

No Admittance

A man goes into a bar with his dog and asks for a drink. The bartender says, "You can't bring that dog in here!" Without missing a beat, the man says, "This is my guide dog."

"Oh, I'm sorry," replies the bartender, "Here, the first one's on me."

The man takes his drink and goes to a table near the door.

Another man walks into the bar with a dog. The first customer stops him and says, "You can't bring that dog in here unless you say it's a guide dog." The second man thanks him for the tip, goes to the bar and asks for a drink.

The bartender says, "Hey, you can't bring that dog in here!"

"But this is my guide dog," comes the ready answer.

The bartender says, "Well, I don't think so. They don't use Chihuahuas as guide dogs."



"What?" exclaims the man. "They gave me a Chihuahua!"

(Continued from page 13)

the hunchback, "but we don't have a phone. My master is a doctor; come in and I will get him!"

Bob brings his wife in. An older man comes down the stairs. "I'm afraid my assistant may have misled you. I'm not a medical doctor; I'm a scientist. However, it's many miles to the nearest clinic, and I have had a basic medical training. I'll see what I can do. Igor, bring them down to the laboratory."

With that, Igor picks up Betty and carries her downstairs, with Bob following closely. He places Betty on a table. Bob collapses from exhaustion and his own injuries, so Igor places him on an adjoining table. After a brief examination, Igor's master looks worried. "Things are serious, Igor. Prepare a transfusion." Igor and his master work feverishly, but to no avail. Bob and Betty Hill are no more. The Hills' deaths upset Igor's master greatly. Wearily, he climbs the steps to his conservatory, which houses his grand piano, for it is here that he has always found solace. He begins to play, and a stirring, almost haunting melody fills the house.

Meanwhile Igor is still in the lab tidying up. His eyes catch movement, and he notices the fingers on Betty's hand twitch, keeping time to the haunting music. Stunned, he watches as Bob's arm begins to rise, marking the beat! He is further amazed as Betty and Bob both sit up straight! Unable to contain himself, he dashes up the stairs to the conservatory. He bursts in and shouts to his master: "Master, Master! The Hills are alive with the sound of music!"



*I am sooo sorry, but you really should've
seen that one coming!*
Blair Charles



December
2010



January
2011

The Bishop's Christmas Message 2010

Not long ago I came across a Christmas meditation by Michael Stancliffe, a fine preacher whose ministry encompassed time as Speaker's Chaplain in the House of Commons, and later as Dean of Winchester. In this meditation he points out that the Christmas story is concerned with small things.

"At the heart of it is a human being at its smallest, and that newborn child is surrounded by no greatness – no palace, no pomp, no grand people. Nor had the first to join that little group anything impressive about them – shepherds on night duty don't look princely – and it was only later that more imposing personages put in an appearance. Christians believe that what happened in that small setting was of cosmic significance."

The birth of Jesus at Bethlehem which we celebrate at Christmas is the burning glass which concentrates in the vulnerable fragility of a new-born child the immensity of the Divine Love by which all things were made and which holds the vastness of the universe in being. What is God like? God is like – indeed God is – this totally dependent, tiny bundle of life. That bundle of life grew unseen in Mary's womb, and that unseen growth to birth was also where God was. In *Once in Royal David's City* we sing of the child of Bethlehem that *day by day like us he grew* – but like us that growth was from the moment of conception, from before being born as well as the child growing to maturity. The real Feast of the Incarnation, of God emptying himself and coming down to the lowest part of our need, is not Christmas, the Feast of the Nativity, but the Feast of the Annunciation, of God taking our human nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin. When Christians hail Mary as the *Theotokos*, "the God-bearer", it is because it was her unique vocation to be the one in whose body God chose to dwell, to be one with us. As an ancient hymn puts it:

*How blest that Mother in whose shrine,
The great Artificer divine,
Whose hands did frame the earth and sky,
Vouchsafed as in an ark to lie.*



Twente News

Weldam Hunting Lodge

This issue brings you information on our temporary move to Weldam Hunting Lodge while the renovation work is in progress at St Mary's Chapel. The first service at the new location will be held on 16 January 2011. Duly armed with the map and information on pages 14 and 15, we

shall surely be able to accomplish our "missionary journey" without any significant hitch. Shipwrecks in the Twente Canal will be laid fairly and squarely at the door of a defective TomTom!

