

Edith Cavell

died 12 October 1915

Born in a village near Norwich in 1865, Edith Cavell was a British nurse who operated a medical clinic and nursing school in Brussels at the start of the war in August 1914. She chose to stay in her adopted homeland when the Germans invaded and provided medical treatment for injured soldiers, regardless of their nationality. She also helped smuggle injured soldiers and civilians out of Belgium to neutral Holland. Cavell was arrested by German occupation authorities in August 1915, and charged under the German Military Code.

She admitted to having helped the servicemen escape and that some had even contacted her to say they had safely arrived in England. Cavell was sentenced to death not for aiding the escape of enemy servicemen, but because the men had been able to return to a country at war with Germany. She spent eight weeks in St. Gilles Prison, and, despite protests from the United States and Spain, she was executed by a German firing squad at the Belgian National Shooting Range at dawn on October 12, 1915.

Her execution was condemned by the international community, with rising anti-German sentiment in America and Great Britain in particular. Cavell was perceived in these countries as a courageous martyr, and was honoured in 1920 with a memorial near Trafalgar Square in London.

"I have no fear nor shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me ... I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy. They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

Edith Cavell, on the night before her execution, as recounted by Reverend Stirling Gahan, Oct. 11, 1915



St Cross Newsletter October 2024

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Our Vicar writes...

Autumn is here. The time when many churches celebrate the Harvest Festival. Last month, the ministry team went into Sharston House to celebrate harvest with the residents. We are so fortunate to have a harvest to celebrate and hopefully our efforts to help not just our local community, but also people much further afield, will help in some small way to alleviate the poverty which they suffer. If we can make a difference to just one person's life, it is worth it.

Last month I had a one-week holiday in the English Lake District staying in our usual place of retreat in the village of Stair which is about a 10-minute drive from Keswick. The outer areas of the Lake District are more agricultural but in the mountainous areas it is almost entirely the farming of sheep. Why do I find myself going back to the Lake District year after year? Perhaps all of us have, or have had, a particular place close to our hearts for any given reason.

We live in a very changing world. When I was in Stockport last week, I observed a huge amount of change with many apartments being built all over the town. I thought about my grandparents and tried to imagine that, if they were to come, they would barely recognise the town as they knew it. I think that is one of the reasons I find the charm of the Lake District so alluring. As it is in a National Park there is very little change year on year, and certainly the higher up you go the change becomes less and less. The views from the mountain tops will never change, unless, of course, some inexplicable catastrophic event happens

but even then, shifting some mountains will take some doing.

Why do people climb mountains? Why force my tired and sweaty body up there when I might have been sitting in a deck chair at the seaside or relaxing by a pool in some exotic resort? I have visited many interesting places over the years both overseas and closer to home but it is the Lake District that will always remain close to my heart.

I think it's not just the joy of exercising in the open country but the solitude that comes with it too and the refreshment of the soul I feel. Looking at the vastness of the hills, and also at night, away from the artificial light of population, the starlit heavens, communicates to me that we are a small part of a very big picture. And though we are a small part, we are known by the God who made us. A God who came to us in Jesus and taught us how precious we are, so much so that Jesus will always search out the human soul. Even when ninety-nine are gathered in, the hundredth matters; the difference this can make to one person's life is worth it.

Yours, in Christ

Paul



Rush hour in Borrowdale

Occasional Offices in September

Wedding 7 September Henry CAWSON and Anna HIGGINS

Baptism 22 September Romi Maeva GABRIEL-NEVIN

Funeral 16 September David Mark CASH



Diary for October

Sunday 6th October

10am Harvest Thanksgiving

Mondays 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th

2-4pm **Monday Together in the Church Room.** Fellowship, refreshments and activities supporting the work of the church. All welcome.

Tuesday 8th

7.30pm **Lectio Divina** (on Microsoft Teams)

Thursday 17th

2pm **Mothers' Union**

Saturday 26th

9.30am-12 noon **Work party, mostly for jobs around the church grounds.**

Wednesday 30th

11am-12pm **Coffee, Clean and Garden.** Monthly session for tackling odd jobs, this month mostly within the church buildings. All welcome!