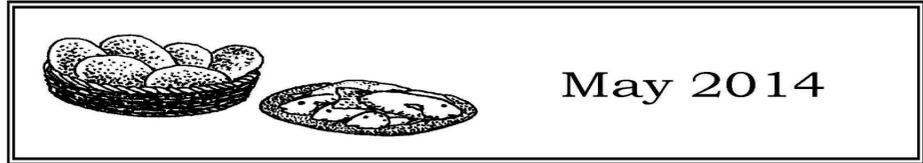


THE ASCENSION
 Forty days after his resurrection JESUS led his disciples out to Bethany and, lifting up his hands, he blessed them. As he blessed them he was taken up into heaven.
 "Christ Jesus is the one who died for us and was raised to life again for us and is sitting in the place of highest honour next to God, pleading for us there in heaven" *Romans 8:34*



The Chaplain Writes **The Blessing of the Oils**

At the beginning of Holy Week we celebrated the Chrism Mass in the Hague. A Chrism Mass is the Eucharist in Holy Week in which the oils are blessed and then given to the people who have come to collect them and take them to their chaplaincies or parishes. This not only happens in the Anglican Church, but also in the Roman Catholic Church and the Orthodox Churches.

On our visit to Glane, the monk who guided us round explained that a baby baptized in their church is undressed entirely and rubbed with oil all over. We Anglicans and Roman Catholics just make a sign of the cross with oil on the baby's forehead.

There are three oils: the oil for anointing catechumens, the oil for anointing the sick, and the chrism for the great rites that make visible the great power of the Holy Spirit: baptism, confirmation and priestly and episcopal ordination. The oils are sacramental signs. We are a sacramental people. Our Christian faith is not only *spiritual* but also *physical*. Our redemption is about the salvation of the fullness of what we are – body and soul. The oil points us towards his presence.

The first oil, the oil of catechumens, is perhaps the least understood of the oils. This is because it is used for those who are not even Christian – it is used before baptism, sometimes long before a baptism. It was originally used for those who were just beginning their journey towards Christ. It therefore is a sign that even before we are certain that we wish to be with God, God already seeks us!

The oil of the sick expresses God's strengthening presence when a person's body or mind or spirit is weakened. The third oil, the sacred Chrism, seems to be perhaps the most noble, because aromatic oils are blended in with that of the olive. Since Old Testament times, it has been used to anoint kings, including the monarchs of England, to this day. It is used at ordinations, and most importantly it is the oil used after baptism and in confirmation, to express the power and the presence of the Holy Spirit.

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands



"For there is only one God and there is only one way that people can reach God. That way is through Christ Jesus" *1 Timothy 2:5*



THE LORD HEARS YOUR PRAYERS

 Write your prayers to GOD in the prayer hands above knowing that JESUS is in heaven at God's right hand speaking to God for us 

May14 @deborahnoble @parishpump.co.uk



Twente News

Changes in East Netherlands Group of Chaplaincies

It was announced in both churches, in Twente as well as in Arnhem-Nijmegen, that our Chaplain Alja Tollefsen had resigned as Chaplain of Arnhem-Nijmegen. The Bishop accepted this resignation and asked Twente to agree to be uncoupled

from the previous arrangements and to proceed to a bishop's appointment of the Chaplain (Alja) as their priest-in-charge. Our Twente PCC, in an extra meeting, gave their unanimous support for these actions and it is expected that the changes will take effect from 1st July 2014.

On Tuesday, 22nd April, a meeting was arranged to which everyone in the congregation was invited who had any questions about these matters. It was a very satisfactory meeting, but if there are any questions left, the Chaplain (or Wardens) will be only too happy to answer them.

Joyce Wigboldus and Everhard Ottens

Easter Services

As we prepare to move on towards Ascension Day and Pentecost, let us look back for a moment on some truly beautiful services in Holy Week. On Maundy Thursday there was a service with Washing of Feet, on Good Friday a service with the Stations of the Cross, and the week culminated on Easter Sunday – when the chapel looked a riot of spring colour thanks to the artistic talents of the Flower Guild – with a service that included both the Easter Vigil and the Eucharist. Our services on the Friday and Sunday were carried to a higher level by the wonderful singing of the *ad hoc* choir.

