

Poetry and Prose

Revd Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy, Anglican priest and poet, was born in Leeds and was the seventh of nine children. After his first curacy at Rugby parish church, he moved to Worcester in May 1914 (a year after his marriage), where he became vicar of the parish of St Pauls, at that time one of the region's worst slum areas.

After the outbreak of the World War I, he obtained a commission as a forces' chaplain and was posted overseas on 21 December 1915. Four days later he held a Christmas service in a freezing downpour in northern France. "There were not many of them, but they meant it. No lights, no ritual, nothing to help but the rain and far-off roll of guns, and Christ was born in a cattle-shed on Christmas Day."

His earthy style of preaching endeared him to the troops and his habit of seeing off frontline troops with a copy of the *New Testament* and a packet of Woodbines earned him the nickname Woodbine Willie.



Indifference



*When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him on
a tree,*

*They drove great nails through hands and feet,
and made a Calvary*

*They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red
were His wounds and deep,*

*For those were crude and cruel days, and human
flesh was cheap.*

*When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply
passed Him by,*

*They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him
die;*

*For men had grown more tender, and they would
not give Him pain,*

*They only just passed down the street, and left
Him in the rain.*

*Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know not
what they do,"*

*And still it rained the wintry rain that drenched
Him through and through;*

*The crowds went home and left the streets without
a soul to see,*

*And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for
Calvary.*

By Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy (1883-1929)

He suffered from chronic asthma, a condition worsened by exposure to mustard gas at the Somme, and died aged 45. His funeral service was held in Worcester; thousands lined the streets to pay their last respects. A plaque in the cathedral is dedicated to him:

*"A Poet, a Prophet, a Passionate Seeker after Truth, an Ardent
Advocate of Christian Fellowship".*



November



2010

The Chaplain Writes

All Hallows and New Life

Agreed, it is a rather odd coincidence, admittedly. The Church of England often allows the option of observing major festivals of the Church Year on the Sunday nearest, rather than on, the day of the festival itself. So, for instance, this coming year we can celebrate Epiphany on Sunday January 2nd, rather than on Thursday January 6th. And we mark "Remembrance Sunday" on November 14th, rather than on November 11th.

This year we also commemorate All Saints Sunday (with All Souls) on October 31st. That is how the official C of E calendar has it. It is good to observe such major days in the Christian Year on a Sunday, when we regularly come together for worship. Having grown up in a culture which marked October 31st in quite a different way, though, the combination gives me pause to reflect. For me, October 31st is Halloween. *Halloween* is an abbreviation of *All Hallows Even[ing]*. It is the day before the celebration of the Feast of the Hallowed (or Holy), known to us latterly as All Saints. So the word *Halloween* does have a Christian derivation. But the way we observed it when I was young did not have much to do with the faith, to be sure. Aside from Christmas, though, Halloween was my favourite holiday. What child would not want to dress up in a funny (or preferably scary) outfit, and wander in small hoards (usually accompanied by a parent) through the darkened streets of the neighbourhood, knocking on doors and asking for candy (sweets), and usually getting a handful on each request? We always said "Trick or treat!" when a door opened to our persistent knocking, though I can't ever recall needing to do a dastardly trick on anyone, as tradition demanded. (Most everyone was too generous with candy etc. to warrant a trick for being miserly.) At the end of the evening, we returned home, face paint fading, but with sacks brimming with sweets. The most rigorous

(Continued on page 4)



Twente News

Coffee makes it possible to get out of bed in the morning – chocolate makes it all worthwhile.

What's Cooking?

A wife was making a breakfast of fried eggs for her husband. Suddenly, her husband burst into the kitchen. "Careful," he said, "Careful! Put in some more butter! Oh my gosh! You're cooking too many at once. Turn them! Turn them now! We need more butter. Oh my gosh! They're going to stick! Careful! I said be careful! You never listen to me when you're cooking! Never! Don't forget to salt them. You know you always forget to salt them. Use the salt!" The wife stared at him. "What in the world is wrong with you? You think I don't know how to fry a couple of eggs?" The husband calmly replied, "I just wanted to show you what it feels like when I'm driving."

Congratulations

Our warmest congratulations to Maureen van der Heide on her very special birthday on 22 October, and we would like to thank her for inviting us to share in the celebrations at Restaurant Den Haller in Diepenheim. It was all so relaxed and just thoroughly enjoyable!

Our congratulations also go to the Revd Dr Sjoerd Bonting and his wife Erica, who celebrated their birthdays in the same week. On being presented with a lovely bouquet on 10 October, Dr Bonting explained that they jointly celebrated their birthdays on the nearest Saint's day – "Erica being the saint in the relationship!"

