

March  
2013

### Easter

### The Chaplain Writes

Easter is the most important day of celebration for us Christians, although society may like to dictate Christmas as a more important day. The decorations for Easter are not as abundant, although an Easter garden is quite impressive in all its simplicity.

At Easter we celebrate the promise of Christmas fulfilled. The Father sent his Son to this world to take our sins upon him and free us from sin, and that is what we celebrate at Easter.


Last year we started the Easter celebration with the Vigil. A vigil, as the word indicates, used to be celebrated at daybreak or on Easter Eve, but for practical reasons it has been moved to the beginning of the Eucharist. We will start earlier than usual and I hope that many can attend.

In the Vigil the Easter fire is lit and water will be blessed to remind us of our baptism. The Pascal Candle is blessed and the five incense grains are put in place on the candle to remind us of the five wounds of Jesus during his passion. The candle is then carried into the church and placed in the sanctuary. A Pascal Candle usually remains in the sanctuary till Ascension Day or Pentecost and is then moved to the baptism font. As we don't have a separate place for the baptism font, we keep the candle in the sanctuary during the year. This happens more and more in churches, even if there is a baptism chapel in the church, because the Pascal Candle symbolizes our faith in the Resurrection and we like to be reminded of that.

I wish us all a blessed Easter as a feast of the Resurrection!

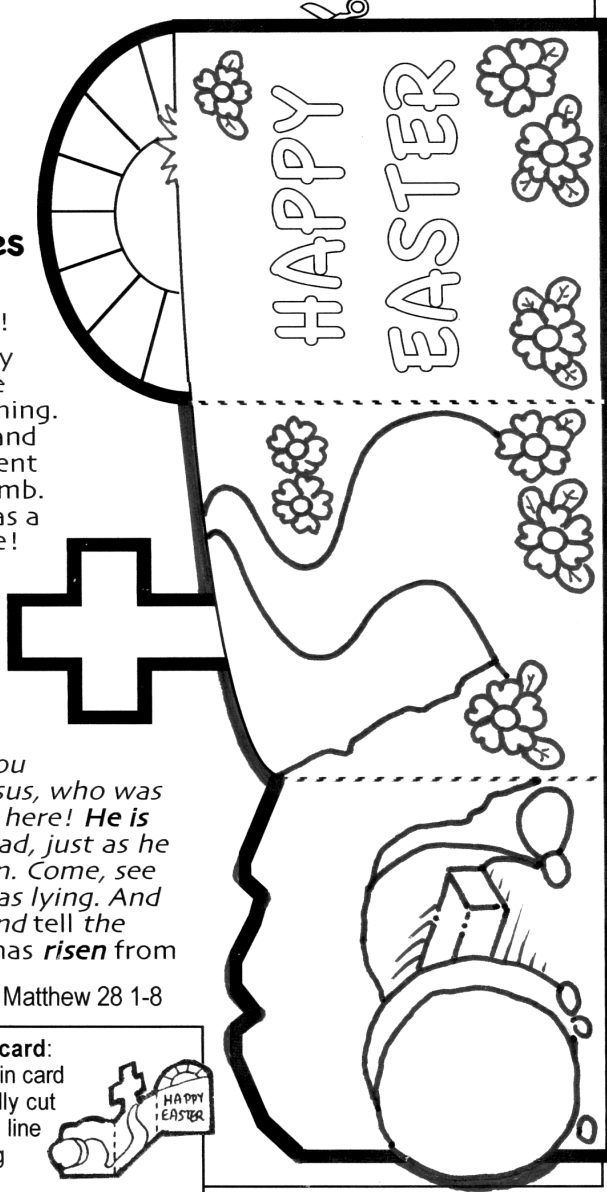

Alja Tollefsen  
Chaplain of the East Netherlands



 **Mouse Makes**

**JESUS IS ALIVE!**  
 ☀ Early on Sunday morning, as the new day was dawning, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went out to visit the tomb. Suddenly there was a great earthquake! For an **angel** of the Lord came down from **heaven**, rolled aside the stone, and sat on it....  
 "Don't be afraid" he said. "I know you are looking for Jesus, who was crucified. He isn't here! **He is risen from the dead, just as he said would happen. Come, see where his body was lying. And now, go quickly and tell the disciples that he has risen from the dead.**"  
**See: Matthew 28 1-8**

**To make the Easter card:**  
 Glue this page onto thin card then colour in. Carefully cut around the thick black line then zig-zag fold along the dotted lines.