Under the leadership of Jonneke Adolfsen, the choir (Marijke Albers, Wim Bakker, Jacques Heijnders, Wilko Krijgsveld, Frea v.d. Ruyt, Carole van Straten, Willeke

Mating Call

Two Red Indians and an Irishman were walking through the woods. All of a sudden one of the Red Indians ran up a hill to the mouth of a small cave. "Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!" he called into the cave and listened closely until he heard an answering, "Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo." He then tore off his clothes and ran into the cave. The Irishman was puzzled and asked the other Indian what that was all about. The Indian replied, "It's our custom during the mating season that when Indian men see cave, they holler 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!' into the opening. If they get an answer back, it

*If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!*

Rudyard Kipling (1865 - 1936)

From the collection Rewards and Fairies



Born in Bombay, in the Bombay Presidency of British India, Joseph Rudyard Kipling stands in the memory mainly for his short stories of British soldiers serving in India and his tales for and about children, including The Jungle Book, The Just So Stories and the heart-wrenching Baa Baa Black Sheep, which have become enduring classics. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907, and although approached regarding the British Poet Laureateship and a knighthood, he declined these honours. Despite changes in political and social thinking through the years, the above poem emerged the clear winner in the search for The Nation's Favourite Poems (published in 1996).

If -

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:*

*If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master;*

*If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim;*

*If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;*

Stukke, Louw Talstra, Signe Tollefsen and Erna Zielemann) created an astonishing atmosphere – in keeping with the mood of two very different occasions – and also supported the congregation in its own musical contribution. (Unfortunately Erica Schotman Bonting, who regularly participated in the choir practices, was unable to take part in the services owing to illness.) Putting the feelings of many into words, our Chaplain, Alja, complimented the choir “on the wonderful sound and on how their voices gel together as though they have been singing together for years”.



As the congregation prepared to leave the chapel at the close of the service on Easter Sunday, they were treated to an unexpected performance of the Halleluiah Chorus from Handel's Messiah. What a fitting conclusion!

Ascension Day

As can be seen in our *Forthcoming* Services, true to tradition a service will be held in the morning of Ascension Day, 29th May. At present details of the picnic traditionally held after this service are still emeshed in the planning stage, but a happy gathering, to which our friends in Arnhem/ Nijmegen are most warmly invited, is assured.

More information will shortly be available via other media – email, website or even word of mouth!

Intercessions

If you wish to have someone included in the intercession, please contact the Chaplain or one of the Churchwardens before the Service.

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



means there's a beautiful squaw in there waiting for us." Just then they came upon another cave. The second Indian ran up to the cave, stopped, and hollered, "Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!" Immediately there was the answer "Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!" from deep inside. He also tore off his clothes and ran into the opening. The Irishman wandered around in the woods alone for a while and then spied a third large cave. As he looked in amazement at the size of the huge opening, he was thinking, "Hoo, man! Look at the size of this cave! It is bigger than those that the Indians found. There must be some really big, fine women in this cave!" He stood in front of the opening and hollered with all his might "Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!" Like the others, he then heard an answering call, "WOOOOOOOOOO, WOOOOOOOOOO, WOOOOOOOOOO!"

With a gleam in his eye and a smile on his face, he raced into the cave, tearing off his clothes as he ran. The following day, the headline of the local newspaper read: *Naked Irishman run over by train.*

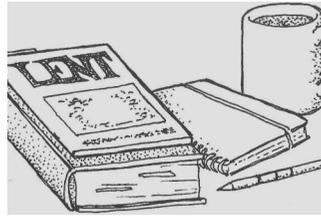
Power Outage

We had a power outage at my house this morning and my PC, laptop, TV, DVD, iPad and my new surround sound music system were all shut down. Then I discovered that my iPhone battery was flat, and to top it all it was raining outside, so I couldn't play golf. I went into the kitchen to make coffee and then I remembered that this also needs power, so I sat and talked with my wife for a few hours. She seems like a nice person.