Message (1)

Dear friends at St Mary's, Thank you all for your best wishes and prayers over the past weeks. Your heart-warming interest has been of great support to me, both in the time leading up to my operation and afterwards during my convalescence.

With kind regards and blessings to you all,
Cor Bosma

Message (2)

Mr and Mrs Metcalfe of Lytham in Lancashire (UK), who regularly visit Weldam during the summer, would like to send their best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to the congregation of St Mary's. Our thanks go to Mrs Kathleen Rusius for being the bearer of these seasonal greetings, and we, in our turn, look forward to welcoming Mr and Mrs Metcalfe again to our services on their next visit.

Jumble Sale

The coffers of the Flower Guild have received a financial injection to the tune of €104, courtesy of the well-attended jumble sale held on 7 November. Many thanks to all who contributed to its success by bringing, buying, serving, displaying – indeed in a multi-

*But there was no information, and so we
continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say)
satisfactory.
All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I have seen birth
and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth
was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our
death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old
dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.*

By T.S. Eliot



literature. Recalling his journey in old age, the speaker – one of the magi – says that the birth of Christ signalled the death of his world of magic and astrology. A number of symbolist elements are included in the poem, for example the single image of the "three trees against a low sky" implying the crucifixion.



Song of Samhain

I am the hallow-tide of
all souls passing,
I am the bright releaser
of all pain
I am the quickener of the
fallen seed-case,
I am the glance of snow,
the strike of rain.

I am the hollow of the
winter twilight,
I am the hearth-fire and
the welcome bread,
I am the curtained awning
of the pillow,
I am unending wisdom's
golden thread.

Healthy Old Age

I don't do drugs or alcohol ... I find I get the same effect just standing up really fast.

Clock Watching

A minister was heard to say it didn't bother him at all if his members looked at their watches during his sermons. Still, he had to confess that, when someone not only looked at his watch but also held it up to his ear to see if it was still going, well, that was a different matter.

Donation

Father O'Malley answers the phone.
"Hello, is this Father O'Malley?"
"It is."
"This is the Inland Revenue Department. Can you help us?"
"I can."
"Do you know a Ted Houlihan?"
"I do."
"Is he a member of your congregation?"
"He is."
"Did he donate €10,000 to the church?"
"He will!"

Poetry and Prose

T.S. Eliot (Thomas Stearns) (1888-1965) was born in St Louis, Missouri, to a distinguished family that originally came from New England. He studied Philosophy at Harvard and, after obtaining his MA, studied for a year at the Sorbonne in Paris. Further studies took him back to Harvard, to Germany, and, with the outbreak of World War I, to Oxford. Recognized as a major poet of the 20th century, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1948.

In 1927 he was baptized and confirmed in the Anglican Church, the same year he became a British subject. He became a Warden of his parish church, St Stephen's, Gloucester Road, London.

The Journey of the Magi was published in 1930, and is characterized by that sense of alienation that was a hallmark of early 20th century

The Journey of the Magi
"A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter."
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and
women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of
shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty, and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.
Then at dawn we came down to a temperate
valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating
the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the
meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over
the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of
silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.

Reminder

A small Christmas market will be held after the Service of Nine Lessons & Carols on 12 December. If you are willing to make or bake cakes or other delicacies for the stall, please add your name to the list in the hut. Forgotten to sign the list? Not to worry, your contribution will still be greatly appreciated.



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.

Children's Corner

A Light to Welcome

Just 30 years ago people only had decorated trees and a few paper-chains at Christmas, but now we have wreaths on the front door; outdoor lights in gardens; and the most recent addition, those arched candle-sticks with seven or more electric candles to stand on windowsills. This custom came to us from Scandinavia. The story is that in the weeks before Christmas, like that first Christmas nearly 2,000 years ago, Mary and Joseph wander the world looking for a place where they will be safe. They look for a welcome light in the window. And that is why we put the lights in our window: to invite the Holy Family into our homes at the darkest and coldest part of the year. The candles say that Christ is welcome in our homes, to be born in our hearts, and that we invite him to stay with us – not just for Christmas but for all time.



