

## Poetry and Prose

After attending St Anne's College Oxford, U.A. Fanthorpe became a teacher and ultimately Head of English at Cheltenham Ladies College. However, it was not until she left teaching to become a receptionist at a psychiatric hospital that she embarked on her writing career, and it was here that she found inspiration for her first book: *Side Effects*.

*The Sheepdog* is taken from *Christmas Poems*, a collection that brings together the poems she had been sending to friends as Christmas cards since 1974. Celebrating the seasonal joy and love, these introduce a broad range of characters and look at the Christmas story from an original perspective.



## The Sheepdog



*After the very bright light,  
And the talking bird,  
And the singing,  
And the sky filled up wi' wings,  
And then the silence,*

*Our lads sez  
"We'd better go, then.  
Stay, Shep. Good dog, stay."  
So I stayed wi' t' sheep.*

*After they cum back,  
It sounded grand, what they'd seen:  
Camels, and kings, and such,  
Wi' presents – human sort,  
Not the kind you eat –  
And a baby. Presents was for him.  
Our lads took him a lamb.*

*I had to stay behind wi' sheep.  
Pity they didn't tek me along, too.  
I'm good wi' sheep,  
And the baby might have liked a dog  
After all that myrrh and such.*

*By U.A. Fanthorpe (1929-2009)*



## December 2012 & January 2013



### The Chaplain Writes

**And He was made man ...**

*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him and without him not one thing came into being. (John 1: 1-4)*

Familiar words which we hear every Christmas Day.

Jesus became man and he was a human being like us. He is not only man, but also the Son of God. Over the centuries we have struggled with this combination. Sometimes the accent is on the divinity of Jesus, lately we seem to be more inclined to look at him as one of us.

Not long ago a piece of parchment was found and speculations started. Was he married? Was it Mary Magdalene? A shock went through the world as it seemed too human to be married. But that is what Jesus meant to do: he wanted to be one of us.

Jesus was a human being and he was made man to be nearer to us. To be visible in our daily life. To be an example and to preach his message that God cares about his people. He is not only human but also divine, and came to show us how to discover the divine spark in ourselves. That divine spark needs to be nurtured and expanded. We need to become more like God.

At Christmas we celebrate that divinity and humanity meet and, if we let God have his way, it will be a fruitful combination in which we will develop fully into the image of God in which we are created and how we are meant to be.

I wish you all a blessed Christmas!

Alja Tollefsen  
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





# Twente News

## Floral Guild Receives Council Donation

St Mary's Floral Guild is an independent group that likes to celebrate the seasons and church holidays with colour and symbolism. We love to be able to present bouquets or plants to members when appropriate (special occasions both

happy and sad). Sometimes we are asked specifically to arrange for flowers to be donated or provided for a special purpose, and sometimes we do a spur-of-the-moment impulse gesture. Thru the goodwill of church members donating to the three annual sales and Theda ten Barge's handwork sale donations, we always have enough money in the tin to pay for everything. Our income fluctuates from year to year but we are thankful that we don't have to draw on the church budget.

As a happy surprise, our St Mary's Church Council decided to close a redundant collection and gifted the Floral Guild with €222.60! We had a total of €294.25 and this one-time special gift brings our account up to €516.85! We have never been this rich before ... EVER. So, on behalf of all the Flower Ladies, thank you very much council members. We will try to husband our resources wisely and are grateful that we can come thru lean years with aplomb.

*Gratefully Linda ten Berge and Philippa ter West*

P.S. If you would like to help with arranging flowers for the church, please contact us.

## ICS Christmas Cards

Christmas cards can now be ordered from ICS. The range of designs on offer can be seen in the Hut, together with details of the ordering procedure and costs. Should you wish to receive a digital order form, please contact Everhard Ottens or Janice Collins by email.



## To Her

Hi Sweetheart, I'm sorry about getting into an argument about putting up the Christmas lights. I guess that sometimes I feel like you are pushing me too hard when you want something. I realize that I was wrong and I am apologizing for being such a hard-headed guy. All I want is for you to be happy and be able to enjoy the holiday season. Nothing brightens the Christmas spirit like Christmas lights! I took the time to hang the lights for you today and now I will be off to the golf course.



when an angel appeared and told her to look around the ground and take what grew there to her Lord. She dried her eyes and looked and lo where the angel had stood there was a circle of flowers pure green with white, the white flowers that spoke of innocence. She gathered them and made a posy for her love offering. She walked with the shepherds to the stable and gave her posy, then returned to her sheep tending. Those flowers the maiden gathered are called Christmas Roses. They first blossomed at the Nativity and rose because the rose is the flower of love and they were a love token from a child to her Saviour.