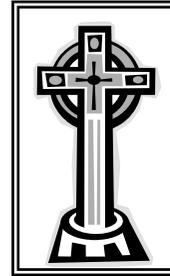
Lent Course 2014

Thanks to Simone, we enjoyed a really inspirational Lent Course this year. This year's topic was *Julian of Norwich*. She was an anchoress, and that means that she was called to a solitary life – not, however, cut off from the world (as for example a nun) but anchored in it. She lived in a cell attached to a church, and her life was one of prayer, contemplation and counselling. Actually, it was a life highly thought of by people of her time. Julian lived from 1342 to 1416 AD.



There were four course sessions: 13 people attended the first session; 10 people joined in the second session; 15 people came to the Hut for the third session; and we had 7 people at the last session. In total 21 people took part in the course. It was also good to see that even some people from Arnhem-Nijmegen made the journey to Weldam. Simone taught us a lot about the life and work of Julian. She prepared the course meticulously, and used a DVD and different kinds of printed material to help us focus on the main topics she wanted us to think through. The printed material contained fragments of the book written by Julian of Norwich, *The Revelations of Divine Love*, as well as Bible texts and questions for group discussion.

So those are some facts about the course. Now I would like to share some of the content – for that is by far the most interesting part. Early in her life Julian received a series of visions of the Passion of Christ and the love of God. God granted her these visions during a severe illness from which she almost died. Julian reflected for years on the meaning of these visions, and the result of these ponderings we find in the book which I mentioned earlier, *The*



In Remembrance of Hester

By Linda ten Berge

Hester was a true lady in every way. She was gentle, kind and quite modest. She was gracious, generous and often had a twinkle in her eye. She didn't mind teasing and had a good sense of humour.

The Ascension Day services held in her garden were very special and moving. A simple table was set up under the trees to stand in as an altar. Brenda recalls that it seemed very like a green cathedral. After the service a picnic was held on the lawn, on the opposite side of the home. Philippa recalls that Alexander, Hester's husband, would dive into his wine cellar to contribute some very good wine for the picnic. Certainly better wine than we were used to! Hester had a fine eye for detail and appreciated the little things in life. She touched many people and leaves a beautiful memory.



Key Dates

29th May	Ascension Day
July-August	Summer Teas: 13th, 20th and 27th July 3rd, 10th and 17th August
8th June	Pentecost
6th September	Castle Fair



Alteration!

Chaplain's day off has been changed to Monday (see *inside front cover*).

It is with great sadness that we have to announce that, after a phase in life bravely borne, our beloved mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, has passed away.

Hester Eileen Elisabeth Jannink – Linley (Bam)

widow of Alexander Benjamin Jannink

Wallasey (U.K.) 6-9-1923

Enschede 12-4-2014

Holten: Eileen Jordaan – Jannink
Harm Jordaan

Ulft: Alexander Jannink
Gea Jannink – Heuver

Dennis Jannink †

Mickey Jannink †

Amsterdam: Jacky Jannink
Pieter van Lookeren Campagne

grandchildren and
great-grandchildren

We are especially grateful for
the compassionate nursing care.

Correspondence address:
Driehoeksweg 25, 7531 JJ Enschede

The funeral service and cremation will take place within the family circle.

Revelations of Divine Love.

It can hardly come as a surprise that the main subject of this book is *love* – God’s love for mankind, shown in the Passion, suffering and death of Jesus Christ, and the response of man towards God, his Maker, Keeper and Preserver. This love is so powerful that it creates all that exists. It sustains all and it redeems all. Even in times of sorrow and trial, it is unyielding. And above all, God’s love for us is unconditional. It is plenteous beyond imagining, all-powerful and all-embracing. A famous statement of Julian is about God’s purpose: “All shall be well”, by which she means that it is God’s main purpose to bring all into the bliss of heaven!

The one thing that I myself most certainly will never forget is the image of the hazelnut. In one of the visions God showed Julian a little thing, the size of a hazelnut. When she questioned: “What can this be?”, God answered her: “It is all that is made.” Julian greatly marvelled that this little thing could last – it was so small! But, pondering on this, the answer that came into her mind was: “It lasts, and ever shall, because God loves it.” Three truths are passed on by Julian: God made it, God loves it, and God looks after it. These truths, these lessons can be applied to all of creation, and in particular to our own personal lives. We are God’s creation. And we are loved by Him, every day – again and again. He looks after us, He sustains us and He will never leave us. As a matter of fact, I have since been carrying in my pocket the hazelnut that was given to each of us that morning – as a silent reminder of that beautiful truth. Every time I feel that hazelnut, I am reminded of God’s sustaining love!