Key Dates

- 7 November Jumble Sale*
- 14 November Remembrance Sunday**
- 7-12 December Middachten Castle Christmas Market
- 12 December Carol Service followed by Christmas Market
- 24 December Christmas Eve Service 22:30
- 25 December Christmas Day: Sung Eucharist 10:30
- 26 December St Stephen's Day: Sung Eucharist 10:30
- 9 January 2011 Last service in Chapel before renovation work begins
- 16 January First service in Hunting Lodge

**The Jumble Sale has been rescheduled from 31 October to 7 November. Our apologies for any inconvenience caused, but hopefully the frequent announcements of the new date and an extra week of hunting have produced yet more gems to grace the stalls.*

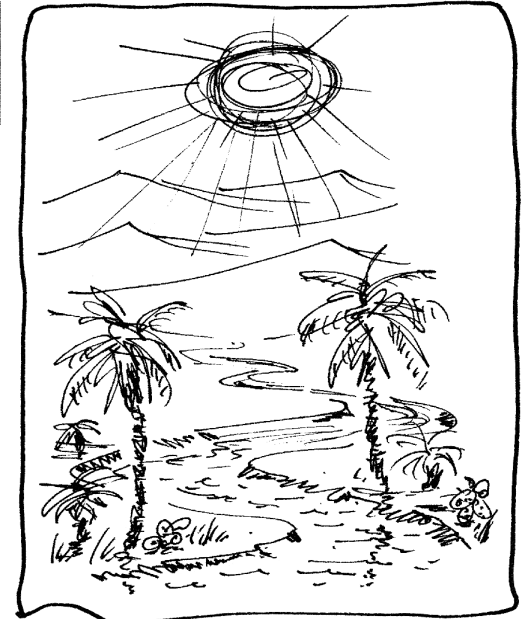
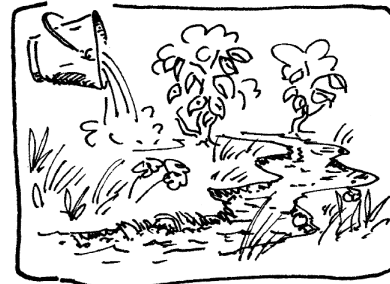
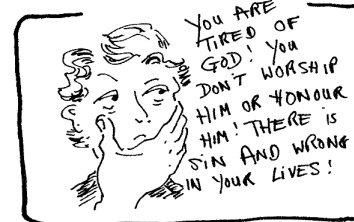
***The collection on Remembrance Sunday will go to the British Legion.*

Introduction

On pages 14-17 you will find a moving article on Esther (Etty) Hillesum written by Dr Philip Knight, who teaches Religious Education in a comprehensive in Canterbury. Although the writer's name may not be familiar, you won't need to wrestle with those famous six degrees of separation. One short step and you've made the connection: Dr Knight is the son of Sheila Sprikkelman. And if,

Bible Sketchbook

Two thousand eight hundred years ago God told people not to hang on to the past but watch for the "new thing" he was going to do. Instead of wilderness difficulties there would be streams of refreshment. He urged any "anti-God squads" to listen to him and not be afraid!

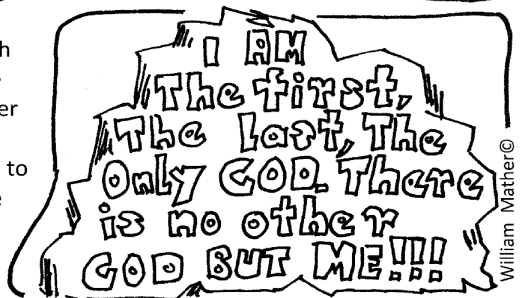


A new thing!



He spoke through the prophet Isaiah saying he would give "water" to the spiritually thirsty and pour out power and blessing on all who turn to him. He still speaks today and if you turn to Jesus these promises will come true for you too! Why wait?!!

Read more in Isaiah 43: 16-25 and Isaiah 44: 1-6.



Source: Parish Pump

William Mather©

Tangmere

Tangmere Military Aviation Museum was established in 1982 on the old RAF Tangmere airfield. From its beginnings in 1916, through its illustrious service as one of Britain's front line fighter bases during WW2, and on to its key role as home to the world speed-record-breaking aircraft of the High Speed Flight in the post-war years, it has occupied a unique place in aviation history.

The museum contains countless fascinating exhibits. Here you can see priceless historic aircraft, such as Neville Duke's world-record-breaking Hawker Hunter, actual equipment used by the brave SOE agents who were carried into occupied France on "black Lysander" flights from Tangmere, flight simulators where you can try your hand at flying, a full-sized replica of the very first Spitfire prototype, and more – much more.

WRITTEN FOR VIOLETTE SZABO

*The life that I have
Is all that I have
And the life that I have is yours*

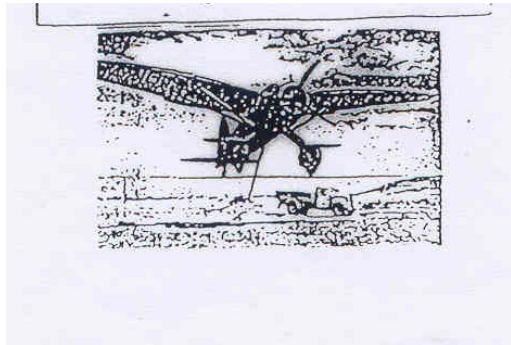
*The love that I have
Of the life that I have
Is yours, and yours, and yours.*

*A sleep I shall have
A rest I shall have
Yet death will be but a pause*

*For the peace of my years
In the long green grass
Will be yours, and yours, and yours.*

By Leo Marks. Given to Violette Szabo (SOE agent) as the basis for coded messages to England. At that time all special operation executive agents used a poem as a code system.

