

May



2012

The Chaplain Writes **We are Easter people!**

Can we wholeheartedly acknowledge that we are Easter people?

Probably yes, but what are the implications?

We know that we are freed from sin, that Jesus took the burden upon himself and we all underscribe these facts, but how is that in our daily life? Do we act like Easter people? Do we accept that we are looked after and cared for? That we can grow and develop into better human beings. That we are *supposed* to grow into better people. Who are helped along to grow into the image of God, into the people we are meant to be.

It wasn't easy for the apostles and it isn't easy for us. But Jesus comes with a promise at the time when he is leaving this world. He promises to send us a Helper. At Pentecost, we celebrate the coming of this Helper.

Sometimes you can try to solve a difficult situation, or you try to get your head round a sentence in Scriptures and all of a sudden you 'know'. We get a good idea, our mind is enlightened! A good idea, a wise solution, they are all the result of the Spirit working in us, because we are Easter people. We have embraced the mystery of Easter, the promises which were given to us.

A company on the internet delivers goods, but does not advertise a lot. Instead they ask you after the delivery if you are willing to tell others about them. They believe that mouth-to-mouth advertising works better and it does.

Every year, we again celebrate Pentecost. Do we need it? Yes, we need to be reminded again every time, that this Helper is part of our life as Christians. I would like to raise the question: what does Pentecost mean for you? How do you celebrate this day? Is it part of the yearly cycle and since the liturgy of that particular Sunday is such, we are going along with it or should we concentrate on it in our own daily prayer and try to become more receptive to the Spirit?

Many people enjoy the day off and the long weekend, but without the sense of the origin of this celebration. For us, it should be different and it is.

(Continued on page 4)



Coffee and Chat Morning

On Wednesday 29th February we had our first Coffee & Chat Morning – and what a success!



Around 20 people attended and it was non stop chatter with the excellent company of each other.

Delicious coffee and cake

followed by an equally delicious lunch (provided by volunteers) was gratefully shared by all. Lots of ideas came forth for future mornings and enthusiasm and energy was indeed plentiful.

NOW – in view of the above we can happily announce that the NEXT (Coffee and Chat morning. (see page 4)

Miscellaneous observations on our faith

If you wish to know God, you must know his Word. *C H Spurgeon*

No man has a right to do as he pleases unless he pleases to do right. *Anon*

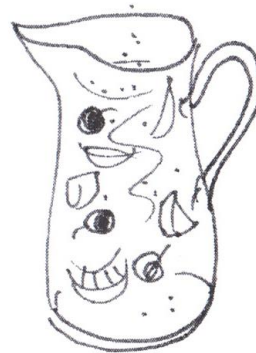
Freedom comes by filling your mind with God's thoughts. *Erwin Lutzer*

It is still one of the tragedies of human history that the 'children of darkness' are frequently more determined and zealous than the 'children of light'. *Martin Luther King*

The English language is the richest in the world for monosyllables. There are four words of one syllable each – words of salvation for the country and the whole world. They are Faith, Hope, Love and Work. *Stanley Baldwin, House of Commons, 1923*

Ascension Day Picnic.

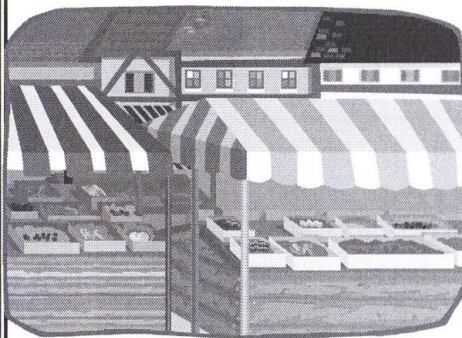
We are hoping to have a wonderful day together with our friends from Arnhem/Nijmegen as we celebrate our annual Ascension Day picnic after the service on Thursday the 17th of May.



It is a bring and share event, so bring what ever you can, and we will share it in the woodshed. Starters, main course, desserts, drinks, so far there was always plenty to choose from for all who came.

Chairs and tables will be there, as well as cups en glasses. Some extra folding chairs would be appreciated.

So please bring some sunshine as well and we love to welcome you there.



The Castle Fair

The Castle Fair committee met again and we were happy to have John Bestman in our midst to take the place of Jan Willem van Beusekom. Thanks for all your help Jan Willem and welcome to John.

(Continued from page 2)

We are still busy choosing all the stalls to make the Fair even more interesting to every one. As well as the Tea room, the toilets are on our list of things to look at and see whether we can improve them. For instance, by having uniform outfits and a cleaner aspect.

All in all we are happy to find so many people willing to participate in our Fair. Please write the date in your diary to spare time for a busy day at Weldam's on September 8th.