That in a nutshell is the main line of her message – as you can probably imagine a very powerful message, and indeed one that made quite a strong

School Reports

What did your teachers say about your progress at school? These were sent into the Daily Telegraph some time ago.

One of my French reports simply said: “Sheila attended the lessons.”

– Sheila Blow



My housemaster wrote: “He has an overdeveloped unawareness.”

– Ian Jones

My teacher observed: “The improvement in his handwriting has revealed his inability to spell.”

– Colin Sutherland,

My teacher was a realist: “I am sorry to have to tell you that he is doing his best.”

– Stan Proctor

Guessing Game



Our man is alone in an airport lounge. A beautiful woman walks in and sits down at the table next to him. He decides, because she's wearing a uniform, she's probably an off-duty flight attendant. So he decides to have a go at chatting her up by identifying the airline she flies for, thereby impressing her greatly. He leans across to her and says the British Airways motto: *To Fly. To Serve?* The woman looks at him blankly. He sits back and thinks up another line. He leans forward again and delivers the Air France motto: *Winning the hearts of the world?*

impression on all of us. The group discussions following the introductions were also good and in some cases very personal. Without exception, it seemed a pity that the morning was already drawing to a close, and that the discussion had to be ended.

To me, that is also a very important aspect of this Lent Course ... or for that matter of any course. Besides the very interesting and instructive sessions, which I believe help us to grow in our faith in God and admiration towards Jesus, we also get to know each other better as brothers and sisters. We grow together as a communion, we grow together as a church. And that is a good thing!

Many thanks to Simone for giving this course. Hopefully many more courses will follow.

John Bestman



Kenyan Meal

On Saturday 29th March, after the third session of the Lent Course, a special lunch was served. You could say a touch of Kenya came to the woods of Weldam, and indeed the Dutch weather put its best foot forward to garnish the occasion.

The meal was prepared by Serah and Tabitha, who both hail from Kenya, and was open to those who had attended the course as well as those who had not.



that God who made this world and loves it will hold and cradle it in his gentle, sustaining hands – as we pray that he will hold our lives and all whom we love in that enfolding care. In our prayer we open ourselves to God's presence to say: Here, Father, are our concerns: keep them in your love. Here, Father, are our needs: unite them with your will. Here, Father, are our lives: use them in your service.
© *The Revd Michael Burgess*

A Severe Blow in Uncertain Times

In March His Holiness Mor Ignatius Zakka I Iwas, the patriarch of the Syrian Orthodox Church of Antioch, died at the age of 80 in Kiel as a result of a heart attack. The church leader, who was held in high esteem by his followers, had been seriously ill for some time. He has now been buried in Damascus.

The monk Zakka, born in 1933 in Mosul, Iraq, was ordained priest in 1957. During his long and illustrious career he was greatly valued for his active participation in the ecumenical movement. The death of the patriarch comes at a particularly difficult time. The civil war in Syria is still raging; Christians are being killed or forced to convert to Islam. Nearly half the Christian population has fled the country. Nevertheless, according to the Archbishop of the Netherlands Polycarpus Augin Aydin of Glane, relocating the patriarchal seat from Damascus to Europe is not currently under discussion.

A serious setback is also the disappearance of Archbishop Yohanna Ibrahim of Aleppo, who was kidnapped last year. There are indications that he is still alive and will shortly return. Given his ecumenical outlook, he is considered the ideal candidate to succeed the late patriarch.

Source: De Twentsche Courant Tubantia, 24 March 2014. Article submitted by Simone Yallop. The above is a brief extract in English.

translated into other languages. It is not clear who first had the happy idea of teaming words and music, but when they did, the hymn really took off. The theme of "battle" is never far from this hymn, whether it was the battle of Judas Maccabeus, or the battle over sin which was won by Christ on the cross and in rising from the tomb. Easter, of course, marked the biggest victory over the biggest enemies of all time: sin and death.

