

Poetry and Prose

Henry Jackson Van Dyke

Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, to Henrietta Ashmead and Henry Jackson Van Dyke, a respected Presbyterian clergyman. He graduated with an M.A. in English from Princeton University in 1873. He then went on to complete a degree in theology at Princeton Theological Seminary graduating in 1877. He began his writing career at the same time as he was ordained as a Presbyterian minister. After an illustrious career as a minister, in 1899 Dr. Van Dyke accepted the position as Professor of English at Princeton, a position he was to hold to 1923. In 1906 he chaired the committee that wrote the first Presbyterian printed liturgy, *The Book of Common Worship*. Henry then spent a year, 1908 to 1909 as an American lecturer at the University of Paris. Between 1913 and 1916 he was the American Ambassador to the Netherlands. Largely forgotten now, Helen Keller called him 'an architect of happiness'.

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Autumn in the Garden

When the frosty kiss of Autumn in the dark
 Makes its mark
On the flowers, and the misty morning grieves
 Over fallen leaves;
Then my olden garden, where the golden soil
 Through the toil
Of a hundred years is mellow, rich, and deep,
 Whispers in its sleep.

Mid the crumpled beds of marigold and phlox,
 Where the box
Borders with its glossy green the ancient walks,
 There's a voice that talks
Of the human hopes that bloomed and withered here
 Year by year,—
Dreams of joy, that brightened all the labouring hours,
 Fading as the flowers.

Yet the whispered story does not deepen grief;
 But relief
For the loneliness of sorrow seems to flow
 From the Long-Ago,
When I think of other lives that learned, like mine,
 To resign,
And remember that the sadness of the fall
 Comes alike to all.

What regrets, what longings for the lost were theirs!
 And what prayers
For the silent strength that nerves us to endure
 Things we cannot cure!
Pacing up and down the garden where they paced,
 I have traced
All their well-worn paths of patience, till I find
 Comfort in my mind.

Faint and far away their ancient griefs appear:
 Yet how near
Is the tender voice, the careworn, kindly face,
 Of the human race!
Let us walk together in the garden, dearest heart,
 Not apart!
They who know the sorrows other lives have known
 Never walk alone.

by Henry Van Dyke
1852 - 1933

October



2008

The Chaplain writes

Surprises Large and Small

Some surprises are truly unexpected, coming out of the blue, as it were.

Others 'surprises' do not catch you utterly off guard, but even if you saw them coming, when they arrived, you may have discovered unanticipated joys that you did not expect. The 'surprises' we have experienced just recently have fallen into the latter category. We saw them coming, but on the day, and afterwards, little things delighted and surprised.

Coretta and I have known for many months that our third child was on the way. But when little Stephanie finally arrived on September 8th, we were thrilled – and still are. I know it is a bit clichéd to say so, but new life is always a miraculous thing to behold. Psalm 139 speaks of how before we are born God knows us, and knits us together in our mothers' wombs. It is an awesome and breathtaking thing when a little one finally emerges into our world. We are most thankful that all has gone well, for Mom and daughter, during the delivery and in the weeks of recovery afterwards. We're also most thankful to you all for the thoughts, prayers, and many cards and gifts that you have given. It all still seems to be a dream – a feeling perhaps partly enhanced by lack of sleep but also brought on by bedazzlement by a little surprise that has big meaning for us as a family.

(A side note: some of you have complimented us on Stephanie Marie's given names. Thank you! Coretta and I have been inspired to pick names which, we hoped, worked in both Dutch and English, and which also reflected something of our life together in the places we've been. We were engaged in San Francisco and both admire St Francis, hence Francisca, whose second name, Iona, was the island home of the first Christians who brought the Gospel to northern Britain, where Francisca was born (Durham). Nicolas Kirk was born in Switzerland. We already liked the name Nicolas, but also found that St Nicholas is the patron saint of the Alpine country. (Kirk is my brother's name.) Similarly, we really liked both 'Stephanie' and 'Marie', and had sort of settled on them when we discovered that Stephen is the patron saint of Nijmegen. Stephanie was born, as it turned out, on the day the church commemorates the birth of the virgin Mary. Pure coincidence!)

