



*Verdrietig delen wij u mede dat
onze moeder, oma en zuster*

Joyce Muriel Chesmond – Moxham

weduwe van Paul Chesmond

op de leeftijd van 83 jaar is overleden.

Engeland	Susan
Zuid Afrika	Kathleen
Engeland	Patricia en David
Engeland	Christopher en Mary Moxham
	Klein en achterkleinkinderen

Vriezenveen, 14 juli 2011

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*Onze bijzondere dank gaat uit naar het personeel van
het verpleeghuis Weemenlanden in Vriezenveen
voor de liefdevolle verpleging.*

De plechtigheid voorafgaande aan de crematie, waarvoor u wordt uitgenodigd, zal worden gehouden op donderdag 21 juli om 11.30 uur in de aula van crematorium Almelo, Willem de Clercqstraat 94 te Almelo.

Na afloop van de plechtigheid is er gelegenheid tot condoleren in de koffiekamer van het crematorium.

Key Dates

10 September	Castle Fair
24-26 September	Visit Revd Canon Ambrose Mason of the ICS
25 September	Harvest Thanksgiving
25 September	Visit of the Irish Georgian Society (London Chapter)*
11 December	Carol Service with Christmas Market



What is Dying?

A ship sails and I stand watching till she fades on the horizon and someone at my side says, "She is gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all; she is just as large as when I saw her.

The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her, and just at the moment when someone at my side says "She is gone", there are others who are watching her coming, and other voices take up a glad shout, "There she comes!"

And that is dying.

— Bishop Brent

Contributed by Elizabeth van der Heide



* This is a group of architectural enthusiasts (leader Robbert van Mesdag) who will be coming over. They would like to see the chapel and some of them would also like to attend the service.

September



2011

A Churchwarden Writes

Pilgrimage

When I did my National Service and went for the first six weeks of basic military

training, I took with me a copy of John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*. This was a slim book, the size of a prayer book, and fitted nicely in one of the pockets of my uniform. Starting a new phase of one's life is often disconcerting and the metaphor of life as a pilgrimage suited me well as I read my way through the book during the many short periods of inactivity in the weekly rota. It was a welcome break for the mind in those days of hard work in sometimes difficult conditions.

This summer, one member of our congregation, Katelyn Ferguson, is walking from St Jean-Pied-de-Port on the Spanish border to Santiago de Compostela along the pilgrimage trail, covering 20 kilometres a day. Pilgrimages are a powerful tradition in the history of Christianity all over Europe. The shrines of holy men or martyrs were often the destinations for pilgrims, but also the Holy Land itself, where people visited the well-known places of the New Testament.

In his *Canterbury Tales*, Geoffrey Chaucer writes: "And specially from every shires ende – Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende, – The hooly blisful martir for to seke, – That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke." The martyr in question being Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1162 to 1170, when King Henry II had him killed inside the Cathedral.

A pilgrimage can be a time of reflection on the state of affairs in one's life, where one stands, what the future holds and what God wants us to do next. Much in the same way the life of a church can be seen in this light; our own St Mary's in an interregnum when our future may seem uncertain and the established order of things has suddenly disappeared. What a great blessing then that

(Continued on page 4)



Twente News

Life is What You Make It

Working people frequently ask retired people what they do to make their days interesting. Well, for example, the other day my wife Doris and I went into town and visited a shop. We were only there about five minutes or so. When we came out, a traffic warden was writing out a parking ticket. We went up to him and I said, "Oh, come on, how about giving a senior citizen a break." He ignored us and continued writing the ticket. I'm afraid I rather lost my temper and called him a jobsworth or some such name. He glared at me and started to write out another ticket, this time for having worn-out tyres. Doris joined in the verbal attack but it had no effect. He finished writing the second ticket and put it on the windscreen with the first. Then he started on a third. This went on for about twenty minutes: the more we argued with

Sad News

The sad news reached St Mary's congregation that Mrs Joyce Chesmond, long-time faithful member of the chaplaincy and one-time co-editor, with her husband Paul (+), of our chaplaincy magazine, passed away, after a lengthy illness, on Thursday, 14 July 2011 (see page 20). The fu-

neral service was conducted by the Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen. Many of us will think back to the bible studies and the social evenings held in Almelo and remember Joyce with great affection.

Local Contacts Network

This new initiative is gaining momentum. The areas concerned are delineated on a map displayed in the Hut, where you will also find the relevant contact information. There have been a couple of minor adjustments in the area allocations and these are reflected in the details on the inside back cover.

