



Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

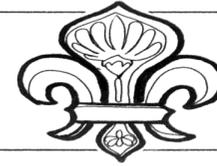
*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

By Dylan Thomas (1914-1953)



JUNE



2013

The Chaplain Writes

Orthodox Easter

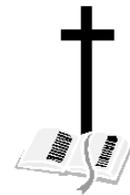
During the time that I was in Greece, I was given the opportunity to witness the celebration of Holy Week and Easter. I stayed in a small village, where the church plays a significant role. The church building had speakers on the dome and whether you were inside or outside the building, you were reminded that a service was going on.

The *papas*, as the priest was called, gained my admiration for the enormous amount of singing he performed. The Gospel of the Passion was sung on several days and he also had two churches to look after! I would have lost my voice by Good Friday.

The language posed a problem for following the liturgy in detail, but the words *Christos Anesti* (Christ is risen) are the greeting on Easter Day and the following days, which we did well understand. We were in this way included in their Easter joy and though we had celebrated Easter before, there is reason enough to remind ourselves of Easter more often.

Next year Easter will be celebrated on the same day by the Orthodox and Western Christians as a result of ecumenical talks. We will then share the same date, but we did share the same joy this year.

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





Twente News

Garden Day Sale

Spring has been such a long time coming this year that it's nearly passed by already. Dismal weather indeed! But nothing daunted the ladies of Flower Guild held their Garden Day Sale after the service on Sunday 26th May, as planned – and that despite the fact that celebration

Picture This!

Jack, a furniture dealer from the north of England, decided to expand the line of furniture in his store, so he decided to go to Paris to see what he could find.



After arriving in Paris, he visited with some manufacturers and selected a line that he thought would sell well back home. To celebrate the new acquisition, he decided to visit a bistro and have a glass of wine. As he sat enjoying his wine, he noticed that the small place was quite crowded

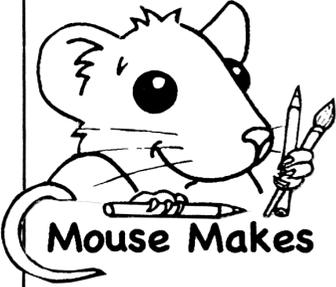
of Mother's Day in France (yes, France – it seems we really are a global village) had sent the costs of various horticultural bits and pieces rocketing through the roof!

But what amazing support they received from you all! Stalls in the Hut bearing donations of all kinds were ready and waiting for customers. What's more, the atmosphere of a mini-garden centre offered some measure of solace to those of our congregation who were suffering from withdrawal symptoms since the closing of the 2013 RHS Chelsea Flower Show on the previous day.



The Flower Guild holds four sales a year to keep the wheels on its wagon oiled and rolling and this sale brought in the magnificent result of €160! There were still some bargains left when time was called and these will be available for purchase after the service on 2nd June. So why not put your head round the door?

Many thanks to all those who worked so hard to make the sale the success that it was, giving freely of their time, their money and of course of their plants, flowers and vegetation.



Mouse Makes

Hidden in the lion's mouth are all these names and words, can you find them?

- DANIEL
- ASPENAZ
- HANANIAH
- MISHAEL
- AZARIAH
- DREAM
- STATUE
- IDOL
- FURNACE
- TREE
- WRITING
- WALL
- DARIUS
- LIONS
- PRAYER
- GOD
- NEBUCHADNEZZAR



Ashpenaz changed the names of Daniel and his friends. Look up *Daniel 1:7* to see what he changed them to.

You may have read the bible story of Daniel in the lions den, but have you ever read the whole book of Daniel?

Take your time and read a little each day and find out about *the vegetables*, the statue, *the gold idol*, the furnace, *the tree*, the writing on the wall, *the lions*, the four animals, *the ram and the goat*, and the man.



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Faith from a Distance

By Prebendary Richard Bewes

“But say the word, and let my servant be healed” (Luke 7:7)

The Romans haunt the pages of the New Testament. And every centurion mentioned was a man of character (see Matthew 27:54, Acts 10:1; 23:17; 22:26; 24:23; 27:43). In Luke’s story before us, this Roman “outsider”, who loved the Jews, had built a synagogue for them in Capernaum (Luke 7:5). If you visit the shores of Lake Galilee today, you can still see the remains of that first-century synagogue – and into one of the slabs of stone is carved the eagle insignia of the Roman tenth legion! In that first century AD we can be sure that Jews would never normally have allowed any sign of an occupying power to decorate the holy walls of a synagogue, but with this particular, much-loved Roman ... well, a remarkable exception was made.

