (Acts 12:2). |  |
| 5 | St. John –
Died naturally after exile. |  | 6 | St. Thomas –
Pierced with spears in India. |  |
| 7 | St. Philip –
Crucified in Hierapolis. |  | 8 | St. Bartholomew –
Flayed and killed. |  |
| 9 | St. Matthew –
Killed while preaching (tradition varies). |  | 10 | St. James (Less) –
Thrown down and beaten. |  |
| 11 | St. Simon (Zealot) –
Martyred (traditions vary). |  | 12 | St. Jude Thaddeus –
Killed during missionary work. |  |
| 13 | St. Sevrion –
Martyred satry and beaten. |  | 13 | St. Matthias –
Martyred after preaching the Gospel. |  |

“They did not just follow Christ... they remained faithful to the very end.”



St Stephen's Community Centre

is busy with weekly youth groups for primary age children and teenagers, as well as regular clubs and classes. For contact details and information, please see the list alongside.

For weekend functions and activities during the day (Monday to Friday from 09:00am to 02:30pm) and some week day evenings, the centre offers a great venue for parties, special events and exciting new ventures!

For enquiries and to secure bookings, please complete an electronic booking form via this link:

<https://st-stephens-guernsey.org/459/Booking-Form>

Alternatively, contact Jenny Lambert directly on 01481 711701 or via email:

ststephenscommunitycentre@gmail.com

Hymns for May

SUNDAY	3rd	10th	17th	25th	31st
	5th Sunday of Easter	6th Sunday of Easter	7th Sunday of Easter Sunday after Ascension	Pentecost	Trinity Sunday
HYMN	206	466	134	Procession 137	Procession 148
PROPER	687	688	690	691	692
Responsorial Psalm	31 (v1-5)	67 (v7-end)	68 (v1-10)	104 (v26-end)	8
OFFERTORY	485	333	130 1 st Tune	139 1 st Tune	351
COMMUNION	113	341	129	138	S.13
POST COMMUNION	477 Tune 408 (i)	439 Omit*	332 Omit*	140	146

Thursday 14th May
Ascension Day 7.00pm
SUNG MASS

Hymn 349
Responsorial Psalm 93
Offertory hymn 332
Communion Hymn 131
Post Communion 443





