

What can we say each year about this very special thing that happens on a Sunday close to Christmas? We could get dead boring and ramble on about friends and family and values. But we don't want to be boring; and when we don't want to be boring we think sixties; and when we think sixties we think love. And that's it, isn't it? There is so much love at your carol evenings. We leave into the cold night bursting with it, so full and occupied with it, saturated, with Christmas ours for the taking. We want to cover you with cathedrals full of thanks and acclamation but all we've got is words on white paper

BUT

I have an admission to make, quietly, softly, so almost no one hears: Prunella's carol is growing on me.....ssshhh