

## Poetry and Prose

Symeon the New Theologian was a Byzantine monk and poet, and was the last of three saints canonized by the Eastern Orthodox church and given the title "Theologian" (the others being John the Apostle and Gregory of Nazianzus).

This title was not applied in the modern academic sense of theological study, but to recognize someone who spoke from personal experience of the vision of God. One of his principal teachings was that humans could and should experience *theoria* (literally "contemplation" or direct experience of God).

This poem was contributed by Carla Koomen. By googling *Divenire Ludovico Einaudi Love came down/Memoria Marcome Love came down*, you can hear it set to music.

### *Love Came Down*

*Love came down, as is its way,  
in the appearance of a luminous  
cloud.*

*I saw it fasten on me and settle  
upon my head.*

*And it made me cry out, for I was  
so afraid;  
and so it flew away and left me  
alone.*

*Then how ardently I searched after  
it;*

*and suddenly, completely,  
I was conscious of it present in my  
heart,*

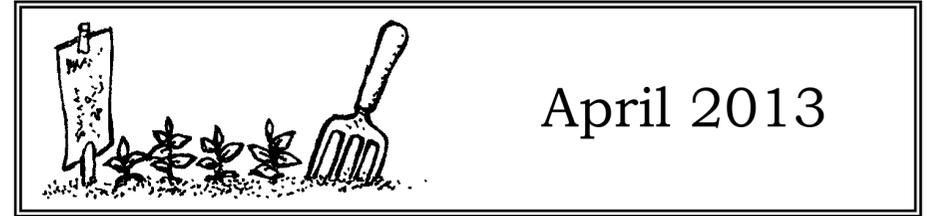
*like a heavenly body.*

*I saw it like the disk of the sun.*

*It closed me off from the visible  
and joined me to invisible things.*

*It gave me the grace to see the  
Uncreated.*

*By St Symeon,  
the New Theologian (949-1022)*



April 2013

### *The Chaplain Writes*

#### **Growing as Christians**

Bultmann, a theologian with quite some impact on our thinking about Church and life as Christians, once said: "Sin is our determination to manage by ourselves."

It may be true that we feel that our lives are guided by God, by his Spirit, but we need to be more proactive to let that happen. We may need to ask ourselves: "Where and when did I perceive God's guidance in my life and is that still the case as it stands at the moment?"

We celebrate the feasts of our liturgical year and Easter is still fresh in our mind. How did Easter affect us? And did it help us to grow somewhat in faith?

We are called to the priesthood of all believers; we have a mission in life, not only towards others, but also towards ourselves. We are created in God's image, but we need to develop into whole people. And God is anxious to heal us, but we need to let him perform his promise by acknowledging our weakness and by asking him to do so. We ourselves can do nothing to change the situation we are in, but we can change into people who ask for help.

It will not be long before we celebrate Pentecost, the coming of the promised Helper. After Ascension Day we prepare through the prayers of the Church to receive him as our guide.

My wish for us all is that we may be alert and more aware of what we are going to celebrate, in order that we may benefit from it.

Alja Tollefsen  
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





## Floral Guild News

March was an especially busy month for the ladies of St Mary's Floral Guild. During the service on 10th March in celebration of Mothering Sunday, individual pots of primulas were presented to members of the congregation – a lovely tradition that brightens up many a home in the region.

## The Marathon

Last year I entered the London marathon. The race started and soon I was in trouble. It was embarrassing, for as the hours went by, I slid further and further back in the race, until I was at the very end. The man who was in front of me, second to last, then began making fun of me. He said, "Hey buddy, how does it feel to be last?"



I replied: "You really want to know?" Then I dropped out of the race.

Then on 17th March the annual book sale opened for business in the Hut and exerted its usual magnetic attraction. The tables were well stocked with reading matter of all shapes and sizes, covering a wide range of topics. So much so, in fact, that the sale was held over for a second week. Recommendations, discoveries, old favourites – the conversation over coffee took a decidedly literary turn. And as of Easter Sunday, the financial resources of the Guild had been increased by a little over €80. A clutch of happy readers and a lucrative result – what more could you wish for?