# Twente News

## Seeing is Believing

“Have you ever seen a twenty-pound note all crumpled up?” asked the wife. “No,” I said. She gave me a roguish little smile, slowly reached into her pocket and pulled out a crumpled twenty-pound note. “Have you ever seen a fifty-pound note all crumpled up?” she asked. “No,” I said. She gave me another roguish little smile, seductively reached into her pocket and pulled out a crumpled fifty-pound note. “Now,” she said, “have you ever seen 30,000 pounds all crumpled up?”



## Vigil

A Vigil will be held on Easter Sunday (31 March 2013). It will begin at 9:00 am, and at the end there will be time for a simple breakfast before the start of the Solemn Eucharist at 10:30. More information will be



announced in church on the Sundays leading up to this date.

## Key Dates

10th March	Mothering Sunday
24th March	Palm Sunday
28th March	Maundy Thursday
29th March	Good Friday
31st March	Easter Vigil: 09:00am
31st March	Easter Sunday
7th April	AGM
9th May	Ascension Day
19th May	Pentecost Sunday

## Enthronement

The enthronement of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Justin Welby, is due to be broadcast live on BBC2 on 21 March.

## Mailing Lists

We have three main lists for the distribution of *St Mary's Magazine*: in-church collection, mailing to the UK and mailing within the Netherlands. But over the past few months, a digital mailing list has crept into being and is gaining in popularity. If you are a fan of all things digital and would like to switch to this list (which like the in-church collection list is free of charge), please let me know.

Janice Collins ([indigeny2@home.nl](mailto:indigeny2@home.nl))

1977/1978. The prayer is called “Slow me down Lord” and it was appropriate to start the quiet time and was equally appropriate bring us into the right frame of mind to begin a council meeting.

*Slow me down Lord. Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind.*

*Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time.*

*Give me, amid the confusion of the day, the calmness of the everlasting hills.*

*Break the tensions of my nerves with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory. Help me to know the magical power of sleep.*

*Teach me the art of taking minute vacations - of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.*

*Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soul of life's enduring values that I may grow toward my greater destiny.*

When I was given this prayer/poem it said “author unknown”. However, when Janice our magazine editor saw it in the council minutes she recognised it as being written by Wilfred Peterson and asked if it could be included in the magazine “to show that council meetings are not purely about business”.

The rest of the quiet time material on the conference was very inspiring and included the theme practising the presence of God and the spiritual maxims of Brother Lawrence, a 17th century Carmelite. Perhaps I will come back to that in a future article for the magazine.

Simone Yallop

## Strength in Weakness

There was a gardener who loved growing roses. One day, as he was inspecting his rose-trees, he noticed one rose was diseased and in need of care. The gardener carefully pruned the tree and added some fertilizer. Every day, the gardener looked at the rose-tree, checking to see how it was growing. He then decided to tie a stick to the weak stem.

That night there was a terrible storm and the wind and the rain lashed at all the roses in the garden. In the morning, after the storm had passed, the gardener inspected his roses. Many were damaged. But the rose-tree which had been tied to the stick was unharmed. The weak rose-tree had survived. Somehow, this weak plant had found strength despite the bad weather. The gardener, knowing its weakness, had given this rose the care and support it needed.

