

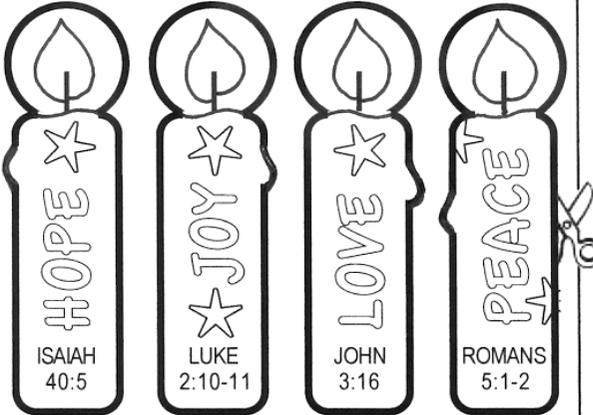
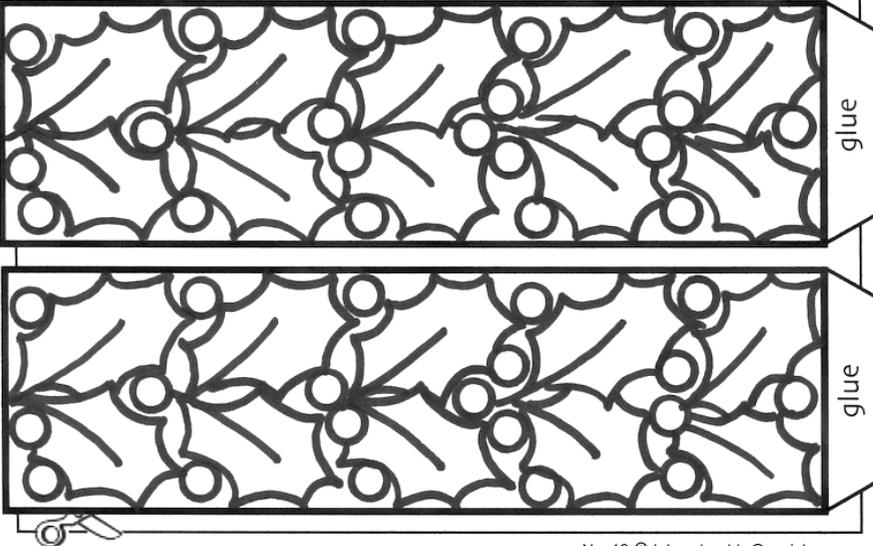
Mouse Makes

★ **JESUS IS COMING!** ★

ADVENT is the time before Christmas when we celebrate the arrival of **JESUS**, God's Son, our Saviour. In Advent we also look forward with **HOPE** to the time when Jesus will return to us again. We give thanks for God's **LOVE** for us, the **PEACE** we have with God through Jesus and our **JOY** at being His children.

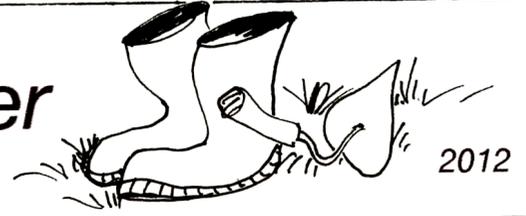
To make your Advent wreath cut out the strips of holly, colour, glue together and glue around a glass jar. Colour and cut out the candles. Glue one candle onto the jar on each Sunday in Advent.

On Christmas Eve light a real candle in the jar to celebrate the birth of Jesus.

Nov12 ©deborahnoble@parishpump

November



2012

The Chaplain Writes

Stewardship

As soon as the word spread, the people of Israel gave in abundance the first fruits of grain, wine, oil, honey, and of all the produce of the field; and they brought in abundantly the tithe of everything. [2 Chronicles 31.5]

The article I am about to write causes me more difficulty than usual, because it concerns a subject which feels uneasy in combination with church or faith. We don't like to think about money when it comes to our deepest beliefs and passion. And yet, we have to be practical as well if we want to continue what we believe in.