## Ascension Day Picnic

True to tradition the Ascension Day picnic will take place after the service on Thursday, 9 May – no matter how cold it is! Just let everyone know that we are ready for a happy gathering with our friends from Arnhem/Nijmegen and all other friends. As usual it will be a bring-and-share event and there will be a list up in the Hut after Easter. If you have any unusual ideas or contributions, please let me know so they can be fitted in. (No snow or skating events please!)

Hoping for a sunny funny get-together. Please spread the word! *Jeanet Luiten* ([jeanet\\_luiten@hotmail.com](mailto:jeanet_luiten@hotmail.com))

## Key Date

16th April: Meeting of Local Contacts in the Vicarage at 19:30 hrs.



## 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.

There were many more memories. By those of us at St Mary's who met her, she is remembered with affection. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her and we extend our deep sympathy to Count Alfred and Countess Christine, and to all her family.

## Late Fragment

*And did you get what  
you wanted from this life, even so?*

*I did.*

*And what did you want?  
To call myself beloved, to feel myself  
beloved on the earth.*

**Raymond Carver**

May she rest in Eternal Peace.  
*Philippa te West*



## Again Sad News

In the March issue of the magazine we reported on the sad news of Bernadette Pieterse's mother passing away on 12th February. Now five weeks later we have to report the sad news that her father, Ben Pieterse, passed away on 21st March. Our thoughts and prayers are with Bernadette and the rest of the family at this time.

*Simone Yallop*





## In Memorium

### A Tribute to Countess Isabelle Ortenburg (3 July 1925–8 March 2013)

When my family and I first came to Holland we felt so blessed to have very quickly found St Mary's. The Sunday worship was held every second week then, so we decided to go to Arnhem now and then to attend the services there on the alternative Sundays. So naturally we also took part in any event that was held for the Arnhem Church, and very soon got to know the Countess Ortenburg. She was delightful, and took a lively interest in us as a family, and welcomed us, and indeed everyone, at all the fund-raising events held in Middachten for the Church. These occasions stand out in my memory. Several marvellous concerts held in the upstairs rooms, or downstairs in the kitchen area ... and yes! including opera!



We often attended the Christmas Day morning service in the Castle, sometimes romantically in the snow; the wine and cheese evenings at the end of the summer, together with an auction, when the highlight of the evening, right at the end, was when the Countess would enter with a flourish, her arms laden with freshly picked, beautiful roses from her rose garden. These were made into bouquets and sold for fantastic amounts! On those occasions we were able to walk round the gardens in the early evening, and she often joined us, seemingly amazed that we found her gardens so beautiful!

At all these events the Countess joined in, either by pouring the coffee or by overseeing – generally working very hard. She was always ready to laugh, loved a funny story, was often a little mischievous, with a twinkle in her eyes.



Many of us will have met her at the wonderful annual Middachten Christmas Markets, in which she was very involved. She always sought one's opinion on the flower arrangements in the Castle rooms, and generally on how we found it all. It was important to her that all was "as it should be"!

## Ecumenical Remembrance Service for the Martyrs of Our Times

Yesterday, Monday 25 March, Louw and I ventured out into a bitterly cold evening to the Maria Cathedral in Apeldoorn. I was looking for excuses to stay home, and the piercing cold seemed like a good one. I remembered my "polar bear" coat which when donned makes me look like the "Michelin Man", but it did the trick!

Walking into the beautifully lit cathedral and also to the sounds of Spanish music and songs being rehearsed lifted me immediately. It seemed the effort of getting there was going to be worthwhile.

As the clergy from so many different religions paraded in, I felt moved because they had all come together for one reason: to remember those who had died in martyrdom. Amongst those standing at the altar and facing us were the Assistant Catholic Archbishop of Utrecht, representatives from the Old Catholic Church, the Syrian Catholic Church, the Syrian Orthodox Church, the Coptic Orthodox Church, the Protestant Church, the Salvation Army, and also our representative, the Revd Alja Tollefsen, from the Anglican Church.