Answers: 1 starboard 2 starling 3 starch 4 stare
5 Stars & Stripes 6 starter 7 startled

Waiting Game

I was having dinner with Garry Kasparov the other day and there was a check tablecloth. It took him two hours to pass the salt!



Sky Lights

Stars are another source of light and the wise men and shepherds followed a star to the baby Jesus. The answers to this quiz all start with the letters STAR, so can you say which star is:

1. the right-hand side of a ship?
2. a bird?
3. used to stiffen things?
4. to look with wide open eyes?
5. the US flag?
6. someone who sets a race off?
7. suddenly surprised?

Couple of Crackers

What do donkeys send out near Christmas?

Mule-tide greetings

What athlete is warmest in winter?

A long jumper.

Easier on the Sofa

Host: Of which hot drink is "eat" an anagram?

Contestant: Hot chocolate?
– *The Weakest Link, BBC1*

Host: What is the Italian word for "motorway"?

Contestant: Espresso.
– *Steve Wright In The Afternoon, Radio 2*

Host: The action of which Shakespeare play takes place between dusk on January 5 and dawn on January 6?

Contestant: A Midsummer Night's Dream.
– *The Weakest Link*

Host: Which classical composer became deaf in later life: Ludwig van...?

Contestant: Van Gogh.
– *BBC Radio Nottingham*

Host: Do you know where Cambridge University is?

Contestant [laughing]: No, geography is not my strong point.

Host: There's a clue in its title.

Contestant: Er... Leicester?
– *Beg, Borrow Or Steal, BBC2*

Host: How many kings of England have been called Henry?

Contestant: Well, I know Henry VIII. So, um, three?
– *The James O'Brien Show, LBC*

(Continued from page 1)

It is because God is with us as unborn life before he is with us as the child of Bethlehem that we rightly are concerned to reverence unborn life, and to protest at the attitudes so prevalent in our society which regards such life as disposable.

William Blake saw eternity in a grain of sand. Julian of Norwich saw all that was made as a small hazelnut. We see the love of God in this vulnerable child, and, as a wonderful prayer puts it, *knowing the love of God made visible, we are caught up into the love of the God we cannot see*. In our human experience of love we at one and the same time know most fully the person whom we love and who loves us, and at the same time know that this is a mystery which can never be fully known, never fully expressed in words. Charles Williams, the friend of C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien liked to say that we ought to pause over how we so easily speak of "being in love" and remember that in saying this we are saying no less that we are held *in* love. At Christmas as we come to adore the God who reaches out to us in the weakness and humility of a child, we are in an even greater way held in love, the love which came down at Christmas and which is far greater than anything that we can imagine or express. As so often the poets point us to the heart of the matter, as Richard Crawshaw does in his *Hymn of the Nativity*:

*Welcome all wonders in our sight
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in Man;
Great little one! Whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.*

And what is this about? Christopher Smart asks "where is this stupendous stranger?" and finds his Lord and Saviour in a manger.

our ecclesiastical arctic climate, was shivering so violently, he dropped the rings down the grid. There had to be a half-hour pause while the grating was removed and the groom, holding the best man's legs, lowered him into the hole to fish for them, lost among choirmen's peppermints and the organ tuner's cigarette ends.

In future, I have decided that wedding rehearsals should be full dress rehearsals. The bride, in a hooped dress, was 4 feet wide; the vestry door is 3 feet wide. Getting in to sign the registers was fairly easy, as the bride, a game girl, took a run up along the chancel and so built up enough momentum. Her exit was more difficult, but with the combined pushing of groom and bridesmaids, she re-emerged into church like a cork out of a bottle – demolishing the second pedestal of flowers in the chancel.

Married life, they say, is not always a bed of roses, but hers has certainly begun that way.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

©The Revd Dr Gary Bowness



Key Dates

16 January 2011	First service in Hunting Lodge
31 January 2011	Twente Council Meeting
28 February 2011	Twente Council Meeting
9 March 2011	Ash Wednesday
17 March 2011	ENG C Annual Meeting
27 March 2011	Twente AGM
3 April 2011	Mothering Sunday
17 April 2011	Palm Sunday
24 April 2011	Easter Sunday
2 June 2011	Ascension Day



Wait and See

Although Bob and Jimmy were very fortunate in that they each had a season ticket to watch Manchester United, they had a friend, Eddie, who would give his right arm for season ticket. They could not help noticing that there was always a spare seat (L39) next to theirs. At half-time one day, Bob went to the ticket office and asked if they could buy the season ticket for L39. "Sorry," said the club official, "but that seat has already been sold." Nevertheless, week after week L39 was still empty.