In the book of Chronicles (see quote) and in more places in the Old Testament, we find the word "tithe": a tenth of what we earn to sustain what we believe in. To support a case which is worth supporting.

A tithe is a large proportion of what we possess and it probably rather indicates that we need to give from our abundance and not from what is left to spare. Jesus praises the widow who gives only a very small amount, but for her it meant a lot. Giving should mean something to us in the sense that we need to give with our whole heart.

Stewardship or giving is part of our life and we need to look at it from time to time in order to sustain what is dear to us: our church community. We would like to give more attention to it this month of November and I hope that all of you will support our efforts.

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





Twente News

Change of Email Address

An update for your iPad, computer or address book: cafr1@ziggo.nl is the new email address of Cathie and Frits Warmink.

Harvest Festival

We celebrated Harvest Festival on 7th October and what a lovely

service it was! It would be interesting to know just how many of us have actually ploughed the fields and scattered in our time, but judging by the feeling and enthusiasm of the hymn singing, maybe more than could be expected. The sun streaming through the windows highlighted the autumn colours of the beautiful floral decorations and the gifts of produce offered by the congregation. After the service, the gifts were displayed and sold inside and outside the Hut, garnering the healthy sum of €142.80 for the Floral Guild, which will "see the year out".

Panels

A few weeks ago Dr Sjoerd Bonting had some very interesting and exciting news for the congregation. Two carved wooden panels are being made which, when completed, will be mounted either side of the bell rope on the back wall of St Mary's Chapel. As Erica explains, "We met Bert Kersen on the birthday of a mutual friend and he was immediately deeply impressed by Sjoerd's books and personality. He wanted to make something for him, but Sjoerd asked him to make something for the church to which he is so closely connected. Bert came to see the chapel and later to meet Count Alfred, when he was given the opportunity to choose from the wood in the woodshed. He chose a large piece of cherry wood, which was sent to him a week later. He has now been working on the first panel for about a year (each panel takes about two years to make). I have seen pictures of his work, which is hanging in churches all over the world. We

Road Rage

A lady in her sixties was waiting patiently to drive into a parking space when a flash young city banker zipped in ahead of her in his brand new Porsche. She was so upset by his rudeness that she went over to berate him. "That was my parking space, young man!" she cried. "Tough luck!" he sneered. "You see, that's what you can do when're young and smart."



The lady was understandably incensed by his attitude. So she climbed back into

The red poppies that McCrae referred to were not only the ones that grew in the fields at that time. The poppies have been associated with war since the Napoleonic Wars (1803-1815), when a writer of that time first noted how the poppies grew over the graves of soldiers. The damage done to the landscape in Flanders during the battle greatly increased the lime content in the soil, leaving the poppy as one of the few plants able to grow in the region.

It is one of the most popular and most quoted poems from the war. As a result of its immediate popularity, parts of the poem were used in propaganda efforts and appeals to recruit soldiers and raise money selling war bonds.

Inspired by the poem *In Flanders Fields*, American professor Moina Michael resolved at the war's conclusion in 1918 to wear a red poppy year-round to honour the soldiers who died in the war. Additionally, she wrote a poem in response called *We Shall Keep the Faith* (*Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields, sleep sweet – to rise anew...*). She distributed silk poppies to her peers and campaigned to have it adopted as an official symbol of remembrance by the American Legion.

In France too it was used by Mme E. Guérin, who sold poppies to raise money for the war's orphans. In 1921 she sent poppy sellers to London ahead of Armistice Day (11 November), attracting the attention of Field Marshall Douglas Haig, who supported and encouraged the sale. The practice quickly spread throughout the British Empire. The wearing of poppies in the days leading up to Remembrance Day remains popular in many areas of the Commonwealth of Nations, particularly Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

The references to the red poppies that grew over the graves of fallen soldiers, resulted in the Remembrance Poppy we wear every year in November. It has become one of the world's most recognized memorial symbols for soldiers who have died in conflict.