The service consisted of the names of the martyrs from various regions of the world being read out. After each region, a candle was lit on a beautiful and elaborate candelabra. The two candelabras, standing high, so everyone in the cathedral could see them when lit, were on either side of the altar.

Various prayers were offered in the service and hymns were sung, including the Spanish song *As bem-aventuranca*, which really seemed to pour the Spirit into us.

As I listened to the names of the Martyrs – their names, their age, where they came from, and sometimes the exact reason why they had been killed – I found myself thinking of a young man or woman, a man my age, someone a little older, living in a part of the world I had never heard of. How much faith they had, how they loved their Lord Jesus, and how much they loved their fellow men and were prepared to risk their life and die for what they believed in!

As I left the cathedral, I was glad to have had the privilege of being amongst those who do not want the martyrs of some far-flung country to be forgotten. Venturing out into the bitter cold certainly was worth it!

*Pauline Talstra*

## It's the Way You Tell It

When a visitor to a small town in Georgia came upon a wild dog attacking a young boy, he quickly grabbed the animal and throttled it with his two hands. A reporter saw the incident, congratulated the man and told him the headline the following day would read *Valiant Local Man Saves Child by Killing Vicious Animal.*



The hero told the journalist that he wasn't from that town. "Well, then," said the reporter, "the headline will probably say *Georgia Man Saves Child by Killing Dog.*" "Actually," the man said, "I'm from Connecticut." "In that case," the reporter replied in a huff, "the headline should read *Yankee Kills Family Pet.*"

## Bishop Geoffrey's Retirement Announcement to the Diocese

As most of you will be aware, I celebrated my 70th birthday last month. This is the normal final date for retirement of diocesan bishops, as of other clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury has discretion to grant an extension of office for up to a further year. Being aware that the Archbishop of Canterbury has a special role in the appointment of a new Bishop in Europe (which is not a Crown appointment, but is an appointment made, after appropriate consultation, by a triumvirate of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and a bishop appointed by the Anglican Consultative Council), Archbishop Rowan Williams agreed last year to such an extension, so that my retirement should not coincide with a vacancy in the see of Canterbury. Once Archbishop Rowan's successor, Justin Welby, had taken office, I was in correspondence with him about a date of retirement. We have now agreed that this will be November 8th of this year, and I have signed the necessary Deed of Resignation. The date chosen will enable the Friends of the Diocese service on October 23rd to be my farewell to the Diocese, to be followed in All Saintside by a farewell visit to the Cathedral in Gibraltar, where I was enthroned as Bishop on All Saints' Day, 2001.

I give thanks to God for calling me to serve as bishop of this unique and far-flung diocese. For almost twelve years it has been a great privilege to be able to meet with and support priests, deacons and congregations in many different places, and I thank all who have welcomed me on many pastoral visits with warm hospitality. I have often – taking as my cue the collect for All Saints' Day, which speaks of God "knitting together his elect in one communion and fellowship" – compared my ministry as one of knitting the scattered chaplaincies together. In this I

were able to gather for a Eucharist on 25 February 1979. The twenty of us were somewhat lost in this large church that seats nearly 1000! After the service a gentleman came up to me, introduced himself as Alfred Solms, and offered us the use of his chapel. Since he also said that the chapel was poorly heated, I suggested that we wait till summer. After a visit of the congregation to Weldam, with everyone being enthusiastic to move our services to the chapel, we had our first service there on Sunday, 19th August 1979.