St. Mary's Magazine and the AGM

The AGM was held on the 22 April (see Page 5 for report summary).

As Guest Editor, enjoying a brief moment back in the editor's position, I have the pleasure to report that at the meeting, a big THANK YOU was given to our resident Editor, Janice Collins.

Future Dates

8th May	ENGCC Meeting
9th May	Coffee and Chat Morning
17th May	Ascension Day Service and Picnic

Celebration on 15th July

Following the church service on Sunday 15th July, coffee will **not** be served in the hut.

Everyone is invited over to Weldam Castle where they will find a marquee, (a big tent) set up in the garden. Refreshments will be served and we will all have the opportunity to toast Count Alfred on the occasion of his birthday.



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.

God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays. *Masefield*

He is the core of the heart of love, and He, beyond labouring seas, Our ultimate shore. *Edith Sitwell*

Miscellaneous observations on life

Definition of a classic: a book everyone is assumed to have read, and often thinks they have. *Alan Bennett*

Gossip is bullying people who're not there. *Milton Jones*

Live your life and forget your age. *Frank Bering*

In order to live off a garden, you practically have to live in it. *F M Hubbard*

What sound does a grape make when an elephant steps on it? None. It just lets out a little wine

Q: How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb? A: Only one, but the light bulb has to WANT to change.



Ah – but where are they now?

The children had been grouped together around the minister to pose for the annual Sunday School photograph, and the minister was smiling encouragement.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up," he said. "You could point to each other and say: 'There's Jennifer; she's a lawyer,' or 'That's Michael, he's a doctor.'" A small voice at the back rang out, "And there's the minister – hope he made it to heaven..."

Honest artist

The aspiring young artist tried to concentrate on his work, but the attraction he felt for his model finally became irresistible. He threw down his palette, took her in his arms and kissed her. She pushed him away. "So, do you kiss all your models?" she demanded.

"I've never tried to kiss a model before," he protested.

"Really?" she said, softening, "How many models have there been?"

"Four," he replied, "A jug, two apples, and a vase."



(Continued from page 1)

A dove, a flame. Symbols for the Holy Spirit. They describe the light in us, the fire which is burning and although we know the facts, we need to be reminded. We need to focus again and again on what makes our life worth living.

That fire in us needs to expand to the point that it will incense other people. It should inspire us to do things that are not based on economic gain, but we need to do them for free and out of conviction. That is how Christianity spread in the first centuries: 'mouth to mouth' campaign, inspiring examples. They didn't have the tools for photocopying, emailing or phoning, yet Jesus' message spread and found followers. Many followers without the help of our technology which we have today.

I wish us all a good celebration of Pentecost!

Alja Tollefsen



Coffee and Chat Morning

Will be held on Wednesday 9th May at 11.00am in "The Hut"

Everyone welcome!

Transport needed? Please do not hesitate to ask one of our contacts, listed on the next page.

Contacts:

Pauline Talstra (055 366 7057)

Caroline Siertsema (0543 521821)

Jeanet Luiten (+0049 256 79395750)

or your local contact representative, listed in the magazine.

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

Annual General Meeting Summary

The Annual General Meeting of the Anglican Church Twente was held after the Service of Holy Communion in St. Mary's Chapel Weldam on Sunday, 22nd April 2012.

The meeting was attended by 37 members of the congregation. The meeting was chaired by our new chaplain Alja Tollefsen who thanked everyone for the warm welcome they gave her and for their kindness and gentleness when she first came here. Alja took the opportunity to say thank you to two wonderful wardens Joyce and Everhard who do so much work behind the scenes. Both Joyce and Everhard were re-elected for another term of office.

Unfortunately Arthur Cass was not present. Arthur has served as a treasurer for six years, which is a long time. Alja said she was really sorry that we do not have a chance to say a proper thank you to him for all the work he has done. We are fortunate that Lub Gringhuis stepped in as interim treasurer.

At the AGM there was a total of six seats on council available and we had five people standing for election or re-election. All five were elected and we congratulate Philippa te West, Diane Wesselink, Blair Charles, Louw Talstra and Jolanda ten Bolscher on their election. Alja remarked that it is good that we are doing so well that we can fill the seats on council and it also shows how involved people are in church life and are motivated to keep things going.

The auditors appointed for the 2012 accounts are Peter Ribbens and Arjen Haffmans. Alja thanked everyone for all their input, help and support and said she hoped that we will grow as a church.



What did I do with the car?

Several days ago as I left a meeting at our church, I suddenly realised I could not find my car keys. They were not in my pockets. They were not in the church. Then I thought – I've left them in the car! As I burst through the doors of the church, my heart sank: the church car park was empty.

