

Poetry and Prose

Mary's Lamb

Mary, had a little Lamb,
His fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary
went,
The Lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school
each day,
Twasn't even in the rule.
It made the children laugh and
play,
To have The Lamb at school.

And then the rules all changed
one day,
Illegal it became;
To bring The Lamb of God to
school,
Or even speak His Name!

Every day got worse and
worse,
And days turned into years.
Instead of hearing children
laugh,
We heard gun shots and tears.

What must we do to stop the
crime,
That's in our schools today?
Let's let The Lamb come back
to school,
And teach our kids to pray!

Anonymous



The Church

For hundreds of years the church has stood there,
High on a mound, with it's head in the air.
The walls are of flint, the pillars of stone,
The windows of glass made by men who've long gone.

The steps are worn down, by the many who came
Each Sunday to worship, come sun, snow or rain.
And the high vaulted roof has heard chanting of praise
From the choir down below on high holy days.

The whole building is steeped with the prayers of the dead,
And those people today, who come to be fed
With God's body and blood, and refreshed return home
To their everyday life, till next Sunday comes.

But most people today, just scurry on by,
And don't notice the tower, reaching up to the sky.
They are off to the shops, now each day is the same
And ignore the great church, built in our saviour's name

Where, those through the ages, gave thanks to the One
Who made the whole world, and sent us His Son,
And the few who have come and are kneeling in prayer
Hope that one day, the many will also be there.

*Marion Pratt
St. Andrews Church
Norwich
England*

Greetings from
St. Andrew's, Norwich,
England.
If any of you are ever
over the water (or through
the tunnel) do come and
see us. 11 am Sundays.



September



2008

The Chaplain writes

**For a day in your courts, O
Lord, is better than a thousand
elsewhere**

¹ O how amiable are thy dwellings : thou Lord of hosts!

² My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

³ Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young: even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

⁴ Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be alway praising thee.

These verses begin the much-loved 84th Psalm, in the version found in the Book of Common Prayer of 1662. The translation is from Miles Coverdale (ca 1488 – 1568) who produced the first complete printed translation of the Bible in English. (Henry VIII liked his translation so well that he had a Coverdale Bible put in every English church, chained to the lectern, so that every citizen could have access to the Bible.)

Coverdale was a man of deep faith who began his ministry as a friar but later got caught up in the turbulence of the Reformation period, and had to flee England twice, the second time having been deposed by Queen Mary from the bishopric of Exeter. Forced into exile so frequently, Coverdale would have identified with Psalm 84, this Pilgrim's song, and the longing it expresses to find a permanent home in the welcome of the Lord's house.

Doubtless, Coverdale would himself have liked to settle down and simply enjoy the delights of beautiful worship in a magnificent and peaceful church. At least we shall be able to do so this September, and even hear a glorious setting of Psalm 84, not once but twice!



Eusebiuskerk,
Arnhem

Our very own **East Netherlands Anglican Choir**, made up of members from both the Arnhem-Nijmegen and Twente chaplaincies, will be joining together to sing Psalm 84 (setting by Parry) and several other pieces (by Elgar, Rutter and others) in the great **Eusebiuskerk**, the tallest church in the center of **Arnhem**, at **10:15 AM on Sunday 21 September**.

That day happens not only to be the feast day of St Matthew, the apostle and author of our first Gospel, but also the day that the World Council of Churches has designated as the International Day of Prayer for Peace.

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Twente News

Bible Group/ Growth Group

After the Emmaus course '*Growing in Prayer*' that we did in spring we would like to continue with another fortnightly course in September /

October.

It would be lovely if interested people came forward and joined the group. The venues so far have been Goor, Rijssen and Raalte and Sunday afternoons were the

favoured times, but we can be flexible.

The new course has yet to be decided upon but the Emmaus type rather appealed to us.

Make yourself known to us or contact me for more details.
Everhard Ottens (efh.ottens@gmail.com - tel 0572-850199)

Ecumenical Service Hengelo

St. Lambertus Church, Hengelo.

Friday, 26 September at 19:00.

Theme: Peace, is there peace? Do you feel safe?

Ten churches participating, including representation from the Anglican Church Twente.