Contributed by Carla Koomen

In Flanders Fields

A war poem to remember all who have died in conflict

This is a war poem written during the "Great War" (28-7-1914 to 11-11-1918, also called the First World War) by the Canadian physician Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae. He was inspired to write it on 3 May 1915, after presiding over the funeral of friend and fellow soldier Alexis Helmer, who died in the Second Battle of Ypres. According to legend, fellow soldiers retrieved the poem after McCrae, initially unsatisfied with his work, discarded it. But nevertheless, this poem was published on 8 December 1915 in the London-based magazine *Punch* and later republished throughout the world, rapidly becoming synonymous with the sacrifice of the soldiers who died in the First World War. It was translated into numerous languages. *In Flanders Fields* was the most popular poem of its era. McCrae received numerous letters and telegrams praising his work. Particularly in Canada, *In Flanders Fields* became one of the nation's best known literary works.

In Flanders fields

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
between the crosses, row on row,
that mark our place; and in the sky
the larks, still bravely singing, fly
scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead. Short days ago
we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
loved and were loved, and now we lie,
in Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
to you from failing hands we throw
the torch; be yours to hold it high.
if ye break faith with us who die
we shall not sleep, though poppies grow
in Flanders fields.*



visited him in September and, sitting before his half-finished rough panel, the longer I looked the more I saw, and was very much moved by it." If you google "bert kersten/religious erfgoed" or "bakker/beeldhouwer bert kersten", you can see some of his work for yourself.

Key Dates

5th November	Council Meeting
11th November	Remembrance Sunday*
11th to 16th at December	Christmas Market Middachten Castle** 11:00 am to 7:00 pm (Saturday 8:00 pm)
16th December	Service of Nine Lessons & Carols
24th December	Christmas Eve Eucharist 20:30-22:00 Christmas Eve Eucharist 22.30-00:00
25th December	Christmas Day Eucharist 10:30



*As in recent years, the collection on Remembrance Sunday is to go to the Royal British Legion.
**This is the main fundraising activity of our friends at Arnhem/Nijmegen. For more information, please contact their organizers this year, Mrs Anne Cornelese (tel: 055 8449101, email: a.cornelese1@UPCmail.nl) and Mrs Maggie Vermeij (tel: 026 3334680, email: hervermeij@hotmail.com), who would be very happy to hear from you.



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.

her car, put her foot down hard and deliberately drove straight into the rear end of his Porsche, inflicting wholesale damage. "What do think you're doing, you stupid old woman?" he yelled. "Are you crazy?" She smiled and replied calmly, "You see, that's what you can do when you're old and rich."



Ironing is my second favourite activity – right after banging my head against the wall until I pass out!



Their first date wasn't a great success. In fact the only thing they had in common was they had both lied on their internet personal profile.

A True Story

A noted psychiatrist was a guest speaker at an academic function where a congresswoman happened to appear. The lady took the opportunity to put the good doctor at his ease by asking him a simple question. "Would you mind telling me, Doctor," she asked, "how you detect a mental deficiency in somebody who appears completely normal?"

"Nothing is easier," he replied. "You ask a question which anyone should be able to answer with no trouble at all. If the person hesitates, that puts you on the track."

"What sort of question?" pressed the representative.



"Well, you might ask: 'Captain Cook

Signing the Way

Below is an image of the signs that will shortly appear on all major roads leading into Goor.

Many moons ago the snooker television programme *Pot Black* gained a massive army of fans of all ages and one of the commentators, Ted Lowe, aware that colour television had not yet colonized every home, remarked: "For those of you who are watching in black and white, the pink is next to the green." A remark he was never allowed to forget!

So bearing that lesson in mind, I'll just say that the sign is naturally more eye-catching in colour, and the churches are depicted (from top to bottom) in orange, yellow, green and purple. We hope these signs will lead many people to and through our doors.

