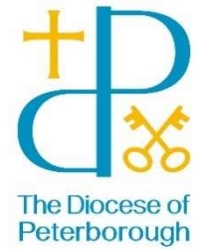


BMG LETTER 34

15 October 25



Dear Friends,

I love watching Northampton Saints at Franklin's Gardens. Over the years I have witnessed the unbridled celebrations of silverware and the desperate mourning of relegation. As one of the finest attacking teams in the premiership, it is always "edge of the seat" rugby and a real test of my blood pressure tablets. Last weekend it was an absolute pleasure to watch the Saints win the East Midlands Derby against the old enemy, Leicester Tigers. Local bragging rights are important!

The Northampton Saints were founded in 1880 by Reverend Samuel Wathen Wigg, the curate of St James' Church. Whilst daydreaming his way through morning service, he suddenly thought of starting a "boys improvement class" to provide a constructive outlet for local lads. This quickly evolved into a rugby club, "Northampton St James", and the rest is history. Reverend Wigg would be amazed to see world, European and domestic competitions played at Franklin's Gardens. It's a long way from a boys improvement class.

Having a vision for the impossible is a wonderful Christian trait. At the Diocesan Church Schools' Service at Peterborough Cathedral a few weeks ago, the following prayer was said:
*May God bless you with tears to shed for those who suffer from pain, rejection, starvation and war,
so that you will reach out your hand to comfort them and change their pain to joy.
And may God bless you with the foolishness to think that you can make a difference in the world,
so that you will do the things which others tell you cannot be done.*

Or as Henry Ford said,
Whether you think you can or whether you think you can't, you're probably right!

Come on you Saints!



The Venerable Richard Ormston
Archdeacon of Northampton