The Guild of Intercession

Lionel Wilfred de Sausmarez 2/5/1901; Marc Anthony Bazille Corbin 11/5/1908; Frank Overrand Romeril 23/5/1912; Rachel Lihou Carre 5/5/1915; Thomas Pepperdine Holmes 19/5/1922; Mary Augusta de Sausmarez 28/5/1922; Florence Ada Sharman 7/5/1925; Henry Gratton Kane (Priest) 31/5/1927; Harriet Watts Gallienne 6/5/1928; John Henry Moore (Priest) 7/5/1929; John Wilson Ravins 16/5/1932; Peter Thomas Mignot (Priest) 30/5/1935; John Matthews 17/5/1938; Georgina Croucher 13/5/1941; John William Elliott 22/5/1942; Jocelyn Duar Loaring 31/5/1944; Sophia Elizabeth Hutchinson 4/5/1949; John Henry Machon 17/5/1949; Selina Jane Burgess 17/5/1950; Emma Jane Warry 19/5/1950; Albert Lewis Davis 27/5/1950; Elsie Louisa Robert 7/5/1952; Amy Elsie Gordon 11/5/1953; Eva Mary Tanner 27/5/1954; Annette Lucina Thornhill 20/5/1955; Florence Ada Anstey 26/5/1955; Dorothy La Trobe Bateman 12/5/1956; Alexander George Sarchet 23/5/1956; Grace Ann Mitchell 16/5/1957; Seymour Victor Gunning Parker 28/5/1957; Clara Annie Elizabeth Drummond 30/5/1957; Alfred Edward Kelly 3/5/1958; Fanny Seymour 3/5/1958; Eli Jesse Warren 15/5/1958; Ida Moore 21/5/1958; Harold Roland Woodbury 30/5/1958; George William Rowe 16/5/1959; Peter Claude Eynon Bowen 25/5/1959; Paul Chang Fong To (Priest) 27/5/1959; Annette Le Prevost 5/5/1960; Wilfred Anderson Dowdney 17/5/1960; Lacey James Hamon 24/5/1960; Owen Henry Marquand 26/5/1961; Olive Ellen Alice Bailey 10/5/1962; Wilfred Charles Wellington 22/5/1962; Elisa Hamon 16/5/1963; Edward Francis Wood (Priest) 2/5/1964; Alan Hubert Walters 13/5/1964; David Clifford Knight 25/5/1964; Arthur Henry Davey 26/5/1964; Louise Victoria Bridle 31/5/1966; Lucy Kemp 13/5/1967; Roderick Noel Raleigh-King 24/5/1967; Olive de Sausmarez 1/5/1971; Frank Gahan 25/5/1971; Anthony James Malzard 2/5/1975; Rosa Mary Mauger 28/5/1977; Reginald Charles Moore (Priest) 29/5/1977; Elsie Moore 7/5/1981; Phyllis Dorothy Fawson 1/5/1982; Elizabeth Maud Robin 28/5/1983; Winifred Ada Tardif 9/5/1984; Thomas Henry Robert 14/5/1985; Lloyd Rex Stuart 27/5/1986; Cyril Kenneth Alfred Kemp (Priest) 3/5/1987; Hilda Joyce Besnard 8/5/1987; Eva Lilian Giles 28/5/1987; Thomas John Saltwell 6/5/1989; Reginald Thomas Warley 11/5/1989; Nancy Hingston Hichens 14/5/1989; Raymond William August Gargan 24/5/1991; George Frederick Albert Horrell 21/5/1994; Robert John Marquis 8/5/1995; Vera Deborah Udle 18/5/1996; Mary Evelyn Robertson Bruce 30/5/1998; Alan Read Sarchet 31/5/1998; Bernard Miller Cochrane 4/5/2003; Margaret Christine Balfour 20/5/2004; Cyril Henry Udle 2/5/2006; Bryan Kevin Le Poidevin 2/5/2006; Kay Elizabeth Sloan 25/5/2006; Carol Diamond Dodd 16/5/2008; Krystal Jane Emma Williams 8/5/2009; Kathleen Joan Meyer 16/5/2010; Enid Marjorie Waterman 21/5/2010; Trudy Martha Ellis 4/05/2011; Dorothy (Dot) Mary Hamon 10/05/2011; Jane (Jean) Robert 12/05/2011; Edward Alfred Roland 22/5/2013; Keith Roderick Parkyn 30/5/2018. Annie Peatfield 3/05/2020 Tony Renouf 31/05/20 Ian Frank Colman Petch 7/5/2025

Year unknown: Nicholas Deighton, 1/5; Eliza Maude Allett, 30/5.

READINGS FOR MAY 2026

Sunday 3 rd May	The Fifth Sunday of Easter	Acts Ch7 v55-60 1 Peter Ch2 v2-10 John Ch14 v1-14
Sunday 10 th May	The Sixth Sunday of Easter	Acts Ch17 v22-31 1 Peter Ch3 v13-22 John Ch14 v15-21
Thursday 14 th May	Ascension	Acts Ch1 v1-11 Ephesians Ch1 v15-23 Luke Ch24 v44-53
Sunday 17 th May	The Seventh Sunday of Easter	Acts Ch1 v6-14 1 Peter Ch4 v12-14 Ch5 v6-11 John Ch17 v1-11
Sunday 28 th May	Day of Pentecost (Whit Sunday)	Acts Ch2 v1-21 1 Corinthians Ch12 v3b-13 John Ch20 v19-23
Sunday 31 st May	Trinity Sunday	Isaiah Ch40 v12-17, 27-31 2 Corinthians Ch13 v11-13 Matthew Ch28 v16-20



WAFFLE'S WISDOM

A DOG CAN UNDERSTAND A LOT OF HUMAN WORDS
BUT HUMANS CANNOT WORK OUT WHAT A DOG'S
BARKS MEAN.