Seven readings with brief comments by seven clergy, including the Revd. Dr. Bonting, each followed by a hymn, and opening and closing prayers.

Collection for the Middle East work of Pax Christi.

This is the ninth in a series of annual services, starting in 2000.

The 2008 Afternoon Teas.

The six afternoon teas are now over and so now naturally, everyone is curious as to how they went. First, we would like to give a big thank you to everyone who helped in one way or another. We formed a team in which everyone worked so well together. Many visitors came and looked around the church with great interest and asked about our church services. The tearoom was well visited and even when we had to sit inside on some days because of rain there was always a cosy atmosphere. It proved to be an enjoyable outing for the many people in this area. The Afternoon Teas earned

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COME ON DOWN!

Sounds like a quiz show on the TV doesn't it 'Zacchaeus, come on down...' But Zacchaeus wasn't sitting in a TV studio. He was not very tall and had climbed into a tree in Jericho to see the new teacher that they were all talking about.

Jericho had lots of trees (it was known as the city of trees) and Zacchaeus thought that he could hide in the leaves to see over the heads of the crowds and hear what Jesus had to say and that no one would notice him. But Jesus noticed, he looked straight up at Zacchaeus (who was so used to being looked down on) and said 'Come on down, Zacchaeus, because I'm coming to your house!' That was amazing because Zacchaeus was a tax collector and not a very popular person. The people of Jericho muttered under their breath about Jesus going to be the guest of such a dreadful character (Luke chapter 10, verses 1-10). But Jesus changed Zacchaeus' life when he called him that day.

TREE-MENDOUS

All the answers to this quiz begin with the letters TRE. Can you say which TRE is...

1. What pirates bury?
2. A small earthquake?
3. What you get when you are ill?
4. A wooden lattice for plants?
5. Dug in the garden?
6. Written on a piece of music?
7. A clover leaf?
8. Wobbles or shakes?
9. Goes boldly to the stars?
10. Very large?

Answers at the bottom of the page.



What tree are deck chairs made from?

A beech tree.

What swings from a tree in a suit and tie?

A branch manager.

This is a dogwood tree.

How can you tell?

By its bark.

ANSWER: 1. treasure 2. tremor
3. treachment 4. trellis 5. trench 6. treble clef
7. trefoil 8. trembles 9. trek 10. tremendous

Let it fly

Down in the southern United States, there are many churches known as "answer back" churches. When the preacher says something, the congregation naturally replies.

One Sunday, a preacher was speaking on what it would take for the church to become better.

He said "If this church is to become better, it must take up its bed, and walk."

The congregation intoned "Let it walk, Preacher, let it walk."

Encouraged by their response, he went further. "If this church is going to become better, it will have to throw aside its hindrances and run!"

The congregation chanted, "Let it run, preacher, let it run!"

Now really into his message, he declared: "If this church really wants to become great, it will have to take up its wings and fly!" "Let it fly, Preacher, let it fly!" the congregation shouted.

The Preacher then bellowed:

Whoops

I rear-ended a car this morning. So, there we were alongside the road and slowly the other driver got out of his car. You know how sometimes you just get so stressed and little things just seem funny?

Yeah, well I couldn't believe it... he was a DWARF!!!!

He stormed over to my car, looked up at me, and shouted, 'I AM NOT HAPPY!!!!'

So, I looked down at him and said, 'Well, which one are you, then?'

And then the fight started...

More Washington Post definitions

Lymph (v): to walk with a lisp

Gargoyle (n.): olive-flavoured mouthwash

Flatulence (n.): emergency vehicle that picks you up after you are run over by a steamroller

Decafalon (n.): The gruelling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you

Sarchasm (n): The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it

Balderdash (n.): a rapidly receding hairline

Happily, the Church of England still retains some singular parish clergy. Take the parish of St James-the-Least in the county of C- for example. Here the elderly Anglo-Catholic vicar, Eustace, continues his correspondence to Darren, his nephew, a low-church curate recently ordained...

