



## Pews News

**Sunday 6th August**

**10am Joint parish communion, St Mary's**

**Zoom**

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/88201774610?>

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### **Collect**

O God, who on the holy mount revealed to chosen witnesses your well-beloved Son, wonderfully transfigured, in raiment white and glistening: Mercifully grant that we, being delivered from the disquietude of this world, may by faith behold the King in his beauty; who with you, O Father, and you, O Holy Spirit, lives and reigns, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

### **Please remember in your prayers**

**The sick:** Sandra Baxter-Brown, Dennis Evans, Trish Fleetwood, Mark Knott, Christine Miles, Doreen Nunney, Ruth Wilkinson and Jacky Williams.

**The Departed:** Jenny Helme



### **August Services**

#### **August 13th**

10am Joint Parish Communion, St Peter's

#### **August 20th**

10am Joint Parish Communion, St Mary's  
6.30pm Evensong, St Peter's

#### **August 27th**

Joint Parish Communion, St Peter's

 Bishop of Guildford's  
**Communities Fund**

**Walk the Wey 2023**



**Sign up for Walk the Wey and help the vulnerable and disadvantaged in our diocese. We are hosting a sponsored walk on 16th September.**

Following the successful Walk the (North Downs) Way sponsored walk two years ago which raised £4,300, Bishop Andrew is inviting you and members of your congregation to join him again.

This year we are walking the Wey towpath with walks of varying length starting from West Byfleet, Send and Guildford.

The Bishop of Guildford's Communities Fund helps to fund parish projects which reach out into the local community to help some of the poorest in our diocese and those who are vulnerable or disadvantaged.

To register an interest in taking part contact [claire.isherwood@cofeguildford.org.uk](mailto:claire.isherwood@cofeguildford.org.uk) giving your name, Parrish, Mobile number and likely starting point.



## Rutton's Ramblings

I'm afraid the rant against the ever-advancing tide of technology continues, so you may wish to either ignore this, or take it with a pinch of salt, or pop your crash helmet on.

One of the top energy companies keeps advertising on Classic FM, and my wife says, "There you are, why don't you try that one, it's Which? approved."

So, I said ok, and we switched over to - shall we say Jellyfish Power.

The trouble is, that after numerous emails, and you certainly can't ring them on the telephone because that would be too easy, Jellyfish Power still can't read my smart meter.

They keep sending the emails from the lovely Emma:

We are terribly sorry you're still having trouble Mr Viccajee. Please could you send us a picture of your smart meter?

This I have done. Three times.

Each time I say, Dear Emma, please confirm safe receipt, please escalate this enquiry, please register the fact that I have indeed sent you a picture of my smart meter three times over two months so that I can get properly onto your cheaper tariff. No reply.

And you know what I'm going to say don't you? There is no lovely Emma. I suspect it's just a bot. And no one is listening.

Computers are cheap. Human beings are expensive.

Well, onto the Albert Hall. I haven't been to a prom concert for many years, so on a whim, my wife and I went up to London for our wedding anniversary, and we had a lovely meal and then off to the Proms, walking over Hyde Park.

Lucky us. Well, it was lucky us, until we got to the door.

The fresh-faced youth at the door, said 'tickets please'.

I said I had to do everything online, obviously, so here is a printout of the receipt that I got when I booked the tickets.

Her face lit up. I think I had just made her day.

"I'm very sorry sir, but you can't get in without a barcode."

"Well, here's the receipt" I said.

"Oh, but no barcode!" she said happily.

Ok well, I get out the latest email from the Albert Hall - I expect that's got the barcode on. Fortunately, I have these emails on my phone. No barcode.

The lady seemed happier than ever.

"No barcode. Can't let you in sir. I'm terribly sorry."

I have to say she didn't look terribly sorry.

This is the point of course where you have to keep cool. Because if you get cross, then you are "...abusing our staff and we have the right to eject you from the premises."

So, you certainly can't remonstrate, or God forbid, lose your temper.

Fortunately, I managed to dig out the offending email from the pending box, which is not easy to do on an iPhone, because the pending box is well hidden. But I figured it out.

Oh, she says happily, There you are! A barcode!. We now have a naughty primary school calibre customer who is finally obeying the rules. Excellent! I can now zap it with my little zapper. And order is restored.

Write it off to experience. Get a grip with technology? Well, I suppose so.

So, then we slogged up to the second level where I had reserved two seats in a little tiny box.

Barcode to get into that? No, but...

The door to the little tiny box was locked.

I asked the man next door, who looked like a member of staff, "Please could you unlock our door so that we can sit in our little box?"

"No", he replied happily. "I am one of the waiting staff. That's way above my pay grade. What you need is one of the stewards with a red waistcoat. He was here a moment ago. "

Yes, but he isn't here now, and the Royal Albert Hall is a big place.

Finally, Red Waistcoat comes around the corner.

"Oh, you can't get in unless I unlock the door you know!" he says happily.

Yes, I know, I've discovered that . (Said silently – just smile meekly Rutton...)

He then unlocks the door. There are five seats in the box. The seats are not numbered. I have no idea which are seat numbers one and two. He disappears.

Another long search for Red Waistcoat.

Finally, he is tracked down a second time.

"I'm terribly sorry, but there are no numbers on the seats."

"Oh!" he says happily, "You need to look at the seating plan!"

"And where might that be?"

As politely as possible.

"Why, it's up on the ceiling, of course!"

You know, where most people look for a seating plan.

When I got home, I got an email, presumably from a bot, asking me how pleasurable my experience was at the Royal Albert Hall.

I am thinking about the reply, long and hard.

On the one hand, there's quite a few things to say.

On the other hand, life is too short, and Mendelssohn's Elijah really was a fantastic experience.

I hope you have a good week. Do please keep in touch.