

A 'thin' place.



St Endellion Church in north Cornwall became a "thin" place for me on my first visit in July 1958.

Under the inspiring leadership of Roger Gaunt, a young priest, a group of us set about making the adjacent, crumbling old rectory habitable again. We quickly became a community that prayed, questioned, ate, worked, walked, swam, sang, laughed and talked together, and most importantly, recognised that the solidity and silent beauty of the old granite church was central to everything else we did. In the words of John Betjeman, " the church gives the impression that it goes on praying day and night whether there are people or not", which is why, for me, St Endellion church will always remain a thin and much treasured place.

Eve Saunders