Letter from St James the Least of All –

On what clergy should wear on their feet

The Rectory

St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

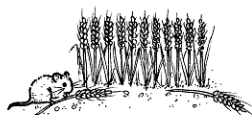
Thank you for sending me the photograph of you having your face painted at your parish's 'Fun Day' -although I can't help feeling that to label an event 'fun' is the most effective way of draining it of all amusement whatsoever. Why on earth can't parishes continue with the traditional title of 'Crowning of the Rose Queen and Fete', equally traditionally grimly enjoyed to the accompaniment of thunder and torrential rain.

However, the one thing that caused me the greatest concern in your photo was the fact that you were wearing sandals. Sandals are only worn by Franciscan monks (without socks) and holidaymakers on Blackpool promenade (regrettably, generally with socks). I know that you will argue that Jesus wore sandals. This was mainly because reliable pairs of brogues had yet to be invented, but also because he lived in a hot, dry country. We live in a cold, wet one, and I know that your dear departed mother, my beloved sister, would not want to think that you were risking catching a chill. The only appropriate colour for footwear for a parish priest is black and the only appropriate material is leather - although I will concede that can create difficulties. Wet leather shoes and polished marble sanctuary floors are not an ideal coupling; in fact it is a potentially lethal combination.

I well remember as a curate when old Canon Griffith entered the Sanctuary, having just got drenched coming from the Rectory. His feet moved across the marble floor some miles per hour faster than the rest of his body. His graceful pirouette would have made a member of the Royal Ballet proud. Had he landed face down, the congregation may have assumed he was reverently prostrating himself before the altar. But laying in a supine position, staring in a dazed state at the rafters, only conveyed to those members of the congregation who had not seen the reason, a feeling of inappropriate indolence when he should be at work. However, do not take the alternative of wearing crepe soles. I suspect your present church will be fully carpeted - it seems to go with your sort of theology - and there will be no problem. But crepe soles and any sort of polished stone floor are a truly disastrous mixture. The slightest movement will make it sound as if you are being followed by a swarm of demented frogs - and your final procession down the nave will probably drown out the combined efforts of choir and congregation singing 'Jerusalem' fortissimo.

Black footwear should also be the choice of those who hold any office within the church, but my advice on that point must wait until my next letter. In the meantime,

Your loving uncle,
Eustace



€ 750.00 as well as € 57.50 raised for the Flower Guild. A wonderful result, but then there were some really tasty cakes!! All being well we hope we can organize the afternoon teas again next year. Jan and Theda

Contributed by Theda ten Barge

Translated by B. Charles

Council Meeting 9 July

At the meeting held in the hut at 20:00 the following matters were discussed.

Ferdinand van Dijk has agreed to come onto the Council but he cannot attend at the moment as he is out of the country on business.

The Council agreed to have an informal get together and barbecue on the 9 August at the home of Nettie and Andre van Sisseren.

The chapel website is back on the internet with a new webmaster and a new web address. The new webmaster is Siertse Postma, ably supported by his sons. The Council agreed to ask Siertse to take over from James Olaniyi and he has accepted. Many thanks Siertse. The new web address is www.anglicanchurchtwent.com. The old name ended in.nl, but that was pirated during the period the site was down. The Council agreed that a decision on which charities to support will be taken at harvest.

Council Gathering 9 August

The council came together at the Sisseren's house at 13:00 to enjoy a wonderful barbecue. Nettie and Andre provided the meat and council members bought salads and desserts. Sam Van Leer volunteered to do the cooking and exhibited considerable talent as chef. There were no burnt offerings. Afterwards the chaplain led the discussions on the theme 'What does the church mean to you'.

The gathering ended in prayer at around 17:00.

Nettie and Andre were thanked for their hospitality.

Intercessions

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



"If this church is going to fly, it will cost money!"

Whereupon the congregation softly said: "Let it walk, Preacher, let it walk."

Helping Hand

A burglar had entered a poor minister's house at midnight, and was confronted by the minister. Drawing his gun, he threatened: "If you move, you're dead. I am looking for money."

"Let me put on a light, and help you," said the minister. "I've been looking for money around here for ages, and not had any success."

Money

One bank wrote to a customer:

Roses are red, violets are blue, please come and talk to us, you overdrew.

Elections

And as the US presidential election draws closer:

American teacher to students: "Be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington, our first ever president. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty that George Washington had to face? The big problem that could have been the end of his political career?"