Violette Szabo was taken by Lysander from Tangmere and dropped by parachute into France. She was later captured, and executed on or about 5 February 1945. She was 23 years old.



Contributed by Sarah Zweers, who visited Tangmere Museum this summer.

after reading his article, you wish to learn more, the Eddy Hillesum Centrum in Deventer is not so very far away.

Brooke Hospital

As you know, this is one of the three charities that St Mary's supports, and it seems to have raised quite a lot of interest and enquiries recently – at the Castle Fair, for instance. Katelyn Ferguson described her personal involvement in July and now page 5 sees part I (which means read and inwardly digest in readiness for the December/January issue) of an article in *Country Life* that Count Alfred came across while visiting friends. Future visitors will be amazed at our knowledge if they quiz us about the charities we donate to.

A thank-you to all my friends at St Mary's

Dear friends,
Thank you all for participating in an unforgettable birthday celebration on Sunday 24th October. It gave me great pleasure to welcome you in the Halle restaurant and to have a quick chat after the Service with those of you who were unable to go to the Den Halle with us due to other commitments. Thank you too for your cards, good wishes, presents, flowers and vouchers, also books and pencils and donations for Nepal.

As you know my granddaughter Christine is teaching in a school and helping in an orphanage there until after Christmas. They are so poor and deprived and the contrast is so great with our schools here that your kind and generous donations are very much appreciated – in total 300 euros. You can be assured that Christine will see that the money is well spent where it is needed and will keep us informed.

Yours sincerely,
Maureen



Wise Choice

At a meeting of the college faculty, an angel suddenly appears and tells the head of the philosophy department, "I will grant you whichever of the three blessings you choose: Wisdom, Beauty – or ten million dollars." Immediately, the professor chooses Wisdom. There is a flash of lightning, and the professor appears transformed, but he just sits there, staring down at the table. One of his colleagues whispers, "Say something." The professor says, "I should have taken the money."

Dream On

A man comes rushing into his psychiatrist's office, apologizing for being late because he overslept. "But I had an incredible breakthrough in my dream," the man says breathlessly. I was talking with my mother and she suddenly turned into you! That's when I woke up, got dressed, grabbed a Coke and a doughnut, and rushed to your office." The psychiatrist says, "A Coke and a doughnut! You call that a breakfast!"

Surprises

A taxi passenger tapped the driver on the shoulder to ask him something. The driver shrieked, lost control of the car, nearly hit a bus, went up on the pavement, and stopped centimetres from a shop window. For a second everything went quiet in the cab, then the driver said, "Look mister, don't ever do that again. You scared the day-lights out of me!". The passenger apologized and said he didn't realize that a little tap could scare him so much. The driver replied, "Sorry, it's not really your fault. Today is my first day as a cab driver. I've been driving hearses for the last 25 years."

Locked Out

I have six locks on my door, all in a row. When I go out, I lock every other one. I figure no matter how long somebody stands there picking the locks, they are always locking three of them.

That's Life

By the time a man realizes that maybe his father was right, he usually has a son who thinks he's wrong.

(Continued from page 1)

tooth-brushing of the year usually ensued before we were packed off to bed. What it all had to do with All Hallows, I haven't a clue! But it was fun.

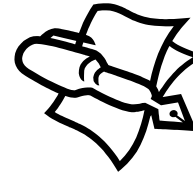
October 31st was originally a pagan Celtic feast which, like December 25th (the pagan festival of Mithras, and the "birth of the invincible sun"), later became Christianized. The dates of many of our own High Holy Days go back to heathen origins. This has very little to do with any real connection between what we do and believe and the earlier pagan observances; rather, Christian authorities often appropriated existing pagan holidays and replaced them with Christian celebrations to eliminate the focus and flavour of the folkloric originals. Our days of the week themselves had pagan roots: Monday (Moon-day), Tuesday (the Germanic God Tiuz), Wednesday (the Norse God Woden [Odin]), Thursday (Norse: Thor), Friday (Norse: Freya or Frigga), Saturday (Roman God Saturn), and Sunday itself, as the name suggests, was the day of the Sun.

For us, though, each Sunday is the Day of the Son – the Son of God, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Each Sunday is a celebration of the Resurrection to New Life. This time of year, beginning with All Saints and All Souls, and running through at least to Remembrance Sunday, we Christians seem to focus a lot on death. It makes some think we are all too moribund, and that they'd prefer to focus on the fun of things like Halloween instead (much like how Carnival now completely overshadows Lent). But to commemorate those who have died, even if only for a short period of time in the year, is actually to celebrate life, particularly the resurrection life that is Christ's gift to all who believe.