Name Dropping ...

... in the literal sense. The names of the members of the Fair Committee appeared in the last issue – alas, minus two. Sincere apologies to Pauline Talstra and Vivian Reinders, as well as our appreciation for their valuable input. As the Castle Fair is now on the doorstep, so to speak, if you have any last minutes queries, the committee "helpdesk" will be only too pleased to hear from you.

Cork Collection

The collection point for corks in Goor informed me recently that the collection will stop at the end of this year even though it has been very successful. (No reason to stop having a glass of wine though!)

A big thank-you to everybody who has been faithfully collecting for me.

Cathie Warmink



*Oh Sammy boy, the Northern Lights are shining
From wood to marsh and down the UMCg
There are rich farms and medieval churches
Good cycling country there and lots to see.*

*You have been called to plant an English church there
Your thesis also needs to come to 'n end
And hap'ly family ties are close at hand there
In Grönnen 'Pronkjewail in Golden Raand'.*

*Dear Reverend Sam, we're sad that you are leaving
Six years have fled and now the North doth call,
Your guiding hand had led us in believing
And brought St Mary's closer to us all.*

*O, come ye back from pastures new to help us,
We'll miss you all, a fact we can't deny.
O, Reverend Sam, we pray for your new ventures,
God bless you all, 'tis farewell not goodbye.*

By Poets Various (July 2011)



Message from Wierden

I would like to thank you all for your kind, loving thoughts and especially for your prayers and cards. We know it helped because I felt I was carried through the two operations knowing that prayers were being said for me from many countries, including Thailand, Zimbabwe, America, England and of course here in Holland in two churches! The doctors say I am now cancer free and no further treatment is needed. Joop joins me in thanking you all and we wish you God's blessings.

In His love,
Stephanie Prins-Sumner

Poetry and
Prose

A Veritable Scoop!

It's not often that *St Mary's Magazine* is first to press with a new artistic offering but thanks to the unsuspected talents among our community a scoop we have! Those attending the reception at the Woodshed on 17 July witnessed a notable première: the performance by the *ad hoc* choir of these lyrics to the tune of *Londonderry Air* (a melody more usually associated with the ballad *Danny Boy*). The previous Sunday, within the context of the Summer Teas, early visitors to the Chapel found more than they bargained for: a musical rehearsal in full swing. Undaunted they stayed till the end, spontaneously applauded ... and then were left to enjoy the peace and stillness customarily afforded by the chapel in the woods. Fleeting moments in history, as the choir has since been disbanded!

O Sammy Boy

*O Rev'rend Sam when you first came to lead us
Fresh from the Alps, descending into Goor
You came to save our helpless congregation
Which was despondent, for a year or more.*

*Your sermons are a joy for all and sunder
To hear, digest and ruminant upon
Always well founded, very well delivered
Spiritual nourishment, we could not ask for more!*

*O Sammy boy, St Mary's bells are calling
you
Across the land from Arnhem up to Goor
But how to get here is sometimes a
problem
You have a car, and fold-up bicycle.*



*But PRAISE THE LORD, you have your running
shoes
And in no time you'll jog along to us
Now don't you worry we'll all be waiting
There's lots of coffee, cakes & wine in the Hut.*

*Dear Rev'rend Sam we so enjoyed your sermons
Well-written, deep, devout and thorough too
They gave us much religious inspiration
And for balance you threw in a joke or two!*

*Your children we have seen increase in numbers
Francisca, Nick and last young Stephanie
She, though still baby, looks much like her father
Climbing the pulpit not yet entirely three!*

New Address: Sam, Coretta, Francisca, Nicolas and Stephanie

The Van Leer Family,
Tussenkoelen 16, 9753 KX Haren
(tel: 050 785 0703)



Holy Dusting

Some time ago I announced in church that the PCC had decided to embark on a church cleaning scheme, nicknamed "The Holy Dusters", whereby the chapel would be cleaned by volunteers after the Sunday service once every six weeks or so. From the congregation we received a number of comments that made good sense, and at the PCC meeting of 13 August we agreed to go along with most of their recommendations. It was felt that Sunday cleaning was unsuitable, that the church community should not have to clean up after weddings by third parties, and that hiring a professional cleaner might be a solution. After consulting with Count Alfred and the Estate Manager, we have agreed on the following: the Estate will take responsibility for the cleaning after weddings and the church community will see to the rest of the cleaning. In both instances the services of a professional cleaner will be sought. We are grateful that Vivian Reinders has agreed to try and find a suitable person for the job. Sprucing up the chapel before our services will by necessity have to be done by sacristans and wardens.
Everhard Ottens



Intercessions

If you wish to have someone included in the intercession, please contact one of the Church Wardens before the Service.