How many times do we find ourselves weak and in need of care, just like that rose? Our God is like that gardener who knows our weaknesses. He provides the strength we need in times of adversity. On our own we cannot survive on our own resources and must depend on God. He will support us in the storms of life. In our times of weakness, we can find a source of inner strength, only when we rely completely on God. He says: *My grace is all you need, for my power is strongest when you are weak.* (2 Corinthians 12:9)  
*Lester Amann*

## Prayer to Open the Council Meeting

At the Twente council meeting in November last year our chaplain Alja said she would like to have a rota of council members to open in prayer at the council meetings. I was quite happy to volunteer to do this at the January council meeting. The prayer that I decided to use is the one that immediately came to mind in the Emmaus course when Alja asked us to bring a prayer to the next meeting that we liked or that meant a lot to us. Since I was not able to attend the following meeting I was not able to share that prayer with the course members. The prayer was given to me many years ago, when it was used as part of the quiet time material at a Christian conference that I attended at Cloverley Hall Christian Conference Centre in Shropshire, over the New Year period of

## Annual Book Sale March 17th

This year St Patrick's Day (the celebration of the Patron Saint of Ireland) falls on a Sunday. In Ireland this is a national holiday. In America it's not, but everyone is expected to wear green (Irish or not!). Even the President always – and I mean always – wears a green tie on this day, guaranteed.



Since Philippa and I represent both of these countries, we feel a need to celebrate a little. Paying respects to the good saint is appropriate behaviour even during Lent! Please see what books you or your friends or neighbours have that need a good home. At this bring-and-buy event books are sold for 50 cents (hardbound and paperbacks) and magazines are 25 cents. Proceeds benefit St Mary's Flower Guild. For more information call me, Linda ten Berge (0546 868139) or Philippa te West (0543 530053).

We'll be wearing green!



## 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.

“No,” I said, intrigued.  
“Well, go and take a quick look in the garage,” came the reply.

## Diamond

A man found himself seated next to an elegant middle-aged woman on a plane. He couldn't help noticing that she was wearing the biggest diamond ring he had ever seen.  
“I was just admiring your diamond ring,” he said by way of conversation.  
“This is the Featherstone diamond,” she said.  
“It is very beautiful, but there is a terrible curse that goes with it.”



“Oh, really?” said the man. “What's the curse?”  
“Mr Featherstone,” replied the woman.

### Quick Thinking

Police cadets were given a test paper to determine their skills and abilities, which would help senior police officers place them.



The paper went like this:

*You are walking down a village street and you hear the honking of a horn. You turn around and see a lorry laden with petrol, charging down a hill out of control. At the crossroads it collides with a milk float and an almighty explosion takes place, and the driver of the milk float is hurtled through the plate glass over a wall, whilst the driver of the petrol tanker is trapped in his cab. You are about to*

### Hard Choice at Sea: Another way of looking at Good Friday

After a few of the usual Sunday evening hymns, the vicar welcomed a guest preacher, an old childhood friend. With that, an elderly man stepped up to the



pulpit to speak: "Some years ago a father, his son, and a friend of his son were sailing off the British coast," he began, "when a fast-approaching storm blocked any attempt to get back to shore. The waves were so high, that even

though the father was an experienced sailor, he could not keep the boat upright, and the three were swept into the ocean." The old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers near the back. For the first time since the service began, they looked vaguely interested. He continued, "Grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life .... to which boy he would throw the other end of the line. He only had seconds to make the decision. The father knew that his son was a Christian, and he also knew that his son's friend was not. The agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of waves. As the father yelled out, "I love you, son!" he threw the line to his son's friend. By the time he pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beyond the raging swells into the black of night. His body was never recovered."

By this time, the two teenagers were sitting straighter in the pew, aghast at what they'd just heard. "The father," he continued, "knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus, and he could not

*Continued on page 12*

Quietly and peacefully

Bart Jan Gijsbert Peeren  
(born 21 September 1945)

passed away on 15 February 2013

Sadly missed by  
Dick, Alberdien, Patricia and Chris, Marcha and Danny

A service in celebration of his life was held on Friday 22nd February in the "Anglican" Church, Adolf van Nieuwenarlan 3 te Arnhem.