The Eastern Orthodox Metropolitan (Archbishop) Anthony of Sourozh once put it this way: "Death is the touchstone of our attitude to life. People who are afraid of death are afraid of life. It is impossible not

Westerbork is witness to the love she felt called to give and, while she expressed her moral indignation against the perpetrators of her misery, she refused to succumb to bitterness and hatred. By living without hatred or bitterness, even in the concentration camps, she believed she was preparing the way for a kinder and more loving future, while remaining faithful to God within her.

She continuously wrote sagacious notes of advice to herself (and thus to us too) on ways of developing a deeper and richer spiritual life, and it is tempting to quote these but it is more tempting simply to invite you to read her for yourself.



To read Etty's Diary is to draw alongside her; to share in her physical and spiritual journey and, when the tragic circumstance of her biography forces a parting of the ways, we may recognize that Etty has inaugurated in our own biographical journey a spiritual transformation which attends to our own fears, bitterness and hatreds. We may recognize too a new courage to give our own lives to the services of love, and learn to see suffering and death as parts of life not to be feared. Above all, we may find inscribed in our heart and in our mind the love and address of God.

"Once you have begun to walk with God, you need only keep on walking with Him and all of life becomes one long stroll. ..."

"We lack a historical sense; forget that even those about to perish are part of history. I hate nobody. I am not embittered. And once the love of mankind has germinated in you it will grow without measure." (Etty pp.491-2)

By Dr Philip Knight



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.



A Scrap of Paper

Just a little scrap of paper
In a yellow envelope*,
And the whole world is
a ruin,
Even Hope.
By G.A. Studdert Kennedy
(see also page 16)

*Official notification of the death of a relative in battle came to the family in such envelopes.



Samhain

The winter quarter of Samhain (1 November to 31 January) brings the gifts of restoration and renewal. As the cold weather closes in, so the soul is led to more reflective depths. It is traditionally associated with the remembrance of the ancestors, with the coming of death and the conception of new life. In the human growth cycle, Samhain corresponds to the period of old age when wisdom, freedom of spirit and clarity are experienced. Samhain is a good time to celebrate the lives of all wise elders, all those whose actions and ideas have brought resolution and peace, all holy ones whose sacrifice have brought new life and opened spiritual thresholds to all.

*Celtic Devotional
by Caitlin Matthews*

O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be on this day. If I forget Thee, do not forget me.

*Jacob Astley, before the
battle of Edgehill*

attentive to all that surrounded her. In the process of writing the Diary, she discovered the metaphors by which she could articulate her rich, capacious and hospitable inner life she called her "soul's landscape". This she carried with her wherever she went. But her spiritual self-disciplining never runs against the grain of life. She never lost her sense of humour and, while she chides herself on many occasions for her lack of patience with herself, she is always a gentle guide through the spiritual life, ready to recognize the limits that being human places on our courage and fortitude. Consequently, she calls on us to learn to accept what she referred to as our pauses – times when our inner life goes temporarily awry – but never should we dwell on such moments. She also recognized that before any of us can love and understand others we must first love and understand ourselves. Love of self and love of others, for her, both deepen and originate in the love of God, which we can encounter in ourselves if we listen hard enough. Such listening she could only describe using the German word *hineinhorchen*. By this she meant an inner listening to oneself, to God, to others and to God in others, producing an inner awareness which generates a love of life and of humanity.

If a Saint is a person without fault, then Etty, by her own admission, is no Saint – her self-induced abortion and her contemporaneous sexual partnerships would, for many, bear testimony to that. If, however, a Saint is a vehicle through which the address of God becomes audible to us; one in whom the eternal was so present in life that it announces itself in them such that they may be said to live on in God even though they are dead, then, Etty qualifies indeed. Her life became one long dialogue with God in which she would drop to her knees in prayer whenever she needed the strength to go on in circumstances of oppression and suffering we struggle to imagine. Her voluntary service for her fellow sufferers in the concentration camp at

to be afraid of life with all its complexity and dangers if one is afraid of death. This means that to solve the problem of death is not a luxury. If we are afraid of death we will never be prepared to take ultimate risks; we will spend our life in a cowardly, careful and timid manner. It is only if we can face death, make sense of it, determine its place and our place in regard to it, that we will be able to live in a fearless way and to the fullness of our ability. Too often we wait until the end of our life to face death, whereas we would have lived quite differently if only we had faced death at the outset." May our annual remembrance of the departed breathe the new life of faith and thanksgiving at what Christ did into all of us.

Yours in Christ,
Sam Van Leer



Brooke Hospital for Animals, Part I

Horses played a crucial role in the 1916-17 Palestine Campaign but few survived unscathed, and peacetime provided only a brief respite.