If you know of anyone who is sick or in need of pastoral care, please contact one of the Church Wardens.

him, the more tickets he wrote. Just then our bus came along so we got on it and went home.

We try to have a little fun each day now that we're retired. It's important at our age.

Money

A thoughtful economist has just written a 200-page short history of money. We could write one in six words: "Here it is; there it goes!"

Male Logic

A wife asked her husband, "Could you please go shopping for me and buy one carton of milk, and if they have eggs, get six." A short time later the husband comes back with six cartons of milk. The wife asks him, "Why on earth did you buy six cartons of milk?" "They had eggs," he replied.

In Vino Veritas

At the end of a busy day, a man and his wife were sitting on the veranda in the peaceful twilight. As the sun slowly sank below the mountains, she broke the comfortable silence saying, "I do so love you." "Is that you or the wine talking?" he gently enquired. "Oh, it's me," she replied, "... talking to the wine."

The Obstacle in Our Path

In ancient times, a king had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the king for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the stone out of the way. Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. After the peasant picked up his load of vegetable, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the king indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway. The peasant learned what many of us never understand. Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

Contributed by Blair
Charles

(Continued from page 1)

the familiar face of Geoffrey Allen is back in the chapel and that we have able representatives in the joint committee which is preparing profiles of the two chaplaincies and a profile of the sort of candidate we would like to attract. In coordination with the Bishop's Office a catching advertisement will be compiled and then everything is in God's hand and we hope and pray that the right person will come forward.

Everhard Ottens



Art Exhibition – Castle Fair

Once again we will have some fine works of art from within our congregation and also from some of our friends of St Mary's. All the artists work hard to present a one-day exhibition and are happy to show their work and donate towards the church from any sales they make. Amongst those presenting work are : Chris Los (Water colours and Icons – Arnhem congregation); Annie Oosterhof (St Mary's); Pauline Talstra (Oils – St Mary's); Katarina Jalkowski (from Kinderhoek of Fair); and also Goke Schintz-Versteeg (Oils – friend of St Mary's).

Don't forget our *Koopjes Hoek (Affordable Art)* – some bargains for everyone!

This year we will be featuring some **POP ART** in the exhibition. Come and see these pieces, made from *recycled materials*, and perhaps you will see and experience for yourself what Pop Art is about!

Features of Pop Art: It catches your attention! What is that about? Is there a message? Does the sculpture have a heart/spirit?

We look forward to seeing you on the day.

Pauline Talstra
Art Exhibition – Castle Fair

going away gift from the Floral Guild: "Our wish is that this rose will help you put down roots in your new home and bring fond memories of those you've left behind."

Joyce Wigboldus now took up the story: "Some time ago Agnes Lee, noticed that you greatly admired a Rembrandt Bible in her house – a bible illuminated with pictures of paintings and drawings by the great Rembrandt. Knowing that you would prefer it in English, we ordered a leather-bound Rembrandt Bible (122 pictures) from a Swiss antiquarian bookseller. Alas, this firm takes very long holidays so it hasn't arrived yet, but we hope to present it to you when you take the service on 11 September."

It then fell to Everhard Ottens to lead the St Mary's *ad hoc* choir in an inspired rendition of an original composition (see pages 14-15), accompanied by Louw Talstra on a small organ. Lilted music filled the woods – beating birds, bees ... and the occasional dog into submission!



As Joyce said, "In the past six years we have enjoyed close to some three hundred of your sermons. I'm sure I speak on behalf of all of us if I say that we always felt uplifted, inspired, thoughtful, stimulated, touched, amused, meditative or a combination of these when we left church on Sunday. Thank you for bringing God's word to us and making us look at bible texts from different angles, to give them, as it were, a new shine. In the beginning of the 19th century Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin (1787-1863), wrote: 'Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say.' And this applies to you, Sam, every word."

Forget-Me-Not

When to the flowers
so beautiful the Father
gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came);
And standing at its Father's feet
and gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tone
and with a modest grace,
"Dear God, the name
Thou gavest me,
Alas I have forgot!"
Kindly the Father
looked him down
and said: "Forget-me-not."