WHO IS THE SMARTER SPECIES?



Guilds, Clubs & Activities at St Stephen's

CREATIVE CHILDREN'S CHURCH (MESSY CHURCH)	Andrea Bateman andrea.bateman@yahoo.co.uk	First Sunday of the Month 2.30pm – 4.00pm	Family Service and Godly Play St Stephen's Church
TINY 'PILLARS TODDLER GROUP	Andrea Bateman andrea.bateman@yahoo.co.uk	Last Saturday of the Month 10am – 11.30am	St Stephen's Church (at the same time as Coffee, Cake & Chat)
RAINBOWS	Tamara Beach ststephens.girlguiding@gmail.com	Wednesday 4.00pm – 5.00pm	St Stephen's Church 5 – 7 years old
BROWNIES	Tamara Beach ststephens.girlguiding@gmail.com	Wednesday 5.00pm – 6.30pm	Community Centre 7 – 10 years old
GUIDES	Debbie Robilliard Tel: 714850 + 07911 132440 7ststephensguides@gmail.com	Friday 6.00pm – 7.30pm	Community Centre 10 – 14 years old
RANGERS	Sophie Leale Tel: 714850 & 07911 132440 7thststephensrangers@gmail.com	Wednesday 7.40pm – 9.00pm	Community Centre 14-21 years old
1st VICTORIA SEA SCOUT GROUP	Rosalyne Le Huray firstgsybeavers@outlook.com	Beavers Monday 5.30pm – 6.45pm	Community Centre 6 – 8 years old
Group Scout Leader	Leon Gallienne firstgscubs@outlook.com	Cubs Monday 7.00pm – 8.30pm	Community Centre 8 – 10 years old
Rosalyne Le Huray Tel: 07781 127263	Rosalyne Le Huray firstgsscouts@outlook.com	Sea Scouts Wednesday 7.00pm – 9.00pm	Community Centre 10 – 14 years old
ST STEPHEN'S GUILD	Marg Kaines Tel: 254858	As arranged	Church 'housekeeping'
SERVERS Guild of the Servants of the Sanctuary	Tony Kaines Tel: 254858	As arranged	Info: www.GSSonline.org.uk
CHURCH FLOWERS	Ann Goss Tel: 728433	As arranged	Church
SOCIAL EVENTS COMMITTEE	Linda Barnes 07781 416305 norton@cwgsy.net	As arranged	Church Vestry
ST STEPHEN'S PLAYERS	Steph Dragun Tel: 255654	As arranged	Community Centre

ST STEPHEN'S CHURCH
Vicar: Father Joe Thompson
Email: joe.thompson@deanery.gg

St Stephen's Vicarage • Les Gravées • St Peter Port • Guernsey • GY1 1RN

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Website: <http://st-stephens-guernsey.org>

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Honorary Assistant Priest

The Reverend Fr John Luff

People's Warden	Tony Kaines	Tel: 254858
Vicar's Warden	Anne Le Maitre	Tel: 07781 112557
	Email: annemlemaitre@cwgsy.net	
Secretary (APCC)	Ann Goss	Tel: 728433
Treasurer	Tony Kaines	Tel: 254858
Children's Ministry	Andrea Bateman	Tel 07781 167971
Safeguarding Officer	Steph Dragun	Tel: 255654
Electoral Roll Officer	Tony Goss	Tel: 728433
Director of Music	Felicity Millard	Tel: 725660
St Stephen's Archivist	Rosalyne Le Huray	Tel: 07781 127263
Community Centre	Jenny Lambert	Tel: 711701
	Email: ststephenscommunitycentre@gmail.com	
Flower Contacts	Ann Goss	Tel: 728433
Magazine Editor	Nikki Attwooll	Tel: 07781 144464
	Email: nikkiattwooll@gmail.com	

SUNDAY MASSES

9.30am	Said Mass and Children's Church
11.00am	Sung Mass

WEEKDAY MASSES

Monday to Friday	8.00am	<i>Morning Prayer</i>
Tuesday	11.00am	<i>Said Mass</i>