What would Handel make of it, if he could know that his battle music had become one of the world's most popular and well-known Easter hymns? He was a devout man, working for the poor, praying twice each day, and attending St Paul's Cathedral. So it seems pretty certain that he would be delighted.

Parish Pump May 2012

played to great effect either by the trumpets, on an organ in a large resonant church, or even on guitars (!).

Secondly, the words. They were not written until 1884 – 138 years after the music. We owe them to the Revd Raymond Budry, a Swiss pastor from Lausanne. Ordained in the Free Evangelical Church in Vaud, he spent 35 years as the pastor of Vevey on Lake Geneva. Budry wrote the hymn in French (*A Toi La Gloire!*) to console himself after the death of his first wife, and a year later (1885) it was published in *Chants Evangeliques*.

Soon it found its way into English – translated by a Baptist minister from Kingston-upon-Thames, Richard Hoyle. By 1904 it had made the YMCA Hymn Book, and was being

God in the Arts “He gave us eyes to see them”

This month’s artwork from the Rijksmuseum is an unusual, intricate carving no bigger than a ping pong ball. It is a prayer bead made out of boxwood and hinged to open and reveal two scenes of the road to Calvary and the Crucifixion.



It is a 16th century miracle of Dutch carving which would have needed very fine tools and a magnifying glass to carry out the detailed work. The prayer bead would have been worn on a belt or cincture and used as an aid to prayer: something to focus on as we might use a rosary, or icons, or candles. The person praying would simply have held the bead or opened it to contemplate the scenes within.

The New Testament invites us to prayer without ceasing, and that demands focus and attention. John Betjeman has a wonderful poem, *In Westminster Abbey*, which tells of an elegant lady who pops into the abbey in the course of a busy social life to enjoy a few quiet words with God. But her prayers are wholly self-centred for the petitions trip lightly off her tongue. She ends by telling God that it has been a treat to hear his word, but she has never stopped speaking to hear that word, so concerned has she been with her own life and safety.

When our Lord taught his disciples to pray, he was not encouraging them to behave in such a frivolous and light-hearted manner. The work, the skill, the artistry that went into the making of this 16th century prayer bead says that prayer itself is that kind of sacrificial offering. It is our offering of time and attention to God, and it is the offering of this world and ourselves to God. In prayer we hold the world in our hands like the bead, aware of its needs and our own needs. Our prayer is

The menu featured pilau rice, chicken stew, chapatti, kachumbari and masala tea – tasty dishes that were thoroughly enjoyed by the diners.



Photos courtesy of Nicole Zonnebeld

Our sincere thanks and appreciation go to Serah and Tabitha for this wonderful initiative and for the hard work behind the scenes. Our compliments to the chefs!

Passing the Baton

Who envies the lot of the treasurer? Not many, I think. Caroline Siertsema has shouldered this burden admirably and we’re extremely grateful for all the time, skill and mental arithmetic she has devoted to keeping our accounts in order. Life has lately become complicated as she has had to fly back and forth to South Africa, caring for her mother in very difficult and emotional circumstances. Naturally this takes its toll and she feels it is time step down as treasurer. Fortunately for us her husband, Hans, is willing to step into the breach until the next AGM. Our sincere thanks to both of them for their dedicated work on behalf of St Mary’s.

Again she just stares at him with a slightly puzzled look on her face.

Undeterred, he tries again, this time saying the Malaysian Airlines motto: *Going beyond expectations?*

The woman looks at him sternly and says: “Quit bothering me, for goodness’ sake!” “Aha!” he says, “Ryanair.”



Why do we leave cars worth thousands of dollars in our driveways and put our useless junk in the garage?

Why don’t you ever see the headline *Psychic Wins Lottery?*

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavouring, and washing-up liquid made with real lemons?

Story-teller

A college class was told to write a short story in as few words as possible. The instructions were that the short story had to deal with religion, sexuality and mystery. Below is the only A+ story in the entire class:

Good God, I'm pregnant; I wonder who did it!

*Contributed by
Adriaan Broere*

Good Night?