With a heavy heart I called the police, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen. Then I made the really difficult call: "Darling," I began (I always call her 'darling' at moments like this). "Darling, I have left my keys in the car, and it has been stolen."

There was a little gasp. "You did not *have the car*. I dropped you off. Remember?"

My heart sang as relief flooded through me. "Of course! Thank God! Well, come get me quick – I am already running late... what is keeping you?"

That was not smart. My wife replied with ominous calm: "What's keeping me? I'll tell you what's keeping me. The police are here. They think I've stolen your car..."

The Safest Place to Be

If you feel the world out there is full of accidents waiting out to happen, you are right. If you want to live long, and keep safe, follow this advice:

- Avoid riding in cars, because they are responsible for 20% of all accidents.
- Do not stay home, because 17% of all accidents occur in the home.
- Avoid walking on streets or pavements, because 14% of all accidents happen to pedestrians.
- Avoid travelling by air, rail or water, because 16% of all accidents involve these forms of transport.

You will be pleased to learn that only 0.001% of all deaths occur in worship services in church, and these are usually related to previous physical disorders.

Therefore logic tells us that the safest place for you to be at any time is at church? Bible study is also safe. The percentage

Octogenarian's Letter to Bank

Shown below, is an actual letter that was sent to a bank by an 86-year old woman. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in the New York Times.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my check with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it.

I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire pension, an arrangement, which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and for debiting my account \$30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank.

My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways. I noticed that whereas I personally answer your telephone calls and letters, -- when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, faceless entity, which your bank has become. From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person.

My mortgage and loan repayments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate. Be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contract, which I require your chosen employee to complete.

I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Notary Public, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course, at MY convenience, I will issue your employee with a PIN number, which he/she must quote in dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

modelled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further.

When you call me, press buttons as follows:

**IMMEDIATELY AFTER DIALING, PRESS THE STAR (*)
BUTTON FOR ENGLISH**

#1. To make an appointment to see me.

#2. To query a missing payment.

#3. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.

#4 To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.

#5. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.

#6. To transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home.

#7. To leave a message on my computer, a password to access my computer is required.

Password will be communicated to you at a later date to that Authorized Contact mentioned earlier.

#8. To return to the main menu and to listen to options 1 through 7.

#9. To make a general complaint or inquiry. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service.

#10. This is a second reminder to press* for English.

While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for duration of the call. Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous New Year?

Your Humble Client

And remember: Don't make Old People Mad.

We don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to p*** us off.

of deaths during Bible study is far less even than that.

So for your own safety's sake, attend church and read your Bible as much as you can. It could save your life (in more ways than one).

PS. If you do venture out, don't drive faster than your Guardian Angel can fly.

Submitted by Valerie Korteman

Best Quotes Collection

*I love my country-
It's my Government
that scares me.*

Each day I am thankful
for nights that turned
into mornings
Friends that turned into
family
Dreams that turned into
reality
And likes that turned
into love.

STOP trying to fit in
When you were born to
STAND out.

We must be willing to
let go of the life we
have planned
So as to have the life
that is waiting for us

Spoilt with choice

In the past decade we have been hit with an extraordinary explosion of choice in almost every area of our lives. Fancy a coffee? Is that cappuccino, latte, flat white, Americano or espresso; skinny, full-fat, double or single shot, small, medium or large?

Want to watch some television? On Freeview you have over a hundred choices; many more than that on cable. You will find programmes you never dreamed of, even in your worst nightmares. Do you like computer games? The choice is endless. What about music on your iPod? You can download more music that you will ever have time to listen to in your lifetime. Want to play with your laptop or iPad? There are hundreds of thousands of apps you can choose from.

No one is still these days. We surf, we text, we email, we listen to iPods. We may all live in the same house, but we seldom sit and share an experience together; instead we roost

ST JAMES THE LEAST OF ALL

On how maintaining the churchyard can lead to turf wars

The Rectory, St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

Consider yourself fortunate that your churchyard consists of no more than a small paved area and that keeping it tidy requires ten minutes of picking up discarded takeaway boxes on Sunday morning. Our four acres of grass and randomly placed gravestones absorbs a large portion of the time and energy of half the parish.

By getting different people to adopt sections of the churchyard, the hope was that an element of competition would be introduced; Major Rutherford would never let Admiral Crompton's section look tidier than his and the local farmers would want to show the amateurs that they knew far more about land maintenance.