Another two 'surprises', of a different order, but still terrific, were the Castle Fair on September 14th and the choral services on September 21st, where the East Netherlands Anglican Choir, involving members from Arnhem-Nijmegen and Twente, sang.

The Castle Fair, our chief annual fundraiser for the Anglican Church Twente, enjoyed surprisingly good weather (despite the forecasts) and witnessed, once again, to the

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Finances

Arthur Cass, the treasurer, presented a detailed report on the finances of the chaplaincy. Summarizing he remarked that although the finances of the chaplaincy are healthy, there is still a pressing need to keep a regular income. This not only allows the chaplaincy to meet its financial duties. It also allows the individual chaplaincy members to have a greater involvement in

stewardship and giving.

Good deed

A man arrived one day at the pearly gates, waiting to be admitted. St. Peter looked through the Big Book, but after several minutes furrowed his brow, and said, "I'm sorry, I don't see your name written down here." "How current is your copy?" the man asked. "I get a download every ten minutes." St. Peter replied. "Why do you ask?" "I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I was always the stubborn type. It was not until my death was imminent that I cried out to God, so my name probably hasn't yet arrived to your copy yet." "I'm glad to hear that," Peter says, "but while we're waiting for the update to come through, can you tell me about a really good deed that you did in your life?" The man thought for a moment. "Well, there was this one time when I was driving down a road and I saw a group of yobs

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Charities

The Council discussed which charities to support over the next year. They voted to support three separate charities. The chaplain will announce the names of the charities, and the money assigned to each, at the Harvest Service.

Castle Fair Review

Although income was slightly down from last year's Castle Fair, overall the Council considered the Castle Fair a success. Given the bad weather in the week before the fair and the number of other attractions available that weekend, the number of visitors was surprisingly good. Many people, regular church members, family, friends and volunteers put in a lot of work and enjoyed themselves as well. The Marykay Schouten Exhibition was a great success, with many people taking the opportunity to view and buy a painting or sculpture done by the late Marykay. An exhibition only made possible by the support of Marykay's family, and the dedicated work of Marykay's friends. The Council gave a vote of thanks to the Castle Fair Committee for the outstanding way they organized and ran the Castle Fair.

Recent Services Review

Sam Van Leer, the chaplain, reported on the busy day of services on Sunday 21 September. The combined service with the Old Catholics in St Eusebiuskerk, in which the newly formed Anglican Choir sang alongside the Old Catholic Choir, was a great success. Likewise, all who attended Evensong in the Old Church at Oosterbeek enjoyed the service. On the same day, Canon Geoffrey Allan conducted a memorial service in Nijmegen to commemorate the anniversary of 'Operation Market Garden'. At St. Mary's chapel, Mr. Christopher Rigg, the Reader from the Utrecht chaplaincy, led a service of Morning Prayer for those who preferred to go to St Mary's. Four well-attended successful services in one day was a remarkable achievement.

Local Contact Scheme

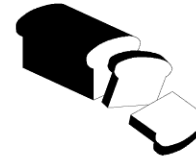
The Council explored the idea of setting up local contact people in the different parts of the chaplaincy. The aim being to make sure that a

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DAILY BREAD

The prayer we use most often is the one that Jesus gave us, The Lord's Prayer. And there is one line in it that comes to mind specially in the autumn when we are celebrating the harvest – 'give us this day our daily bread'.



Jesus told us to pray for 'daily bread'. This had a special meaning when the women would bake only one day's supply of bread at a time. Lots of families now have freezers or can easily get to the shops so conditions have changed. But the lesson of the prayer is still as important – it is for the needs of life, not the luxuries.

As with all The Lord's Prayer we don't pray for 'me' or 'I', we pray 'give **us our** daily bread'. It isn't a prayer for one person but for all of us. In our present world, where so many suffer hunger and poverty, this prayer reminds us that we are all part of the same world and all need the basics of life to survive.

ENOUGH TO SHARE

This recipe makes some very nice Smartie Biscuits to share...