The War Office declared that all 20,000 British war horses must be sold in Egypt, as there was no transport to ship them home. The British in Cairo and the RSPCA immediately protested, knowing only too well the conditions that draught animals faced in Egypt. A few officers from the Desert Mounted Corps took their favourite horses far out into the desert and shot them. But the rest were cast – the letter C was branded on their shoulder to show they were no longer fit for military service – and sold. For 11 years the fate of the war horses was ignored, then in 1930 Brig-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke was appointed to command the Cavalry Brigade in Egypt. He arrived in Cairo with his wife Dorothy, who was determined to discover if any of the horses were still alive.

(continued on page 9)

Figures of Speech

We never really grow up, we only learn how to act in public.

War does not determine who is right - only who is left.

Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit; wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.

The early bird might get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.

Evening news is where they begin with "Good evening", and then proceed to tell you why it isn't.

To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.

A bus station is where a bus stops. A train station is where a train stops. On my desk, I have a work station.

How is it one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?

Dolphins are so smart that within a few weeks of captivity, they can train people to stand on the very edge of the pool and throw them fish.

*Contributed by Blair
Charles*

Warning for Men: Words Women Use

(1) *Fine*: this is the word women use to end an argument when they are right and you need to keep quiet.

(2) *Five minutes*: if she is getting dressed this means half an hour.

Five minutes is only five minutes if you have just been given five more minutes to watch the big match before helping around the house.

(3) *Nothing*: this is the calm before the storm. This means something, and you should be on your toes. Arguments that begin with *nothing* usually end in *fine*.

(4) *Go ahead*: this is a dare, not permission. Don't do it!

(5) *Loud sigh*: this is a non-verbal statement often misunderstood by men. It means she wonders why she is wasting her time arguing with you about nothing (see 3).

(6) *That's okay*: one of the most dangerous statements a woman can make to a man. It means she wants to think long and hard before deciding how and when you will pay for your mistake.

Archdeaconry Synod 7-9 October 2010

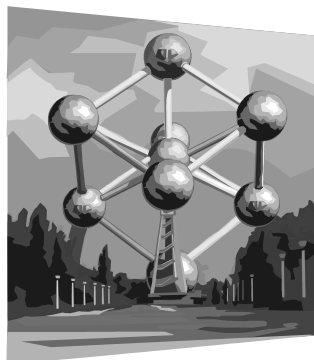
This year the Archdeaconry Synod was held in the city of Brussels in Belgium. The exact location was at the Maison Notre-Dame du Chant d'Oiseau, Centre of Formation. A splendid choice with excellent accommodation and situated in a lush and green part of Brussels.

From within the church of St Mary's Twente, the Revd Sam Van Leer and myself attended, and from Arnhem church, Chris Los and Maggie Vermeij. I am deeply appreciative of the opportunity to share with all of them, spiritually and socially.

One aspect that I enjoyed very much this year was the worship and the music. Both were very moving and I personally felt the Holy Spirit among us, and indeed upon reflection that is exactly how it should be.

The Archdeaconry Synod seemed indeed to encompass all the specifics of an Archdeaconry Synod: fellowship, worshipping together, stimulating input, discussions, producing output, and celebrating our corporate life and what God is doing among us.

Thursday evening began with the introduction to Bishop Geoffrey, guests and various chaplains within our Diocese. This provided us in the first instance with faces and their backgrounds, thus enabling us over the next couple of days to make further contacts. Among these guests were the Revd Adele Kelham, from Lausanne of Lake Geneva (women's ministry); Nick Thomas, chairman of the Healthy Vine Trust (Luweero project, Uganda); the Revd Brian Llewelyn from St George's church, Ypres; and the Revd Steve Axtell, from St Mary's, Rotterdam (and the Mission to



the outer world of everyday life, with all its joy and suffering, and the inner conflicts that introspection lays bare. In the process she created an ordered, disciplined life from what had been a chaotic jumble of conflicting drives and aspirations. The Diary records the transformation of a woman with a deep eroticism and vast intellect from a person with a self-confessed atheistic part to her, which meant she could not pray or say the name of God, into a woman who did both all the time. Above all, it records her spiritual growth from a person with self-centred desires and anxiety into a woman who used her disciplined life in the service of others, bringing what practical comforts and spiritual solace she could to those, like herself, marked out for death at Westerbork or Auschwitz.

Her prayers and her God were by no means conventional yet they sustained her in dire circumstances. "God", she says, is a metaphor for "an approach to our greatest and most continuous inner adventure", the adventure of life itself. She uses the word "God" to describe all that is "deepest and best in me" and when she prays she says she conducts a "dialogue with what is deepest inside me, which, for the sake of convenience I call God". Standing at the point where humanism, Judaism and Christianity meet she offers us a truly ecumenical vision of the religious future in which love of life transcends any fear of suffering and death we might have so long as we find the courage to accept them as an integral part of life's beauty.