Sadly, human nature has got in the way – as it invariably does. Miss Timmins has declared her section a nature reserve, so that the cuddly field mice and darling hedgehogs have somewhere to live in. This now means that crossing from her patch to the next feels like crossing from Kew gardens to the Amazon rainforest. Two feet high grass and a profusion of dandelions give way to manicured lawn with any weed daring to pop its head above the parapet being beheaded in seconds. Miss T is toying with erecting a fence round her plot, to keep her dear furry friends safe and Sir Horace is threatening to have it electrified, to make sure they do not defile his grass billiard table.

Mr Tremble, a retired health and safety officer, whose well-meaning advice on avoiding accidents is such a burden, is applying to have all the gravestones on his patch levelled, so that no one could be killed by having a fall on them. The fact that this has never happened in 600 years, seems an irrelevance to him. On the other hand, his neighbour spends summer evenings painting his stones with sour milk in order to encourage lichen. Mr Tremble's warning that some lichens can be quite poisonous have so far fallen on deaf ears.

A local farmer, who maintains the boundary walls, generously planted cherry trees all round the perimeter; not only for their looks in Spring, but so that the birds would have somewhere to roost. Sadly, Lady Lipton, while resting from maintaining her plot, tends to shoot them while she smokes her briar pipe.

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

The only area which no one dares criticise surrounds the mausoleum of the Luscombes, maintained by the gardening staff of the present Lord. It contains such a collection of rogues and miscreants that parishioners fear their anger at being disturbed may even cross the divide of death.

I hesitate to admit it, but the thought of an area of concrete with a few pizza boxes scattered round does at times hold a certain attraction.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace

© *The Rev Dr Gary Bowness*



"It's not a quotation or sermon theme, it's just a warning about the low doorway"

around the house, each absorbed and tapping at our electronic devices.

We all seem to be living in a state of permanent distraction, and some dislocation from those physically closest to us. We can find anything on the internet, but we can't find time to appreciate it. We have 400 friends on Facebook, but how many true friends in the flesh? We pay more attention to our emails than members of our own family...

One writer has recently wisely observed that if we don't slow down, we will 'carry on twitching aimlessly to the beat of endless distraction, gradually choosing ourselves sick.' The Bible urges us to take time to "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations; I will be exalted in the earth." Psalm 46:10

Dutch Joke

Did you hear about the Dutchman with the inflatable shoes?

He popped his clogs.

Forthcoming Services

6th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Fifth Sunday of Easter	Intercessor	Philippa te West
	First Reading Jeanet Luiten	Acts 8. 26-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Vivian Reinders	1 John 4. 7-end
	Gospel	John 15. 1-8

Forthcoming Services

13th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Sixth Sunday of Easter	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	First Reading Agnes Lee	Acts 10. 44-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Victor Pirenne	1 John 5. 1-6
	Gospel	John 15. 9-17

Forthcoming Services

17th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Ascension Day	Intercessor	Joyce Wigboldus
	First Reading Linda ten Berge	Acts 1. 1-11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Second Reading Arjen Haffmans	Eph. 1. 15-end
	Gospel	Luke 24. 44-end

20th May Seventh Sunday of Easter 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
	First Reading Els Ottens	Acts 1.15-17, 21-end
	Second Reading Simone Yallop	1 John 5. 9-13
	Gospel	John 17. 6-19

27th May Pentecost Day 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	First Reading Heleen Rauwerda	Ezek. 37. 1-14
	Second Reading Janice Collins	Acts 2. 1-21
	Gospel	John 15.26-27; 16.4b-15

3rd June Trinity Sunday 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Philippa te West
	First Reading Louw Talstra	Isa. 6.1-8
	Second Reading Pauline Talstra	Rom. 8.12-17
	Gospel	John 3. 1-17

You got to have the recipe

A teenage girl was complaining to her grandmother how everything was going wrong for her: she hated school, she was fighting with her sister, her mum was driving her crazy, and a friend at school had let her down.

Meanwhile, her granny was baking a cake. She asked her granddaughter if she would like a snack, which of course she did. "Here, have some cooking oil." "Yeuch" says the girl, horrified. "How about a couple raw eggs?" "Grannie, that is disgusting!" "Would you like some flour then? Or maybe baking soda?" "Grannie, they're horrible!"

To which her grandmother replied: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, and allowed to change in the oven, they make a wonderfully delicious cake!" She continued, "God works the same way in our lives. Problems can bring you blessings of growth in your life. But you need to let him change you on the inside."

Afghanistan, One woman's experience

The period between 1990 and 2000 was low point in my life. I kept telling friends it was like living in a desert, and not being able to find a way out. Little did I know how significant those words would be.

I kept asking God, please show me what I can do with the next stage of my life. Please God make it purposeful I kept asking. In Spring 2001 I had a visionary dream in which I was told to go to Afghanistan to help the women and children. Please, not Afghanistan of all places, still in conflict with the Taliban. This was still before 9/11.