- 115g/4oz margarine
- 115g/4oz light muscovado sugar
- 1 tablespoon golden syrup
- ½ teaspoon vanilla essence
- 175g/6oz self-raising flour
- 85g/3oz Smarties

Preheat the oven to 180C, 350F, Gas 4. Grease or line 2 baking sheets.

Beat together the margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Then beat in the golden syrup and vanilla essence. Stir in half the flour and work it into the mixture. Stir in the Smarties and the remaining flour and work the dough together with your fingers.

Roll the dough into 16 balls and place them on the baking sheets, well apart to allow for spreading. Do not flatten the balls.

Bake in the preheated oven for 10 – 12 minutes or until pale golden at the edges. Leave to cool on the baking sheets for 2 minutes then transfer to wire racks to cool completely.



Why did the sandwich go to the dentist?

Because he had lost his fillings.

What is yellow, brown and hairy?

Cheese on toast dropped on the carpet.

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Social News

The Mouths of babes

The story is told of a church where a minister told the congregation: "If nothing else, I want you to remember this one word; maranatha. It means 'The Lord comes'. So when you leave today, you can just greet each other 'maranatha!'" Later, a young boy went out and greeted one of his Christian friends by loudly calling out "Marijuana!" My young grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Granny, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo, while I asked, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both so old," he replied solemnly.

Signs

The Village Dry Cleaners has relocated to High Street, right next door to St. Joseph's Church. After March 1, Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness.



Births

For those readers who have either been away over September, or who live outside the Twente area, on 8 September Coretta Van Leer gave birth to a daughter, Stephanie Marie.

Warmest congratulations to Sam and Coretta on the birth of their second daughter. Not forgetting Francisca, who gains a sister, and Nicolas on gaining a second sister.

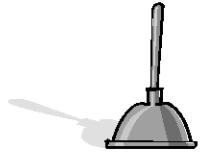
Birthdays

This month in St Mary's there are two people, besides Stephanie Marie, celebrating their birthdays, Maureen van der Heide puts her feet up and has a relaxing birthday on the 22 October, A week later, in either Netherlands or Northumberland, Ben Dieduksman marks his birthday on 30 October. Best wishes to Maureen and to Ben.

Fall House Cleaning



Time to turn your home inside out, clean, paint etc? Even though fall cleaning is not approached as thoroughly or as seriously as it once was - it is not such a bad idea. Do you have useable items that you would like to get rid of or replace? Looking for bargains? At St Mary's you can name your own price. Whatever you think it is worth! On Sunday, 26 October, after the service we will hold our annual ROMMELMARKT to benefit the Flower Guild. Everything and everyone is welcome. It is good fun and serves a useful purpose. Refreshments will be served to the bargain hunters. Start loading up your boxes! Linda ten Berge - Shepherd 0546 868139



Note: If there is any event that you would like to share with your friends at St Mary's Chapel, please feel free to use this page. Contact information is on the back cover.

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local person would be available to carry news, both good and bad, to people in their area, and from their area to the rest of the chaplaincy. The contact person could also keep in touch with newcomers, and be available to arrange help for anyone who needed it. As an example, someone who had been in hospital might need a lift to get to church. Further work will be done to develop the idea.

Public Relations

The chaplaincy needs a willing volunteer to manage the chaplaincies public relations and publicity. The job will need someone to keep contact with local councils and media. Anyone interested, please contact either the chaplain, or the secretary.

Future Dates

October Thursday 2nd to Saturday 4th	Archdeaconry Synod in Antwerp (The sessions on the 4th are open to all)
October 12th	Harvest Sunday
October 26th	Rommelmarkt in the hut after the service
November 1st	All Saints Willibrord Society Day at Holy Trinity, Utrecht (See Page 10 of this magazine)
November 2nd	All Saints and All Souls Sunday Memorial Eucharist
November 9th	Remembrance Sunday
November 19th	Council Meeting
November 23rd	Pledge Sunday
November 30th	Advent 1 Eucharist and Healing Ministry
December 14th	Carol Service and Christmas Market
December 24th	Christmas Eve Midnight Service 23:00
December 25th	Christmas Day Service



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.