Come Boxing day, much to Bob and Jimmy's amazement the seat was taken for the first time that season. Jimmy could not resist asking the newcomer, "Where on earth have you been all season?" "Don't ask," he replied darkly. "The wife bought the season ticket back last summer, but kept it as a surprise Christmas present!"

Of course I have played outdoor games. I once played dominoes in an open air café in Paris.

– Oscar Wilde

Reasons Why Santa Claus has to be a Woman!

Men can't pack a bag.

Men would rather be dead than caught wearing red velvet.

Men don't answer their mail.

Men don't think about buying gifts till Christmas Eve, when it's too late.

Men refuse to stop and ask for directions when they get lost.

Finally, men aren't interested in stockings unless somebody's wearing them.

Home Truth

A minister told his congregation, "Next week I plan to preach about the sin of lying. To help you understand my sermon, I want you all to read Mark 17." The following Sunday, looking down from the pulpit, the minister asked for a show of hands. He wanted to know how many had actually read Mark 17. Every hand went up. The minister smiled and said, "As Mark has only 16 chapters, I think now is a good time to begin my sermon."

St James the Least of All

On the perils of brides in churches

My dear Nephew Darren,



Our final wedding of the year was perhaps a little more memorable than any of us had anticipated. It was a charming scene, with everywhere covered in snow – although a good job the bride had a bouquet of red roses, otherwise no one would have been able to find her.

As the photographer, bridesmaids and I stood at the lych-gate, the bridal car arrived, braked – and carried on, sliding down the lane sideways and into the neighbouring farmyard. Fortunately, Mr Jones was there to use his tractor to pull it out of the mud.

Our verger, having attended the diocesan verger's guild Christmas party the night before, arrived late and did not have time to clear the church path. The path being on an incline and bridal pumps not being equal to the task, the bride made a dramatic entrance into church backwards and on her bottom, demolishing the flower pedestal by the door in the process. Fortunately the petals stuck to the large patch of mud on her behind, making the congregation speculate throughout the service why she had a large floral cushion attached to her dress.

Our organist did not please the bride's mother by changing the wedding march to the *Skater's Waltz* as her daughter reeled up the aisle. He is still under a cloud from last week's funeral for our local butcher, when he played at the end of the service *Bach's Sheep May Safely Graze*.

At St James the Least, the best man stands over a large heating grid. The poor soul, unaccustomed to

*O most Mighty! O MOST HOLY!
Far beyond the seraph's thought,
Art thou then so mean and lowly
As unheeded prophets taught?*

He comes at last to the truth and the mystery of Bethlehem.

*God all-bounteous, all-creative,
Whom no ills from good dissuade,
Is incarnate, and a native
Of the very world he made.*

As God gives himself into the world in love, so he gives himself in love into our lives, sharing his life with us in the Bread and Wine of the Eucharist, that we may be transformed into his likeness and be the bearers of his love into the world he created and sustains. A more recent Christian poet, R.S. Thomas, writes of communion at a Hill Christmas in Wales.

*They came over the snow to the bread's
Purer snow, fumbled it in their huge
hands, put their lips to it
like beasts, stared into the dark chalice
where the wine shone, felt it sharp
on their tongue, shivered as at a sin
remembered, and heard love cry
momentarily in their hearts' manger.*

This Christmas, as we come to worship and adore the Child who is Emmanuel, God-with-us, and receive him in the Eucharist, may his love cry in the manger of our hearts, transform our lives and strengthen us to live and pray for the peace of the world and the unity of the holy churches of God.

May God bless you, and may you, and all for whom you love and care, have a holy and a joyful Christmas.