– Emily Bruce Roelofson
b. 1832 Cincinnati
Contributed by
Nicole Zonnebeld

Every prayer is an inverted promise ... If God teaches us to pray for any good thing, we may gather by implication the assurance that he means to give it.

– C.H. Spurgeon

Confidence in God

Alone with none but
Thee, my God,
I journey on my way.
What need I fear, when
Thou art near
O King of night and day?
More safe I am within
Thy hand
Than if a host did round
me stand.

– St Columba



Adieu

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" Although Groningen can certainly assume the mantle of one city in this tale, a stretch of the imagination is required to visualize Twente, with its villages, woods, streams and fields, as the other. Luckily there's no recession as far as imagination is concerned.



Fortunately on 17 July the sun chose to shine, the hectic preparations of the previous weeks bore fruit, and Mary and Arthur Cass, with the able assistance of their son, had done a terrific job of organizing a bring-and-eat finger food lunch in the Woodshed. *Unfortunately* on 17 July the time had come to say goodbye to the Revd Sam Van Leer, our Chaplain of the last six years, his wife Coretta, and their children Francisca, Nicolas and Stephanie. They will all be most sorely missed.

The open-air stage was set for the presentations, the photographers were at the ready, and it was down to our Secretary, Simone Yallop, to give us a quick glimpse behind the scenes, tracing the thought processes and their eventual implementation. (You can read more about this in Simone's article on Julian of Norwich, pp 5-7, 14-15.) With that, Simone presented Sam with the book *All Shall Be Well* by Sheila Upjohn and an accompanying DVD. Sietze Postma presented him with our "home-made" DVD (38 people contributed), dispelling the mystery surrounding Sam's rather unceremonious eviction from the Chapel on the preceding two Sundays.

Lub Gringhuis then presented Sam with a framed photograph of St Mary's in the snow, which he had taken last winter, together with a collage of 3D pictures taken inside and outside the chapel. He was followed by Linda ten Berge, who presented a climbing rose (Kew Rambler) to Sam and Coretta as a

Lughnasadh

The autumn quarter of Lughnasadh (1 August to 31 October) brings the gift of maturity and is a time of physical harvest and spiritual garnering. It sees the greatest change in weather, from broiling heat to dark and chilly nights. It is the time for celebrating the harvest and sees the busy preparations for winter.

In the human growth cycle, Lughnasadh corresponds to the period of mature adulthood when a certain steadiness and responsibility have been established. It is a good time to celebrate the lives of all who have helped stabilize and uphold the noble values of life, of all who have exercised good judgement and steered the doubtful into the harbour of certainty, of all holy ones whose guardianship has saved us from life-disabling mistakes.

– Celtic Devotional
Caitlin Matthews

Julian of Norwich Part 1

During his sermon on 5 June this year our chaplain Sam spoke about Julian of Norwich. After the service a member of the congregation said she remembered an evening that I had led about Julian of Norwich some years ago. Actually it was a Lent course of several evenings that we did in 1997, which is indeed some years ago. I remembered that later in that year I had written an article for the church magazine about the Lent course, which was published in the September 1997 issue of *ANT Church News*. I still had the article on my computer and so I sent a copy to Sam and to Janice, our magazine editor. We decided it would be nice to run the article again but this time divided over the September and October issues of the magazine.

A couple of weeks later I had a weekend in England that was very much in the theme of Julian of Norwich. After visiting my father on the Saturday morning I went into Norwich and visited the Julian Centre and St Julian's Church. At the Julian Centre I had a good conversation about Julian and bought some literature. When I visited St Julian's Church next door, there was a service taking place. I was invited to come in and join the service. It turned out to be a group of people from St Bartholomew and St Mary Magdalene of East Ham in London who were having a Parish Pilgrimage to Norwich on *Discovering Lady Julian of Norwich*. It was a very nice service. The group had travelled from London that day and were returning after having attended Evening Prayer at Norwich Cathedral in the afternoon. Since Evening Prayer at the Cathedral was also on my agenda for the Saturday I met up with them again at the Cathedral.

The article that I wrote in 1997 was about a discussion series held at my home in Hengelo, which had the title "Our courteous Lord". This series

Love Hurts

A woman came home to find her husband in the kitchen shaking frantically, almost in a dancing frenzy, with some kind of wire running from his waist towards the electric kettle. Intending to jolt him away from the deadly current, she whacked him with a handy plank of wood, breaking his arm in two places. Up to that moment, he had been happily listening to his Walkman.