Dave staggered home late after a night with the boys. He took off his shoes to avoid waking his wife, and tiptoed towards the stairs leading to their bedroom. Alas he misjudged the bottom step. Grabbing the banister, his body swung around, and he landed heavily on his backside. A whiskey bottle in



St James the Least of All

On the Perils of Building a Kitchen in Church

My dear Nephew Darren,

It never fails to amaze me how, in church life, an issue can suddenly become an *Issue*. In the last month, we have acquired an Issue: a proposal to convert a space at the back of church into a kitchen. Inevitably, battle lines have been drawn and trenches dug. Attendance at church council meetings has soared and unofficial sub-committees meet in the car park after services. It's obvious that feelings are running high, because people have become remarkably polite to one another.

Some who are wildly in favour see it as an opportunity of being able to leave the pews ten minutes early in order to get ready for the rush for weak coffee and damp biscuits. I can already hear in my mind the final hymn being drowned by kettles being filled, biscuit tins opened, cups thunderingly placed on saucers, while the volunteers discuss the dress sense of others in the congregation in deafening whispers.

I was a little surprised to hear that Colonel Wainwright was all in favour – until I realized that it would give him a place to totter into to read his newspaper once he got bored with my sermon, which usually seems to happen in the first minute. Naturally, smaller turf wars have broken out alongside the major battle. There is conflict about whether we should get new crockery, what colour carpeting tiles would look right – and most importantly of all, who will take charge of the coffee rota.



turn called in others. To cut a long story short, I later heard that half America must have joined in these prayers. After a long time Jacob recovered. Patients who had been in a better position than he had lost the battle with the disease. Even his own doctor was greatly moved.

Jacob became the friend of my youngest stepson and so I know that he is still healthy and now has a wife and a son. Somehow I can't help feeling that this intensive prayer activity assisted in his healing. I am sure that God gives ear to our supplications, especially when they are so often repeated. I am no theologian; I just have great trust in God.

More information about the Saint Thomas Christians of Kerala can be found on internet. Doubting Thomas certainly left an imprint in his wake. Doubting? Far from it, I would say!

Erica Schotman Bonting

Prayer Chain

Several years ago, as some of you may remember, we had a prayer chain within our community. I would like to set up a prayer chain of this kind again but before doing so must know whether there are enough people who would like to take part. It works like this: Prayer requests are received at a central address. From there a telephone call is made to the first person on the list (which each member has), who then calls the next person on the list. Once a month a new list is drawn up and emailed or sent to everyone. We try to say an intercessory prayer for everyone once a day – but of course it can be more frequently.

If you would like to take part in this initiative or would like more information, please don't hesitate to contact me. My email address is <erica.schotman@wxs.nl>.

Erica Schotman Bonting

“Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son”

Here is a hymn that is so well known and loved that it has simply burst the bounds of Easter, and gets sung regularly at other times of the year. It has two stories behind it.

First, the music. The rousing music did not start out as a hymn, but was written by Handel for his opera *Judas Maccabeus*, first performed in 1746. Originally the words ran “See the conquering hero comes”, for Handel's opera tells the story (found in the Apocrypha) of the leader of the Jews, Judas Maccabeus, who led an army against the Syrians and restored worship at the Temple. With its triumphant refrain after each verse, the music is easy to learn and sing, and can be (and has been!)

Words of a Child

Last Easter we took our four-year-old granddaughter to church. The service was rather lengthy for her age but she preferred not to go out with the other children because she would not take the risk of missing the two things that she really likes in our church: shaking everybody's hand saying *peace be with you* and joining the Holy

Communion, where she of course just gets a blessing which she devoutly answers with *Amen*. Back at home we asked her what blessing the chaplain gave her. Her answer was prompt (sorry for writing this in Dutch): *Dat God je helpt om net zo groot te groeien als God, maar als dat niet lukt mag je ook klein blijven.*

Contributed by
Arjen Haffmans



The Power of Prayer

Years ago, during the first year that we lived in California, Sjoerd received a disturbing telephone call one evening. A doctor in our community, who was keeping an eye on an intelligent Indian boy, had discovered he had symptoms of Hodgkin's disease (lymphoma). He was far away from home and had to undergo intensive treatment. This boy, Jacob, was a member of a very old Christian community in India: the Saint Thomas Christians of Kerala, who were originally converted by the apostle Thomas.