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harassing this poor girl. I slowed down, and sure enough, there they were, about 20 of them. Infuriated, I got out my car and walked up to the leader of the gang. He was a huge guy with a studded leather jacket and a chain running from his nose to his ears. As I walked up to the leader, his mates told me to get lost or I'd be next. "But I ripped the leader's chain out of his face and smashed him over the head. Then I turned around and yelled to the rest of them, 'Leave this poor innocent girl alone! You're all a bunch of SICK, deranged animals! Go home before I really teach you a lesson in PAIN!'" St. Peter, duly impressed, said "Wow! When did this happen?" "About three minutes ago."

Definitions

CHOIR: A group of people whose singing allows the rest of the Congregation to lip-sync.
HYMN: A song of praise usually sung in a key two octaves higher than that of the congregation's range.
JONAH: The original "Jaws" story.
AMEN: The only part of a prayer that everyone knows.

Speeding Ticket

A police officer stops a blonde for speeding and asks her very nicely if he could see her license. She replied in a huff, 'I wish you guys would get your act together. Just yesterday you take away my license and then today you expect me to show it to you!'

Finally, the Blonde Joke to end all Blonde Jokes!

A girl was visiting her blonde friend, who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were. The blonde responded by saying that one was named Rolex and one was named Timex.

Her friend said, 'Whoever heard of someone naming dogs like that?' 'HELLLOOOOOO.....,' answered the blond. 'They're watch dogs!'

Genius

One day my housework-challenged husband decided to wash his Sweat-shirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room, he shouted to me, 'What setting do I use on the washing machine?' 'It depends,' I replied. 'What does it say on your shirt?' He yelled back, 'University of Oklahoma.' And they say blondes are dumb..

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 the perils of trainers, high heels and soft shoes in church

The Rectory

St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

Having informed you of why clergy must always wear black shoes in church, my belief is that all those who hold any office in church should be similarly dressed.

Altar servers have the tendency to arrive wearing what I am informed are called trainers. Were they black it would be tolerable, but they seem to be without exception either brilliant white or luminous pink. When they arrive so attired I insist they remove them and serve in the sanctuary in their socks. Since our church floor is several degrees colder than permafrost, it normally takes them the rest of the morning with their feet in a bucket of hot water before circulation returns. They do not make that mistake a second time.

The rule applies to members of the choir also; my only concession is that ladies are allowed to wear shoes with heels. But that can present its own hazards. Miss Threlfall recently appeared in heels that, by chance, were the exact size and shape of the holes in our beautiful Victorian heating gratings in the nave floor. During the procession at the start of the Service, her heel wedged in one. She is a lady of some determination and refused to stop, thereby holding up the procession and letting the congregation know something was amiss. So she proceeded, now with a twelve inch square cast iron grid firmly attached to her foot. As she gallantly clanked up the aisle, rocking slightly since one leg was now several stones heavier, one of our basses, completely innocent of what had happened, stepped into thin air. Half of his body disappeared vertically downwards as the other half proceeded in a horizontal easterly direction, scattering tenors like skittles. I continue to visit him in hospital.

Our organist arrives wearing black shoes, but once hidden in the organ loft, removes them and plays the organ in soft shoes. Or he did; these days he never removes his shoes at all. At Evensong on Sundays, my dog comes with me to swell the congregation and wanders round the church benignly as the Service progresses. After one Service, our organist came to retrieve his shoes only to find them missing. There absence was inexplicable - until two weeks later when I found them buried in the Rectory rose garden.

Churchwardens, of course, know the rules for correct footwear - that is

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His hands are diligent. Kevin is never so happy as when he is working. When he unloads the dishwasher or vacuums the carpet, his heart is completely in it. He does not shrink from a job when it is begun, and he does not leave a job until it is finished. But when his tasks are done, Kevin knows how to relax.