"Sure," said a student. "He couldn't tell a lie."

Funny Signs from around the world

In a Paris hotel elevator:
Please leave your values at the front desk.

On the walls of a Baltimore estate:

Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

-- Sisters of Mercy

In front of a church:
Don't give up. Moses was once a basket case.

In a Copenhagen airline ticket office:
We take your bags and send them in all directions.

In a Budapest zoo:
Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty

Outside a photographer's studio:

Out to lunch: if not back by five, out for dinner also.

The Coca-Cola name in China was first read as "Ke-kou-ke-la", meaning "Bite the wax tadpole" or "female horse stuffed with wax", depending on the dialect.

Coke then researched 40,000 characters to find a phonetic equivalent "ko-kou-ko-le", translating into "happiness in the mouth."

Eighteen months later

By the time you read this article it will be more than 18 months since I informed you all of my transformation from Simon to Simone. That was at a meeting held after church on 4th February 2007. (This is described in the article on pages 8 and 9 of the March 2007 issue of the St. Mary's magazine.)

I was very pleased by the positive and supportive response that I received from church members at that meeting and over the past year. Your support has been a great help in making the transition in my gender role. I have also been very pleased to be able to continue in many of the tasks in the church that I had been doing before the transition.

Throughout the year the hormone treatment has gradually been changing my body into a more female form. There is still a long way to go but the Gender Team in Amsterdam have been pleased with my progress in adapting to the female role. I have now completed the 18 month "real life test" and hopefully will be going on for the operation some time next year.

Many of you have been showing interest in my transformation and have been asking how it is going. To give you some more information about the whole process and the background to my decision I have been considering the possibility of organising an information session. This would give me the opportunity to answer any questions that you may have about this. This idea was discussed by the church council at the 9 July 2008 meeting.

It was agreed that we will hold an open forum on a Sunday in September or October in the hut. This will begin after 13:00 once everyone has had coffee. The forum will be for all of you who are interested in how things are going in my transformation process or who have questions about it. The chaplain and wardens will be there for support and to answer questions.

The date for the open forum has been set for Sunday 28 September 2008. I look forward to seeing you there on that day.

Simone Yallop

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which I just assumed that "everyone" would know the tune, just as I did. But it turned out that hardly anyone sang and people complained to me after the service in the hut.

My personal view is that a congregation that does not sing has lost something. I know there are various types of hymns and styles of hymn singing, some of which are not really for me (or rather: really not, but that is besides the point). One Easter-Sunday, a few years ago, Pauline and I attended the service in a big cathedral somewhere South of Holland (not in Australia). During the service, there was no singing by the congregation, not one hymnat Easter (!). I just could not believe it. Despite this being a beautiful medieval cathedral, I thought "this poor congregation."

Organists, like every other member of the congregation, have hymns they prefer and others they dislike. I have pointed out my personal preferences already (and for that reason, I do not want to be actively involved in hymn-selection for the Sundays). However, I must admit there are a few hymns that I am not so fond of. There is one in particular, I will not tell you which one, there is nothing wrong with the words, and the tune is a well-known traditional folk song, Irish I believe. It is fine as a folk song, but as a hymn-tune, it does rub me the wrong way, to put it mildly.

Remarkably, I had the same feelings the other way round long before coming to St. Mary's. In the Dutch Churches, there is a beloved so-called "Pilgrim-song" to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory". How can one possibly think of combining the Dutch text "Ga nu heen in vrede" ("Now go in peace...") with one of the most powerful musical expressions of British Victorian nationalism is beyond me.

Well, I hope I have given you a little impression of an organist's life. I want to thank the congregation for bearing with me over the past years and for the great friendship Pauline and I enjoy here. We feel fortunate and blessed. It is my hope that we,

St. Mary's congregation of Weldam, may continue to Praise the Lord in our hymn singing, for many years to come, in both sad and in joyful times. God bless you all.

Louw F. Talstra
h.t. O.St.M.



She again replied, "Why, yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state, not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him."

The defence attorney almost died. The judge asked both counsellors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, "If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you to the electric chair!!"

After the Preaching on the Devil

Two boys were walking home from Sunday school after hearing a strong preaching on the devil. One said to the other, "What do you think about all this Satan stuff?"