Correspondence address:  
Emmerikseweg 36  
7204 SM Zutphen

### Sad News

Recently we received the sad news that Bernadette Pieterse's mother had passed away. On Saturday 16 February a small group of us from St Mary's attended the funeral service for Anna Petronella Richtje Pieterse - de Geus in de Oude Kerk in Borne. It was a very nice service with lovely hymns in both Dutch and English. It was a celebration of the life of Anna Pieterse - de Geus who, we heard, had not only been a loving mother and grandmother but had also been "wethouder" (alderman) in Borne and had been appointed "Ridder in de Orde van Oranje Nassau". We wish Bernadette and her family much strength in the difficult time ahead.  
*Simone Yallop*



### No Time for Prayer?



What is this life if, full of care  
We have no time to spend in prayer?  
No time to meet our Father, dear  
And hear the words we need to hear?  
No time – because we're rushed to death  
And fail to feel the Spirit's breath?  
No time – because our lives, absurd  
Preclude from time spent with His word!  
No time within our full employ  
To know our Lord's transcending joy?  
What is this life if, full of care  
We have no time to spend in prayer?

*By Nigel Beeton*  
(With apologies to W.H. Davies)



**What Love is This?**  
(Jn19:25, 1 Jn 4:18)

Love to watch,  
Love to care,  
Love that for a  
lifetime  
Is there,  
Is there,  
Never withdrawn,  
Poured out through  
the years,  
Standing through  
danger,  
Casting out fear.  
Love as near perfect,  
Reflecting its source,  
The love of a mother  
Of course,  
Of course,  
The love of a mother,  
Of course.

*Near the cross of  
Jesus stood his  
mother...  
By Daphne Kitching*

Grace is indeed  
needed to turn a man  
into a saint; and he  
who doubts it does not  
know what a saint or a  
man is.

— Blaise Pascal

The vicar, a local dignitary, villagers and some monks from the priory were all there to give a hand. By using a similar contraption to the one at Dawe's yard, they got the bell to the ground where, on Sunday it would be blessed, before the Monday when it would be raised into St John the Baptist's Church tower. How many of those people, 627 years ago could have guessed that the same bell would still be there today, regularly ringing clear across the Suffolk countryside and over the North Sea?

So, if you're nearby and hear its voice, remember its story, and help to keep it calling. We look forward to welcoming you there some Sunday morning in the future.

*Malcolm McBride, Churchwarden*

*Dear friends at Weldam,  
This concludes my tale of St John's in Butley, Suffolk. I do hope that you've enjoyed reading about it as much as I have writing it. The best, and I think the only way for you to really find out more, is to visit us one weekend. Or to pull in on your way to or from your holiday destination. I'm usually around, and would be pleased to host your visit to St John's.*

**The maxim of illusory religion runs:**

**"Fear not; trust in God and He will see that none of the things you fear will happen to you";**

**That of real religion, on the contrary, is:**

**"Fear not; the things that you are afraid of are quite likely to happen to you, but they are nothing to be afraid of."**

**John Macmurray**

**Scottish Philosopher (1891–1976)**

## **Message from Sheila**

*During the turmoil of my life I have known deep sadness but also deep joy. I have tried to steer a path through these two great emotions.*

*I must say, these last 12 years have been a very testing time, what with my own failing health and that of my husband. I have had to change from a position of always doing to one of receiving help, which doesn't come easily at the beginning.*

*Since 27th December, Jan has been in a nursing home in Deventer. I am pleased to say it was not forced on him; he was ready for it and went like a lamb. He is finding his own way there and seems satisfied. I have it more difficult than he does, I think. He sees me as a known face but has no idea who I am.*