Now there came from the east three Wise Men, come to worship Him following a bright star illuminating their path through the night time. In the day it shone too, leading them to Bethlehem. Now where its bright rays touched the ground small white flowers grew like stars. Men call them Stars of Bethlehem, a token that they were first in guiding the Wise Men. This name they bear even now. When these men came to the cave, they marvelled at such a lowly birth place for a King, but on entering the place they saw the sweet-smelling blossoms and wondered no longer but knelt down and worshipped the Babe. They too had gifts for Him of costly gold and fragrant odours of plants called Frankincense and Myrrh. After they made their gifts, they departed on another route and went not nigh to tell the angry Herod where the King lay. Joseph was told in a dream to leave Bethlehem, so saddled the ass and stole away in the dark. The way was long and weary, so when they rested the Flower of Jericho sprang up. They are wondrous resurrection flowers which pilgrims oft bring home from Jerusalem, and which appear to be dead but placed in water their branches will be covered in buds. When danger loomed, the Holy Family hid behind a large juniper tree growing nigh. Even now branches of Juniper are laid in churches in Italy at Christmastide. During the journey the Virgin washed the swathing clothes and lay them on the ground to dry. Lo, whenever she did that, sweet flowers sprang up. The Holy Family dwelt a while in Egypt, later travelling to Nazareth, which by some is called the Flower Village.

*This legend is taken from a book called In the Garden of God, published in 1904.*

*Abridged and adapted by Brenda Pyle*

## The Legend of the Flowers of the Nativity

There once was a man named Joseph who lived in Nazareth and was betrothed to Mary. There came a decree that everyone should register and must go to the nearest big town to do that. Mary and Joseph set off for Bethlehem. It was a weary walk as Mary was great with child.



When they got to Bethlehem they found all the hostelrys and inns filled with people, everyone coming from surrounding towns and villages. There was no place for them to sleep. Joseph was troubled but he remembered he had seen a cave where his ass was stabled and some oxen. He thought they could sleep there, away from the tumult of the city and crowded inns. The animals were friendly with gentle faces and sympathetic eyes. It was in this poor cave that our Lord Jesus Christ was born, of which the prophets had told. When the oxen and ass saw the Holy Child they bowed their heads and fell on their knees before Him. Even these beasts knew that this was The Lord of All, come to dwell on earth. Some say that even now on Christmas Eve the animals fall on their knees in remembrance.

Mary laid her baby in a manger for she had no other cradle and she wrapped Him round in swathing bands. She too worshipped Him, the fair infant. There was great joy in her heart when she prayed and very gently did she kiss Him. She was filled with the love and sacredness of motherhood. There was only dried grass in the manger, sweet-smelling hay. Well, poor bedding for a King, but amongst the hay there were dead flowers, galium, thyme and wood-ruff, and of a sudden these flowers began to bloom again. The leaves grew green and the flowers changed colour: the galium gold, the dried clover pink and the wood-ruff white. The clover flowers formed a halo round the head of the Infant King, while the galium made a golden coverlet. Later people called it Lady's-Bed-Straw because its little blossoms made a soft couch for the Holy Babe. The clover they called Holy Hay.

Many wonders took place that night. Shepherds in the fields were visited by angels and told of the King's birth, so they rose and went forth to see this King. Now there was a very poor child that would visit this Holy Child; she was so poor that she helped the shepherds look after the sheep to earn some livelihood – no time for merry play. She wished to take some offering with her to prove her love for Him and she pondered long what it could be. She wept bitterly wondering what,

## Christmas Market

The Christmas market will open after the Service of Nine Lessons & Carols on 16th December and will continue to be held after the services throughout this festive month. We are hoping for input, in the form of a baking extravaganza, from all of you. We will be offering a good selection of English produce, as well as a new collection of Chapel Christmas cards. Of course the Hut will be decorated to our usual "high standards" and the atmosphere will be great. We are hoping to have something going on outside the Hut as well. Your contributions to the whole event are most welcome. Any questions? Just ask Jeanet or Joyce. And there will also be a list up in the Hut.  
*Jeanet Luiten*

## Service on Christmas Eve

As in past years, only one service (at 22:30 hrs) will be held on Christmas Eve. Owing to certain practicalities, the second service announced in the November issue will not be held.

## Key Dates

11th to 16th  
December

Middachten Christmas  
Market

11:00 am to 7:00 pm  
(8:00 pm Saturday)

21st January 2013  
23rd January 2013

Next Council Meeting  
First Coffee & Chat  
Morning of the New  
Year: 10:30 am. (No  
meeting scheduled for  
December.)



## 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.

Again, I am very sorry for the way I acted yesterday. I'll be home later. Love you ...

## To Him

Hi Honey,  
Thank you for that heart-felt apology. I don't often get an apology from you, and I truly appreciate it. I, too, felt bad about the argument and wanted to apologize. I realize that I can sometimes be a little pushy. I will try to respect your feelings from now on.

Thank you for taking the time to hang the Christmas lights for me. It really means a lot. In the spirit of giving, I washed your truck for you and now I am off to the mall.

I love you too!



## Simple Explanation

Ever walk into a room with some purpose in mind, only to completely forget what that purpose was?