The other boy replied, "Well, you know how Santa Claus turned out. It's probably just your dad."

More WP definitions

Cashtration (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period



Fact of the month.

A 2007 study found that the average Australian walks about 900 miles a year.

Another study found that Australians drink an average of 22 gallons of beer a year.

That means, on average, Australians get about 41 miles per gallon."

Great value that!

Southern Grandmas

Lawyers should never ask a Southern grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?"

She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you never will amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher." "Yes, I know you." The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defence attorney?"

Fifty years as a Church Organist (Part Two)

Looking back, I think it was a good idea to remember this anniversary at Easter Sunday and I want to thank the Chaplain and the Church Council for choosing that day. That Sunday is always a festive and joyful one, and what I love most in that service is the traditional last hymn: "Thine be the Glory". For me personally it is one of my absolute favourites. Without singing this one, it does not feel like Easter to me. I love it and I must admit, it moves me to tears. Each time I must concentrate while playing it as the congregation sing to their hearts' content, "making the roof rise", as organists express it. And I think that was what happened again this last Easter Sunday.

One day, when my time comes, I hope there will still be a congregation to sing this wonderful hymn's beautiful words, with great spirit and with full organ, preferably in beautiful French: "A Toi la Gloire, O Récussité, A Toi la Victoire, dans l'Eternité!"



Personally, I firmly believe in the power of good hymn singing, and the power of the great classic hymns. I do believe that hymn singing will never disappear.

My favourites are the great classic, 18th and 19th century hymn-tunes of British and German descent. Originally, I had in mind to list a few here, but I am sure nobody would be interested.

However, apart from the well-known great ones, many of which have also found a place in the Dutch hymnbooks, there are others I have learnt to appreciate and enjoy. Hymns that are more modern such as "I, the Lord of sea and sky ... Here I am Lord... I will go Lord if you lead me...."

It seems I already had an interest in hymn singing at a very young age. I vaguely remember going to church on a Sunday-afternoon with my parents in another village. At a certain moment in the service, during the hymn singing I could not help myself and just joined in with the congregation, making up my own tune. I was too young to know the real tune, I could not read yet and certainly not the music notes, but I sang my heart out and I can remember the people in the pews around us laughing their heads off and my father poking his elbow in my side to shut me up. I guess it must have been a good organist stimulating me....

For many years, I have enjoyed the well-known BBC broadcasts of "Songs of Praise". Long before I would ever dream of getting involved in the Anglican Church. Therefore, before coming to Weldam I already knew many English Hymns. This must have lead to the remarkable situation we had some time ago in St. Mary's. We sang a hymn of

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Doubly poignant is the fact that 21 September also falls in the middle of the annual remembrances of Operation Market Garden, and the battles of Nijmegen and Arnhem, 64 years ago. So in the Eusebiuskerk, we will come together with our Old Catholic brothers and sisters to share the Eucharist, and also to sing God's praises, giving thanks for the witness of the saints, but also for the blessings of peace achieved at great cost, and praying for an end to violence and armed conflict around the world.

For those who cannot join us in Arnhem that morning, there will be a **Morning Prayer** offered at **St Mary's Weldam** at the usual service time of **10:30 on September 21st**.



Oude Kerk, Oosterbeek

Later that **same day**, in the ancient '**Old Church**' at **Benedendorpsweg 134**, in **Oosterbeek**, the very church that was one of the centerpieces of the Battle of Arnhem and still bears some of the bullet holes and artillery shell impacts of the fighting, the East Netherlands choir will sing a lovely **choral (BCP) Evensong at 16:30**. We trust it will make for a peaceful and prayerful ending of quite a remarkable day.

We hope that you can join us for at least one of these unique and meaningful worship opportunities on the 21st. But of course, we hope to see you at all the other services the rest of the month, too!

Yours in Christ,

Sam Van Leer



Computer Genius

I was having trouble with my computer. So I called Richard, the 11 year old next door whose bedroom looks like Mission Control, and asked him to come over.

Richard clicked a couple of buttons and solved the problem.

As he was walking away, I called after him, 'So, what was wrong?' He replied, 'It was an ID ten T error.'