He is not obsessed with his work or the work of others. His heart is pure. He still believes everyone tells the truth, promises must be kept, and when you are wrong, you apologize instead of argue. Free from pride and unconcerned with appearances, Kevin is not afraid to cry when he is hurt, angry or sorry. He is always transparent, always sincere. And he trusts God. Not confined by intellectual reasoning, when he comes to Christ, he comes as a child. Kevin seems to know God - to really be friends with Him in a way that is difficult for an "educated" person to grasp. God seems like his closest companion. In my moments of doubt and frustrations with my Christianity I envy the security Kevin has in his simple faith. It is then that I am most willing to admit that he has some divine knowledge that rises above my mortal questions. It is then I realize that perhaps he is not the one with the handicap .. I am. My obligations, my fear, my pride, my circumstances - they all become disabilities when I do not trust them to God's care.

Who knows if Kevin comprehends things I can never learn? After all, he has spent his whole life in that kind of innocence, praying after dark and soaking up the goodness and love of God. And one day, when the mysteries of heaven are opened, and we are all amazed at how close God really is to our hearts, I'll realize that God heard the simple prayers of a boy who believed that God lived under his bed.

Kevin won't be surprised at all!

Friends are Angels who lift us to our feet

When our wings have trouble remembering how to fly

Contributed by Mrs P. Birtill



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God didn't."

The lady started jumping up and down and clapping her hands and said,

"PRAISE THE LORD.

He not only sent me groceries, but He made the devil pay for them. Praise the Lord!"

Thoughts

I signed up for an exercise class and was told to wear loose-fitting clothing. If I HAD any loose-fitting clothing, I wouldn't have signed up in the first place!

When I was young we used to go 'skinny dipping,' now I just 'chunky dunk.'

Don't argue with an idiot; people watching may not be able to tell the difference.

Wouldn't it be nice if whenever we messed up our life we could simply press 'Ctrl Alt Delete' and start all over? AMEN, AMEN !!

Wouldn't you know it... Brain cells come and brain cells go, but FAT cells live forever.

Perseverance

Saints are sinners who kept on trying

The way to get to the top is to get off your bottom.



God Lives Under The Bed

I envy Kevin. My brother Kevin thinks God lives under his bed. At least that's what I heard him say one night. He was praying out loud in his dark bedroom, and I stopped to listen, "Are you there, God?" he said. "Where are you? Oh, I see. Under the bed..."

A very faithful woman

An elderly lady was well-known for her faith and for her boldness in talking about it. She would stand on her front porch and shout "PRAISE THE LORD!"

Next door to her lived an atheist who would get so angry at her proclamations he would shout, "There ain't no Lord!!!"

Hard times set in on the elderly lady, and she prayed for God to send her some assistance. She stood on her porch and shouted "PRAISE THE LORD. GOD I NEED FOOD!! I AM HAVING A HARD TIME. PLEASE LORD, SEND ME SOME GROCERIES!!"

The next morning the lady went out on her porch and noted a large bag of groceries and shouted, "PRAISE THE LORD."

The neighbour jumped from behind a bush and said, "Aha! I told you there was no Lord. I bought those groceries,

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I giggled softly and tiptoed off to my own room. Kevin's unique perspectives are often a source of amusement. But that night something else lingered long after the humour. I realized for the first time the very different world Kevin lives in.

He was born 30 years ago, mentally disabled as a result of difficulties during labour. Apart from his size (he's 1.9m.), there are few ways in which he is an adult. He reasons and communicates with the capabilities of a seven-year-old, and he always will. He will probably always believe that God lives under his bed, that Santa Claus is the one who fills the space under our tree every Christmas and that airplanes stay up in the sky because angels carry them. I remember wondering if Kevin realizes he is different. Is he ever dissatisfied with his monotonous life?

Up before dawn each day, off to work at a workshop for the disabled, home to walk our cocker spaniel, return to eat his favourite macaroni-and-cheese for dinner, and later to bed. The only variation in the entire scheme is laundry, when he hovers excitedly over the washing machine like a mother with her newborn child. He does not seem dissatisfied. He lopes out to the bus every morning at 7:05, eager for a day of simple work.