Image submitted by Everhard Ottens



the whole Christian gospel from sin and condemnation all the way through faith, repentance, grace, justification, sanctification and perseverance to heaven itself. His portrayal of the death of Mr Valiant-for-Truth is Bunyan at his allegorical best. This brave old soldier of Jesus Christ has received his summons to "go home". Calling his friends together he says, "My sword I give to him who shall succeed me in my pilgrimage ... My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, Who will now be my rewarder." So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

In part two of *The Pilgrim's Progress* "Wherein is set forth the manner of the setting out of Christian's Wife and Children, their dangerous journey and safe arrival at the desired country", ruffians set upon Christiana and her family and Reliever comes to their aid.

Christiana: Alas, said Christiana, we were so taken with our present blessing that dangers to come were forgotten by us; besides, who could have thought that so near the King's Palace there should have lurked such naughty ones: indeed it had been well for us had we asked our Lord one [Conductor]; but since our Lord knew 't would be for our profit, I wonder he sent not one along with us.

Reliever. It is not always necessary to grant things not asked for, lest by so doing they become of little esteem; but when the want of a thing is felt, it then comes under, in the eyes of him that feels it, that estimate that properly is its due, and so consequently will be thereafter used. Had my Lord granted you a Conductor, you would not neither so have bewailed that oversight of yours in not asking for one as now you have occasion to do. So all things work for good, and tend to make you more wary.

behold
That man should
turn his back on
God
And sin should
takes its hold.

The mysteries of
God are vast
Who ever could
devise
A plan for man's
redemption
Where a saviour
comes and dies?

A body prepared to
do thy will
Not mine but thine
be done
On beams of wood
raised up to die
A mighty battle
won.

The way is made,
the curtain torn
No longer gripped
in sin.
The Maker makes a
way for man
Who hid his face
from him.

And now to him
who made all things
Let all creation sing
Your kingdom
come, your will be
done
Our great Redeemer
King.

By Megan Carter



John Bunyan

(28 November 1628 to 31 August 1688)

Creation

Sun that moves at the
Master's word
Moon that lowers her
gaze

Tides that ebb and
flow for him
And nights that turn to
days.

The starry host in
heaven above
Too numerous to see
Their orbits and their
circuits run
Obeying his decree.

All creation praises
him
The wind and waves
are calmed
At his voice "Peace,
be still"
They bend to his
command.

But what of man who
stands alone
Amidst such grand
display
He turns his head,
ignores his Lord
And blindly walks
away.

All creation stands
aghast
Too dreadful to

After the Bible, John Bunyan's wonderful Christian allegory, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is one of the most celebrated and widely-read books in the English language. It has been translated into more than 100 languages around the world and keeps its place as a Christian classic.

Names of people and places from its pages have become commonplace wherever English is spoken. We need only recall Mr Great-Heart, Mr Valiant-for-Truth, Giant Despair, Madame Bubble, the Slough of Despond, Vanity Fair, the Delectable Mountains, the Hill of Difficulty and the Celestial City.



Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, of a poor family. He had little formal education and his father taught him to be a metal worker. His first wife died young. His second wife, Elizabeth, helped him considerably with his blossoming literary career. His conversion was the result of reading the Bible, and the witness of local Christians. From that time the Bible became the great inspiration of his life. He wrote more than 50 books on Christianity. A Baptist by conviction, he had little time for the Established Church.

Bunyan became a popular preacher, but because of his opposition to the Established Church and because he did not have a Church of England preaching licence, he was imprisoned in 1661. It was in prison that he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was not only Bunyan's greatest book but was destined to become one of the most popular Christian books in the world.

Pilgrim's Progress is an allegory, using the names of people and places from the Bible to teach spiritual lessons. The vivid and unforgettable imagery covers

Trinity United Methodist Church (USA)

During my eight-day stay in Orange, Virginia, for my nephew's wedding this summer I attended the bride's family church. The small town of Orange and Orange county was named after our Prince William of Orange. This area was first settled in 1714. The Trinity United Methodist Church was established in 1784 and has 470 members.