"Life is beautiful and meaningful too. It is meaningful even in its meaninglessness, provided one makes room in one's life for everything, and accepts life as one indivisible whole ..." (Etty p.466)

Etty achieved her transformation, finding God's dwelling place within her, by disciplining her personality through prayer and meditation to be

that come our way. We feel as though we are worthless. But no matter what has happened or what will happen, you will never lose your value in God's eyes. Dirty or clean, crumpled or creased, you are still priceless to him."

—J. John & Mark Stibbe

Courage is almost a contradiction in terms. It means a strong desire to live taking the form of a readiness to die.

— G. K. Chesterton



From You I now learned that nothing is any more true because it is eloquent. Nor is anything any more false because it is explained through inelegant lips. Language is rich. Wisdom and folly are wholesome or unwholesome food, however, whether served on a regal or a rude platter. Whatever the skilfulness of the phrases that garnish it, either kind of meat can be served up on either kind of dish.

— The Confessions of St Augustine

True Value

A well known speaker started off his seminar by holding up a €50 note. In the room of 200, he asked, "Who would like this €50 note?" Hands started going up. He said, "I'm going to give this €50 to one of you but, first, let me do this. He proceeded to crumple up the €50 note. He then asked, "Who still wants it?" Still the hands were up in the air. "Well," he replied, "What if I do this?" And he dropped it on the ground and started to grind it into the floor with his shoe. He picked it up, now crumpled and dirty. "Now, who still wants it?" Still the hands went into the air. "My friends, we have all learned a very valuable lesson. No matter what I did to the money, you still wanted it because it did not decrease in value. It was still worth €50. Many times in our lives, we are dropped, crumpled, and ground into the dirt by the decisions we make and the circumstances.

Etty Hillesum (1914-1943)

"Sometimes the most important thing in a whole day is the rest between two deep breaths, or the turning inward in prayer for five short minutes." (Etty p.305)

Etty Hillesum was a secular Dutch Jew unattached to a synagogue but attached enough to her ethnic background to become one of the six million Jewish victims of the systematic human atrocity we call the Holocaust. On 30 November 1943, aged 29, Etty was murdered at Auschwitz. She left behind a remarkable document, her Diary, which along with letters she wrote from Westerbork Concentration Camp, was published unabridged in English in 2002.



Set against the relentless escalation of Nazi oppression of the Jews living in Holland, first against the running of their everyday lives, then deportation to Westerbork, where Etty voluntarily chose to work with the sick rather than go into hiding, and finally transportation and extermination at Auschwitz, Etty's Diary articulates her resilient and persistent love of life. On many levels Etty is writing a love story: between herself and her human lovers, between her and her family, friends and fellow prisoners in the concentration camps, and between her and all humanity. Encompassing these loves is the love between Etty and God: a love which stretches beyond her writing hand to enfold her readers too. In this love her own soul continues to grow even after her body had been given up to be burnt.

Described as "the most spiritually significant document of our age", Etty's Diary is, for Rowan Williams, "a *Confessions of St Augustine* for our own day". It expresses her innermost desires – sexual, literary, philosophical and spiritual – and allows us to relive her successful quest to find harmony between

Seafarers).

A special guest was the Revd Godfrey Kasana from Kampala in Uganda. Godfrey, a many-talented person (teacher, farmer, youth worker), thanked us warmly and most appreciatively for all the support and aid for the Luweero project and asked for our continued prayers. A very colourful and warm-hearted person, he spoke about his fear on his first-ever flight!

Friday morning began with worship, followed by a session entitled "What does Biblical wisdom literature teach us?" This was given by Prof. Ted van der Ende. God's gift of wisdom grows and develops all of our life, enabling us to make wise decisions. Reflections from his talk seemed apt at such a synod with decisions to be made.

The following session, entitled "What does the Bishop's recent survey teach us?", was the result of the recent survey within the chaplaincies. Information gathered from this survey is vital and necessary for the ongoing research and proposals of the Strategic Review Group (SRG) – in essence a review of the role and support of archdeacons in the Diocese.

The following session, entitled "Some possible theological implications of the Bishop's survey", was addressed by the Revd Mark Collinson and Bishop Geoffrey. Questions of incarnation, contextualization, inculturation, indigenization and ecumenism led to an enlightening discussion. A survey gives an idea of potential growth and therefore the church's belief in mission can be furthered.

A proposal for a working party to draw up guidelines for the support of students and political and economic refugees within the congregations of the Netherlands was accepted and approved.

(7) *Thanks*: a woman is thanking you; do not question or faint, just say "You're welcome". BUT if she says "Thanks a lot", this is sarcasm and she is not thanking you at all. Do not say "You're welcome" – that will bring on a *whatever*.

(8) *Whatever*: you're on the skids.

(9) *Don't worry, I'll do it*: another dangerous statement, meaning this is something that a woman has told a man to do several times but is now doing it herself. This will later result in a man asking "What's wrong?". For the woman's response see 3.



Cautionary Tale

TEACHER: George Washington not only chopped down his father's cherry tree, but also admitted it. Now, Louis, do you know why his father didn't punish him?
LOUIS: Because George still had the axe in his hand.
Contributed by Blair Charles

New Church Signs

Under the same management for over 2,000 years.