*For us, everything that has happened during the last few months were meant to be – me being offered a flat from the church and Jan ready and a place given to him in the nursing home. As one of the Franciscan brother's said to me when I said to him that I could hardly believe how good God has been to me and I felt I didn't deserve it: "It has to be." It makes me realize more and more how God is in charge of our lives and I know I can leave Jan in God's hands and mine too.*

*Finally I would like to thank all the people in the church that have supported me and shown their kindness to me. It is with a grateful heart that I leave you and thank you from the bottom of my heart.*

*Sheila Sprikkelman  
5th February 2013*

*radio for help,  
when you hear a  
cry. You rush  
across the road,  
picking your way  
through the broken  
glass and flaming  
tarmac. There is  
the man from the  
milk float drowning  
in a canal – he  
cannot swim.*

*You are just about  
to radio for help,  
when you hear an-  
other cry. It is a  
lady, about to give  
birth to her child.*

*The explosion has  
brought on the  
birth, but she is  
trapped in her  
home, the door is  
stuck and she has  
no phone. She is in  
immediate need of  
medical attention.*

*You are just about  
to radio for help,  
when you hear a  
noise. You look  
behind and see a  
group of men,  
staggering across  
the road laughing  
at the whole affair.*

*What would you do  
in this situation?  
One police cadet  
wrote: "Remove  
uniform and mingle  
with crowd!"*

*J. John & Mark  
Stibbe*

*J. John & Mark  
Stibbe*

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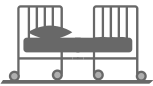
## Hospital Chart Bloomers

*Don't be alarmed, but these are actually from hospital charts ...*

The patient refused autopsy.

ⓂPatient has left white blood cells at another hospital.

ⓂPatient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year.



Ⓞn the second day the knee was better and on the third day it disappeared.

The patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 1993.

ⓂDischarge status: Alive but without permission.

ⓂShe is numb from her toes down.

The skin was moist and dry.

## Five Cappuccinos and an Apple pie!



In this final part of the appeal for financial support for St Mary's, I greet you from a hot and sunny South Africa! I am here for the whole of the Lent and Easter period, helping my mother move over to Frail Care. It is an awakening experience!

### Part 3

The Ash Wednesday service here at St Margaret's Anglican church, Port Elizabeth, was very moving. The Revd Eddie Daniels led the service; I was part of a congregation of about 40 people, a motley crowd similar to our own congregation, however slightly more "colourful" and also there were more children. The service for last Sunday, the first in Lent, was even better attended. I would not go so far as to say the church was full, but it was very nearly so: I reckon it could seat about 300 people.

I experienced an open friendly congregation, pretty much as welcoming as we are at St Mary's! The chaplain was there at the door to welcome everybody, as well as to share thoughts with us all as we left (they don't have coffee afterwards, but this coming Sunday there's a bring-and-share breakfast). The services are early, starting 08.00 a.m. A lively vibrant church, they had my mum's name on the prayer list for last Sunday and during the week two ladies popped in to see her! I will be joining in the Lent course, on Saturdays: 08.00 a.m. to 09.30 am.!!!

And this for a church that a few years ago was really struggling. With Father Eddie on board, they are going from strength to strength. He spoke briefly of some of the plans for the future: a new organ, rebuilding one wing to expand the seating area etc. (they were to have their AGM after the service).

direction. From village to village he made his way, until finally he reached the true open countryside. He wasn't afraid of highwaymen, as none of them would want a bell, and he was content to let the horses plod their way over the wide Essex countryside and along the road that we now call the A12.

After about three days' steady travel, man, horses and bell found themselves coming through Ipswich, after which he would only have to make one more stop before the last push to his final destination. So, early the next morning, he got the well-rested horses hitched up to the cart, and paid the landlord his due, who kindly told him the way to get to Woodbridge, then Melton, and beyond. Off he went, following his instructions, but was not afraid to ask passers-by if he was on the right road, and by the evening easily managed to reach the Wagon and Horses Inn at the Melton cross-roads, where he was helped by the boy there to get his horses into a field across the way for their night's rest.