When the choir opened the service with *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow* my eyes began to flow as well. My old choir in California also sang this same introit in exactly the same way every Sunday. I felt right at home and comfy as an old pair of slippers. And the last hymn was *How Great Thou Art* - more tears of joy and nostalgia.

It is typical in an American church for visitors to be welcomed and often asked to tell the congregation where they are from. Wow! All the way from Holland! My sister, her family and myself were all given goodie bags as a welcome gift from the church. Inside were various church literature, a large coffee mug and 4 ounces of pure raw honey produced locally. Reading the literature gave me a good idea of this church's aims and activities. They have two Sunday services, 8.45 am and 10.55 am. Some of their activities were fifth Sunday finger-food lunches, a mother/daughter banquet for Mother's Day, a Christmas tree lighting dinner, vacation Bible school (summer), youth retreats and church summer camp. Among their fundraising events were Fall bazaar with Brunswick stew, donut sales, carwash, pancake supper and a chili cook-off (chili con carne). Most things revolve around food. At Christmas time members of the congregation donate pots of poinsettias wrapped in coloured foil to decorate the front of the altar. In the church magazine each month members' birthdays are noted.

made three trips around the world and died during one of them. Which one?"

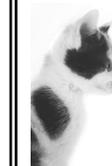
The representative thought a moment, and then said with a nervous laugh, "You wouldn't happen to have another example would you? I must confess I don't know much about history."

Animal Magic

A dog comes when called.



A cat takes a message and will get back to you later.



We could certainly slow the aging process down if it had to work its way through Congress.

- Will Rogers

Seeing is Believing

A married man was rather attracted to his new secretary. One day he took her out for the afternoon. Enjoying each other's company, the time just flew by and before they knew where they were it was eight o'clock in the evening. While the man hurriedly gathered his briefcase and papers together, he asked the young lady to take his shoes outside and rub them in the grass and dirt. She was rather surprised by his request but complied willingly enough. He put on his shoes and drove home.



"What time do you call this?" demanded his wife

The wedding reception was held the day before in the basement social hall with its restaurant-size kitchen. The reception was to be held in a very nice restaurant down the road. It was moved to the church because a driver had an accident that morning and knocked down the telephone pole and power lines for that side of the road. No problem. The catering was shifted and the atmosphere was cosy and homelike.

To thank Trinity Methodist for their warm hospitality I'm sending them some of St Mary's literature, a sample ANT magazine and a sack of 40 tulip bulbs in shades of purple and lilac. It would be nice to stay in touch.

Linda ten Berge



Something to Think About ...

(Source: Submitted by Darnell Elswick to The Trinity Spire, newsletter of the church visited this year by Linda ten Berge)

The story is told of an old man who lived on a farm in the mountains of eastern Kentucky with his young grandson. Each morning, Grandpa was up early sitting at the kitchen table reading from his old worn-out Bible. His grandson, who wanted to be just like him tried to imitate him in any way he could.

One day the grandson asked, "Grandpa, I try to read the Bible just like you but I don't understand it, and what I do understand I forget as soon as I close the book. What good does reading the Bible do?" The grandfather quietly turned from putting coal in the stove and said, "Take this old wicker coal basket down to the river and bring back a basket of water."

seen, lying stratified in its raw state in three local quarries, from where it was taken all those years ago. Those quarries are also a source of many fossilised objects, from shells to sharks' teeth. A very busy time locally was when this area was quarried, specifically for the rich sediments that are found in this area. The material was exported by the ton in past centuries, and was used as fertilizer, thanks to its rich phosphate content. This coming and going of local industry reminds us of how the landscape in these parts has changed over the centuries to comply with contemporary needs. There was a time of course, when it was possible walk to the Netherlands from here, but that's a different story.