With my obligations to the other congregations, I could manage one service per month. A second service was arranged with lay reader John Tugwood conducting Morning Prayer. Count Alfred was so pleased that the Weldam chapel was again being regularly used that he had the heating improved and provided space for a church school and coffee after services, and a much-needed toilet. When I decided to terminate my appointment in Nijmegen and join NASA in California in 1985, I arranged with the Bishop and the Intercontinental Church Society for a full-time successor to arrive a month before my departure. Unfortunately it took two years after my last service on 20th October 1985 to find a new chaplain. However, the congregation stayed together and secured the use of other clergy to keep the monthly Eucharist going. They even doubled their membership after I had left.

So I am happy to conclude that through our use of it, the Weldam chapel, now dedicated to St Mary, continues to serve as a place of worship. May the Lord keep it as such for a long time!

That led us to the Promised Land.  
*By Megan Carter*

## Paper Chains

Paper chains are not just for Christmas. You can currently see a special one hanging up in the Hut: a highly original initiative of Brenda Pyle. With the Lent Course now behind us, she asked those who had attended the course to write a word or two on a piece of paper to illustrate what they had taken away from the sessions and to provoke interest and thought in general. For the words in question, just read on ...

Respect  
God loves you as he loves his own son  
Creation  
Renewing of our mind  
Warmth  
Growing in Christ-likeness  
Creativity  
Co-creation  
Encouragement and the Spirit  
Holy Spirit, come



### The God Who Answers Prayer

There is a God who answers prayer  
Who intercedes before the throne,  
The Son of God who ever cares,  
Do not believe you walk alone.

When life seems hard, no answers come  
He knows the path that you now tread  
Believe on Him though all seems lost  
He knows about the tears you shed.

Hold on to Him who is your strength,  
Although it seems there's no way through,  
Though pain and heartache both are near,  
Who holds the world holds also you.  
There is a day when all is clear

A day when we all understand  
That all our lives but marked a way

## Anglican Church Twente and Weldam Chapel

Revd Dr Sjoerd L. Bonting

*(This article written by Dr Bonting opens the blue file of contributions submitted by the congregation to mark the 100th Anniversary of the Chapel in 2000. The file can be found on the bookshelf in the Hut. Photo of chapel taken many years ago courtesy of Malcolm McBride.)*

During the 20 years of my work as professor of biochemistry at the University of Nijmegen, chaplaincy congregations were founded in Nijmegen, Eindhoven and Arnhem. At a deanery meeting in the seventies someone remarked that there were no services provided in the Twente area, although there were a considerable number of English-speaking persons living there. The matter was discussed at some length, but nobody volunteered a solution. I kept quiet, because I did not quite see how I could take on more work than I already had with the three existing congregations. But the matter stuck in my mind.

Some time later Brian Lynch, an active member of the Eindhoven congregation, was stationed by Philips at their plant in Almelo. He and Dianne moved to Goor. I felt that here was an opportunity to get something started in Twente. I leaned on them to gather some people, so we could have a meeting. After a while they reported that they had a number of interested people. We arranged a meeting at their home in Goor on 21st January 1979, where after celebrating the Eucharist we made plans for services to start in February 1979 in the St Lambertuskerk in Hengelo, this being a central location and easy to find. I arranged with pastor Lescher for the use of his church on two Sunday afternoons each month.

Although the first service had to be cancelled at the last moment because of a terrible sleet storm, we

have been helped and supported by many: Bishop David, my Suffragan; a succession of Archdeacons and Area Deans; the staff in the Diocesan Office and, especially and personally, in my own office at Worth; and the Diocesan Chancellor and Registrar. This is a ministry which you cannot do alone. In the annual residential Diocesan Synod, which is in so many ways a model for synods elsewhere, and in the two Pastoral Conferences of clergy of the Diocese, we have seen and known something of that internet of the Spirit which is at the core of the life of this Diocese.