The next day, with the end of his journey now in sight, he got moving again, hoping that at journey's end everything would be ready for his delivery. The horses seemed to know that there wasn't far to go, and they almost sped on their way from Melton, across the ford near to the inn at Wilford, up the hill and then left, off towards Butley.

After trekking along the forest lane and down the hill, he took a turning right at the hostelry that he'd been told about, and coaxing his horses up the final slope, after a short mile they reached the Church of St John the Baptist. A large welcoming party had gathered there to greet the Londoner and his long awaited load.

Why should a beautiful tree be associated with such a treacherous deed? Perhaps to remind us that God can make something beautiful out of an ugly situation. His ability to bring good from a bad situation offers hope to us all. *"And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him ..."* (Romans 8:28). This glorious truth is nowhere presented more clearly than in the death and resurrection of Jesus. God took the worst thing that could ever have happened and turned it into the best thing that could ever happen.



There is nothing in which the birds differ more from man than they way in which they can build and yet leave a landscape as it was before.

– Robert Lynd

### The Judas Tree

A beautiful spring tree that has a legend associated with Jesus's Passion is the redbud tree, which puts on a magnificent display in the mountains of Kentucky. It also has a less attractive name: the Judas tree.



According to the legend, Judas Iscariot used an Old World relative of the redbud to hang himself after betraying Jesus and this why the tree is now so weak-wooded: it refuses to grow branches strong enough to hang another person. The legend goes on to say that Judas's act of betrayal caused the tree to blush with embarrassment, turning the normally white flowers to pink.

and today we are visiting a place where ordinary people, like ourselves, are doing just that.

A short distance from St Botolph's church is Billiter Lane (though at that time it was called Belzetter's Lane), and that is where our destination is to be found: the medieval bell foundry of Master William Dawe. We ferret our way between the wattle and daub houses, shops and market stalls, all closely packed together along the dirt roads that form the maze of streets that fill this and many other parts of London. When standing outside of number 4, we can easily see into the foundry yard. There, two strong horses are waiting patiently as a lad hitches them up to a sturdy-looking wooden wagon. Shouts are heard from the foundry men inside, who are busy lifting to waist height a newly made bell. They do this by means of a triangular wooden frame that is fitted with a block and tackle. When all is ready and the bell is hanging clear of the ground, the wagon is carefully reversed under the 7.5 hundredweight bell. A thick layer of straw has been spread over the surface, ready to cushion the load. Finally, the precious cargo is slowly lowered onto its transport. Stout ropes now hold the bell firmly in its place, ready for the long journey it has to make.

"Will you find your way alright?" asked one of the waggoner's men. "Sure I will; been up that way a few times now you know," he replied. "I'll see you again in about a fortnight." He climbed into his seat, took up the reins, and carefully guided the animals out of the yard into Algatestrete (now called Leadenhall Street), turned right, down to Aldegate itself, and then eastward, in the direction of Essex, Chelmsford, and on to his destination in Suffolk.

It was going to be a long trip, but our man was used to it, and slowly he moved off through the lanes and high roads, now travelling in a northeasterly

Well, there we are. There was obviously a very happy treasurer sitting amongst the crowd! But actually, the feeling was one of overall sincerity: "engagement" in their church.

And so to St Mary's: I would really like to give us a little more food for thought – to reflect on our finances. Are we overflowing with our giving? Have we all pondered on our "Five Cappuccinos and an Apple Pie" for today? To share in our giving, as part of our friendship? Each day, each week or month, or each year?

Here's a thought, as used by Revd Eddie in his sermon last Sunday. During WWII, outside the munitions factories in England were the initials "I.A.D.O.M." up on the walls of the buildings. Everybody knew what these letters stood for and were happy to have them there. Perhaps strangers might have wondered. Well, here we are: "*It All Depends On Me*".