The church has been built and begins to fulfil its important place in the society, serving the villagers here, starting traditions that are carried over to this very day. Next time we will discover in more detail what secrets this ancient church holds for the more inquisitive ones among you. To be continued ...



**Love is blind ...
but marriage is a real eye-opener.**

Return to Sender
A soldier was on a lengthy tour of duty far away from home. One day he received a letter from his girlfriend saying that she had met someone else and she wanted to break up with him. She also asked him to send her picture back. Naturally he felt very low at first. But being a resourceful fellow, he decided to take the only course of action open to him. He went round his buddies and collected all the unwanted photos of women he could find.



Then he mailed a couple of dozen photos to his ex-girlfriend, with the following note: "I don't remember which one you are. Please remove your picture and send the rest back."

Icy Atmosphere

Wife texts husband on a cold winters morning: "Windows frozen." Husband texts back: "Pour some luke-warm water over." Wife texts back: "Computer completely fouled up now."

Who Writes These Headlines?

Worker suffers leg pain after crane drops 800lb ball on his head

Bridges help people cross rivers

City unsure why the sewer smells

Meeting on open meetings is closed

Man accused of killing lawyer receives a new attorney

County to pay \$250,000 to advertise lack of funds

Caskets found as workers demolish mausoleum

Statistics show that teen pregnancy drops off significantly after age 25

Architects, and other knowledgeable people who view the building, will quickly see the various styles and materials that have been used in the building of St John's. With many original features remaining visible today, it is a delight to behold, especially with its thatched roof! Despite its rather lonely location, a mile outside of the established village, it is still seen as a central point, and, when viewing the church registers, it is easy to see that there is a long-standing connection to this building for nearly everyone who lives hereabouts.

The days of the dissolution did take their toll on the building, as we no longer have any of the original statues that once formed part of the church's fabric, and of course at that same time the priory suffered the fate of hundreds of similar institutions during the reign of Henry VIII. Thankfully though, there are still remnants of the priory to be seen. Remains of some stonework are visible, but most impressive of all is the gatehouse, still standing, and clothed in its ancient heraldic finery, and long since having been converted into a very salubrious bed-and-breakfast, with a reception facility for holding wedding parties and the like. That transformation took place following its use as a vicarage for some time. Stone from France was imported for the priory buildings and was landed at jetties on the Butley river, which runs on the edge of what is known as Butley Low Corner, a hamlet near to the church.

Returning to St John's, the material used in its construction consists of a commonly found stone, namely flint, large lumps of it, which it seems is quite impervious to anything that nature can throw against it. The Norman tower is built of this material, though the buttresses that support it and the west wall are constructed from blocks of Coralline Crag, a stone also used in the two other local churches of Wantisden and Chillesford. This stone can still be

The boy did as he was told, even though all the water leaked out before he could get back to the house. The grandfather laughed and said, "You will have to move a little faster next time," and sent him back to the river with the basket to try again. This time the boy ran faster, but again the old wicker basket was empty before he returned home. Out of breath, he told his grandfather that it was "impossible to carry water in a basket" and he went to get a bucket instead.

The old man said, "I don't want a bucket of water; I want a basket of water. You can do this. You're just not trying hard enough," and he went out the door to watch the boy try again.

At this point, the boy knew it was impossible, but he wanted to show his grandfather that even if he ran as fast as he could, the water would leak out before he got far at all. The boy scooped the water and ran hard, but when he reached his grandfather the basket was again empty. Out of breath, he said, "See Grandpa, it's useless!" "So you think it is useless?" said the old man, "Look at the basket." The boy looked at the basket and for the first time he realized that the basket looked different. Instead of a dirty old wicker coal basket, it was clean. "Son, that's what happens when you read the Bible. You might not understand or remember everything, but when you read it, it will change you from the inside out."



Moral of the wicker basket story: Take time to read a portion of God's word each day: it will affect you for good even if you don't retain a word.

angrily. "Where have you been?" "I can't lie to you," he replied. "I've been with my secretary all afternoon." She looked down at his shoes and said rather scathingly, "Huh, don't think you can pull the wool over my eyes: you been playing golf again!"