I had so many doubts and questions. How was I to get there? How would I know what to do? How was I to communicate and would it be safe for me, a woman. But with such a strong message, how could I refuse. I felt it would be difficult and hard, but it would be OK because I was on a God given mission. I remembered that when Christ was in the desert, the Angels attended to him.

My first meeting with Afghani people took place at a refugee camp on the Iranian-Afghan border in November 2001. I was there as a team member of an organization helping deliver parcels containing goods to help the women and children through the coming winter. There were a thousand tents, with one parcel per tent.

Set up on a dried lake bed, devoid of shade and subject to harsh winds, the camp was a desperate place. A thousand tents Dust and sand blowing everywhere, gave the Afghani all kinds of respiratory complaints, especially the children. Water was scarce, a jerry-can allowed per day per tent. The few bath houses allowed the people a two minute shower twice a week.

After distributing the parcels we were invited to take tea with the Iranian Red Crescent, (Iranian version of the Red Cross). Over tea we met some important Afghan leaders who thanked us for our help and invited us to visit them in Zaranj, a city about 20Km inside Afghanistan. This at a time when the US had just initiated the aerial bombing campaign against the Taliban.

In September 2002 I returned to Iran, determined to travel the same route and travel to Zaranj to take up the invitation.

(Continued from page 12)

The Iran Afghan border was defined by the once fast flowing Helmond river. Now a dry river bed as the river had been dammed higher-up 12 years ago. High summer temperatures up to 50° C and the lack of water had caused extreme desertification.

Crossing the border involved a kilometre walk across the dry river bed into Afghanistan and a taxi ride Zaranj. A ride on roads that were potholed sand tracks through the dunes. Russian tanks and Taliban activity had taken care of the tarmac.

Zaranj, once the vibrant agricultural centre, was now surrounded by dry, dusty desert. The Russian and the Taliban regimes destroyed the irrigation system during the years of war. In addition, in the nine years of the Taliban, there was no rain in Afghanistan.

I saw that, although the UN had sunk a thousand wells in the city, the water was salinated and polluted. The people drank the water as there no other choice, with disastrous effects on the children. Their little dehydrated bodies now had kidney and intestinal problems to contend with.

Coming from a rich European nation, my first visit to the newly reopened school made me so ashamed. From a society where there is everything you need from birth to death to a society where everyone looked grey and ill. Especially the children, whose eyes asked 'Why did this happen to us?' No clothes, no toys, no books, and little food.

I asked the head teacher what they most needed and I would buy it for them. I had raised money in my hometown by getting the schoolchildren to organize a sponsored walk. The general request was for tanks, to hold drinking water, and for glasses to drink from. I found there was a tanker that brought fresh water to the city every day from 250Kms further up the mountains.

I bought a selection of tanks and had them delivered to three schools. When I visited a few days later I saw the tanks were set on bricks at a slight slant to get every last drop out. The children queued up to fill their glass to the brim, then walked carefully across the uneven ground to where they could drink. With one glass of water a day they did not spill a drop. But they shared with their

(Continued on page 14)

Read to your children

Read to your children on a daily basis – or they could be vulnerable to developing social and emotional problems. It seems that the 'intimate' activity of sharing a book or telling a story to your child can be 'enormously powerful' in building a bond between you which helps them feel emotionally secure, and helps develop their social skills.

According to recent research by the Institute for Social and Economic Research, reading to children daily can reduce the number of three and five year-olds with social and emotional problems by up to 20 per cent. As one professor explained: "There is something quite special about reading or telling stories to children... that level of intimacy between parents and young children." As Proverbs points out: "A child left to himself disgraces his mother..." If we want our children to grow up well, we need to give them our time.

**Student who
obtained 0% in an
Exam**

I would have given
him 100%

Q1. In which battle did
Napoleon die?

* **his last battle.**

Q2. Where was the
Declaration of
Independence signed?

* **at the bottom of the
page.**

Q3. River Ravi flows
in which state?

* **liquid.**

Q4. What is the main
reason for divorce?

* **marriage.**

Q5. What is the main
reason for failure?

* **exams.**

Q6. What can you
never eat for
breakfast?

* **Lunch & dinner.**

Q7. What looks like
half an apple?

* **The other half.**

Q8. If you throw a red
stone into the blue sea
what it will become?

* **It will simply
become wet.**

Q9. How can a man go
eight days without
sleeping ?

* **No problem, he
sleeps at night.**

Q10. How can you lift
an elephant with one
hand?