Matthew 8 records the centurion’s plea that Jesus come and heal his sick servant, but it is Luke’s account that fills out Matthew’s “compressed” story by indicating that it was the friendly local Jews who physically “came” to Jesus in the name of this modest man. Evidently the centurion felt not “worthy” to come in person (v.7). It seems that he had never actually met Jesus; he had only “heard” of Him (v. 3). Here was faith – from a distance. Awakened ... expressed ... rewarded! And healing resulted.

The centurion – himself a man of authority – had recognized from what he had heard that Jesus was a Man who was in command – of everything – and he acted accordingly. Never in Israel, said Jesus, had He met with such faith. Here is the only case in the Bible of a man who was able actually to surprise Jesus positively. Only in Matthew chapter 6 and verse 6 is Jesus recorded elsewhere as “marvelling” – and then it was at the unbelief of people in his own home town of Nazareth.

Here was a model test-case, a forerunner of many “outsiders” from east and west who would one day sit at table in the kingdom of heaven – as Matthew interprets the story; people who have not seen and yet have believed! We don’t even know the centurion’s name; we have to be content with just his “fingerprint” on that slab of stone in Capernaum’s historic ruins.

Spring-cleaning

Here comes yet another date for your diary. If you are feeling at a loose end on Saturday morning (from 10:00 am to 12:00 midday), 15th June, your help would be most welcome at St Mary’s for a spot of spring-cleaning. What’s actually involved? Well, some dusting, sweeping, vacuuming, and for those of an adventurous spirit even some window-cleaning. It’s usually a jolly gathering, duly fortified by coffee, and arriving for the service the next day and seeing the fruits of your labours makes it all thoroughly worthwhile. If you would like any further information, please contact Joyce Wigboldus (0570 676007).



Reminder

As usual the next issue of *St Mary’s Magazine* will cover the months of July and August. So if you have any important notices for the summer period, it would be appreciated if they could be submitted by the third Sunday in June for publication in that particular joint issue. The September issue of the magazine will then – barring accident, computer crash or winning a holiday in the Caribbean – be available for collection in the chapel on 1st September. And that’s only one week before the Castle Fair!



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.

and that the other chair at his table was the only vacant seat in the house. Before long, a very beautiful young Parisian girl came to his table, asked him something in French (which Jack could not understand), so he motioned to the vacant chair and invited her to sit down. He tried to speak to her in English, but she did not speak his language. After a couple of minutes of trying to communicate with her, he took a napkin and drew a picture of a wine glass and showed it to her. She nodded, so he ordered a glass of wine for her. After sitting together at the table for a while, he took another napkin, and drew a picture of a plate with food on it, and she nodded.



They left the bistro and found a quiet cafe that featured a small group playing romantic music. They ordered dinner, after which he took another napkin and drew a picture of a couple dancing. She nodded, and they got up to dance. They danced until the cafe closed and the band was packing up. Back at their table, the young lady took a napkin and drew a picture of a four-poster bed. To this day, Jack has no idea how she figured out he was in the furniture business.

Did You Know ...

Elephants are the only animals that can't jump
 All polar bears are left-handed
 Crocodiles can't stick out their tongues.
 Butterflies taste with their feet.

Did You Know?



Many things in church I learned when I was a child. Within the family, in school and in church we learned about special days, liturgical colours and bible stories, and this was supported by games and role playing.

When I mentioned on Mothering Sunday the "chasuble", I realized that this basic knowledge is not obvious for everybody and it may be a good thing to have some teaching on several subjects. I've also picked up questions from people wanting to have an explanation on certain issues. Hence we are starting: *Did You Know?*

Please feel free to pass on to me any question you would like to be explained. In the next issue we will kick off with the explanation of some titles and roles assigned to officers in the church, such as vicar, chaplain, warden and the like.