I didn't want to appear stupid, but nonetheless inquired, 'An, ID ten T error? What's that? In case I need to fix it again.'

Richard grinned. 'Haven't you ever heard of an ID ten T errors before?'

'No,' I replied. 'Write it down,' he said, 'and I think you'll figure it out.'

So I wrote down:

ID 10 T...

I used to like the little brat...

Washington Post definitions

Coffee (n.): the person upon whom one coughs

Flabbergasted (adj.): appalled over how much weight you have gained

Abdicate (v.): to give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach

Esplanade (v.): to attempt an explanation while drunk

Giraffiti (n): Vandalism spray-painted very, very high

Having Lunch with God

A little boy wanted to meet God. He knew it was a long trip to where God lived, so he packed his suitcase with a bag of potato crisps and a six-pack of root beer and started his journey.

When he had gone about three blocks, he met an old woman. She was sitting in the park, just staring at some pigeons. The boy sat down next to her and opened his suitcase. He was about to take a drink from his root beer when he noticed that the old lady looked hungry, so he offered her some crisps. She gratefully accepted it and smiled at him.

Her smile was so pretty that the boy wanted to see it again, so he offered her a root beer. Again, she smiled at him. The boy was delighted! They sat there all afternoon eating and smiling, but they never said a word.

As twilight approached, the boy realized how tired he was and he got up to leave; but before he had gone more than a few steps, he turned around, ran back to the old woman, and gave her a hug. She gave him her biggest smile



To Absent Friends

The traditional toast used to commemorate those who have gone before.

community, and the third lived on the other side of the world. He joined the community every year in late summer before leaving again in the fall. At St Mary's we miss them all.

Marykay Schouten-Marley 18 June 1940 – 16 August 2008

Marykay, only diagnosed with cancer at the beginning of the year, passed away on the 16 August. A person with a deep faith, Marykay served the church over many years in many roles. As Churchwarden, Marykay dealt with problems efficiently, and had a wonderful sense of humour that could take the edge of any disputes that might arise. During the interregnum period, Marykay worked with the church council in keeping the chaplaincy going while working through the complicated procedures of appointing a new chaplain. At the same time she served on the ENGK (East Netherlands Group of Chaplaincies), helping examine the various choices for the combined chaplaincies future. A role she undertook in her usual discerning manner. After a brief rest from council work, Marykay returned to the council as a member and then later, as an Archdeaconery Representative. As if this was not enough, Marykay served on various councils and stichtings involved in organizing and managing events for the church. As part of the Apeldoorn bible study group, Marykay shared her faith with the group, as well as her humour.

Marykay and her late husband, Simon Schouten, a colonel in the Royal Netherlands Army, moved to Apeldoorn in 1989. Simon had served as a military attaché in Brussels and Belgrade. While in Belgrade, the Schoutens had been members of the Anglican Church and Simon had been a member of the Church Council. They therefore looked for an Anglican church in the area, first attending St Mary's in 1990. At the time, one chaplain was leaving and a new one, Geoffrey Woodward had just arrived. They soon felt at home and gradually became involved in social and fund-raising activities. Some years later Simon joined the Church Council and became the treasurer. Sadly, in 1999, Simon died and Marykay took an increasingly active role in church activities as a way to manage her grief at his passing. Outside church activities, Marykay took up painting and sculpture, showing great talent in both fields. She travelled widely and was a pretty good golfer as well.

Over the past month, the community of St Mary's Chapel have mourned the passing of three friends. Two were active, much loved members of the

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Marykay Schouten's Art Exhibition

Sadly Marykay is no longer with us, but her spirit will live on in our hearts.

One of her last wishes was that she donate many of her paintings to the art exhibition to be held in the Castle Fair of 13th September and the proceeds from the sales be given to the church. We are now proud to announce that on the 13th September we will be giving Marykay Schouten a SOLO EXHIBITION, the first time ever for her.

We now invite everyone to the **Opening of**

MARYKAY SCHOUTEN'S ART EXHIBITION

on Saturday 13th September 2008

at 11.30 am

in the Stables of Weldam Castle.

Included in the exhibition are many paintings and pieces of sculpture. The paintings will range in price from €70 - €250 . The sculptures €70 - €150 .