* **You will never find
an elephant that has
only one hand..**

Q11. If you had three
apples and four

(Continued from page 13)

friends, and even offered me a sip when I walked past.

A year later when I visited, I noticed that the people, especially the children looked so much better. Mentioning this to the Governor he told me that for the past nine months, clean drinking water had been piped to the city. Within three months the children's health had significantly improved. Wow I thought, is this what clean water does for you.

The Iranians had built a water purification plant on their side of the Helmond river, which was no flowing again. UNICEF had negotiated an agreement to pipe clean water to Zaranj.

Stand pipes were set up in various parts of the city where people gathered to collect water in jerry cans, bins and tanks. Cars, handmade trailers or even donkeys would be used to get the water home. The water is only available in the early morning and evening to reduce evaporation.

On yet another visit The Governor told me the irrigation ditches had been re-established during the winter months. They had also built a pumping station on the river to fill the channels. So, after 15 long hard years of drought, dust and dehydration, when all seemed to have died, the farmers were able to sow wheat again.

The Governor told me that in about two weeks the fields will turn green again. Sure enough, like a miracle, the desert turned green. I was taken on a drive down to the river to view the pump station. It was a wonderful sight to see the irrigated green fields of wheat bring life to the desert.

It has been quite a journey for me, one from which I have become greatly enriched and educated on the way. A journey that has lead me out of my own desert and complacency into action. I know and I am sure that the Angels attended me very well indeed.

My last wish is to ask you to pray for Afghanistan and the return of peace and security. Pray that it becomes the democratic state it strives to be. Please pray especially for the women and children. Their lives are so vulnerable, but they are so full of joy that their lives are on flow again since the river brought its life giving water again.

Extract from a talk given by Brenda Pyle after a Sunday Morning Service in Naramata, Canada, 2007

Syrian Orthodox Cloister Day

We, that is, the Anglican Church Twente, had an invitation to a "Get together" in the Syrian Orthodox Manastery in Glane, near Enschede on the German border. The O.O.A.O.O., (an abbreviation few people will have heard of) organized the meeting. The abbreviation stands for Orthodox Oriental Anglican Old Catholic Overleg (discussion). When I put my name down to take part I did not know what to expect; beautiful chants or a gloomy place? Neither was the case.

After a short Morning Prayer in the Syrian Orthodox Rite, we were split up in groups of seven or eight and shown around the Monastery. All this was done by young people. They were still in their teens or early twenties, and so cheerful and polite. They also led the talks about faith and backgrounds, theirs and ours. Most of the young people, or their parents, came from Turkey, Iraq, and other Middle Eastern countries. Their religion has nothing to do with Syria, although some come from that country. In their language they are called the Suroye.

After lunch, we listened to a talk on 'Many Coloured Christians ... on foreign soil', given by young man, Anmar Hayali. He is the coordinator of the Union of Migrant Churches in Holland.

These people have never had a country of their own. They have often been persecuted and suppressed. Their cultural background goes back to a time when our ancestors were still savages. Sorry, at least mine were. At this point, a suggestion for the next meeting is to invite Mr Wilders!

After tea we had fifteen minutes for more talks with our hosts. The day was closed with Vespers in the Anglican/ Old Catholic rite. Bishop Athenagoras gave a short address.

At the end of the day when I drove home, I was in a very happy mood, having met many young cheerful Christians who are so engaged in their Church. I felt something that is mentioned in the Bible as the 'Communion of Saints', not, I hasten to add, that I think I am one.

Contributed by Count Alfred Solms



oranges in one hand and four apples and three oranges in other hand, what would you have ?

*** Very large hands.**

Q12. If it took eight men ten hours to build a wall, how long would it take four men to build it?

*** No time at all, the wall is already built.**

Q13. How can u drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it?

*** Any way you want, concrete floors are very hard to crack.**

Further Best Quotes

You are only young once
But, you can be immature for the rest of your life

Follow your Heart
But take your Brain with you

Always Remember this
Somewhere, someone is happy simply because you exist

BEST FRIENDS
They know how crazy you are
And still choose to be seen with you in public



Pentecost - Whit Sunday The Church's Birthday

If Life Were Like A Computer:

You could add/remove someone in your life using the control panel.

You could put your kids in the recycle bin and restore them when you feel like it!

You could improve your appearance by adjusting the display settings.

You could turn off the speakers when life gets too noisy.

You could click on "find" (Ctrl, F) to recover your lost remote control and car keys.

To get your daily exercise, just click on "run"!

If you mess up your life, you could always press "Ctrl, Alt, Delete" and start all over!

Bill Gates and Light

How many Bill Gates' does it take to change the light bulb?

None. He just calls a meeting & makes darkness the standard!