What lies at the heart of a bishop's ministry is prayer, teaching and pastoral care, all of which enable the bishop to encourage and enable the mission of the church, the sharing of the Gospel – the good news of God in Christ – which is what each and every one of us is about. In Europe we have a unique ecumenical vocation, and it has been a priority for me to build and to sustain, on behalf of the Diocese, the Church of England, and the Anglican Communion, ecumenical relations, particularly with the great Churches of East and West. Ecumenical relationships always grow from personal encounters and from friendship, as well as from theological exchange. As Aelred of Rievaulx dared to say – “God is friendship”. To be bishop of the Diocese in Europe has enabled me to meet with many church leaders and to share their welcome and friendship, and to pray in many holy places for that unity to enable the mission of the Church. It is a special responsibility of ministry in this Diocese which I treasure, and which in due course I will of course hand on to my successor. I shall be remaining as Anglican Co-Chair of the Anglican-Oriental Orthodox dialogue, which, after a time of suspension, is now to resume.

I came to this Diocese, after learning the ministry of a bishop on the ground as Bishop of Basingstoke,

### Best Position for Prayer

Three theologians at a conference centre sat discussing the best positions for prayer, while a telephone repairman worked nearby. “Kneeling is definitely best,” claimed one, quoting some texts on humility in Greek. “No,” another contended. “I get the best results standing with my hands outstretched to Heaven.” He quoted a few texts on praise in Latin. “You’re both wrong,” the third insisted. “The most effective position is lying prostrate on the floor.” And he quoted a few texts on penitence in Hebrew. The repairman could contain himself no longer. “Hey, fellas,” he interrupted, “the best prayin’ I ever did was in English, hanging upside down from a telephone pole.”

## Workout



Feeling out of shape, I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour but ... by the time I got my leotard on, the class was over!

## Kitchen Drama

Married for 40 years to the worst cook in the world, a man arrived home from work to find her in floods of tears. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked. "It's a disaster," she wailed. "The cat's eaten your dinner!" "Don't worry," said the husband, comforting her. "I'll get you a new cat."

from many years of teaching and pastoral care in the university. The teaching of the Christian faith, and the preaching of the Gospel, is a commission given to the Church by Christ. In an age of relativism and individualism we need to remember that our faith is something which is not individual opinion, but is a revealed truth which transforms our lives. As St Paul said, "I handed on to you that which I also received." Where there have been differences on disputed issues, I have stood where I have because I have seen my responsibility as a bishop to defend the faith which I have received through the Church – the faith once delivered to the saints – knowing that true discernment requires the consent of the whole Church.

In the months which remain to me as your bishop, I shall continue to serve you as I have always endeavoured to do. Writing this on the verge of Holy Week and Easter is a recalling of all of us to that transforming grace and divine life which, in Christ, entered into our human living and dying, that goodness of God which the Lady Julian of Norwich said was our highest prayer, which comes down to the very lowest part of our need.

With every blessing,  
+Geoffrey Gibraltar



Source: *The Diocesan Website*  
(<http://europe.anglican.org/news/news/post/449-bishop-announces-his-retirement>);  
submitted by Simone Yallop

churches in Sunnyvale and Palo Alto. I remember that he often sent letters telling us about how he was getting on and we listened with great interest when they were read out in church.

On his return to the Netherlands in 1993 he came to live in Goor, where he was not only involved with our church here but his main activity was in the dialogue between science and theology. In this field he published several books, beginning with *Creation and Evolution: Attempt at Synthesis* in 1996. His last book, published last year, was called *Is There Life after Death? A Novel View*. Dr Bonting spoke often about this subject and he was intrigued by the stories of those who had a near-death experience. He writes in chapter 6 of his book that they have "a feeling of peace and rest; an out-of-body experience; movement through a dark tunnel; entering a world of light".

On Friday 8 March the funeral for Sjoerd was a very nice service at St Mary's. There was a good attendance of 92 people and his friend Fr Koos Smits from the St Lambertuskerk in Hengelo gave a wonderful homily about the life of Dr Bonting. It was quite a dull day when we went into the church. The post-communion hymn was *Let all mortal flesh keep silence*. The last verse we sang was:

*Rank on rank the host of heaven  
spreads its vanguard on the way,  
as the Light of light descendeth  
from the realms of endless day,  
that the powers of hell may vanish  
as the darkness clears away.*

Just as we were singing the last line the sun came out, filling the church with light. I don't know if anyone else noticed but I thought it was a nice "coincidence".