There will also be four folders of loose paintings (unframed) for sale and they will range in price from €10-€40. Something for everyone!

One of Marykay's last wishes was that she would like a wooden bench placed just outside St. Mary's chapel – somewhere we can sit and contemplate or just enjoy the sun! It is our goal to fulfill this wish.... So if you are unable to purchase any of Marykay's pieces of art but feel inclined to make a donation towards the wooden bench then we would be deeply appreciative.

Pauline Talstra



microphone and several cameras in the church. It was noted that the preaching was a bit lacklustre and that several in the congregation had nodded off, but the church elders decided to wait until they saw what the computer said. After the service, they eagerly asked: "So how did he rate?"

The young man replied, "He was a 5 on the rector scale."

Kids

TEACHER: John, why are you doing your math multiplication on the floor?
JOHN: You told me to do it without using tables.

TEACHER: Dan, what is the chemical formula for water?

DAN: H I J K L M N O.

TEACHER: What are you talking about?

DAN: Yesterday you said it's H to O.

TEACHER: Winnie, name one important thing we have today that we didn't have ten years ago.

WINNIE: Me!

TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell 'crocodile'?

GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L'

TEACHER: No, that is wrong

GLENN: Maybe it is wrong, but you asked me how I spell it.

How to choose your next minister

After 50 years in the same church, a much loved minister decided to retire. Because the church building was classically elegant, the house spacious and the congregation large and generous, applications poured in. The church was faced with the daunting task of sifting through the resumes to find a replacement. Finally a computer savvy young member of the congregation said: "Don't worry, I can create a programme to help you."

The next week he demonstrated his programme for the congregation. "This takes everything into account from the number of Scripture verses the preacher uses, to the length of the sermon, to the number of hesitations he uses, to our reaction as a congregation. Then it is all compiled into one easy-to-read graph here on the screen."

The church people agreed that the programme might be able to save them a lot of work and decided to try it.

The next week the first candidate was invited to preach. The young man set up the computer, a

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sale and distribution of poppies. And of Colin's faith? Over the winter months, Colin and Agnes hosted the Apeldoorn Bible Study group. Lively discussion, laughter, prayers, wonderful snacks and fellowship characterized those evenings.

Colin's funeral on the 6 August was truly memorable of the man. Probably because, as he had expressed his opinion on what he wanted, the arrangement of the service, the music and the venue, it so reminded the multitude that attended of him. Colin did after all know that he was seriously ill; he was just good at hiding the pain. The service took place on the Chapel in Assel Hoog Soeren. In a plain brick chapel lit by dozens of candles, family and friends gathered to bid a final farewell to Colin Lee. After the service, his body was laid to rest under an oak tree in the Natuurbegraafplaats. How appropriate for such an English gentleman.

Our deepest condolences go to Agnes, their children Peter, Frances and their grandchildren.

Aad van Driel 1937 – 2008

Aad was a schoolteacher who had retired to live in the Philippines. His sons, Mark and Rick lived in the Netherlands. Every year, towards the end of summer, Aad would appear at St Mary's Chapel. Dressed in a light tropical suit and carrying a battered brown briefcase, he would find a seat and join in the service. Afterwards, in the hut he would talk to the people taking coffee. He listened to their stories and he would talk about his life, both in the Netherlands and in the Philippines. This would go on for several Sundays and then, come the fall Aad would leave like a migratory bird.

In August, we learned that Aad would not be returning this summer. On the 8 July, he died in Taglibaran, a small city in the Philippines. His remains were cremated and his ashes were scattered along the beautiful white sands of Alana Beach, near where he lived for the last 20 years.

To our absent friends, Marykay, Colin and Aad, may we offer one last toast?



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On the 21 August, Marykay Schouten's funeral was held in St Mary's Chapel. The chapel was full to capacity as family, friends, friends of family, members of the Twente chaplaincy and members of the Arnhem-Nijmegen chaplaincy all came together to rejoice in her life and to say a final goodbye. After the service, the burial took place at Soerenseweg Cemetery in Apeldoorn where Marykay was laid to rest with Simon.

Marykay left two children, Madeleine and Mark, her grandchildren, and countless friends.