The best vitamin for a Christian is B1.

Come in and have your faith lifted.

You're not too bad to come in.
You're not too good to stay out.

Can't sleep? Try counting your blessings.

Aspire to inspire before you expire.

Try Jesus. If you don't like Him, the devil will always take you back.

Where will you be sitting in eternity? Smoking or non-smoking?
Contributed by Joop Prins

Mystery

If you want my final opinion on the mystery of life and all that, I can give it to you in a nutshell. The universe is like a safe to which there is a combination, but the combination is in the safe.

– Peter De Vries

One thing we were taught in school is that double negatives are a no-no.

In the following session, Bishop Geoffrey gave background information about the SRG, which had been set out as a recommendation of a synod motion at Cologne in 2006. Basically it has come about as a result of the enormous stress and overwork of the archdeacons within the diocese. A proposal to have four free-standing archdeacons with the support of area deans is what the group is working towards. Legal, financial, pastoral and funding issues are being looked at in the business section of the Synod. Debate and exchange of views, including the best and worst case scenarios regarding individual chaplaincy contributions, were looked at.

The Synod welcomed the work being undertaken by the SRG. A motion setting out this and the implications of the review was presented and passed.

The setting up of an Executive Committee of the Anglican Church in the Netherlands was also approved. This committee would represent the chaplaincies and congregations of the Netherlands in national and ecumenical relationships and also gather professional expertise in legal, financial and taxation matters.

In conclusion, an Archdeaconry Synod certainly gives an insight into the overall picture of the Anglican Church within the Diocese in Europe and into our Archdeaconry of North-West Europe (Belgium, Netherlands and Luxemburg). There are many aspects to look at and one realizes that we all have a role to play. We are all a part of the whole and each of us is as important as the next. It is our task to play out our role in truth and in wisdom and continue to give thanks for God's grace upon us.

Report by Pauline Talstra (Archdeaconry Representative, Twente)



It also seems to be a tradition that retiring clergy donate their robes for their successors, probably because it spares them a walk to the dustbin. So, a five-foot, 18-stone incumbent will leave a cassock for his six-foot, 10-stone successor – and then will let his disappointment be known that the new arrival is not using his kind gift. There will also be a spare 1960s nylon surplice hanging on the back of the vestry door, to remind you that, should you ever forget your own, then this is the horror you will be obliged to wear throughout Evensong.

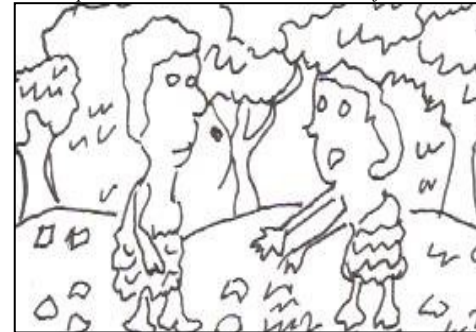
Notices on the walls will tell you that marriage fees in the 1920s were seven shillings and sixpence, and that Communion wine can be obtained from a shop that closed down a generation ago. There will also be a copy of the prayer of thanksgiving to be used on the relief of Mafeking.

My only advice is to remove your bike before it gets bundled up with the Scouts' tents – although you may try claiming that the engine oil was brought in for anointing the sick.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

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Adam, will you please tidy your clothes up!!

“Oh, she's up on the roof, but the fire brigade are getting her down.”

First Aid?

Two hunters are out in the woods when one of them collapses. He doesn't seem to be breathing and his eyes are glazed. The other man pulls out his cell phone and calls the emergency services. He gasps to the operator: “My friend has collapsed. He's not moving; I think he's dead! What can I do?” The operator in a calm, soothing voice replies: “Take it easy. I can help. First, let's make sure he's dead.” There is a short silence, and then a shot is heard. Back on the phone, the hunter says, “OK, now what?”

The trouble with jogging is that by the time you realize that you're not in good shape, it's too far to walk back.

Life's like riding a bicycle – you've got to keep moving.
– Isaac Newton

Gently Does It

A bachelor kept a cat for companionship, and loved his cat dearly. He was planning a trip abroad and he entrusted the cat to his brother's care. As soon as he arrived at his destination, he rang his brother. "How is my cat?" he asked. "Your cat is dead." His brother replied. "Oh my," he exclaimed. "Did you have to tell me that way?" "How else can I tell you that your cat is dead?" asked his brother. "You should have led me up to it gradually," said the bachelor. "For example, when I called tonight you could have told me that my cat was on the roof, but the fire brigade are getting him down. When I called tomorrow night, you could have told me that they dropped him and he broke some bones, but a fine surgeon is doing all that he can for him. Then, when I called on the third night, you could have told me the surgeon did all that he could but my cat has passed away. That way it wouldn't have been such a shock. By the way," he continued, "How's Mother?" "Mother?" queried his brother.

St James the Least of All

Beware what lurks in the church vestry ...