I do hope it will meet a need.
Alja Tollefsen



Key Dates

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 25 June | Council Meeting |
| 7th July to | (Sundays) |
| 11th August: | Summer Teas* |
| 7th September: | Castle Fair |
| 17 September | Council Meeting |



**The lists are now hanging up in the Hut. We are calling for volunteers to make tea and coffee, serve in the Hut and to assist visitors in the chapel – and of course help with the baking. Suggestions include scones, cakes, muffins and cupcakes. Your help, work and company will be greatly appreciated.*

Phillips company. He met his wife, Katie, and they lived in Apeldoorn. Katie, whom I never knew, died a short time before we met him but I sensed what a lovely person she was when I first entered Arthur's house. The house was full of charm and character, beautiful English china and furniture – a house full of warmth and love, and you felt you didn't want to leave.

Sadly over the last years, Arthur's health began to deteriorate, and sadly his house too. He never wanted to leave his home and that is how it was until the end. A proud and independent man, living the way he chose, surrounded by his books, music and the BBC.

At his funeral his beautiful daughter Diane read out a poem by one of Arthur's favourite poets, Dylan Thomas, *Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night*, which is included on the last page of this edition.

His sister Jacky, who came over from Gatley in England, read the following poem by Robert Burns, who was another of Arthur's favourite poets. Oh, the memories come streaming back ... a Robbie Burn's evening in Arthur's house but that's another story!

On a Friend

*An honest man here lies at rest,
 As e'er God with His image blest:
 The friend of man, the friend of truth;
 The friend of age, and guide of youth;
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss,
 If there is none, he made the best of this.*

A fitting poem for a wonderful man, who is sadly missed but never forgotten.
Pauline Talstra

It was not a disaster, but all of God's plan
 That one should come as Redeemer of man.

They listened enraptured as slowly they saw
 The purpose of God revealed in the Law
 The Prophets and Psalms, it's all about Him
 The One who should come and rescue from sin

O that eyes should be opened and scripture made plain
 To see Christ in its pages again and again.
 That just like the travellers I too should see
 The Master, the Saviour dying for me.

By Megan Carter

If you can't sleep, don't count sheep:
 talk to the Shepherd.
 – Anon



In Memoriam

Arthur William Lawson

(1 February 1938 – 29 April 2013)



The Travellers

They travelled together sad and forlorn

With all their dreams shattered and torn.

It started so well, their hopes were high

Never to guess that He would die.



The man joined the two as they walked along

He asked why their faces were sad and long

“Have you not heard” disbelieving they cried?

“How the One we followed was crucified?”

Opening the scriptures He began to unfold
How the Christ should suffer as written of old,

Many of our current and new members will not have had the privilege of knowing Arthur Lawson. A true Liverpoolian ... a real character! Once you had met him you would never forget him, and I certainly will never forget him.

A kind heart, always willing to help someone in need; a wonderful sense of humour where you would start to smile or laugh even as he opened his mouth; a wealth of knowledge and passion when it came to poetry; a lover of cats; and simply someone who always joined in whatever the situation.

Arthur was a fervent member of our church in the years that I knew him. I witnessed his commitment to the congregation – he was for a time an Archdeaconry Representative, an organizer of the Guy Fawkes nights, coffee maker, organizer of walks after church on Sundays, and participant of various prayer groups.

Outside the church Louw and I and other members – Agnes and Colin Lee, Blair and Marilyn Charles, and Fenella Cartwright – enjoyed his company in the Dutch-English Society of Deventer. Always his Englishness coming to the fore, as in our Victorian Evening where we all dressed in period costume.

Arthur worked as a volunteer in various organizations and he manned various English book stalls at different fund-raising markets. Each year we looked forward to the poetry books and his recommendations – an English book stall without Arthur would be a sad day!

Arthur came to Holland in the 1960s to work for the

In the Merry Month of May

All services at St Mary's Weldam are special but occasionally one is special in a very unexpected way. One such occasion was on 5th May.

Our chaplain Alja had left for her well-deserved holiday but that day we were to be in the very safe hands of the Revd Canon Geoffrey Allan, always a welcome visitor. So what was our surprise as, on entering the chapel, we were handed the booklet for Morning Prayer. Soon all was revealed: Geoffrey's car had refused to start.