We wish Erica and the family much strength in the difficult time ahead.

## The Josephs (Luke 23:50-56)



It began and it ended  
With a Joseph,  
The life of Jesus.

One laid him in a manger,  
The other laid him in a tomb.

One named him Jesus  
And brought him up.  
The other asked for Jesus,  
And brought him down from the cross.

They were both men  
Who stood firm  
When life said, *Run*.

They both turned disappointment and despair  
Into stepping stones of trust,  
And walked on, as witnesses  
That to God,  
Darkness is a light switch.

By Daphne Kitching

When we ask “What’s in a word?”, the answer is, everything. We remember words long after they were spoken, for good or ill. Physical wounds heal, but the memory of an unkind or bitter word lingers for a life-time. At the same time, a few words of love or comfort or understanding will never be forgotten: “I love you”, “Forgive me”, “I’m home!”.

It can even be a single word, which simply changes everything: ‘Sorry’. If that’s what one word can do, then in the midst of all our chattering on Mr Cooper’s invention perhaps we need to remember that words are precious jewels, to be enjoyed, but never to be carelessly or irresponsibly spoken.

David Winter

## Farewell to Two Significant Anglicans in the East Netherlands

By Simone Yallop

In March we said goodbye to two very significant people in the Anglican Church in the East Netherlands who passed away within the space of a week. They were the Revd Dr Sjoerd Bonting, who passed away on Friday 2 March, and Countess Isabelle Ortenburg from Middachten, who passed away a week later on Friday 8 March, the same day as Dr Bonting’s funeral.

Elsewhere in this magazine is a copy of an article written by Dr Bonting about how he set up the Anglican Church Twente in 1979 and how we came to worship in St Mary’s chapel at Weldam.

Dr Bonting had a very full life. We know him best as our first chaplain but he was also a scientist, theologian and author of many publications. The notice in the newspaper on 5 March pointed us to his profile on the website [www.chaostheologie.nl](http://www.chaostheologie.nl), where we can read about his life. After completing his PhD in biochemistry in Amsterdam in 1952 Sjoerd went to the USA, where he worked at various universities and national institutes of health. On his return to the Netherlands in 1965 he became professor of biochemistry in Nijmegen. During his time in the USA Sjoerd also studied theology and was ordained priest in 1964 in the Anglican Cathedral in Washington. It is amazing how Sjoerd managed to combine being a university professor and at the same time founding four English-speaking congregations in the Netherlands in Nijmegen, Eindhoven, Arnhem and Twente. I remember that when I first came to this church Sjoerd would travel up from Nijmegen to take a service of Holy Communion once a month in Twente.

In 1985 Sjoerd returned to the USA as a scientific consultant for NASA for preparation of biological research on the International Space Station. During his time there he was also assistant priest at

**Mouse Makes**

What is your most valuable treasure?  
The bible tells us that the most valuable thing you can ever have is something that can **NEVER** be lost, broken or stolen. The most **valuable** thing you can have is to be **friends with God** through Jesus.

Read: Matthew 6:19-21

Keep my words, treasure up my commands  
Prov 7:1

Do not store up treasures on earth  
Matt 6:19

Your HEART will be where your riches are  
Matt 6:21

In Christ are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and understanding  
Col 2:3

Be RICH in good deeds  
1 Tim 6:18

Be generous givers  
1 Tim 6:18

Cut out these coins. Cut out the treasure box and fold along the dotted lines. Glue the coins inside the box

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## Cheerful Logic

“Well, you see, Norm, it’s like this ... A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. And when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members.