+Geoffrey Gibraltar



Host: In the 1940s, which politician was responsible for the welfare state: William . . . who?
Contestant: The Conqueror.
– *The Weakest Link*

Host: Which British prime minister famously said: 'We have become a grandmother'?
Contestant: John Major.
– *The Weakest Link*

Host: Who is the only Marx brother that remained silent throughout all their films?
Contestant: Karl.
– *The Weakest Link*

Host: What "L" do you make in the dark, when you don't consider the consequences?
Contestant: Love?
Host: No, I'm sorry, I'm afraid the actual answer was "leap".
– *Blockbusters, ITV*

From Universally
Challenged by Wendy Roby

Make It Last

I'm in a great mood tonight because the other day I entered a competition and I won a year's supply of Marmite . . . one jar.

100 Points

A man dies and goes to heaven. St Peter meets him at the pearly gates. St Peter says, "Here's how it works. You need 100 points to make it into heaven. You tell me all the good things you've done, and I give you a certain number of points for each item, depending on how good it was. When you reach 100 points, you get in."

"Okay," the man says, "I attended church every Sunday."

"That's good," says St Peter, "that's worth two points."

"Two points?" he says. "Well, I gave 10% of all my earnings to the church."

"Well, let's see," answers Peter, "that's worth another two points. Did you do anything else?"

"Two points? Golly. How about this: I started a soup kitchen in my city and worked in a shelter for homeless veterans."

"Fantastic, that's certainly worth a point," came the response.

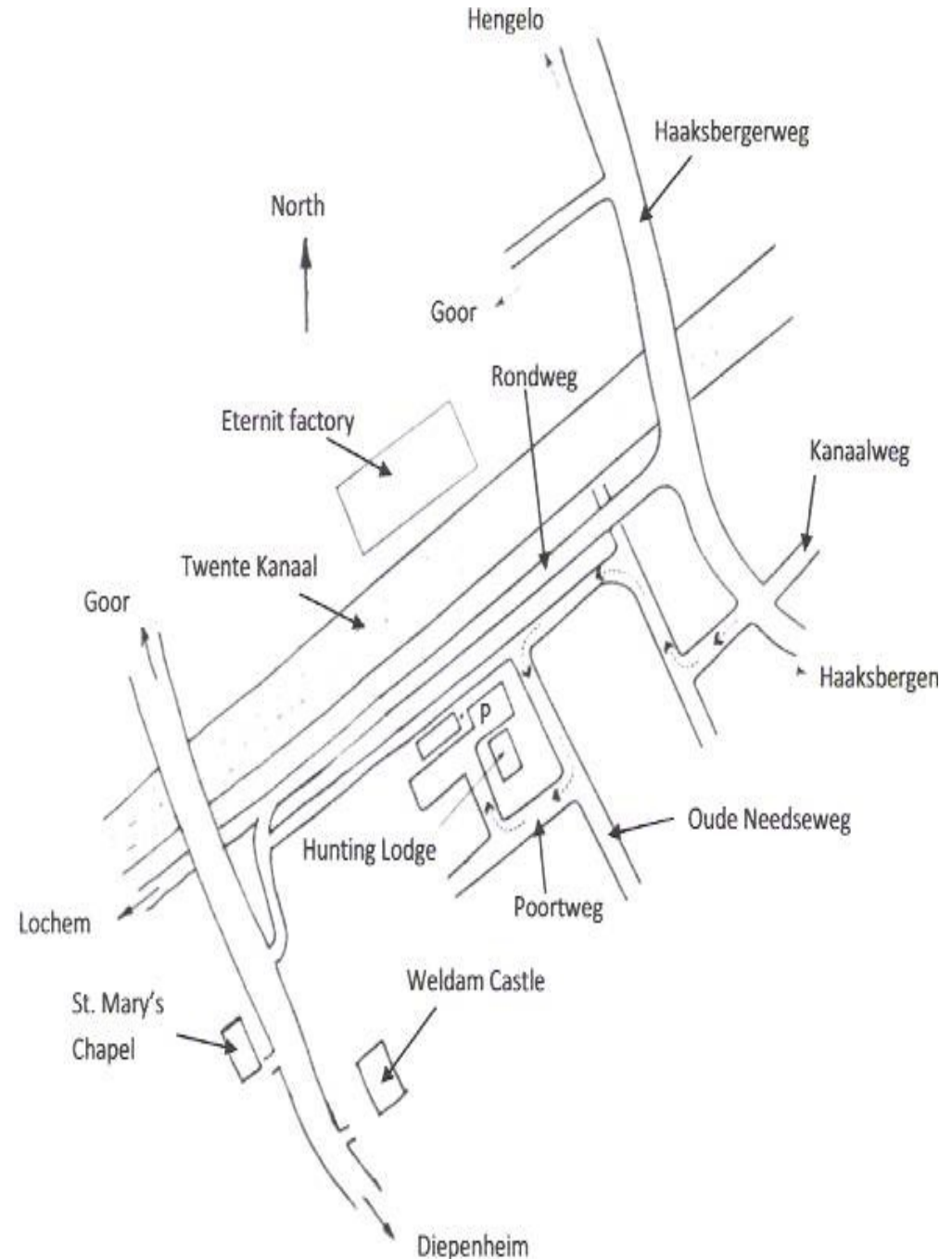
"hmmm ..." the man says, "I was married to the same woman for 50 years and never cheated on her, even in my heart."