Figures of Speech

Ɔ don't suffer from insanity; I enjoy every minute of it.

Ɔ used to have a handle on life, but it broke.

Ɔ don't take life too seriously. No one gets out alive.

Ɔ hangover is the wrath of grapes.



Ɔ picture is worth a thousand words, but it uses up three thousand times the memory.

Ɔhe original point-and-click interface was a Smith & Wesson.

Contributed by Blair Charles

Golf

There was a clergyman who was an avid golfer. One Sunday was a picture-perfect day for golf, and the minister could not resist the temptation. He rang his assistant and told him he was too ill to attend church. Then he packed up the car, and drove three hours to a golf course where no one would recognize him. Happily, he began to play the course. But an angel up above was watching the minister and was quite perturbed about his lapse. He went to God and said, "Look at the minister. He should be punished for what he's doing." God nodded in agreement. The minister teed up on the first hole. He swung, and the ball sailed effortlessly through the air and landed right in the cup 350 yards away. A perfect hole-in-one. The minister was amazed and overjoyed. The angel was a little shocked. He turned to God and said, "Begging your pardon, but I thought you were going to punish him." And God smiled. "Think about it; who can he tell?"

used material for six sessions on *The Revelations of Divine Love* by Julian of Norwich.

Up until the end of 1996 I knew very little about Julian of Norwich, even though I come from Norwich. In October 1996, as a start to the twinning arrangement between St Mary's Weldam and St Andrew's church in Norwich, our chaplain at the time, Geoffrey Allen, arranged to visit and preach at St Andrew's in Norwich. During that weekend Geoffrey stayed with my parents at their home in Norwich (my father being churchwarden at St Andrew's). When my parents gave Geoffrey a tour of the sights of Norwich Geoffrey asked if he could see St Julian's church and Lady Julian's cell. After hearing about this I asked my father, the next time that I was in Norwich in December 1996, if he would also show me Lady Julian's cell. I was interested in this and bought a book on Julian of Norwich. I was impressed by what I read. So much so that on a following visit to Norwich, at the end of January 1997, I went to the Julian Centre to see if I could find some material which would be suitable for a Lent course. In the meantime my father had also borrowed a video tape about Julian of Norwich from a member of the congregation of St Andrew's. At the Julian Centre, where the people were very helpful, I bought several books, together with the booklet containing the discussion group material.

So who was Julian of Norwich? Julian of Norwich was born in 1342 and lived until some time after 1416. Julian was an anchoress, one who, with the agreement of her bishop, vowed never to leave her anchorhold, in Julian's case a cell at St Julian's church in Norwich. As was the custom of an anchoress, she took the name "Julian" from the name of the church to which she was attached. We do not know her family name or the

an opening prayer we began each session with a short introduction to Julian of Norwich, followed by watching the short 10-minute video film. The video shows paintings by the Australian artist Alan Oldfield from his series *Revelation of Divine Love of Julian of Norwich*. These paintings depict various scenes from the revelations of Julian. While the paintings appear on the screen, Sheila Upjohn reads from her book *All Shall Be Well*, which is an abridged version of the writings of Julian of Norwich. The video gives a good summary of the writings of Julian of Norwich and shows her deep understanding of the love of God.

Earlier this year (2011) we were wondering what to give Sam our Chaplain as a leaving present. Our Warden Joyce Wigboldus came up with the idea of making a film of members of the congregation reading texts, either prose or poetry. Sietze Postma and his sons were most enthusiastic to film everyone reading a small piece and to put this on a DVD as a memento for Sam. I suggested reading something from *Revelations of Divine Love* by Julian of Norwich. A total of 38 members of the congregation took part. We used the same texts from *All Shall Be Well* that Shelia Upjohn read on the video. The text includes a few lines from various chapters of the book and gives us a wonderful overview of all that Julian experienced and wants to share with us. On 17 July 2011, after Sam's last service as Chaplain of the Anglican Church Twente, we presented him with the DVD of the congregation, as well as a copy of the book *All Shall Be Well* and the video. In the October issue of the magazine there will be more about the writings of Julian of Norwich.

By Simone Yallop

Red for Danger

Two rather elderly women were out driving in a large car – both were quite small and could barely see over the dashboard. As they were cruising along, they came to a major crossroads.