In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Now, as we know, excessive intake of alcohol kills brain cells. But naturally it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this

## St James the Least of All

### Beware When the Choirs Meet!

My dear Nephew Darren,

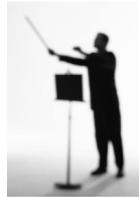
You agonized recently over your ecumenical service. Who should be invited? Who should preach? What about the order of service? If you had attended our recent combined churches’ choir festival, your own dilemmas would have seemed a little less acute.

At the pre-meeting, there was heated discussion about whether those choirs who normally wore robes would be comfortable standing among those who didn’t. The more aesthetically sensitive worried whether St Agatha’s pea-green cassocks might clash with our red ones. Intending to be helpful, but phrasing it rather badly, someone suggested that the normally robed choirs should wear nothing. Colonel Wainwright was a little too quick to chuckle.



I began to wonder if a prize was to be awarded to the person who raised the greatest number of concerns. Should the choirs stay separate? Would the tenors be next to the altos or the basses? Where would extra seating be placed? Would the heating be on for the rehearsal?

Then came what you would call the “elephant in the room”: of all the choirmasters, *who would conduct and who play the organ?* Tension mounted, and expressions grew grim. But before the committee started to dig trenches in my carpet and position howitzers under the desk, I briefly left the room, turned off all the electricity and claimed we’d had a power cut. This is a useful device for truculent committees; sadly, it can be used only rarely.



I joined the Metropolitan Police when I was demobbed and served in it for 30 years. After I retired, my wife Zena and I moved to Kent, where I live now. And then out of the blue – 60 years after it had happened – I was contacted by a resident of Neede, a member of their local council, where the tragic incident had taken place. It was a Dutchman by the name of Mans Costa, asking us to travel with all expenses paid to his town because they were going to have a memorial dedication ceremony in Eddie’s honour.

Mans had gone to great lengths to trace me, and he finally managed it because of that same Dutch family who had so kindly attended to my brother – they’d looked after Eddie’s roadside grave for six years before he was moved to a war cemetery, and unbeknownst to me, they’d been in regular contact with my mother over all those years.

So Zena and I went to the dedication, and attended a wonderful reception afterwards. At long last, I was able to thank those people who had helped us all that time ago. Then last year, they got in touch again to say a new road had been built and they wanted to name it in Eddie’s memory. And that’s what happened. I went over there in March, and on the 31st – the 67th anniversary of his death – I was their guest at the ceremony to officially open Edward Foster Weg.”



*This article appeared in the February/March 2013 issue of The Royal British Legion (pages 35 and 37) and was submitted by Joy Romeijn.*

talk, and parents can’t wait for those amazing first words. Trying to stop people talking is like trying to dam a mountain stream. A survey last year asked people to say what was the last thing they would give up in a recession, and the top answer was “my mobile phone”. Texting, networking, keeping up with friends or just totally meaningless chatter, we just can’t stop talking. Far from being an odd thing, this is actually entirely natural. Like the Creator in whose image we are made, we are communicating beings. The first specific activity of God in the Bible was to speak: “God said, ‘Let there be light’.” Jesus is called “the Word”. Every moment of the human story is illuminated by speech.



### Happy 40<sup>th</sup> Birthday!

Forty years ago this month an American inventor, Martin Cooper, made the world's first call on a mobile phone. They took a little while to catch on in Britain, but when they did it was like a pandemic. Nowadays you can't get on a train or a bus or walk down the street without seeing them in use – people apparently talking to themselves, but actually conversing with an invisible friend or colleague. Virtually everybody's got one, and of course Cooper's invention has sprouted many new varieties: iPhones, Tablets, Smartphones and so on.

The secret of their success, I reckon, is that they tap into an absolutely fundamental human need: to talk. The toddler can't wait to

### "Sadly, my brother was killed outright" Neede, Holland, 31 March 1945

By Les Foster, Guardsman, Coldstream Guards Armoured Brigade

"My brother Eddie was three years older than me. He was called up and found himself in one of the 'Honey' tanks we got from the Americans, as a driver and machine gunner. I volunteered when I was 17 and requested the same outfit, and when we shipped over to France they said we could go in the same tank, so we did. I became a gunner and wireless operator.