Turns out, doors themselves are to

blame for these strange memory lapses.

Psychologists at the University of Notre Dame have discovered that passing through a doorway triggers what's known as an event boundary in the mind, separating one set of thoughts and memories from the next. Your brain files away the thoughts you had in the previous room and prepares a blank slate for the new locale. It's not ageing, it's the door!

Whew! Thank goodness for studies.

Submitted by  
Blair Charles

## An Emmaus Course at St Mary's Chapel

By Blair Charles

Each of the six Emmaus course evenings began with the participants sharing a meal. Each meal offered excellent food, as well as equally good company. Best of all, each evening saw a diverse collection of people coming together to explore their faith and in the process get to know each other a bit better.

After the first meal, our chaplain, Alja Tollefsen, introduced the course before dividing the participants into groups, tasked to answer three simple questions. "Where did you learn to pray", "From whom did you learn to pray", and finally, "What prayers did you pray".

The discussion that followed was lively. The questions proved to be not so simple after all. In answering, everyone found themselves delving deeply into the very foundations of their beliefs and sharing their findings in open discussion, often with people only met over coffee after church. At the end of the evening, a spokesperson from each group gave a summary of their group's findings. Some of the findings were quite astonishing, leaving much to reflect on even after the evening closed with prayer at nine.

By week two, the numbers gathering to eat were down due to work demands and other commitments. Again, those attending gathered around the table to share a wonderful meal, prepared yet again by volunteers amongst the Emmaus course participants. Again, groups were formed and they settled down to wrestle with further questions. "Have your prayers changed over the years", "When do you pray", and



example, for no apparent reason the church bell would be tolled at a late and inappropriate hour. Was this to help interested parties to find their way to entrance of the Butley river and the people waiting there? We also read that these inlets (numerous around this part of the coast) were once used by Viking long ships. They were, it seemed, ideal places to hide before the crews advanced onto British soil the following morning.

To be continued...

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## Words for Teenagers

(This newspaper clipping, which recently caught her eye, is contributed by Joy Romeijn.)

Vanuit Australië kreeg ik het volgende artikel toegestuurd. De inhoud is ook hier van toepassing en het verdient aanbeveling, dat ouders, overheden en rechters hier toch echt eens bij stil moeten staan.

Northland College principal John Tapene has offered the following words from a judge who regularly deals with youth. "Always we hear the cry from teenagers, 'what can we do, where can we go?' My answer is this: 'Go home, mow the lawn, wash the windows, learn to cook, build a raft, get a job, visit the sick, study your lessons and, after you've finished, read a book. Your town does not owe you recreational facilities and your parents do not owe you fun.' The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You owe it your time, energy and talent, so that no one will be at war, in sickness and lonely again. In other words grow up, stop being a cry baby, get out of your dream world and develop a backbone and not a wishbone. Start behaving like a responsible person. You are important and you are needed. It's too late to sit around and wait for somebody to do something someday. Someday is now and that somebody is You."

Henk Schulten, Delden

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart vs admirer

Admirer: I'm thinking of writing symphonies. Can you give me any suggestions as to how to get started?

Mozart: A symphony is a very complex musical form. Perhaps you should begin with some simple lieder and work your way up to a symphony. Admirer: But, Herr Mozart, you were writing symphonies when you were 8 years old.

Mozart: But I never asked anyone how.

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And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you — ask what you can do for your country. — John F. Kennedy, Inaugural Address 1961

## Repatee Revisited

*Senator Fritz Hollings vs Henry McMaster*, when the former was challenged during a televised debate to take a drug test:  
Hollings: I'll take a drug test ... if you take an IQ test.

*Henry Clay vs Massachusetts Senator Daniel Webster*, after seeing a pack of mules walk by:  
Webster: Clay, there goes a number of your Kentucky constituents.  
Clay: Yes, they must be on their way to Massachusetts to teach school.

*Winston Churchill vs a Member of Parliament*:  
MP: Mr Churchill, must you fall asleep while I am speaking?  
Churchill: No, it's purely voluntary.

*Calvin Coolidge vs a lady at a White House dinner*  
Lady: Mr Coolidge, I've made a bet with a fellow who said it was impossible to get more than two words out of you.  
Coolidge: You lose.

myself only reappear at Christmas or Easter after wandering aimlessly around for half a year. My only other chance of knowing where I am is by hearing the church bell on Sunday mornings! (More about the bell later.)



Help in running the church comes from many different sources and people, ranging from doctors to estate agents, financial advisors to solicitors, farm managers to gamekeepers, and many more. Support is gained from the village of course: the council members being themselves parishioners recognize the importance of the church and its central place in the community. Another source is the local prison at Hollesley Bay Colony. This was once a training establishment for aspirant young Englishmen who were destined to work in the service of the Realm, developing the British colonies. Hollesley Bay Colony is now a prison and today's authorities make it possible for inmates to work outside the open unit in occupations where their activities help others to see, from a practical point of view, how they can play a constructive and valuable part in the community. We are visited weekly by one, sometimes two, of the inmates who have chosen as part of their service to assist in the upkeep of church graveyards and surrounds. This they do at three of the local churches: Hollesley, Boyton and Butley.