However, we were still in very safe hands, as our churchwardens, Joyce and Everhard, swung smoothly into action and we rediscovered the liturgy of Morning Prayer. When it came to the sermon, Joyce read a piece written by Jane Williams, wife of the former Archbishop of Canterbury, on Ezekiel's famous vision of the dry bones. Then came a slight rustling: Everhard was quietly distributing the booklets for the Eucharist and lo and behold Geoffrey appeared ... to a rousing welcome. The ANWB had coaxed the stubborn car to make the journey to Weldam after all. To quote a comment over coffee in the Hut: “We had a service and a half today!”

Ascension Day

Our traditional picnic after the Ascension Day service certainly went with a swing thanks to Carol Van Straten, who treated us to some well-known Gospel songs. As time progressed, she was joined by an enthusiastic *ad hoc* backing group displaying hitherto hidden talents on tambourines, bells and vocals. And when it came to *Let It Be* and *The House of the Rising Sun*, well, we were all back in the heady days of the 60s! Our sincere thanks go to Jeanet and her tireless team for the wonderful organization & refreshments.



Quick Payment

Armed robbers burst into a bank, line up customers and staff against the wall, and begin to take their wallets, watches and jewellery. Two of the bank's accountants are among those waiting to be robbed.



The first accountant suddenly thrusts something into the hand of the other. The second accountant whispers, “What's this?” The first accountant whispers back, “It's the €100 I owe you.”

I'm not a paranoid, deranged millionaire. Blast it, I'm a billionaire.
– Howard Hughes

Summary of Life

Great truths that little children have learned

When your Mum is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.

If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.

You can't trust dogs to watch your food.

Great truths that adults have learned

Raising teenagers is like nailing jelly to a tree.

Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground.



Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fibre, not the toy.

God in the Arts

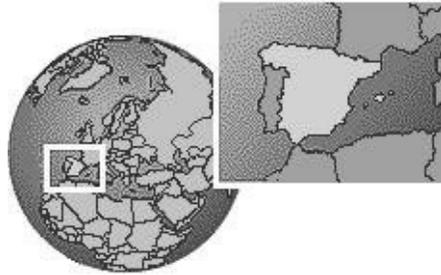
Jesus the Door

Medieval churches and cathedrals were built with the same faith and inspiration of Jacob in the Old Testament, who set up a stone at Bethel to mark where he had dreamed of the ladder linking this world to God's world above. In the same way those buildings welcomed the faithful into the courts of heaven. To enter them meant opening the door and stepping in. Above the main door there would often be a tympanum – a semi-circular space above the lintel, elaborately carved to depict the angels and saints. In the centre would be Jesus Christ announcing that he is the door through which all should enter.

In the greatest pilgrimage church of the Middle Ages, the cathedral of St James in Compostela in Spain, the worshipper would enter the nave, the main body of the building, through what was called the Portico of Glory. It is a truly remarkable piece of carving by Master Mateo, who worked there from 1188 to 1200.

We see the 24 elders of the book of Revelation, the redeemed souls, the four evangelists, and in their midst Jesus Christ. His face looks down at all who pass through that entrance. It is the face of both our Judge and our Saviour, for we see the hands and feet of Jesus marked with the wounds of the cross. But the eyes and those hands reach out in welcome, inviting the faithful to share in the glory of heaven.

Pilgrims flocked to Compostela in the medieval period, and the cathedral was built to accommodate the immense crowds that gathered there – all those who had walked in faith the *camino*, the path of 800



Message of Thanks

Dear Friends of St Mary's,



I thank you so much for all the support now and during the difficult time when my dear husband, Father Sjoerd Bonting, passed away.

You have comforted and supported me and my family.

I am proud to be a member of such a wonderful community.

Erica Schotman Bonting



What Do You Expect?

What do you think your future will hold? It seems that although most of us accept in principle that disasters can happen to anyone at any time, we do not spend much time worrying about this. Instead, we are more likely to try and anticipate positive twists in our lives in the future, that just might bring us happiness. The study was carried out at the University of Michigan. Optimism seems hard-wired into human nature.

Proverbs encourages this view; as long as we belong to God. "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your paths straight." (Prov 3: 5,6)

Parish Pump
June 2013

got out of his vehicle where he was on wireless watch and carried Captain Wife to safety. He then returned to his car and acted as reconnaissance officer, taking and passing all messages between tanks and infantry himself, until relieved after about an hour by another officer. The maintenance of this essential link at this time was vital and had he failed in this duty the results might well have been serious.