The traffic lights were red, but they just drove on through.

The woman in the passenger seat thought to herself, "I must have made a mistake. I could have sworn we just went through a red light."

After a few more minutes, they came to another major junction and the light was again red. Again, they went right on through. The woman in the passenger seat was almost sure that the light had been red but was really concerned that she was losing it. She was getting nervous.

At the next junction, sure enough, the light was red and they sailed through. So she turned to the other woman and said, "Mildred, did you know that we've just run through three red lights in a row? You could have killed us both!"

Mildred turned to her friend and anxiously said, "Oh my! Am I driving?"



Wise Counsel

A group of people were attending a counselling session. The idea was that each was given the opportunity to explain their problem and possibly how they had solved it. The first man stood up and began his story. "I would just like to share an experience with you all, and it has to do with drinking and driving. As you know some of us have had brushes with the authorities on our way home from the odd night out over the years. Well, I for one have done something about it.



Last night I was out for a few drinks with some friends and felt I was a bit over the limit. Realizing this, I did something I've never done before. I took a bus home. I arrived home safely and without incident which was a real surprise ... I'd never driven a bus before!"

(continued from page 7)

of a religious order, although some historians have concluded that Julian became a Benedictine nun.

The purpose of the confined life of the anchorhold was to have space for prayer and to think about the things of God. What Julian wanted was to see Christ on the cross for herself. She believed that Christ's crucifixion was central to understanding the relationship between God and humanity. Julian prayed firstly to understand Christ's Passion, secondly for a personal experience of suffering, and thirdly to be granted a huge longing for God.

As time passed Julian forgot about the first two desires but the third was with her continually. At the age of "thirty and a half" Julian suddenly developed a serious illness. She was so near to death that those sitting with her believed that she had died, but actually Julian was experiencing an overwhelming vision of the crucified Christ. Although she did not realize it at the time, Julian was undergoing the experience that she had prayed for. During the vision Julian thought deeply about the questions of evil and suffering, of salvation and damnation, of human goodness and wickedness, and of the infinite love and compassion of God.

Soon after her "showings" from God, Julian wrote a short version of the revelations (the Short Text). Fifteen or 20 years later she produced an extended version of the same 16 revelations (the Long Text). This longer version was a reworking of her experience once her theological and spiritual contemplation of the event had matured. Julian has been cited as the first theologian to write in English. She wrote only one work yet she stands out as a brilliant writer, scholar, theologian and spiritual guide.

The Lent course took place over five evenings. After

name by which she was baptized.



Shrine on the place of Julian's cell (photo by kind permission of the Julian Centre)

Life as an anchoress was not unusual in the late Middle Ages. To become an anchoress a candidate had to satisfy the bishop that she had a genuine sense of God's calling and an adequate means of support. After the celebration of a special mass, the new anchoress was solemnly conducted to her anchorhold, a small room often built into the wall of a church, where she would live the rest of her life. An anchoress would keep strict hours of prayer and practise some form of handicraft to keep herself. Sitting at a window, probably behind a curtain, she would act as a counsellor to local people who needed spiritual help and advice.

As an anchoress, Julian was in fact a hermit. She withdrew from society in order to devote herself completely to prayer and contemplation. She could see the altar and receive Communion through an opening in the church wall. Nothing in her writing suggests that Julian was committed to the observances

(continued on page 14)

Golf Again:

— a game in which the balls lie on the ground and the players lie in the clubhouse.

Next Step

I joined a health club last year. Spent about 250 euros; haven't lost a pound. Apparently you have to go there!

Drama

Susan had been to see the latest play at the local theatre. Her friend wanted a little more information before actually buying a ticket and asked, "Did the play have an unhappy ending?" "Oh no," replied Susan. "Everyone was glad when it was over!"



When both the actors and the audience are confused, the drama is "profound".

Drama critic: a man who gives the best jeers of his life to the theatre.

Dab Hand

A young blonde girl in her late teens, wanting to earn some extra money for the summer, decided to hire herself out as a “handy woman” and started canvassing a nearby well-to-do neighbourhood. She went to the front door of the first house and asked the owner if he had any odd jobs for her to do. “Well, I guess I could use somebody to paint the porch,” he said. “How much will you charge me?” Delighted, the girl quickly responded, “How about £50?” The man agreed and told her that the paint and brushes and everything she would need were in the garage. The man’s wife, hearing the conversation, said to her husband, “Does she realize that our porch goes ALL the way around the house?” “That’s a bit cynical, isn’t it?” he responded. The wife replied, “You’re right. I guess I’m starting to believe all those dumb blonde jokes.” A few hours later the blonde came to the door to collect her money. “You’re finished already?” the startled husband asked “Yes,” the blonde replied, “and I even had

St James the Least of All On the perils of taking a wedding

My dear Nephew Darren,

As with so many of your ideas, your intentions are admirable; it is just that they never work.