He wrings his hands excitedly while the water boils on the stove before dinner, and he stays up late twice a week to gather our dirty laundry for his next day's laundry chores. And Saturdays-oh, the bliss of Saturdays! That's the day my Dad takes Kevin to the airport to have a soft drink, watch the planes land, and speculate loudly on the destination of each passenger inside. "That one's goin' to Chi-car-go!" Kevin shouts as he claps his hands. His anticipation is so great he can hardly sleep on Friday nights.

And so goes his world of daily rituals and weekend field trips. He doesn't know what it means to be discontent. His life is simple. He will never know the entanglements of wealth of power, and he does not care what brand of clothing he wears or what kind of food he eats. His needs have always been met, and he never worries that one day they may not be.

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why they have been elected to serve in such a distinguished office - although I do feel that Admiral Hopkinson's practice of wearing white spats on top of his shoes when the bishop is here, a little excessive - even rather flash.

Maintaining this dress policy once you have your own church, will be maintaining the true faith.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace



(Continued from page 1)

excellent organizing efforts of the Castle Fair Committee, under Hans Siersema's chairmanship, and to the general warmth and enthusiasm of the many, many volunteers who pitched in to help in so many different ways. The ambiance was relaxed, welcoming and family friendly. The memorial exhibit of Marykay Schouten's artwork, organized by Pauline Talstra, Philippa te West and Joyce Wigboldus, was a tremendous tribute to our dear friend Marykay. (It also raised around €2000!) Thank you to the Count and Countess for hosting us once again and to all of you who worked so hard before and during the Fair. It was a great day, which given the Fair's tradition, is no surprise, but still delightful.

As for the September 21st choral services, preparation began with Victor Pirenne, a music teacher in Almelo, member of the Anglican Church in Twente and a gifted, enthusiastic and inspiring director, leading a group of singers through three day-long practices at the delightful home of Arjen Haffmans and Jonneke Adolfsen out in Markelo this past year. All this patient and committed effort bore fruit in two remarkable services: a joint service with the Old Catholic Church at the Eusebiuskerk in Arnhem in the morning of the 21st and at the Evensong in the Old Church in Oosterbeek that afternoon. Who would have thought that so much could be achieved in so little time by our new singing group? A blessing indeed! The services themselves were not surprises as such, but the fellowship and camaraderie built up during the process and the inspiration of taking part in two special, musically uplifting worship services were unanticipated delights. Chapeau to Victor, Nettie van Sisseren our organizer, and all the members of the choir, and thanks be to God that we could glorify Him in this way. We hope to hear more from the singing group in future!

Yours in Christ, Sam



Dear Lord.

I pray for Wisdom to understand my man; Love to forgive him; And Patience for his moods. Because, Lord, if I pray for Strength, I'll beat him to death. AMEN

Now you know

The real reason we all get heavier as we get older is because there's a lot more information in our heads.

The Ten Commandments are not multiple choice.

Driving Test

A Polish immigrant went to apply for a driver's license. First, of course, he had to take an eye sight test.

The optician showed him a card with the letters: 'C Z W I X N O S T A C Z.' "Can you read this?" the optician asked. "Read it?" the Polish guy replied, "I know the guy."

Cost

When someone (especially a doctor or a dentist) say to you, "We are only doing this for your own good", you can immediately know two things.

1. It is going to hurt like mad.
2. It is going to cost a fortune.

Commitment

A commitment is doing what you said you would do, long after the feeling you said it in has passed.

Commandments

Above all else love God alone,
Bow down to neither wood nor stone.

God's name refuse to take in vain,
The Sabbath rest with care maintain.

Respect your parents all your days,
Hold sacred human life always.

Be loyal to your chosen mate,
Steal nothing, neither small nor great.