Renewing Our Covenant

With respect to the monthly *Chaplain's Message*, I defer to Bishop Geoffrey, who has sent us his own deeply reflective and inspiring Christmas message this month. For my part, I only wish to call your attention to the wonderful variety of services we celebrate together, not only in December (Carols, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, etc.), but also in January (Epiphany, Baptism of Christ, Covenant Sunday, Candlemas, etc.). In particular, I wanted to give focus to **Covenant Sunday, on 23 January 2011.**

This annual service, begun by John Wesley, an ordained Anglican whose followers went on to found the Methodist Church, has become a much-loved liturgy where the people renew their covenant with a generous, loving God. At its heart is a covenant prayer which finds new expression in our Church of England Common Worship Liturgy thus:

*I am no longer my own, but yours.
Your will, not mine, be done in all things, wherever you may place me,
in all that I do and in all that I may endure;
when there is work for me and where there is none;
when I am troubled and when I am at peace.
Your will be done when I am valued and when I am disregarded;
when I find fulfilment and when it is lacking;
when I have all things, and when I have nothing.
I willingly offer all I have and am to serve you, as and where you choose.
Glorious and blessed God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
you are mine and I am yours.
May it be so for ever. Let this covenant now made on earth be fulfilled in heaven. Amen.*



Appearances

One day a factory security guard stopped a worker who was walking out of the factory gate, pushing a wheelbarrow with a suspicious-looking package in it. The guard opened up the package to find that it contained nothing but some old bits of rubbish, sawdust and sweepings from the floor.

The next day he stopped the same worker who once again was pushing a wheelbarrow containing a suspicious-looking package. Once more it contained nothing of value.

After the same thing had happened many days in succession, the guard finally said to the worker, "Okay, I give up. I know you must be up to something but I don't know what it is. I promise I won't arrest you, but please put me out of my misery. Tell me what you are stealing."

The worker looked at the guard and smiled as he replied, "Wheelbarrows, my friend, I'm stealing wheelbarrows."

IMPORTANT NOTICE

After the service on 9th January 2011, St Mary's Chapel will be closed for renovation work, so that a new under-floor heating system can be installed there. The works will take at least two months, during which time our services will be held in the Weldam Hunting Lodge, just off the Twente Kanaal and opposite the Eternit Plant. The exact address is Poortweg 2, 7475MK Markelo.

This location has toilet facilities and space for coffee after the services, as well as ample parking space around the building.

Sunday Services will take place at the usual time of 10:30 am.

The Chaplain, Wardens and Sides-persons will be happy to welcome you at the first service in the Hunting Lodge on Sunday 16th of January, 2011.

We are greatly indebted to Count Alfred for providing us with the use of the Hunting Lodge.

Driving Directions to Hunting Lodge

- A** St Mary's Chapel, Diepenheimseweg 102
1. Head north on Diepenheimseweg/N824 (270 m)
 2. Take the exit (400 m)
 3. Turn right toward Oude Needseweg (1.3 km)
 4. Turn right at Oude Needseweg (240 m)
 5. Take the 1st right onto Poortweg (120 m)
- B** Hunting Lodge, Poortweg 2, on the right

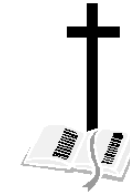
Maps and route descriptions can also be found on the website www.anglicanchurchwente.com

Early in a New Year, when we usually reflect on our goals and commitments, it is right that we should recall the covenant we have with our loving God, a covenant of mutual love and service.