Sjoerd made it possible for the parents to come over. After six weeks the father had to return home because of his work. Every hour of the day they had sat next to his bed in the hospital and prayed for him. The mother stayed with her son and, at her own request, slept on a mat by his bed. The whole hospital was talking about it. She hardly ever left him on his own, and only very occasionally would she take a walk with me in the mountains. During such a walk she told me that every morning at 8 o'clock her old mother would leave the house and walk to the church an hour away, where she would pray for her grandson until 12 o'clock and then go home – again an hour's walk. And every evening family and friends gathered together for a short prayer meeting.

Now I had never paid that much attention to prayer in my life, except as part of my communication with God, and what I heard from Jacob's mother rather bewildered me. Jacob's chances were not good. The disease was quite aggressive. I was a member of the prayer chain in my church and so also prayed for Jacob's recovery. A friend was also touched by this story and involved a number of prayer chains, who in



Others are totally against the project: the treasurer dreads the thought of signing yet more cheques, the churchwardens worry about removing pews which have quietly hidden the dry rot, and the theologically angst-ridden agonize about the fact that St Paul never mentioned coffee after Sabbath worship.

Naturally, I encourage all sides, especially if it will bring any possibility of progress to a halt. I proposed bringing in flasks of coffee, thus stopping anyone being able to escape before the end of the service; I suggested drinks being brought to people in the pews, thus ruining the Colonel's hopes of finding a safe haven; I organized a group to study High Priestly attitudes to refreshments in the Temple in Jerusalem in Leviticus.

I am sure that by the time all these groups have come up with their conclusions, we will have safely moved on to fight the next Issue.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

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Although this subject might seem far removed from St Mary's Weldam – and indeed nowadays it is – many moons ago members of the congregation took turns in serving coffee and tea brought in thermos flasks with biscuits at the back of the chapel after the service. What's more, the Sunday School was held in the crypt accessed via the vestry. Those in the lower regions could certainly hear the singing above, while probably those above endeavoured to turn a deaf ear to the muffled sounds coming from below.

each back pocket broke, and made the landing especially painful.

Managing not to yell, Dave stood up, and twisted round to examine the injuries in the hall mirror. Finding a box of plasters, he began putting one on each place he saw blood. He then hid the box, and shuffled off to bed.

In the morning, Dave woke up to searing pains top and bottom, and to his wife glaring at him from across the room.

She said, "You were certainly the worst for wear last night, weren't you?"

"How can you say such a mean thing?" replied her husband. "Well," came the answer, "it could be the open front door, it could be the broken glass at the bottom of the stairs, it could be the drops of blood trailing through the house, but mostly it's all those plasters stuck on the hall mirror."

11th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Easter 4	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema Pauline Talstra
Sunday School: Elizabeth van der Heide	Dina Boessenkool	(1) Acts 2: 42 to end
	Els Ottens	(2) 1 Peter 2: 19 to end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 10: 1-10

18th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Easter 5	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens Simone Yallop
Sunday School: Jolanda Bestman	Linda ten Berge	(1) Acts 7: 55 to end
	Janice Collins	(2) 1 Peter 2: 2-10
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 14: 1-14

25th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Easter 6	Intercessor	Janice Collins
	Chalice	Janice Collins Count Alfred Solms
Sunday School: Erica Bonting	Brenda Pyle	(1) Acts 17: 22-31
	Blair Charles	(2) 1 Peter 3: 13 to end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 14: 15-21

29th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Ascension Day	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema Pauline Talstra
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Victor Pirenne	(1) Acts 1: 1-11
	Carla Koomen	(2) Ephesians 1: 15 to end
	Gospel	Luke 24: 44 to end

1st June	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Easter 7	Intercessor	Pauline Talstra
	Chalice	Janice Collins Caroline Siertsema
Sunday School: Patrick Saridjan	Joyce Wigboldus	(1) Acts 1: 6-14
	Erica Bonting	(2) 1 Peter 4: 12-14; 5: 6-11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 17: 1-11

8th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Pentecost	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens Count Alfred Solms
Sunday School: Jolanda Wessels	Els Ottens	(1) Numbers: 11: 24-30
	Victor Pirenne	(2) Acts 2: 1-21
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 20: 19-23