An unexpected trigger; memories resurface and link up with those of others; and the past comes alive again.



Reflections

The Dominican monk, Herbert McCabe once said, "If you love, you will be crucified; if you do not, then you are dead already."

There's a story told of a man who died and went to heaven. When he met an angel at the heavenly gates, he was asked to show his wounds. "Wounds?" said the man, "I haven't got any. Why do you ask?" The angel replied, "Was there nothing worth fighting for?"

The way of Christ teaches that there are some things worth struggling for – this will leave some sort of mark on our lives, and this is the way of Christ, the way of life.

From Reflections for Daily Prayer 2012-2013
(Church House Publishing)

kilometres that brought them to this holy place. There has been a remarkable resurgence in pilgrimages there in our own day, and it is the subject of the recent film by Emilio Estevez, *The Way*. Those who make that journey now in faith and perseverance are welcomed as the pilgrims of old through the same door of glory. Mateo's rich carving shows how that glory is won at the cost of suffering and sacrifice, and so Jesus the wounded Redeemer is surrounded by angels carrying the symbols of his Passion.

Jesus is the door in that cathedral in exactly the same way as he called himself the door of the sheepfold in St John's Gospel, promising salvation and life to all who enter. In the fold the sheep find safety and protection, nourishment and rest. Jesus the door welcomes us into the fold to find those gifts that can feed our lives. That same door leads us out again into the world, so that nourished and fed at the altar, we may go out offering those gifts to all around.

As we look at the great door of glory in the cathedral of Compostela, we can think of Jesus, who says to each of us, "I am the door of the sheepfold." We make our way through Jesus the door into the life and love of God who feeds and nourishes our hearts and souls. There is a hymn in praise of the cross of Jesus which has this verse:

*Behold against the black of night,
The doorway to eternal light
Stands open now: the narrow way
Invites us in to endless day.'*

By The Revd Michael Burgess

You can view the Portico of Glory by Master Mateo it by googling (images).

Great truths about growing old

You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from a roller coaster.

It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.

Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.

The four stages of life

You believe in Santa Claus.

You don't believe in Santa Claus.

You are Santa Claus.

You look like Santa Claus.



Home cooking ... where many a man thinks his wife is.
– Jimmy Durante

Day Off

Bill and Joe are working on renovating a large old house. Bill says to his friend, "I've had enough today. I'm gonna pretend I've flipped and have the day off."



He climbs up on the rafters, hangs upside down and shouts "I'm a light-bulb! I'm a light-bulb!" Joe watches in amazement. The foreman shouts, "Bill, you're no use to me in that condition. Go home and rest."

So Bill leaves the site and Joe starts packing his kit up to leave as well. "Where on earth do you think you're going?" asks the foreman.

St James the Least of All

Beware the Church Microphone

My dear Nephew Darren,

Despite my assurances that it was unnecessary, it was kind of you to loan us your sound equipment so we could experience the advantages of using radio microphones in church. Your assurance that everyone would then be able to hear with absolute clarity seemed to miss the point that everyone does *not* necessarily want to do so.

I have no doubt that members of your congregation hang on your every word, eager to make sure you remain theologically sound, but in our case those who had blissfully slumbered throughout my sermons for the last 30 years found themselves unable to filter out a single syllable.

Colonel Wainwright decided to change the start of his Bible readings from the customary "Here beginneth ..." to "Testing, testing" before giving the microphone a good biff, which made the verger dash outside to check if yet another mediaeval gargoyle had fallen from the roof. Also, forgetting that microphones pick up asides just as effectively, his own comment to his wife in the front pew "I thought I read that rather well" did nothing for the pride he has always cherished for his humility.