And lastly, I would like to thank all of the "Me's" amongst us who are already doing their bit financially for St Mary's. I look forward to a great many more "Me's" coming aboard for our shared future financial growth.



Caroline Siertsema

### Decisions, Decisions

**His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork.**

Alae West

Occasional, constant infrequent headaches.

Patient was alert and unresponsive.

I saw your patient today, who is still under our car for physical therapy.

Skin: somewhat pale but present.

Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

### School Reunion

An elderly man attended a school reunion but was dismayed to find that his surviving classmates simply wanted to talk about their various ailments – heart conditions, liver complaints, kidney stones.

When he arrived back home, his wife asked him how it went. "It wasn't so much a school reunion," he sighed, "more like an organ recital!"



## Job Done

A woman was at work when she received a phone call telling her that her daughter was ill. She left work and went to the pharmacist to buy some flu medicine. Unfortunately, having done so, she returned to discover she'd locked her keys in the car. She bowed her head and prayed for help. Within seconds a scruffy man appeared. She was so desperate she told him her plight and asked him, "Do you know how to break into car?" "Sure," said the man, extracting a few odds and ends from his pocket, and within a minute he had opened the car door. The woman hugged him and thanked him profusely. "Thank you so much," she said. "You are a very nice man." The man replied, "Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got

## St James the Least of All

### On the Perils of Moving from City to Country

My dear Nephew Darren,

Those parishioners of yours who won millions on the Lottery and moved into this parish have created quite a stir. It was perhaps a little unwise of them to tell everyone the reason why they had become so wealthy. While most of our parishioners also do the Lottery, few would ever admit it in public. (Since your friends arrived, the entire PCC is buying ever more lottery tickets, but from the shop in the *NEXT* village, to try and keep it secret.)



However, your family still have much to learn about our country ways. Buying the old Dower House was impressive; and spending a small fortune re-stocking the gardens was certainly commendable. But someone should have told them about cattle grids. It must have been quite a shock for them to wake up one morning and find that 30 sheep from the neighbouring field had wandered in for breakfast.

Their brand new purple Ferrari has certainly brightened up the country lanes around here. The noise it makes as it roars up behind you quite quickens the pulse. Mrs Beamish had been suffering with low blood pressure for months; she says she is quite cured now. The Colonel, who is all for the community supporting the church, then asked if the new-comers would drive the bishop around on the day he came to do his tour of the parish. The Colonel thought that an open-topped purple Ferrari would

## My Butley Story: The Butley Bell (part 5 of 5)

By Malcolm McBride



Imagine yourself to be in medieval Aldgate, London. The year is 1385. King Richard II reigns, and not far away, living in the High Street, in his lofty apartment over the Old London Gate, Geoffrey Chaucer may be found, who, when not working as a customs officer, could be seen putting pen to parchment, skilfully conjuring up those words that we treasure to this very day.

Life outside is progressing as best it can, though little encouragement for a secure future may be gained from talking to any of those in the "know". The political climate everywhere is very uneasy, with attacks from all sides upon the English, and armies are being formed to ward off foreign encroachments. The Peasant's Revolt had been settled some time earlier, but continual mistakes made by the government do not generate any feeling of stability anywhere in the country. Nevertheless, a living has to be made,

## Solidarity

An old woman was arrested for shoplifting in a supermarket. When she appeared in court, the judge asked what she had taken. "A tin of peaches," she said. "What did you take it for?" "Fancied them for my tea," the old woman answered, "but didn't have any money." The judge thought for a bit. "Well, in view of your years I am prepared to be lenient. How many peaches were in the tin?" "Four," stammered the old woman. "Right, that will be four days in jail, one for each peach. Court dismiss..." "Your honour?" an old man cried. "Yes?" "My wife also stole a tin of peas."



