

**SOLOMON BUILDS A TEMPLE**  
 King Solomon decided to build a temple to honour the Lord God. It took 80,000 men to cut the stone for it and 30,000 men seven years to build it. The finished temple was 60 cubits long, 20 cubits wide and 30 cubits high and the inside was completely covered with gold!

READ about Solomon's temple in 1 Kings 5:1 - 6:38

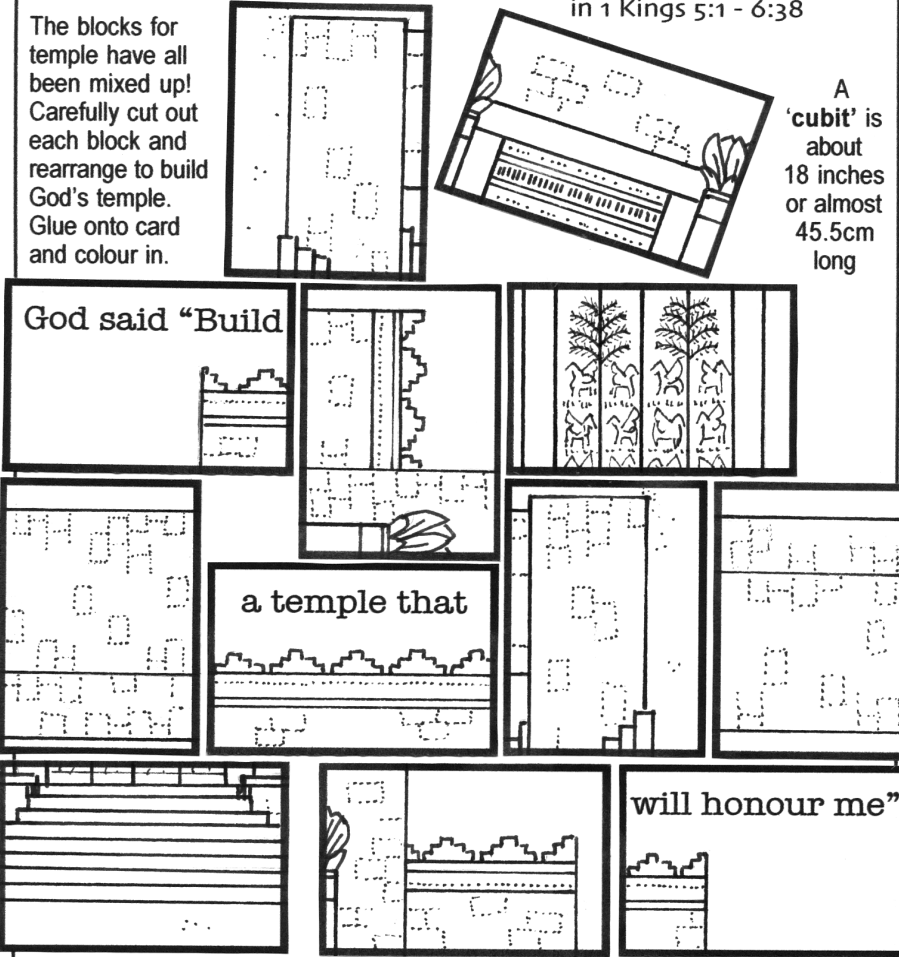
The blocks for temple have all been mixed up! Carefully cut out each block and rearrange to build God's temple. Glue onto card and colour in.

A 'cubit' is about 18 inches or almost 45.5cm long

God said "Build

a temple that

will honour me"



Oct13 ©deborahnoble @parishpump.co.uk

*The Chaplain Writes*

**Harvest 2013  
 The gift of each other!**

Every year we celebrate the richness we enjoy: the food that we enjoy and the work of our hands and head, the work we have accomplished.

We will bring our gifts into church and they will be taken to those who can do with a little bit of extra attention, and we continue the tradition of sharing with others from our abundance and we want to remember those who had a somewhat rough ride in the previous year – through illness, problems or because they have lost a loved one.



It shows the richness of our community where we can share with one another. We do not only share our abundance of fruits or flowers, but above all we share with them fellowship and friendship, because we care and are cared for.

Sometimes parishes are less fortunate and there is disagreement, but more often there is warmth and love, a listening ear or just a hand on a shoulder. It is the harvest of years journeying together. It is our heritage as Christians and we are given to each other. We are each other's gifts. He gave us the community in which we can hold each other, in which we can share joy and sorrow, where we want to care for one another. A harvest and a produce, which we sometimes take for granted too easily!

*Alja Tollefsen  
 Chaplain of the East Netherlands*



# Twente News

## A Life's Dream, A Life's Work

On 1st September we were very happy to welcome a special visitor to our service: Tonia Dabwe, founder and chair of the Mineke Foundation, one of the three charities that St Mary's supports.