I was also not convinced that the sixteenth-century workmen who had devoted the greater part of their lives to reverently carving the Lady Chapel altar had intended it to support an electronic console that would have looked more at home in an aeroplane cockpit. However, the event which finally decided us against

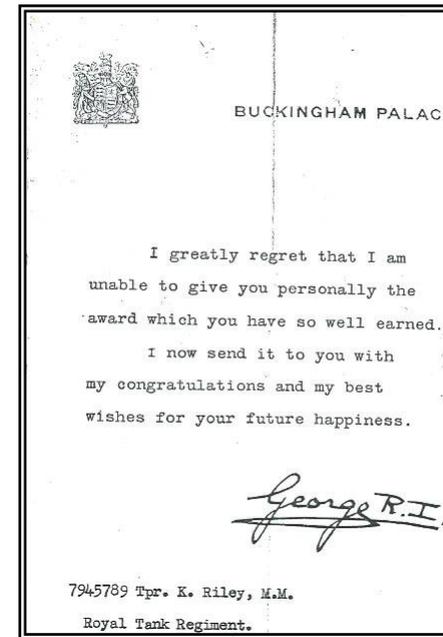


Before the war they were members of Lister Hill Cricket Club. Kenneth worked at Kirkstall Forge and Stanley at Wilson Mathieson's. Both joined the Home Guard within a few hours of its formation.

Military Medal

Ken Riley was later awarded the Military Medal for action under fire and below is part of the citation:

Trooper Riley was the driver of the Humber Scout Car, permanently attached to "A" Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment, from the beginning of December 1944 until the middle of April 1945, when he was wounded. On the 18th December 1944, "A" Squadron, together with the 3/8th Royal Gurkha Rifles, were ordered to clear the north part of Faenza and the railway station. The enemy was holding this area strongly and any movement drew fire immediately.



The Squadron reconnaissance officer, whose vehicle the scout car was, left the car outside the Infantry Headquarters when he went in to report progress. His exit from headquarters unluckily coincided with a heavy concentration of mortar fire. Captain Wife, the reconnaissance officer, was wounded and unable to move. Trooper Riley immediately

thing.

Unlike our cell phone, we don't have to worry about our Bible being disconnected, because Jesus has already paid the bill.

– Contributed by Erica Bonting

Centurion Faith (Luke 7:1-10)

He heard,
He sent,
He asked,
Believing,
Actively trusting
That Jesus' word is enough.
Great faith!
Great result!
Jesus spoke power and healing
Into the situation.

And today
He speaks still,
If we come,
If we ask,
If we trust.
His word is enough.

Say the word,
Lord,
Into our situations,
It is enough.

–Daphne Kitching

Questions

Ever wonder what would happen if we treated our Bible like we treat our cell phone?



What if we carried it around in our purses or pockets?

What if we flipped through it several times a day?

What if we turned back to go get it if we forgot it?

What if we used it to receive messages from the text?

What if we treated it like we couldn't live without it?

What if we gave it to kids as gifts?

What if we used it when we travelled?

What if we used it in case of emergency?

This is something to make you go ...
hmm ... where is my Bible?

Oh, and one more

Horsforth Twins among Casualties

Contributed by Flip Wegenwijs

With interest I read the article "Sadly, my brother was killed outright" by Les Foster, Guardsman, Coldstream Guards Armoured Brigade, which appeared in the April issue of *St Mary's Magazine* (pages 12-13).

In the years 1953-54 I worked in England – in Horsforth (near Leeds) in Yorkshire – and there I met and became friends with Ken Riley, a friendship that lasted until his death in 1988. In 1944 Kenneth and his brother Stanley were sent out on military service to fight against General Rommel in North Africa. His brother was killed, and Ken was seriously wounded, his face remaining severely scarred. On many occasions he told me about his experiences, and when I read this piece I was directly reminded of his story.

Newspaper Report

Trooper Stanley Riley, son of Mr and Mrs H.S. Riley of Eastview, Woodside, Horsforth, has died of wounds received in action in the Central Mediterranean theatre of war, and his twin brother, Trooper Kenneth Riley, is in hospital suffering from shock.

The twins were inseparable, both attending Woodside National School and joining, within three months of each other, the Royal Tank Regiment. They journeyed to North Africa in the same ship, and during the fighting they served in the same tank.