7th April	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
Easter 2	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Philippa te West</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Count Alfred Solms Joyce Wigboldus</b>
		Erica Schotman (1) Acts 5: 27-32
10:30 am	<b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Heleen Rauwerda (2) Revelation 1: 4-8
	Gospel	John 20: 19 to end

*Continued from page 4*

bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. Therefore, he sacrificed his son. How great is the love of God that he should do the same for us!" With that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room.

Within minutes after the service ended, the two teenagers were at the old man's side. "That was a weird story," ventured one of the boys, "No really loving father would ever do that, though, give up his son's life just on the hope that the other boy would become a Christian."

"Well," the old man replied, glancing down at his worn Bible. A smile broadened his narrow face, and he admitted, "It sure isn't very usual, is it? But I told you that story tonight because it not only shows what it must have been like for God to give up his Son to die for us, but because the story is true – you see, I was the son's friend."

*Source Parish Pump*

make a great bishop-mobile, and the new-comers were kind enough to agree. What a shame that they decided to accomplish the several miles of parish lanes in record time! The bishop barely even saw the several farmers that they nearly ran down. His new nickname in this parish is The Purple Peril.

The new-comers have installed security lighting, which is understandable. But now I wonder how much sleep they are getting, as the rabbits, foxes, and badgers who live in their grounds keep it flood-lit for much of the night. Meanwhile, the Colonel is grumbling about the effect of light pollution on his young pheasants in the woods nearby.

But these little inconveniences apart, I am sure they will soon feel at home. I feel confident that by the third generation, they will be properly settled in.

Your loving uncle,  
Eustace  
© *The Revd Dr Gary Bowness*



Contributed by  
Nicole Zonnebeld

out of prison today. I was in prison for car theft and have only been out for one hour." "Thank you, Lord," shouted the woman, "for sending me a professional!"

**An Apple a Day**

A young man asked a wealthy pensioner how he'd made his fortune. The old guy leaned back in his chair and began his story. "Well, son," he said, "it was 1932, the height of the Great Depression, and I was down to my last nickel. I invested it in an apple and spent the entire day polishing that apple. At the end of the day I sold the apple for 10 cents. The next morning, I invested those 10 cents in two apples. I spent the whole day polishing them and sold them at the end of that day for 20 cents. I continued this for a whole month, by which time I'd amassed \$5.30. Then my wife's father died and left us two million dollars.

<b>10th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>Lent 4</b> <b>Mothering Sunday</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b> <b>Count Alfred Solms</b>
	Vivien Reinders	(1) Exodus 2: 1-10
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Els Ottens	(2) 2 Corinthians 1:3-7
	Gospel	Luke 2:33-35

<b>17th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Lent 5</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra</b> <b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	Heleen Rauwerda	(1) Isaiah 43:16-21
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Arjan Haffmans	(2) Philippians 3:4b-14
	Gospel	John 12:1-8

<b>24th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>Palm Sunday</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema</b> <b>Simone Yallop</b>
	Maureen vd Heide	(1) Isaiah 50:4-9a
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Elizabeth vd Heide	(2) Philippians 2:5-11
	Gospel	Luke 22:14-23



<b>28th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Maundy Thursday</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema</b> <b>Pauline Talstra</b>
	Pauline Talstra	Exodus 12: 1-4, 11-14
<b>20:00 hrs</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Louw Talstra	1 Corinthians 11: 23-26
	Gospel	John 13:1-17, 31b-35

<b>29th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>Good Friday</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>n.a.</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>n.a.</b> <b>n.a.</b>
	t.b.a.	(1)
<b>20:00 hrs</b> <b>Stations of the Cross</b>	t.b.a.	(2)



<b>31st March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Easter Day</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Philippa te West</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins</b> <b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	Jeanet Luiten	(1) Acts 10:34-43
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Victor Pirenne	(2) 1 Corinthians 15:19-26
	Gospel	John 20:1-18