My dear Nephew Darren, I am unsurprised that the cleaning lady took exception to you dismantling your motorbike in the church vestry. Clergy vestries are the final repositories of rotting hymn books, ancient cassocks with a certain aroma, buckets with holes in which are kept "just in case", and dead animals in various states of decomposition; but they are no place for bike chains, disc brakes and inner tubes.



I will concede that vestries seem to attract all those objects no one quite knows what to do with, but which parishioners can't bear to throw away, as iron filings race towards a magnet. But flower arrangers looking for space for boxes of twine, decorators hoping to store cribs and Easter gardens, and choirmasters for overspill for anthems must be repelled vigorously.

Only hardy souls should enter a vestry. You will be confronted with all of your predecessors staring down at you reproachfully. The most recent, in colour, will stare smugly, knowing full well that you cannot equal their standards. Earlier incumbents, in black and white, will look mildly reproachful, reminding you that your abilities have fallen well short of their intellectual stature. Those from previous centuries, hand drawn and looking as if they have recently ingested a pint of vinegar, will tell you that, whoever you are and whatever you may become, you are a disappointment. I am already rehearsing my own look of pained forgiveness for my leaving photo that will stare down on my own successor and perpetually irritate him.

(Continued from page 5)

After weeks of enquiry, she found her first English horse. "I shall never forget the shock he gave me," she wrote in her diary. "He was without exception the most dreadful-looking horse I have ever seen in my life." There were perhaps 200 such horses still alive, and Dorothy Brooke decided that she must try and put an end to their misery. In a letter to the *Morning Post*, she graphically described their wretched fate. Three weeks later armfuls of letters and cheques began to arrive, the Civil War Horse Fund was officially opened, and a "buying committee" of knowledgeable and influential people was formed.

Six months after her arrival in Egypt, Dorothy Brooke was ready to begin. Temporary stabling was provided by the Cairo SPCA, and every Thursday the committee sat in the shade as shuffling lines of broken-down old cavalry horses were produced for inspection. "It is a heart-breaking business and one that I dread beyond all words," she wrote. "If only a green English field would miraculously appear outside that blistering dusty yard."

During the next four years Dorothy Brooke traced and bought no fewer than 5,000 English war horses, and ensured that the very few remaining in Egypt were in comparatively good hands. Her formidable determination overcame numerous obstacles and quantities of red tape. She negotiated with government ministries, organized fund-raising campaigns, spent weeks scouring the slums of Cairo for larger stables, and arranged a permanent police guard for them.

When the war-horse campaign drew to a close in 1934, the suffering and misery of the thousands of native-bred horses, donkeys and mules all too obviously remained. So Mrs Brook established her stables as the Old War Horse Memorial Hospital, later re-named the Brooke Hospital for Animals, and began the work that 50 years later is still expanding.

From *Country Life*, November 1984 (abridged)
Contributed by Count Alfred Solms

Rush Hour

I was in a rush to catch a train for an urgent appointment so I hailed a passing taxi. "Can you get me to Central Station for the two o'clock train to the North," I asked the driver. "No problem," he answered, "Step right in." Then began the most hair-raising ride of my life as we hurtled round corners and shot through a couple of red lights. "Hey, what are you doing? Those lights were red," I protested. "Oh, you don't have to worry about those. My brother has a fleet of taxis and he never stops for red lights. Never had an accident yet." Gritting my teeth, I steeled myself for the rest of the journey but was more than a little thankful to see the station looming up ahead. Suddenly the taxi driver violently slammed on the brakes. "But the traffic lights are green!" I exclaimed. "Exactly," replied the driver, "and you never know when my brother might be coming the other way."

You're only as old as you feel ... the next day.

7th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
Third Sunday before Advent	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	First Reading Caroline Siertsema	Job 19:23-27a
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Hans Siertsema	2 Thessalonians 2:1-5, 13-17
	Gospel	Luke 20:27-38

28th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
First Sunday of Advent	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Philippa te West
	First Reading Arthur Cass	Isaiah 2:1-5
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Blair Charles	Romans 13:11-14
	Gospel	Matthew 24:36-44

14th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
Second Sunday before Advent	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Joy Romeijn
	First Reading Philippa te West	Malachi 4:1-2a
10:30 am Service of Remembrance	Second Reading Joyce Wigboldus	2 Thessalonians 3:6-13
	Gospel	Luke 21:5-19



5th December	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
Second Sunday of Advent	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	First Reading Janice Collins	Isaiah 11:1-10
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Arjen Haffmans	Romans 15:4-13
	Gospel	Matthew 3:1-12

21st November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
Last Sunday before Advent Christ the King	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	First Reading Simone Yallop	Jeremiah 23:1-6
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Linda ten Berge	Colossians 1:11-20
	Gospel	Luke 23:33-43

12th December	Celebrant &	Revd Sam Van Leer
Third Sunday of Advent	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Chaplain
	Sevice of Nine Lessons & Carols 10:30 am	The Nine Lessons Various Readers