I look forward to

Sunday, January 23rd,
and ask you to mark it with me.

Yours in Christ,
Sam Van Leer



Brooke Hospital for Animals, Part II

(Continued from November issue)

Mrs Brooke continued to run the hospital until her death in 1955, when a London committee was formed to cope with general administration and fund-raising. The hospital is still totally dependent upon private donations.

The Brooke Hospital's policy has remained unaltered since 1934. Animals are brought in voluntarily by their owners and given free veterinary treatment and stabling until fit to work again. When necessary, a subsistence allowance is paid to the owner until his animal is returned.

The approach to treatment is as much preventative as remedial, and great trouble is taken to explain treatments and to convince owners that proper care and early attention to their animal's injuries make sound economic sense.

Visiting the hospital wards, I thought [...] of the generations of animals that – owing to the original inspiration of Dorothy Brooke – have been saved agonizing and lingering deaths.

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

"That's wonderful," says St Peter, "that's worth three points!" "Three points!" the man cries, "At this rate the only way I'll get into heaven is by the grace of God!" "Come on in!"

Sympathetic Visitor

A big, burly man visited the vicarage and asked to see vicar's wife, a woman well known for her charitable impulses. "Madam," he said in a broken voice, "I wish to draw your attention to the terrible plight of a poor family in this district. The father is dead, the mother is too ill to work, and the nine children are starving. They are about to be turned into the cold empty streets unless someone pays their rent, which amounts to €400."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the vicar's wife. "May I ask who you are?"

The sympathetic visitor applied his handkerchief to his eyes. "I'm the landlord," he sobbed.

Watch What You Say

My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll see about that!

No Room at the Inn?

A group of chess enthusiasts checked into a hotel and were standing in the lobby discussing their recent tournament victories. After about an hour, the manager came out of the office and asked them to disperse. "But why?" they asked, as they moved off. "Because," replied the manager, "I can't stand chess nuts boasting in an open foyer."

Common Complaint

"Doctor, I can't stop singing the *Green Green Grass of Home*."
"That sounds like Tom Jones syndrome," answered the doctor.
"Is it common?" I asked.
"It's not unusual," he replied.

Ding Dong

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
Three mice ran up the clock,
The clock struck one ...



And the other two got away with minor injuries.

Church Warden

When I became a warden some 18 months ago, the Dutch family wanted to know what the job meant. When I mentioned the aspects of preparing for the services on Sundays, they quickly concluded: "Ah yes, verger's duties", upon which I felt it necessary to add that, however important these duties were, there was more to it than just that. They seemed only half-convinced.

The Wardens' training one Saturday in Utrecht and the book that came with it, called *Churchwardens, A Survival Guide*, on the other hand, gave the impression that I had got myself involved in a project of some substance.

I was lucky to have mentors in Nettie van de Weerd and especially Blair Charles, whose relaxed and off-hand attitude did much to alleviate fears.

Yes, it can be a bit daunting at times, when one must improvise when weather conditions prevent essential people from turning up, when things go wrong or when too many things need one's attention. But how gratifying when people never fail to assist when the going gets rough and how wonderful the relief when even services with some hitches come to a good end.

It really is a privilege to be called to do this job, to play a part in the running of the church and to have responsibilities of this nature even when one is retired. I especially like the aspect of being the eyes and ears of the church, to solve little problems when and where they arise and to be a servant of the church. The work behind the scenes that wardens and others do make the procedures seem to go like clockwork for the congregation.

By *Everhard Ottens*

Fireside Tale

The well-loved story A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens has fostered a surprising number of our UK Christmas traditions: the celebratory dinner of roast turkey, Christmas pudding and mulled wine, presents to family and friends, all against a background of holly, snow, pealing church bells and jolly carol singers. Less traditional but never amiss comes the gathering round the crackling log fire in the evening – the flames casting phantasmagorical shadows – for a spine-tingling tale of the unexpected. Be warned ... the following was contributed by Blair Charles!