St John's, although situated so close to the sea and its numerous inlets, no longer has any direct connection with activities associated with marine life. In years gone by, though, the Oyster Inn at Butley was renowned as the headquarters for local smugglers and the like. His or Her Majesty's customs and excise officers were regular visitors to the area, and many a tale is still told of those times. For

"What posture do you adopt to pray". The conversation, yet again, was spirited. The summaries contained some surprises. For example, some thought prayers should not be all serious; maybe they should contain a bit of humour.

Weeks three and four found numbers had settled at between ten and twelve eager and available participants. The format changed slightly due to the numbers. Now after the meal, preceded as usual by the Grace and followed by compliments to the cooks, everyone joined together to discuss elements of the Lord's Prayer. In discussing this fundamental prayer of the Christian faith, the multinational, ecumenical group seemed to grow together as they explored basic tenets of their faith.

By week five, with the end of Summer Time, the journey to the hut was made in the dark. A stunningly beautiful Harvest Moon put those who saw it in the right frame of mind to discuss questions on their attitude to church. What did "church" mean to them and what was their idea of the perfect church. The answers were free and frank. Meaning everyone spoke their minds and there was a lot of humour and happiness in the answers.

In the final week, the participants were asked "What does being a Christian and belonging to a church mean to you?" In addition, they were asked to examine what the line from the Nicene Creed, "We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic church" meant. Alja, as usual, listened and gently guided the discussion whenever it went off topic. As the last evening of the Emmaus course closed with prayers it left one last question, "What did the Emmaus give those who took part?" Well, all taking part did get to know more about their church, each other, and gained an insight as to what it meant to be a Christian. In addition, all taking part had fun, companionship, and great food.

## A Landlord's Lot

*Complaints sent in by tenants*

It's the dogs' mess that I find hard to swallow.

My lavatory seat is cracked, where do I stand?

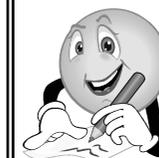
I am writing on behalf of my sink, which is coming away from the wall.

50% of the walls are damp, 50% have crumbling plaster, and 50% are just plain filthy.

The toilet is blocked and we cannot bath the children until it is cleared.

Our lavatory seat is broken in half and now is in three pieces.

Our kitchen floor is damp. We have two children and would like a third, so please send someone round to do something about it.





"I know of only two painters in the world," said a newly introduced feminine enthusiast to Whistler, "yourself and Velasquez."

"Why," answered Whistler in dulcet tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

— D.C. Seitz,  
*Whistler Stories*

### Christmas Entertaining

Entertaining a number of house-guests over Christmas is a lot like living in California ... if you find a fault, don't dwell on it!



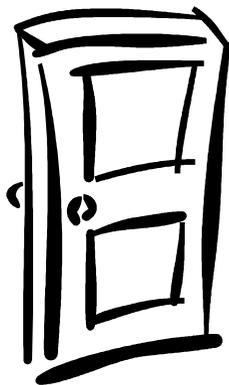
## The Other Side of the Door

A very sick man visited his doctor in a small rural village. As he was leaving, he suddenly blurted out: "Doctor, I am afraid to die. You go to church on Sundays. Tell me what lies on the other side."

The doctor thought a moment. Then he said simply: "I don't know."

"You don't know?" protested the man. "You, a Christian, can't say more than that?"

The doctor was holding the handle of the door into the waiting room of the surgery. On the other side, there was a sound of eager scratching and whining. He opened the door and the patient's spaniel sprang into the room, leaping on his owner with an eager happiness.



Turning to the patient, the doctor said, "Here's your dog. He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here, and so when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. It is the same for me. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing: I know my Master is there, and that is enough. And when the door opens for me one day, I shall pass through with no fear, but with gladness."

Source: *Parish Pump* December 2012



living, with the trend shifting away from farm life and giving rise to job titles the like of which the older residents don't even understand. This is nothing to be scared of, as progressions within the life here are maintained in balance quite well by people's natural ability to adapt to new situations and create new traditions to suit – just as they have done in the past, for example during the 16th century reformation and during the 20th century World Wars when menfolk were lost.



The attendance at St John's on "normal" Sundays is really nothing to shout about, but in the majority of cases the reason is easily explained.

When travelling along the road to Butley, I see many parishioners busy working in the fields and farmyards, but at particular times each and every one of them will be there in the pews. Christmas time of course is one such occasion, but the church is even fuller when there is a death within the Butley community. The pulling power generated at such a time affects the whole parish and is overwhelming. To receive congregations in excess of 120 in a church that will comfortably hold around 80 is a hard task, but one that cements any weakened joint in the parish's masonry.