Pentecost took place on the well established Jewish festival of Firstfruits, which was observed at the beginning of the wheat harvest. It was exactly 50 days after the Passover, the time of Jesus' crucifixion.

A feast day to celebrate the country's wheat harvest does not sound exactly world-changing, but that year, it became one of the most important days in world history. For Pentecost was the day that Jesus sent the Holy Spirit - the day the Church was born.

Jesus had told his apostles that something big was going to happen, and that they were to wait for it in Jerusalem, instead of returning to Galilee. Jesus had plans for his apostles – but he knew they could not do the work themselves – they would need his help.

And so the apostles and disciples waited in Jerusalem, praying together for several days. And then on that fateful morning there was suddenly the sound as of a mighty rushing wind. Tongues of flame flickered on their heads, and they began to praise God in many tongues – to the astonishment of those who heard them. The curse of Babel (Genesis 11: 1- 9) was dramatically reversed that morning.

That morning the Holy Spirit came to indwell the apostles and disciples of Jesus: and the Church was born. The Christians were suddenly full of life and power, utterly different from their former fearful selves. The change in them was permanent.

Peter gave the first ever sermon of the Christian church that morning: proclaiming Jesus was the Messiah. His boldness in the face of possible death was in marked contrast to the man who had denied Jesus 50 days before. And 3,000 people responded, were converted, and were baptised. How's that for fast church growth!

Of course Pentecost was not the first time the Holy Spirit had acted in this world. All through the Old Testament there are accounts of how God's Spirit guided people and strengthened them. But now, because of Christ's death and resurrection, he could INDWELL them. From now on, every Christian could have the confidence that Jesus was with them constantly, through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

On that long ago first morning of Pentecost, Jerusalem was crowded with thousands of visitors, for it was one of the most popular feast-

days in the Jewish calendar – the Feast of Firstfruits, looking forward to the wheat harvest.

In one small room of that great city, a small group of people who had followed Jesus were praying. There was nothing else for them to do: Jesus had died, he had risen, and he had ascended, promising to send them ‘a Comforter’. They were left alone, to wait in Jerusalem. And so they waited – on him, and for him.

They were not disappointed: for that morning the Holy Spirit fell upon that small room, and transformed those believers into the Church, Christ’s body here on earth. Pentecost was not the first time that the Holy Spirit came to the world – throughout the Old Testament there are stories telling of how God had guided people and given them strength. But now his Spirit would use a new instrument: not just isolated prophets, but the Church, his body on earth.



Acts opens with the preaching of the gospel in Jerusalem, the centre of the Jewish nation. Within 30 years the gospel had spread throughout the northern Mediterranean: Syria, Turkey, Greece, Malta. to the very heart of the Roman Empire: Roman. The Church was on the move – God was on the move! He was calling people from every nation to repent, turn to Jesus for forgiveness of their sins, and to follow him.

The Lord is my shepherd

A Sunday school teacher decided to have her young class memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible, Psalm 23. She gave the youngsters a month to learn the Psalm, but little Charles did not find it easy to memorize much of anything.

On the day that the children were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Charles stepped up to the microphone and began proudly, "The Lord is my Shepherd...." He knew that much, but the rest of the Psalm suddenly deserted him. So he concluded bravely: "... and that's all I need to know."

Boss

A man entered a pet shop, wanting to buy a parrot. The shop owner pointed out three identical parrots on a perch and said, "The parrot to the left costs €500 ."

"Why does that parrot cost so much?" the man wondered.

The owner replied, "Well, it knows how to use a computer."

The man asked about the next parrot on the perch.

"That one costs €1,000 because it can do everything the other parrot can do, plus it knows how to use the UNIX operating system." Naturally, the startled customer asked about the third parrot.

"That one costs €2,000."

"And what does that one do?" the man asked.

The owner replied, "To be honest, I've never seen him do a thing, but the other two call him boss!"

Funny Blind Date

Once there was a girl who wanted a boyfriend. Her mom wanted to help her, so she set up a blind date for her daughter.

When the girl got back from the date she said

"That was the worst night of my life!"

"Why is that?" her mom asked.

"He owns a 1922 Rolls Royce!"

"Isn't that a good thing?"

"He's the original owner mom!"

Doesn't Know

Young Son: Is it true, Dad, I heard that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her? Dad: That happens in most countries, son.

Never a bride

"Something's wrong with me," sighed a young lady after a wedding. "I've been a bridesmaid twice, I even caught the bouquet, too; but I'm still single."

"Next time," advised her grandmother, "don't reach for the flowers; reach for the best man."