Report with truth, your neighbour's deed,
And rid your mind of selfish greed.
Elton Trueblood

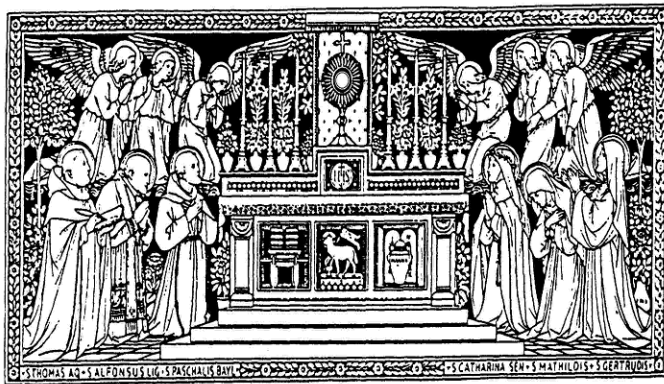
Men and women are able creatures, we have made over 32 million laws and haven't yet improved on the Ten Commandments.

Communication

What do you mean we don't communicate? Just yesterday I e-mailed a reply to the recorded message you left on my answer phone.

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Celebrate All Saints together with Us!



Willibrord Society Day:

Nov 1, 2008

Holy Trinity Utrecht (Van Limburg Stirumplein)
Everyone is invited to a special day to introduce the Willibrord Society Nederland. On All Saints Day (November 1, 2008), the Archdeacon John de Wit and Holy Trinity Utrecht will host a day which we hope will celebrate and develop the ties between the Old Catholics and Anglicans in the Netherlands. Archbishop Joris Vercammen will speak on how Willibrord the missionary links Old Catholic and Anglican spirituality.

The Programme for the day is as follows:

11:00 Eucharist, Archdeacon John de Wit preaching
12:30 Lunch (sandwiches provided, small donation of €5 requested)
14:00 Address by Archbishop Joris on Willibrord, the link between Anglican and Old Catholic Spirituality
15:30 Choral Evensong

Please do join us for an inspiring day where we will learn more about our common calling in today's world and celebrate our communion with each other and with all God's saints.
To sign up to join us, please contact Mrs Marianne Tanke-Keman at t.tanke@quicknet.n, tel 023 5243068, between 7 & 30 October!!

'Information,' said in the now familiar voice.

'How do I spell fix?' I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest . When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston . I missed my friend very much. 'Information Please' belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me.

Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialled my hometown Operator and said, 'Information Please.'

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. 'Information.' I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, 'Could you please tell me how to spell fix?'

There was a long pause Then came the soft spoken answer, 'I guess your finger must have healed by now.'

I laughed, 'So it's really you,' I said. 'I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?'

'I wonder,' she said, 'if you know how much your call meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls.'

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

'Please do,' she said. 'Just ask for Sally.'

Three months later I was back in Seattle a different voice answered: 'Information.' I asked for Sally.

'Are you a friend?' she said.

'Yes, a very old friend,' I answered.

'I'm sorry to have to tell you this,' she said. 'Sally had been working part-time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago.'

Before I could hang up she said, 'Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?'

'Yes.' I answered.

'Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you.' The note said, 'Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean.'

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today? May you find the joy and peace you long for. Life is a journey ... NOT a guided tour. So don't miss the ride and have a great time going around. You don't get a second shot at it.

Contributed by M. de Lange

THE ORIGIN OF MAN...

My daughter once asked me, 'How did the human race get here?'

I then answered: "Well, God made Adam and Eve, and they had children, and so it was that all mankind came to be."

Two days later, she asks her mother the same question.

Her mother, being the "scientific" one in the family answered: "Many years ago, there were monkeys who came down out of the trees. They started to walk on their back legs, made tools and fire, and eventually, THEY turned into mankind."

My confused daughter returns to her me and says: "Daddy, why did you tell me that the human race was created by God, and Mummy said they came from monkeys?"

I then answered: "Well sweetie, it's all very simple. I told you about the origin of MY side of the family, and Mummy told you about HER side of the family."

Criticism

The difference between coaching and criticism is your attitude

Conviction

A belief is something you hold.