As previously hinted, the majority of our parishioners are to be found not in the village but outside its boundary – the place where things really happen and are of personal concern to all those dotted about in hamlets between the fields. As an outsider, I frequently give thanks for the invention of satellite navigation, for without it I would never be able to find anyone and might

Rudolph, but could you please explain ... Olive?"

"You know," the man circled his hand forward impatiently and began to sing, *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, had a very shiny nose. And if you ever saw it, you would even say it glowed. Olive, the other reindeer ...*

Santa Claus has the right idea. Visit people only once a year.  
— *Victor Borge*

Just booked a table for New Year's Eve for me and the wife. Bound to end in tears though; she's useless at snooker.

A cake in one hand  
and



a glass of wine in the other ...



that's my idea of a balanced diet!

## Who?

The game show contestant was only 200 points behind the leader and about to answer the final question – worth 500 points! “To be today's champion,” the show's smiling host intoned, “name two of Santa's reindeer.”

The contestant, a man in his early thirties, gave a sigh of relief, gratified that he had drawn such an easy question. “Rudolph!” he said confidently, “and ... Olive!” The studio audience started to applaud (like the little sign above their heads said to do) but the clapping quickly faded into mumbling, and the confused host replied,



“Yes, we'll accept

## My Butley Story (part 3 of 5): St John's Role in Butley

By Malcolm McBride

For well over 850 years, St John the Baptist Church in Butley has played an important part in the lives of the people hereabouts. The local populace is spread over a fairly large area, meaning for some that the chance of seeing a neighbour during the week is slight, while for others from further afield, well, seeing them may be an annual business. But for those who are able to visit the church regularly (and that doesn't have to be every week), then the opportunity to meet and greet those you call friends and neighbours is greatly increased.

As someone who doesn't live in the parish but who travels in to carry out my work there, I notice this quite strongly, just as those who can call themselves “the men and women of Butley” do. For some the only time that they see one another is on high days and Holy days – a recent example was the last weekend in September, at the Harvest Thanksgiving Service. Because of where we are and what the majority do for a living (work associated in some way with the land), harvest is still a time of great importance and meaning. The traditions in an agricultural community such as Butley have altered little over the years, and it is only quite recently that we have noticed new titles appearing among the occupations here. The changes have been brought about chiefly by the introduction of modern farming equipment and methods, which call for far less man craft than in bygone times. As the number of traditional jobs begins to fade, paths gradually open up for a very different type of congregation to replace those of the past. This trend is visible when looking through the church registers, especially those where the occupations of parishioners are noted. We observe huge differences in what people now do for a

## Message of Thanks

22nd November 2012

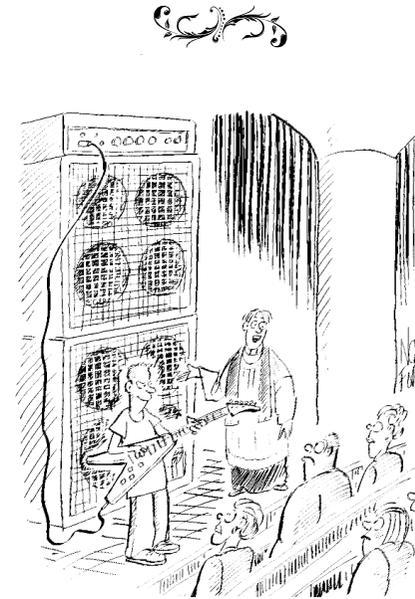
Dear Friends of St Mary's,

*How can I thank you enough for the basket of delicious fruit, which Cathie and Frits Warmink kindly brought me, on your behalf, yesterday.*

*My sister-in-law constantly reminded us, at breakfast, that we should eat five different kinds of fruit a day, then we should be fighting fit!*

*If I don't keep up my strength after your kindness – you should, certainly, have no guilty conscience!*

*My thanks to all,  
Joy (Romeijn)*



*“For the next part of our carol service, Nigel the verger's nephew will play his interpretation of Silent Night ...”*

Source: Parish Pump 2012

## Political Life

Edward Hale, while chaplain of the U.S. Senate, was once asked if he prayed for the senators. He quickly replied, “No. After getting to know the senators, I pray for the people.”

## Ever Happened to You?

When my husband and I arrived at our local Ford dealer to pick up our car, we were told the keys had been locked in it.



We went to the Service Department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's door. As I watched from the passenger side, I instinctively tried the door-handle and discovered that it was unlocked. “Hey,” I announced to the mechanic, “it's open!” “I know. I already did that side,” he replied.

St Albans, Herts.