Family Tree

At a drinks party at a wealthy country club, the conversation turned to the subject of ancestry. "Of course, we trace our family back to coming over with William the Conqueror," observed one lady with obvious satisfaction. She turned to a second woman, who was new to the club, and asked, "What about you dear? Can you go back very far?" "Not very far," came the reply. "You see, all the early family records were lost in the Flood."

Life Changes

A group of girl-friends, all age 40, discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the waiters there were polite, handsome and attentive. Ten years later, at age 50, the friends once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food was good and the wine selection was excellent.



Ten years later, at age 60, the friends again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they

St James the Least of All On How to Save Electricity in Church

My dear Nephew Darren,

Your church certainly seems to have taken to the idea of green electricity with a vengeance. To have covered the whole of your roof with solar panels was a brave move, and makes quite a sight – especially when the sun catches them, dazzling motorists on the by-pass and causing multiple pile-ups. I pity the local pigeons, who try to land on it and then do a gentle glissade into the gutters.



I know there have been objections to your proposal to erect a wind turbine in your car park – although no one could claim that it spoils the aesthetic appearance of your church. Nothing, my dear Darren, could do that.

May I humbly offer you some further suggestions for reducing your electricity consumption. If you cut your sermons by half, then everyone could go home 20 minutes earlier. Similarly, if you only sang each chorus once instead of your customary 17 times, that should cut your service times in half. And why have lighting so good that everyone can see everyone else? That is the last thing our own congregation ever want to do.

I raised the issue at our last church council meeting, but having only recently gone on to electricity, there seemed little enthusiasm for yet more change. Major Hastings still fondly remembers our old acetylene plant in the churchyard, destroyed during Matins one morning when the verger was unaware of the gas leak and lit up a cigarette. We still occasionally find pieces of his cassock when mowing the grass.

since been found there, but the site is now used as a farm. Between these two places, and still to be seen, is Burrow Hill. Once an island, until the sea receded, this is the site of the first inhabited place in these parts. A fortified home for a group of Anglo-Saxons, the site has been excavated, and many ancient artefacts were found.

Shortly after its completion and St John's becoming a parish church, the building's limitations became obvious, and it was deemed too small to be part of a newly planned Augustinian priory. Therefore, under the patronage this time of Sir Ranulph de Glanville, a plot of land, about a half mile distant, was to become the site for the spectacular new priory. This would house 36 Black Canons of the Augustinian order, and it was they who maintained the use of St John the



Baptist Church in Butley, solely for the use of the village and its surroundings. So every day one canon was appointed to walk to the church and, with the host and chalice he carried, there perform the service of Morning Mass. This they did for no less than 369 years, until the time of the dissolution. It was possible then to find out the time of day by using one of the two mass dials, which are scratched into the stone window frame on the south side of the church. These are early sundials, and were used by the people and clergy to ensure that Mass would be held promptly at an appointed hour by the celebrant.

We know that the priory church was much larger and more splendid than the one at Butley, but the only significant reminder we have of those times is that the priory church has long since gone, whereas ours still stands and is used for worship on at least four Sundays of the month.

Friendly Gesture

In the days of old, when knights were bold, the king turned to his knight and said: "What have been doing today?"



The knight said, "I've been a-robbing and a-pillaging on your behalf, burning the villages of your enemies in the north." The king said, "But I don't have any enemies in the north." The knight smiled ruefully, "Well, I'm afraid you do now."

Rough Justice

The rain falls on the just not the unjust fellow, 'Cos the unjust has stolen the just's umbrella.

It Pays to Advise

Free Puppies

1/2 Cocker Spaniel,
1/2 sneaky neighbour's dog.

Free Puppies

Mother is a Kennel Club registered German Shepherd. Father is a Super Dog, able to leap tall fences in a single bound.