So it was with the recent wedding in your church, where you allowed the happy but quite mad young couple to try and imitate the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. It did not seem to occur to anybody that your church, converted from a 1960s warehouse, is fractionally less impressive than Westminster Abbey. Also, sadly, a backdrop of a car park and canal make a poor substitute for the Houses of Parliament and the Thames. Finally, even 43 very enthusiastic young people can hardly pretend they are a congregation of several thousand.

I applaud your decision to invite me to take it, in order to impart a degree of gravitas to the proceedings; though of course I would not presume to upstage the Archbishop of Canterbury. (Although were he to ask my advice on how to run the Anglican Church, I have several helpful suggestions to hand.) But even I struggled to keep things on what I feel is a proper course, when the bride, lacking a horse-drawn carriage, simply walked up the lane, leading her ancient pony. (For one thing, the pony tried to bite me at the church door!)

Her arrival was greeted with music. I will pass no comment on this, as when the Bible says we are to make a joyful noise unto the Lord, it does not specify that it has to be a harmonious noise. I am sure that drums and kazoos and guitars all have their place – somewhere or other. It was a pity that the groom, unlike Prince William, had not thought to get to the church on time – or indeed, at all. It was fortunate that the bride’s mother found him in that pub nearby, or really we could not have completed the wedding. I



Thank You

The beginning of autumn and harvest-time is here again, a time when we come together to thank God for all of his blessings. Harvest is a popular time of the year with special school and church services. Baskets of fruit and vegetables, tins of baked beans and sliced mangos – all offerings from our garden or kitchen cupboards to be given to the sick or elderly or sold to raise money for those in other places who go hungry.



We thank God for all his gifts at Harvest. In the words of the harvest hymn we sing “*All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above, then thank the Lord ... for all his love.*” So even the humble tin of beans becomes a symbol of God’s love and care for us.

Bean Cake

Well, it’s not really made with baked beans but it looks as if it is. You need:

- 100 g margarine
- 100 g toffees
- 100 g pink and white marshmallows
- 100 g Rice Crispies

Grease and line a Swiss roll tin. Put the margarine, toffees and marshmallows into a large saucepan and stir over a gentle heat until everything is melted together. Take the pan off the heat and stir in the Rice Crispies. Press the mixture into the prepared tin and leave to set in a cool place. Cut into squares when cold.

Why did the boy eat his homework?
The teacher told him it was a piece of cake.

What did the hungry computer eat?
Chips, one byte at a time.

(Source: *Parish Pump*)

with. He could fix anything. Not like me. I change a fuse and the whole street blacks out. But Clive now, he could do everything right.” “Wow, some guy then,” exclaimed the passenger. The cabbie was now well into his stride: “Clive always knew the quickest way to go in traffic and avoid traffic jams. Not like me, I always seem to get stuck in them.

But Clive, he never made a mistake, and he really knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good. He would never answer her back even if she was in the wrong; and his clothing was always immaculate, shoes highly polished too. He was the perfect man! He never made a mistake. No one could ever measure up to Clive.”

“An amazing fellow,” replied the passenger. “How did you meet him?” “Well,” admitted the cabbie, “I’ve never actually met Clive. He was my wife’s first husband.”



Clive

A man walked out to the street and caught a taxi just going by. He got into the taxi, and the cabbie said, "Perfect timing. You're just like Clive." "Who?" said the passenger. "Clive," replied the cabbie. "He's a guy who did everything right all the time. Like my coming along when you needed a cab; things like that happened to Clive, every single time." "Still," said the passenger, "There are always a few clouds over everybody." "Not Clive," continued the cabbie. "He was a terrific athlete. He could have won the Grand Slam at tennis. He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star, and you should have heard him play the piano. He was an amazing guy." "Sounds like he was something really special," replied the passenger.