### Going for Gold

*(Inspired by the 2012 Olympics and the book of Job)*

When He has tried me I shall come forth as gold  
All of my past and journeys untold  
The good and the bad, the joy and the pain  
Only my Maker can make all things plain.  
When life is right or when it goes wrong,  
Not knowing the answers, just holding on.  
Sometimes it's sunshine but often it's rain  
All I can do is cling to His Name.  
His cross is the anchor when all sense has gone  
And out of the ashes redemption

### Prisoners

*On 11th November we welcomed our Veterans, the Highland Regiment, Mr Mulder (on the trumpet) and many other guests to a moving Service for Remembrance Sunday. Our Chaplain, Alja Tollefsen, brought her sermon to a close by telling the story below: "... I hope that it will convince you that Remembrance Sunday is not only about remembering the victims but also about forgiveness and healing."*



In '41 Mama took us back to Moscow. There I saw our enemies for the first time. If my memory is right, nearly twenty thousand German war prisoners were to be marched in a single column through the streets of Moscow. The pavements swarmed with onlookers, cordoned off by soldiers and police. The crowd was mostly women – Russian women with hands roughened by hard work, lips untouched by lipstick, and thin hunched shoulders which had borne half the burden of the war. Every one of them must have had a father or a husband, a brother or a son killed by the Germans.

They gazed with hatred in the direction from which the column was to appear. At last we saw it. The generals marched at the head, massive chins stuck out, lips folded disdainfully, their whole demeanour meant to show superiority over their plebeian victors. "They smell of eau-de-cologne, the bastards," someone in

a foot taller and several stones heavier than you. The result was quite worrying – several people wondered if you had just recovered from some dreadful disease that had made you shrink.

In the light of your qualified success, thank you for offering to come to repeat your speech after our annual Christmas dinner, but no thank you. The verger's son wants to share with us how many potholes he has counted in and around the town, and that should be most interesting.

Your loving uncle,  
Eustace  
©The Revd Dr Gary Bowness

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\* As this is the last issue of 2012, \*  
\* may we wish you, \*  
\* our readers and contributors, \*  
\* all the peace and joy of this \*  
\* blessed season and a happy \*  
\* and healthy New Year. \*  
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Contributed by Erica Schotman

"Anyone know whose phone this is?" he asks.

### Expound

Claustrophobia is the fear of closed spaces. For example, I am going to the liquor store and I'm scared it's closed.

### Future

A couple in their early seventies were discussing their future plans. The husband asked, "What will you do if I die before you?" The wife thought for a moment before replying, "I will probably look to share a house with three other single or widowed women, maybe people a little younger than me since I am still active for my age. What about you? What will you do if I die first?" "Probably the same," he replied.

## The Perfect Husband

Several men are in the locker room of a golf club. A cellular phone on a bench rings and a man engages the hands-free speaker function and begins to talk. Naturally everyone else in the room stops to listen.

*Man:* "Hello."

*Woman:* "Hi sweetheart, it's me. Are you at the club?"

*Man:* "Yes."

*Woman:* "I'm at the shops now and found this beautiful leather coat. It's only £2,000; is it OK if I buy it?"

*Man:* "Sure, go ahead if you like it that much. And make sure you get the shoes and handbag to match."

*Woman:* "OK. I'll see you later! I love you so much!"

*Man:* "Bye honey! I love you, too."

The man hangs up and turns to see the other men in the locker room staring at him in astonishment.

## St James the Least of All On Giving the After-Dinner Speech

My dear Nephew Darren,

I had been slightly surprised that in your ministry so far you have never been asked to give an after-dinner speech. Now you have delivered your first one, I can understand why. Speeches after any dinner come at the point where stomachs are dealing with a little too much food and brains with about the same quantity of wine. They should be short and witty; sadly, yours was neither.



An hour-long speech on the Herodians and Second Temple Judaism at the time of the birth of Christ was not quite what we had expected. Of course, I applauded your enthusiasm, but I was the only one; the rest of them were asleep. Long after you had left, the catering staff gently vacuumed the carpets around the audience and it was only when the night security guard arrived that the last diners were woken and politely sent home. I suspect you will have put many marriages under strain as husbands, returning home in the early hours of the morning, had to explain to wives why they were so late. Their truthful answers would have been unbelievable.

When the head waiter appeared in a dressing-gown and started placing chairs on tables, even you must have suspected that hints were being dropped, and I have never heard of a hotel manager interrupting a speech to place his keys on the top table and asking if the last person to leave would kindly lock the main door.

I know that your clerical attire is more usually T-shirt and jeans, but borrowing the curate's dinner suit from your next-door parish was also not a good idea. He is

the crowd said with hatred. The women were clenching their fists. The soldiers and policemen had difficulty to hold them back. All at once something happened to them. They saw German soldiers, thin, unshaven, wearing dirty blood-stained bandages, hobbling on crutches or leaning on the shoulders of their comrades; the soldiers walked with their heads down. The street became dead silent – the only sound was the shuffling of boots and the thumping of crutches.

Then I saw an elderly woman in broken-down boots push herself forward and touch a policeman's shoulder, saying, "Let me through." There must have been something about her that made him step aside. She went up to the column, took from inside her coat something wrapped in a coloured handkerchief and unfolded it. It was a crust of black bread. She pushed it awkwardly into the pocket of a soldier, so exhausted that he was tottering on his feet. And now suddenly from every side women were running towards the soldiers, pushing into their hands bread, cigarettes, whatever they had. The soldiers were no longer enemies. They were people.