Wedding Dress for Sale

Worn once by mistake.
Call Stephanie.



Q: What do you call a handcuffed man?

A: Trustworthy.

Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

My Butley Story (part 2)

By Malcolm McBride

Christianity, in its early and then rather unstable form, came to East Anglia in about the middle of the seventh century. The establishment of the Christian Church took place usually at the invitation of the early kings in this area, Raedwald and Siegebert being the first of those. Four holy people stand out as being those who really got Christianity in Suffolk established. These were Felix, Audry, Edmund and Botolph. They were instrumental in building churches not only in this county but also further afield – having first gained the confidence of the kings – and attracting local landed patronage, who would have financed the building of these first churches.

Not far from Butley, and a member of our local benefice, is St Botolph's Church at Iken. It occupies possibly the most idyllic setting of any church I know. Situated on a sharp bend in the River Alde, the place where Botolph erected a monastery in the year 654, the view you get from the approach road cannot have altered at all since it was built, and must have been just like this at the time of its foundation.

It was following the establishment of the early Christian movement in this area, known locally as The Sandlings, that the good people of Butley, who, under local patronage in the early 12th century and on land gifted to them by the knight Theobald de Valoinés, began erecting the original church on a site that is still occupied by that very same building. The first spiritual leader there was a priest named Ernard. Not far distant in a hamlet called Capel St Andrew, another, smaller church was built and served that area until it was demolished about 500 years ago. It was then that St John's at Butley assumed the role of being the church for that parish. Nothing is left of the Capel St Andrew's chapel, though burial remains have

Mr Prentice, with a slightly malicious gleam, suggested building a treadmill, to be worked by the Young Farmers – which would also keep them out of the pub while Evensong was taking place. I couldn't help feeling that our Ladies Group would have far more determination to keep the thing rotating – probably providing enough energy to light the entire county. I was tempted to suggest we invite the vicar from our adjoining parish, St Agatha's, to preach every Sunday, as that would fill our church with more than enough hot air.



I finally stopped all further discussion on the subject when a solar panel consultant arrived at the rectory and began his sales pitch with the phrase: "I've come to convert you".

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

© The Revd Dr Gary Bowness



Contributed by Nicole Zonnebeld

would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they could dine in peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

Ten years later, at age 70, the friends discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the restaurant was wheelchair accessible and had an elevator.

Ten years later, at age 80, the friends discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.



A clear conscience is the sign of a fuzzy memory.

4th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
All Souls and Saints	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
	Chalice	Count Alfred Solms Pauline Talstra
10:30 am Sung Eucharist with All Souls Memorial	Simone Yallop	(1) Isaiah 56:3-8
	Blair Charles	(2) Hebrews 12:18-24
	Gospel	Matthew 5:1-12

11th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Remembrance Sunday	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema Joyce Wigboldus
 10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Erica Schotman	(1) Jonah 3:1-5, 10
	Simone Yallop	(2) Hebrews 9:24-end
	Gospel	Mark 1:14-20

18th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Second Sunday before Advent	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens Simone Yallop
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Jeanet Luiten	(1) Daniel 12:1-3
	Victor Pirene	(2) Hebrews 10:11-25
	Gospel	Mark 13:1-8

25th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Christ the King	Intercessor	Janice Collins
	Chalice	Janice Collins Count Alfred Solms
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Agnes Lee	Daniel 7: 9-10, 13-14
	Vivian Reinders	Revelation 1:4b-8
	Gospel	John 18:33b-37

2nd December	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
First Sunday of Advent	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema Simone Yallop
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Heleen Rauwerda	(1) Jeremiah 33:14-16
	Simone Yallop	(2) 1 Thessalonians 3:9-end
	Gospel	Luke 21:25-36

9th December	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Second Sunday of Advent	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema Count Alfred Solms
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Caroline Siertsema	(1) Malachi 3:1-4
	Hans Siertsema	(2) Philemon 1:3-11
	Gospel	Luke 3:1-6