Everything went well right up until the end of March, when we were travelling through a small town in Holland called Neede. Our tank was hit by what the Germans called a *Panzerfaust* – it was their version of the bazooka, a cheap anti-tank weapon they used. They fired something like a stick bomb with a small explosive on the end, and when it hit us, the hole it made was so small I couldn't even get my little finger through it. But it was right in line with where Eddie was sitting, and the blast reverberated around inside the tank.

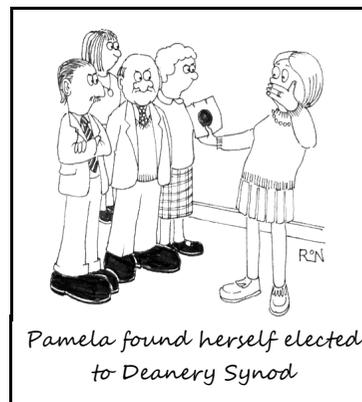
I was in the turret when it happened but I didn't get so much as a scratch. The driver was wounded in the legs and sadly my brother was killed outright. The worst part was the next day, when he was lying in a field with a blanket over him. But our tank wasn't really damaged at all, so I had a word with our CO and he thought it best for me to continue, and that's what I did. A local family had come to our aid when it all happened – they'd attended to our needs and taken Eddie's body into their house. I left him in their care and the war went on.

Come the day, an uneasy truce lasted while everyone adopted the traditional solution to disagreement within congregations, and did exactly what they wanted. Some were robbed, some were not; some choirs congealed in their own huddles, while others joyfully sat next to people from other churches – mainly so they could point out their neighbour's wrong notes. Some sang in the right key, some sang in the wrong key; some sang what sounded like quite different songs altogether.

The service ended with one choir thinking that the organist had played too loudly, while another choir thought that the conductor wasn't up to much. Everyone agreed afterwards that we must do it again, while firmly stating that if their own choirmaster didn't conduct next year, they wouldn't be there.

Thankfully, one fundamental thing on the day united them: they all said that our church was too cold.

Your loving uncle,  
Eustace  
© The Revd Dr Gary Bowness



And with the AGM still in mind ...

(Source Parish Pump)

way regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine. And that, Norm, is why you always feel smarter after a few beers."

As explained by Cliff Clavin (played by John Ratzenberger) in "Cheers"

### Dear Lord,

So far today, I've done alright on my own. I haven't gossiped, and I haven't lost my temper, I haven't been grumpy, nasty or selfish, and I'm really glad of that! But in a few minutes, Lord, I'm going to get out of bed, and from then on, I'm probably going to need a lot of help. Thank you! Amen.

If all economists were laid out end to end, they would not reach a conclusion.



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

<b>14th April</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>Easter 3</b>	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema</b>
	Blair Charles	(1) Acts 9:1-6
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Arjen Haffmans	(2) Revelation 5:11 to end
	Gospel	John 21:1-19

<b>21st April</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>Easter 4</b>	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Simone Yallop</b>
	Victor Pirene	(1) Acts 9:36 to end
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Brenda Pyle	(2) Revelation 7:9 to end
	Gospel	John 10:22-30

<b>28th April</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>Easter 5</b>	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema</b>
	Elizabeth vd Heide	(1) Acts 11:1-18
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Maureen vd Heide	(2) Revelation 21:1-6
	Gospel	John 13:31-35

<b>5th May</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Easter 6</b>	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Simone Yallop</b>
	Simone Yallop	(1) Acts 16:9-15
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Hans Siertsema	(2) Revelation 21:10, 22-22:5
	Gospel	John 14:23-29

<b>9th May</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Canon Geoffrey Allen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
<b>Ascension Day</b>	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema Pauline Talstra</b>
	Els Ottens	(1) Acts 1:1-11
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Philippa te West	(2) Ephesians 1:15 to end
	Gospel	Luke 24: 44 to end