"And there's more," went on the cabbie. "He had a memory like a computer. He remembered everybody's birthday. He knew all about wine, which foods to order and which fork to eat them



Vacancy Process

The chaplaincy councils of Arnhem-Nijmegen and Twente are making good progress with the vacancy process for the appointment of a new chaplain. On 7 July 2011 there was a meeting of the ENGC council (wardens and treasurers of both chaplaincies) to discuss the financial package. The Archdeacon was also present at that meeting. On 29 July 2011 there was a meeting of the Joint Working Committee to work on the various documents and questionnaires requested by the Diocese. The Joint Working Committee comprises three representatives from each chaplaincy. On the Twente side the members are Blair Charles (who was co-opted onto the council for this purpose), our Warden Joyce Wigboldus and our Secretary Simone Yallop.

The Joint Working Committee has produced the Chaplaincy Profile, which is a document that describes the East Netherlands Group of Chaplaincies, saying who we are and where we are located. It says what kind of chaplain we are looking for and what we can offer. The profile has to be sent to the Diocesan Office, the Archdeacon and the Intercontinental Church Society (ICS) at the end of August. Once advertising starts, later this year, the profile will be provided to any priests applying for the job and will also be placed on the websites of the ICS and the Diocese in Europe. At the moment we are on schedule to get the papers in by the end of August. In September we are expecting a visit from Revd Canon Ambrose Mason, who is chairman of the ICS, to talk with the councils about the papers and the further steps in the process. It appears that the Bishop and the ICS take it in turns to lead the appointment. Last time the Bishop led the appointment so this time the ICS is leading the appointment.

Simone Yallop

wonder why the groom saw fit to display the word "help" on the soles of his shoes when he knelt at the altar.

If I may give one final word of advice: a row of trees in a massive, ancient building looks fine; a line of plastic Christmas trees, even with lights, simply does not give the same effect.



Your loving uncle,
Eustace

© *The Revd Dr Gary Bowness*



Summer Teas in the Hut

First of all, I would like to thank all who willingly participated in the running of the Tea Room. The backing was superb and made our visitors come back for seconds. It was not financially as successful as last year (this year €540), but that certainly was not due to the hosts and hostesses, who had a good time caring for brave, wet walkers and cyclists, but due to the rain that just could not stop falling from the sky. All who helped still called it a great success as, while waiting for people to come, they did get to know one another better.

So after a little rest, let's all gear up for our main fundraising event, the Castle Fair on the 10th of September – and pray for some more sunshine. As you all must have seen already, the lists for helpers and bakers are up near the entrance of the Hut.

Thank you all once again,
and good luck and sunshine
on the 10th!



Jeanet Luiten

paint left over so I gave it two coats."



Impressed, the man reached into his pocket for the £50 and handed it to her along with a £10 tip.

"Thank you," the girl said, "And, by the way, it's not a Porch, it's a Lexus."

Paraprosdokians Revisited

You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.

To be sure of hitting the target, shoot first and call whatever you hit the target.

There's a fine line between cuddling, and holding someone down so they can't get away.

I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not sure.

I always take life with a grain of salt – plus a slice of lemon, and a shot of tequila.

When tempted to fight fire with fire, remember that the Fire Department usually uses water.

4th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen
Eleventh Sunday after Trinity	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Joy Romeijn
	First Reading Peter Ribbens	Ezekiel 33:7-11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Joy Romeijn	Romans 13:8-14
	Gospel	Matthew 18:15-20

11th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Peter Ribbens
	First Reading Caroline Siertsema	Genesis 50:15-21
Junior Church: Jolanda ten Bolscher	Second Reading Hans Siertsema	Romans 14:1-12
	10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel Matthew 18:21-35

18th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen
Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Pauline Talstra
	First Reading Louw Talstra	Jonah 3:10-4:11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Pauline Talstra	Philippians 1:21-30
	Gospel	Matthew 20:1-16

25th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen
Harvest Sunday	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	First Reading Philippa te West	Deuteronomy 8:7-14, 17-18
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Joyce Wigboldus	2 Corinthians 9:6-15
	Gospel	Luke 12:16-23

Visit of the Revd Canon Ambrose Mason.
Visit members of the Irish Georgian Society

2nd October	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
	First Reading Simone Yallop	Isaiah 5:1-7
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Linda ten Berge	Philippians 3:4b-14
	Gospel	Matthew 21:33-46

9th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Philippa te West
	First Reading Arthur Cass	Isaiah 25:1-9
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Janice Collins	Philippians 4:1-9
	Gospel	Matthew 22:1-14