*Yevgeny Yevtushenko*



*After wreaths were laid at the altar, Mr Charles Reeves recited a poem and spoke the following well-known words:*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left  
grow old;*

*Age shall not weary them, nor the years  
condemn.*

*At the going down of the sun and  
in the morning,*

*We will remember them.*

is born.  
Bought by a price of  
measureless love  
To live with the  
King in glory above  
Only by mercy and  
infinite grace  
I'll stand in His  
presence, we'll meet  
face to face.  
My name in His  
scroll gently  
unfurled  
I'm transformed not  
as silver or bronze  
but as gold.

*By Megan Carter*



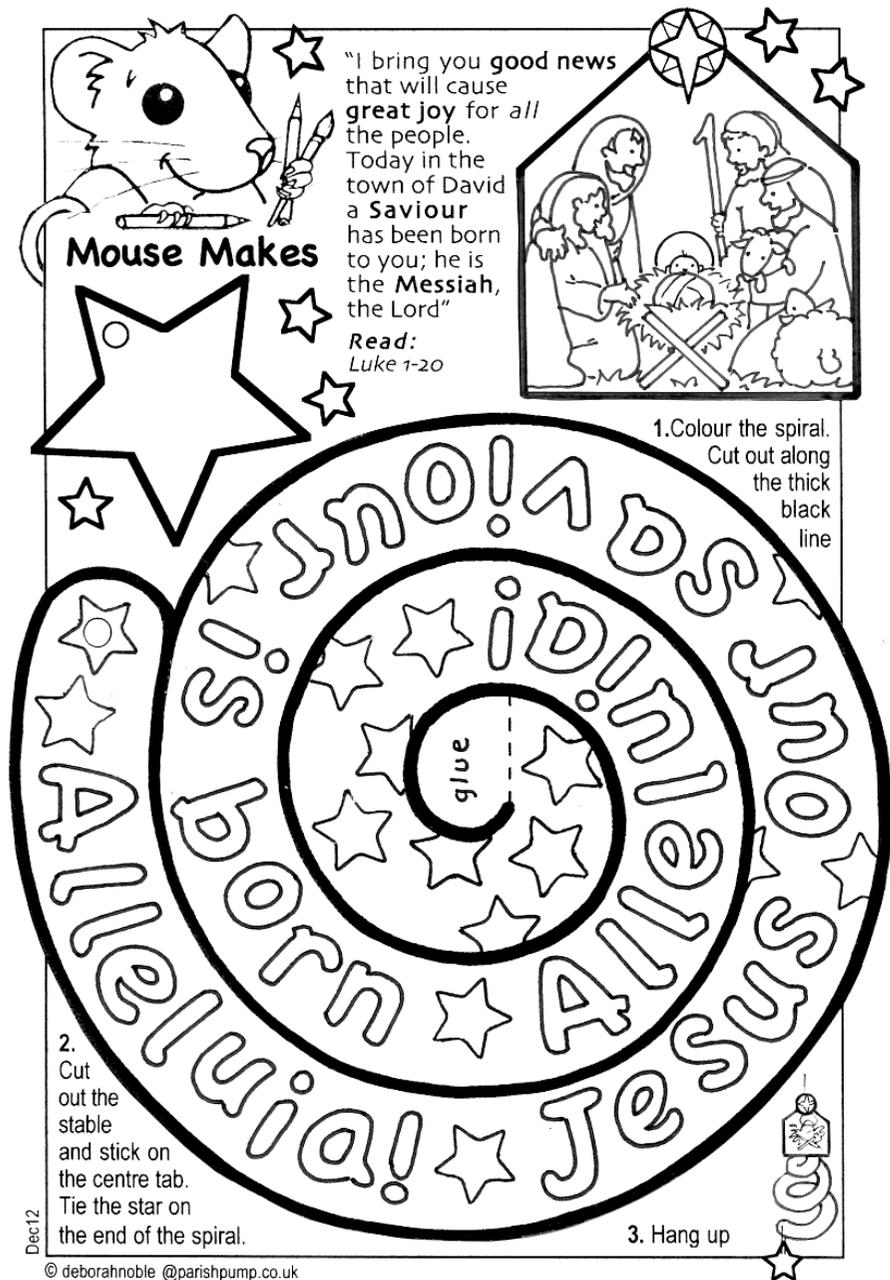
We know how God  
would act if he were  
in our place – he has  
been in our place.

*– A W Tozer*



Two works of mercy  
set a man free:  
forgive and you will  
be forgiven, and give  
and you will receive.