Ecumenical Remembrance service for the Martyrs of our time

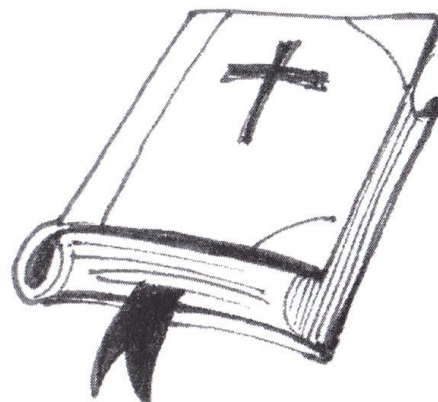
On Monday 2 April 2012 (Holy week) there was a remembrance service in the Maria Church of Apeldoorn.

Absolutely moving! How impressive it was to see so many representatives from the different faiths parade into the church and then to face the congregation (nearly a full cathedral) in their stunning vestments. We two, Pauline and Louw from our congregation, were delighted to see our very own Rev. Alja Tollefsen amongst the assembled faith leaders. Representatives assembled were from the Catholic, Syrian Orthodox, the Old Catholics, Russian Orthodox, the Coptic Orthodox, the Dutch Protestant church, and the Church of England faiths. Each priest in turn offered a prayer. The music was really wonderful and performed by a choir of young people playing on their instruments and singing in various languages.

The service was in remembrance of the martyrs of our times. Each martyr was named and the country from which they came which included Syria, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iraq, The Philippines, America, Colombia, Mexico, Brazil, Egypt, South Sudan, Republic of Congo, Spain and Russia.

Such a service brings to mind the reality of the dedication to one's belief that is enacted out in countries where there is no religious freedom and the dire consequences. We who live with religious freedom can only honour and remember these martyrs.

Pauline Talstra





St MATTHIAS

May 14th

There is no mention of a Matthias among the lists of followers of Jesus in the Gospels but we assume that he was part of the larger group, outside the 12 disciples, during Jesus' ministry.

According to chapter one of Acts, after Judas betrayed Jesus for 30 pieces of silver, the disciples sought to replace him. They nominated two men; Joseph called Barsabbas (also known as Justus) and Matthias to replace Judas out of a group of about 120. The disciples prayed, and then they cast lots, and the lot fell to Matthias; so he was added to the eleven apostles. Acts, chapter 1, verses 23-26.

And that is all we really know about Matthias. That he was chosen.

But we do know that he was one of the witnesses of Jesus's ministry. He was one of the great cloud of witnesses that includes us today, to the power of God in changing lives.

CHANGE OVER

Can you rearrange these letters to make the names of people mentioned in the Bible? Answers at the bottom of the page.

1. AC BOJ
2. NANA
3. MAT HAR
4. NI SOME US
5. HAT BATI
6. KOZAD
7. SHAM IT AT
8. LIRE BAG



What do you call
a bee born in
May?

A maybe.

What is green
and fluffy?

A sea-sick poodle.

What do you call a person
who can't weave?

Unbeweavable.

Answers: 1.Jacob 2.Anna 3.Martha
4.Onesimus 5.Tabitha 6.Zadok
7.Matthias 8.Gabriel

Poetry and Prose

Ascension

(Luke 24:44-53)

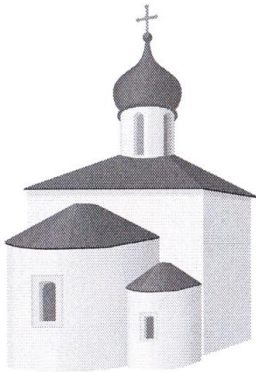
Scriptures fulfilled,
Minds opened,
We followed Him to
Bethany.

And there was joy in the
blessing.

Of our risen Lord,
Jesus, God on earth.
And in the blessing
Was the leaving,
And in the leaving
Was the blessing -

His spirit of life and power
To witness to the world
Of our ascended Lord,
Jesus, man in heaven.

©Daphne Kitching



Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can
John Wesley 1703-1791

Innocence

*The trusting eyes of little ones,
How sweet they are to me,
So full of truth and wonder
And pure simplicity.
Questioning and full of love,
They welcome each new day,
The round eyes of innocence
Of children at their play.*

*Our innocence seems smothered
When we reach maturity,
What's happened to that
Child-like awe
And curiosity?*

*For grown-ups cease to wonder at
The rainbows and the stars,
They'd rather look at TV shows
And wash their motor cars.*

*We lose our sense of innocence
As through the world we go,
Our childhood dreams are left behind
The more we learn and know.*

*If we could look through
Children's eyes
Transparent, guileless, free,
We'd gain a new perspective
And a different world we'd see.*

©Kathleen Gillum