Stanley was taken to a Canadian hospital, and was buried in a Canadian cemetery (Note: Stanley is buried in Italy, in the Gradara War Cemetery on the road from San Marino to Pesaro, in the vicinity of Cattolico).

microphones came about an hour after the service. Several of the choir boys had crept back into the church and decided to improvise a rock concert with their guitars and the mikes turned up full blast. The church exploded in a perfect cacophony of noise – which panicked a horse and rider going by. The horse bolted down the road, which caused two cars to veer violently to avoid it. One car ended up in a pond, the other in a field, having ripped off a great deal of old fencing. Whoever fixed the fencing failed and later that night all 43 cows in the field escaped, and ended up in the Colonel's front flower-filled front garden, where they spent a comfortable night slicing his velvet turf with their sharp cleats, and chomping everything in sight.



Your loving uncle,
Eustace

© *The Revd Dr Gary Bowness*



**As I hurtled through space,
one thought kept crossing my mind –
every part of this rocket was supplied
by the lowest bidder.**

~ John Glenn

"Home of course," replies Joe. "You can't expect me to work in the pitch dark!"

A Luckless Shoe

Why was it that, the other day
I saw, upon the motorway
A shoe – just one – a lonely shoe!
And where had its lost mate got to?

And what untimely happenstance
Had made his luckless owner chance
To lose his shoe on which he trod
Returning home but singly shod?

Perhaps it pinched upon a toe
And made its angry owner throw
His footwear from his speeding car
To lay, unloved, upon the tar?

That feckless owner came to rue
The day he'd so abused his shoe;
When going to the cobbler's shop
The silly blighter had to hop!

By Nigel Beeton

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| 2nd June | Celebrant & Preacher | Revd Alja Tollefsen |
| | Duty Warden | Joyce Wigboldus |
| | Intercessor | Janice Collins |
| | Chalice | Janice Collins Caroline Siertsema |
| | Erica Bonting | (1) 1 Kings 8: 22-23, 41-43 |
| | Joyce Wigboldus | (2) Galatians 1: 1-12 |
| 10:30 am Sung Eucharist | Gospel | Luke 7: 1-10 |

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| 9th June | Celebrant & Preacher | Revd Alja Tollefsen |
| | Duty Warden | Everhard Ottens |
| | Intercessor | Simone Yallop |
| | Chalice | Everhard Ottens Count Alfred Solms |
| | Victor Pirenne | (1) 1 Kings 17: 17 to end |
| | Els Ottens | (2) Galatians 1: 11 to end |
| 10:30 am Sung Eucharist | Gospel | Luke 7: 11-17 |

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| 16th June | Celebrant & Preacher | Revd Alja Tollefsen |
| | Duty Warden | Joyce Wigboldus |
| | Intercessor | Caroline Siertsema |
| | Chalice | Pauline Talstra Joyce Wigboldus |
| | Heleen Rauwerda | (1) 2 Samuel 11: 26-12: 10, 13-15 |
| | Arjen Haffmans | (2) Galatians 2: 15 to end |
| 10:30 am Sung Eucharist | Gospel | Luke 7: 36-8: 3 |

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| 23rd June | Celebrant & Preacher | Revd Alja Tollefsen |
| | Duty Warden | Everhard Ottens |
| | Intercessor | Everhard Ottens |
| | Chalice | Caroline Siertsema Simone Yallop |
| | Maureen vd Heide | (1) Isaiah 65: 1-9 |
| | Elizabeth vd Heide | (2) Galatians 3: 23 to end |
| 10:30 am Sung Eucharist | Gospel | Luke 8: 26-39 |

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|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---|
| 30th June | Celebrant & Preacher | Revd Alja Tollefsen |
| | Duty Warden | Joyce Wigboldus |
| | Intercessor | Pauline Talstra |
| | Chalice | Janice Collins Everhard Ottens |
| | Agnes Lee | (1) 1 Kings 19: 15-16, 19 to end |
| | Simone Yallop | (2) Galatians 5: 1, 13-25 |
| 10:30 am Sung Eucharist | Gospel | Luke 9: 51 to end |

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|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---|
| July 7th | Celebrant & Preacher | Revd Alja Tollefsen |
| | Duty Warden | Everhard Ottens |
| | Intercessor | Philippa te West |
| | Chalice | Count Alfred Solms Joyce Wigboldus |
| | Erica Bonting | (1) Isaiah 66: 10-14 |
| | Blair Charles | (2) Galatians 6: 7-16 |
| 10:30 am Sung Eucharist | Gospel | Luke 10: 1-11, 16-20 |