*– St Augustine of  
Hippo*



**Shepherd Family Cookbook**  
*Secrets revealed by Linda ten Berge*

**Doyle's Favourite Blackberry Cobbler:**

*Gerilyn Mason Shepherd*



Melt 1 stick butter in small baking dish. Pour in 2 c blackberry juice (better if you can deseed the blackberries). Mix together 1 c flour, 1 c sugar, 1 tsp baking powder, 1 tsp vanilla, ¼ tsp salt and 1 1/3 c milk. Pour evenly over butter and blackberry mixture. Sprinkle top with sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

**Scripture Cake:**

*Makayla Stephens*

- |                                |                       |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 1/2 c I Kings 4:22           | 2 c Numbers 17:8      |
| 1/2 c Judges 5:25, last clause | 2 tbsp I Samuel 14:25 |
| 2 c Jeremiah 6:20              | 2 tsp Amos 4:5        |
| 2 c I Samuel 30:12             | Add to taste          |
| 2 c Nahum 3:12                 | II Chronicles 9:9     |
| 1/2 c Judges 4:19, last clause | A pinch of            |
|                                | Leviticus 2:13        |
|                                | 6 Jeremiah 17:11      |

After assembling all ingredients, beat together the Judges and Jeremiah (6:20). Add 1 Samuel 14:25. Beat the 6 Jeremiah yolks and add I Kings, Amos, II Chronicles and a pinch of Leviticus alternately with the 1/2 c Judges 4:19, last clause. Add I Samuel 30:12, Nahum and Numbers, then fold in the well-beaten Jeremiah 17:11. Bake in well-greased tube pan 2 hours at 300 degrees.



**Going Downhill**

An elderly lady visited the doctor with a list of complaints about her deteriorating health. Her joints were stiff, her back ached, her vision was on the decline and she couldn't hear too well. "I'm afraid," said the doctor, "you have to accept that as you get older things will start to go downhill. After all, who wants to live to a hundred?" "Anyone who's ninety-nine," replied the woman.



For some reason, I'm more appreciated in France than I am at home. The subtitles must be incredible good.

- Woody Allen

<b>20th January</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>Elizabeth vd Heide</b>	<b>(1) Isaiah 62:1-5</b>
<b>Epiphany 3</b>	<b>Maureen vd Heide</b>	<b>(2) 1 Corinthians 12:1-11</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	<b>Gospel John 2:1-11</b>

<b>27th January</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Count Alfred Solms Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Jeanet Luiten</b>	<b>(1) Nehemiah 8:1-3, 5-6, 8-10</b>
<b>Epiphany 4</b>	<b>Blair Charles</b>	<b>(2) 1 Corinthians 12:12-31a</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	<b>Gospel Luke 4:14-21</b>

<b>3rd February</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Simone Yallop</b>	<b>(1) Malachi 3:1-5</b>
<b>Candlemas</b>	<b>Hans Siertsema</b>	<b>(2) Hebrews 11: 1-2, 8-19</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	<b>Gospel Mark 4:35-end</b>

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

<b>16th December</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Janice Collins</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	
	<b>Jeanet Luiten</b>	
<b>Third Sunday of Advent</b>	<b>Blair Charles</b>	
	<b>10:30 am Service of Nine Lessons &amp; Carols</b>	<b>The Nine Lessons Various Readers</b>



<b>23rd December</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>t.b.a.</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Blair Charles</b>	<b>Micah 5:2-5a</b>
<b>Fourth Sunday of Advent</b>	<b>Brenda Pyle</b>	<b>Hebrews 10:5-10</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	<b>Gospel Luke 1:39-45</b>

<b>24th December</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Count Alfred Solms</b>
	<b>Christmas Eve</b>	Joyce Wigboldus (1) Micah 5:2-5a
	Vivian Reinders (2) Hebrews 10:5-10	
<b>22:30 hrs Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Luke 1:39-45

<b>25th December</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>t.b.a. Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>Christmas Day</b>	t.b.a. (1) Isaiah 52:7-10
	Els Ottens (2) Hebrews 1: 1-4	
<b>10:30 hrs Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	John 1:1-14

<b>30th December</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Janice Collins</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens t.b.a.</b>
	<b>First Sunday of Christmas</b>	t.b.a. (1) 1 Samuel 2:18-20, 26
	Linda ten Berge (2) Colossians 3:12-17	
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Luke 2:41-end

<b>1st January New Year's Day</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Dr S. Bonting</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Philippa te West</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Count Alfred Solms Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Naming &amp; Circumcision of Jesus</b>	Erica Schotman (1) Numbers 6:22-27
	Heleen Rauwerda (2) Galatians 4:4-7	
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Luke 2:15-21

<b>6th January</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Janice Collins</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>Epiphany Sunday</b>	Blair Charles (1) Isaiah 60:1-6
	Arjen Haffmans (2) Ephesians 3:1-12	
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Matthew 2:1-12

<b>13th January</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Jeanet Luiten</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Epiphany 2 Baptism of Christ</b>	Vivien Reinders (1) Isaiah 43:1-7
	Brenda Pyle (2) Acts 8:14-17	
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Luke 3:15-17, 21-22