Colin John Lee 8 May 1930 – 1 August 2008

Colin died of a heart attack on the morning of 1 August. The many people who knew him were all shocked and stunned at his passing. All knew that Colin had a serious heart condition and had suffered poor health for many years. However, as Colin himself lived each day with such great gusto, it was easy to forget.

Colin and Agnes, his wife of over 55 years, were always ready to meet newcomers to the church. To make them feel at home and part of the Twente family. At the last 'Sausage Sizzle' on Ascension Day, Colin and Agnes toiled over the barbecue all day. Cooking and serving a wide variety of sausages to all who attended. Colin as usual did too much and took weeks to recover from the picnic. Did he complain? Well, if he did it was quietly and without fuss. He was after all, an English gentleman.

Colin served on the Church Council and on the ENGC as treasurer. During the interregnum period, when great debates were held on the financial future of the chaplaincies, he used his acute financial sense to grasp the situation and calmly come up with viable alternatives. Colin certainly had the experience for the job as he had successfully served as treasurer of the English Reformed Church in Amsterdam, the Begijnhof, for a number of years.

On retiring to Apeldoorn Colin and Agnes joined St Mary. They also moved over to the Church of England as the Begijnhof is affiliated with the Church of Scotland. Colin had a deep faith and like so many of his generation, a strong sense of duty. He was as equally willing to help tidy the church before a Christmas Service, or during the interregnum period, help renovate the chaplaincy house as he was to manage the books.

Colin's service to the British Legion was an example of this sense of duty. On Remembrance Sunday, he would help to organize the

ever. When the boy opened the door to his own house a short time later, his mother was surprised by the look of joy on his face. She asked him, "What did you do today that made you so happy?" He replied, "I had lunch with God." But before his mother could respond, he added, "You know what? She's got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen!"

Meanwhile, the old woman, also radiant with joy, returned to her home. Her son was stunned by the look of peace on her face and he asked, "Mother, what did you do today that made you so happy?" She replied! "I ate potato crisps in the park with God." However, before her son responded, she added, "You know, he's much younger than I expected."

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around. People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime! Embrace all equally!

Have lunch with God bring crisps.

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7th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	First Reading Jeanet Luiten	Ezekiel 33:7-11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Simone Yallop	Romans 13:8-14
	Gospel	Matthew 18:15-20

14th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
Holy Cross Day	Intercessor	Linda ten Berge
	First Reading Philippa te West	Numbers 21:4-9
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Linda ten Berge	Romans 14:1-12
	Gospel	John 3:13-17

21st September	Officiant & Preacher	Chris Rigg
St Matthew's Day	Intercessor	Chris Rigg
	First Reading	Proverbs 3:13-18
	Psalms	Ps 119:65-72
10:30 am	Second Reading	2 Corinthians 4:1-6
	Gospel	Matthew 9:1-13

10:15am Eusebiuskerk, Amhem, joint Anglican-Old Catholic Eucharist
 The Revd Dr Remco Robinson celebrating and the Revd Sam Van Leer preaching.
Choral music by the East Netherlands Anglican Choir, with Mr Victor Pirenne directing.
 Readings: Proverbs 3:13-18; Psalm 84; 2 Timothy 3:14-17; Matthew 9:9-13
 16:30 Oude Kerk, Oosterbeek, Choral Evensong
 The Revd Oebele van der Veen preaching and the Revd Sam Van Leer officiating.
 Choral music by the East Netherlands Anglican Choir, with Mr Victor Pirenne directing.

Readings: t.b.a.

28th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity	Intercessor	Joy Romeijn
	First Reading Arthur Cass	Ezekiel 18:1-4, 25-32
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Blair Charles	Philippians 2:1-13
	Gospel	Matthew 21:23-32

5th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
Twentieth Sunday after Trinity	Intercessor	Nettie van Sisseren
	First Reading Janice Collins	Isaiah 5:1-7
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Arjen Haffmans	Philippians 3:4b-14
	Gospel	Matthew 21:33-46

12th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
Harvest Festival	Intercessor	
	First Reading	Deuteronomy 8:1-10
10:30 am All-age Eucharist ?	Second Reading	2 Corinthians 9:6-15
	Gospel	Luke 12:16-30