A conviction is something that holds you

The Lost Chapter in Genesis

So God asked him, "What is wrong with you?" Adam said he didn't have anyone to talk to. God said that He was going to make Adam a companion and that it would be a woman. God said, "This person will gather food for you, cook for you, and when you discover clothing she'll wash it for you. She will always agree with every decision you make. She will bear your children and never ask you to get up in the middle of the night to take care of them. She will not nag you and will always be the first to admit she was wrong when you've had a disagreement. She will never have a headache and will freely give you love and passion whenever you need "it." Adam asked God, "What will a woman like this cost?" God replied, "An arm and a leg." Then Adam asked, "What can I get for a rib?" The rest is history..

Contributed by J. Collins



THE OLD PHONE

When I was quite young, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighbourhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was 'Information Please' and there was nothing she did not know Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my Mother was visiting a neighbour. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy.

I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlour and dragged it to the landing climbing up; I unhooked the receiver and held it to my ear. 'Information, please,' I said into the mouthpiece just above my head. A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

'Information.'

'I hurt my finger,' I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

'Isn't your mother home?' came the question.

'Nobody's home but me,' I blubbered.

'Are you bleeding?' the voice asked.

'No,' I replied. 'I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts.'

'Can you open the icebox?' she asked.

I said I could.

'Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger,' said the voice.

After that, I called 'Information Please' for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died I called, 'Information Please,' and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, 'Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring Joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?'

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, 'Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in.'

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, 'Information Please.'



(Continued on page 11)

All Saints & All Souls Sunday Memorial

Nov. 2nd 2008

Names of those who have died in the past year, and of any others whom church members would like remembered, will be read out during the Act of Memorial at the Service on November 2nd.

*Please notify the Chaplain
(Sam.Van.Leer@hetnet.nl or
026 495 0620) of the names of those you would
like remembered by 29 October.*

(A list to record names will also be available in the Hut.)



A letter from Colin's Family

Dear friends of St Mary's,

We would like to thank you all for the wonderful support and love we received after Colin's death on August 1st.

The funeral service conducted by Sam and Geoffrey was very special and the wonderful tribute written by Blair in the church magazine we will always treasure.

Thank you very much for all the cards, letters, flowers and for so many people attending the service in Assel on August 6th.

Colin can never be replaced but it is good to know how he was loved by you all

Agnes

Peter and Ilona

Frances and grandchildren

(Continued from page 6)

Evangelism

Jesus was born in a borrowed manger. He preached from a borrowed boat. He entered Jerusalem on a borrowed donkey. He ate the Last Supper in a borrowed upper room. He was buried in a borrowed tomb. Now he asks to borrow the lives of Christians to reach the rest of the world. If we do not speak then He is dumb and silent.
Dr. Leighton Ford

Fatherhood

There was a man who owned a chain of supermarkets. He was an extremely influential and powerful man.

One day, he took his five-year old son with him on his 'rounds' of the shops. The little boy looked on him in awe and wonder as his dad related to his staff and they to him, their boss.

When they returned to the car after visiting four or five big shops the little lad said thoughtfully, "Daddy, do all these people know that you can talk like Donald Duck?"

Positive Outlook

There were two ways David could have looked at Goliath. He could have said, "Boy, he's so big I am out of here." Or, he could have said, "Boy, he's so big I can't miss." David did the latter.

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	Young people
	First Reading Young people	Deuteronomy 8:1-10
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Young people	Galatians 5:22-25
	Gospel	Luke 12:16-30

19th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Canon Jake Dejonge
Twenty Second Sunday after Trinity	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	First Reading Maureen vd Heide	Isaiah 45:1-7
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Elizabeth vd Heide	1 Thessalonians 1:1-10
	Gospel	Matthew 22:15-22

26th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Canon Geoffrey Allen
Twenty Third Sunday after Trinity	Intercessor	Nettie van Sisseren
	First Reading	Leviticus 19:1-2,15-18
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	1 Thessalonians 2:1-8
	Gospel	Matthew 22:34-46

2nd November	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
All Saints Sunday (and All Souls Memorial)	Intercessor	
	First Reading	Revelation 7:9-17;
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	John 3:1-3
	Gospel	Matthew 5:1-12



9th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Sam Van Leer
Remembrance Sunday	Intercessor	
	First Reading	Amos 5:18-24
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
	Gospel	Matthew 25:1-13