Bob Hill and his new wife Betty Hill were vacationing in Europe, as it happens, near Transylvania. They were driving in a rental car along a rather deserted highway. It was late and raining very hard. Bob could barely see the road in front of the car. Suddenly the car skids out of control! Bob attempts to control the car, but to no avail! The car swerves and smashes into a tree. Moments later, Bob shakes his head to clear the fog. Dazed, he looks over at the passenger seat and sees his wife, unconscious. Despite the rain and unfamiliar countryside, Bob knows he has to get her medical assistance. He carefully picks his wife up and begins trudging down the road. After a short while, he sees a light. He heads towards the light, which is coming from a large, old house. He approaches the door and knocks. A minute passes. A small, hunched man opens the door. Bob immediately blurts, "Hello; my name is Bob Hill and this is my wife Betty. We've been in a terrible accident, and she has been seriously hurt. May I please use your phone?" "I'm sorry," replies



(Continued on page 20)

Music According to Kids

Refrain means don't do it. A refrain in music is the part you better not try to sing.

A virtuoso is a musician with real high morals.

John Sebastian Bach died from 1750 to the present.

Handel was half German, half Italian, and half English. He was rather large.

Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling him. I guess he could not hear so good. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died from this.

Henry Purcell is a well known composer few people have ever heard of.

Contributed by *Cathie Warmink (NRC 16-11-99)*

Parsifal is the kind of opera that starts at 6 o'clock. After it has been going on for three hours you look at your watch and it says 6.20.


– *David Randolph*

23rd January	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
HUNTING LODGE	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Covenant Sunday Epiphany 3	Intercessor	Philippa te West
	First Reading Joy Romeijn	Isaiah 9:1-4
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Caroline Siertsema	1 Corinthians 1:10-16
	Gospel	Matthew 4:12-23

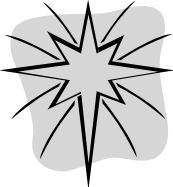
30th January	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
HUNTING LODGE	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Candlemas	Intercessor	Joyce Wigboldus
	First Reading Hans Siertsema	Malachi 3:1-5
10:30 am Sung Eucharist with Ministry for Healing	Second Reading Louw Talstra	Hebrews 2:14-18
	Gospel	Luke 2:22-40


6th February	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
HUNTING LODGE	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	t.b.a.
Fifth Sunday before Lent (Proper 1)	First Reading t.b.a.	Isaiah 58:1-9a
	Second Reading t.b.a.	1 Corinthians 2:1-12
10:30 am All Age Service with Holy Communion	Gospel	Matthew 5:13-20

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


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

19th December	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
Fourth Sunday of Advent	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Pauline Talstra
	First Reading Elizabeth v.d. Heide	Isaiah 7:10-16
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Maureen v.d. Heide	Romans 1:1-7
	Gospel	Matthew 1:18-25

24th December  Christmas Eve (Night) 22:30 pm Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Joyce Wigboldus
	First Reading Jeanet Luiten	Isaiah 52:7-10
	Second Reading Arthur Cass	Hebrews 1:1-4
	Gospel	John 1:1-14

25th December  Christmas Day 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Dr Sjoerd Bonting
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles or Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Revd Dr Sjoerd Bonting
	First Reading t.b.a.	Isaiah 9:2-7
	Second Reading t.b.a.	Titus 2:11-14
	Gospel	Luke 2:1-14

26th December St Stephen's Day Christmas 1 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Dr Sjoerd Bonting
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Revd Dr Sjoerd Bonting
	First Reading t.b.a.	2 Chronicles 24:20-22
	Second Reading t.b.a.	Acts 7:51-60
	Gospel	Matthew 23:34-39

2nd January  Epiphany Sunday 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant &	Revd Sam Van Leer
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Joy Romeijn
	First Reading Agnes Lee	Isaiah 60:1-6
	Second Reading Coretta Van Leer	Ephesians 3:1-12
	Gospel	Matthew 2:1-12

9th January Baptism of Christ 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	First Reading Victor Pirenne	Isaiah 42:1-9
	Second Reading Heleen Rauwerda	Acts 10:34-43
	Gospel	Matthew 3:13-17

16th January <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; text-align: center; width: fit-content; margin: 10px auto;"> HUNTING LODGE </div> Epiphany 2 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Sam Van Leer
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Pauline Talstra
	First Reading Vivian Reinders	Isaiah 49:1-7
	Second Reading Peter Ribbens	1 Corinthians 1:1-9
	Gospel	John 1:29-42