

Second station: East corner, looking over the Glebe.



With the smallholding in this field there are ponies grazing, farmyard noises of chickens and ducks, also pheasants, which add to the rural charm. The view out over the undulating pasture makes an idyllic village setting – providentially undeveloped so far. Families bring their children to see the animals on an evening walk and the community values the area highly. Within the churchyard you can see a young Liquidambar tree which colours brilliantly in autumn. Birdsong is prodigious here, with Oxfordshire natives, many pigeons, and occasionally the young of red kites calling. Stop to listen, feel the silence and praise God for His creation.

Third station: Opposite Porch, by seat.



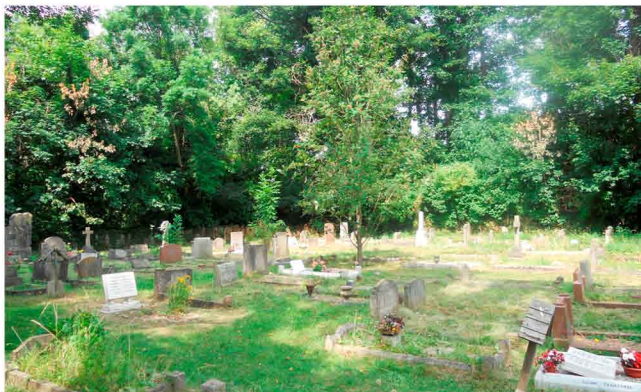
This area has many recent cremation memorials. There is a profound feeling of loss when we read the wording on the stones, gratitude for a life well lived, and grief for those taken too early. Grant us acceptance, Lord, of the harder parts of life. Here we can remember with love those who have gone before us. Pause to thank God for everything in your life, including learning through loss to trust, whatever befalls.

Fourth station: At C.S. Lewis's Grave.



Alongside a large pine is the grave of the Parish's most famous son, Clive Staples Lewis, and also his brother Warren. The Lewises bought the house 'The Kilns' in 1930 and it was his home until his death in 1963. The Parish church became his church, and on Christmas Day 1931 he received his first communion since he was a boy. Pause to thank God for Lewis's conversion to deeper belief, and for the effect through his books on several generations throughout the world.

Fifth station: Middle of the south boundary in the churchyard extension of 1927.



You have just passed the compost bins, constructed recently to make compost from all the churchyard waste. Each bin takes at least a year to be ready for use on the borders. Activator and manure are used to layer the material and there is rubbish to be removed. Hard, but rewarding work. Thank God for the volunteer working parties who spend time and effort in keeping the churchyard tidy and attractive. On the far left there is the area of the babies' graves – so it is especially poignant. With the field behind us, and several sycamores, we look north towards the wood. The young tree here is a Sorbus, Mountain Ash. There are unkempt corners. Pause to give thanks for this wilder part, even for the weeds and nettles, both here and in our own lives.

Sixth station: Along the east-facing wall, by the Vicarage path.



We have just passed another large Larch; it is a wonder that the trees do so well as the soil is very stony, as one would expect in and around quarries. They must put their roots down deep for moisture. When removing some dead standard roses the working-party was amazed that they had survived at all, because the soil was so poor. They were also shaded by the big Lawson's Cypress. The roses have been replaced with variegated box which is shade tolerant. The churchyard has an organic policy so no chemicals such as weedkillers are used in its maintenance, because we value the foodchain and the environment.

Pause to thank God for the soil in which He has planted us. This is where he causes us to live, whatever the conditions, stony or fertile; give thanks that He teaches us to accept all kinds of situations.