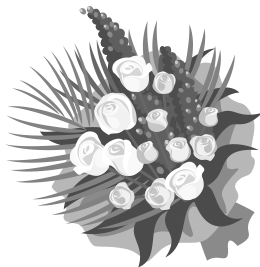
In a lively presentation in the Hut after the service, Tonia explained to an interested audience how, inspired by her parents, she had established the foundation to continue their work in the fields of education, entrepreneurship and agriculture in Liberia and so contribute to rebuilding society following the devastating civil war. *Dignity not charity* is the underlying theme, and the focus of the team in Liberia is to mobilize people to take the initiative and accept responsibility for their own lives. Thanks to the network of volunteers and partners active in the Netherlands, all donations received by the foundation are destined for Dabwe Town, Liberia.

## Day to Remember

Sunday 15th September was a special day. It was the day that the Bestman family officially became Anglicans. John and Jolanda Bestman were received into the communion of the Church of England and their children Matthijs and Maria were baptized. It was a beautiful service full of joy as we welcomed John, Jolanda, Matthijs and Maria into the Church of England. St Mary's chapel was full, since there were many family members and friends of the Bestman family who had come to support them on this festive occasion.

After the service the Bestmans treated us to lovely refreshments and they were presented with flowers by Linda ten Berge to welcome them.

Simone Yallop



*And say "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words-  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester-  
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered-  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England now-a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.*

By William Shakespeare

(1564-1616)



*Although widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language, the poetry or prose of William Shakespeare rarely tops a list of favourite verse, mainly because the very popularity of his vast and varied offering divides the vote. This speech, a fine example of heroic poetry inspired by the low number of fighting men, is delivered on the eve of Agincourt (25th October 1415), fought on the feast day of the Saints Crispin and Crispianus. Tradition has it that, after fleeing persecution in Rome, they settled in Faversham and worked as shoemakers at the site of the Swann Inn, which bears a commemorative plaque. An altar in their honour can also be found in Faversham parish church.*



## Henry V (Act IV Scene iii)

*HENRY: ... No, my fair cousin;  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.*

*By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.*

*But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.*

*No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.*

*God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more methinks would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!*

*Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,*

*That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;*

*We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.*

*This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.*

*He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,*

*Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.*

*He that shall live this day, and see old age,*

*Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."*

*Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,*



## Castle Fair 2013

In case you have missed the notices in church recently, this year's Castle Fair garnered the magnificent net result of over €9500. Read all about it on page 3!

## All Saints & All Souls Sunday Memorial 3rd November 2013

Names of those who have died in the past year, and any others whom church members would like remembered, will be read out during the Act of Memorial at the service on 3rd November.

Please write the names of those you would like remembered on the list available in the Hut, or notify the Chaplain (alja.tollefsen@xs4all.nl), preferably by Wednesday, 30th October.

## Key Dates

10th-12th October	Archdeaonry Synod, Drongen, Belgium
10th November	Remembrance Sunday*
15th December	Carol Service

\*As in recent years, the collection on Remembrance Sunday is to go to the Royal British Legion.

## Harvest

Our sincere thanks go to Brenda Pyle who took on the task of decorating the chapel for Harvest Thanksgiving. The beautiful setting was much admired by all those who attended – and enjoyed – this very special service.



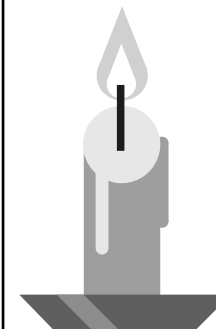
## Intercessions

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.

day he took office, our country has been filled with the bright light of prosperity.”

A thoughtful silence ensued –



suddenly interrupted by a voice from the backbenches: “But where’s the remaining £99?”

## Strikes a Chord?

They usually have two tellers in my local bank. Except when it's very busy – then they have one.

– Rita Rudner

Ever notice that when you blow in a dog's face he gets mad at you, but when you take him in a car he sticks his head out the window?

### Schoolgirl Crush

On a first visit to her new dentist, a middle-aged woman noticed his diploma on the wall.



Reading his full name, she remembered a boy of the same name on whom she had a major crush in high school. "Could it be the same person?" she wondered excitedly. Her eager anticipation evaporated the moment she walked into his room, for there before her stood a grey-haired, overweight man with a wrinkled face. Surely he was way too old to have been her classmate. Still, to satisfy her curiosity she asked him if he had attended Eastwood High School.

### Well Done in Weldamshire!

It was with both eagerness and trepidation that two novice volunteers tentatively approached the annual Kasteel Weldam English Country Fair on Saturday September 7th. We were met by a gaggle of enthusiastic fellow volunteers organizing goods in (check!), people placed (check!), hats on, badges pinned (check, check!), efficiency and good humour (double check!). With such a collective contribution it was evident before the gates were swung open this was going to be a special day!



On arriving we passed through a plethora of enthusiastic stall holders tweaking and refining their wares to full and splendid effect. The array of goods on offer was quite astounding. Ranging from bric-a-brac to antiques, from etchings to art works, quilting, embroidery, millinery and much more. The mix and balance of wares was enough to entice Mr Scrooge himself to part with his hard earned cash! Both "Old Hand" and "First Time" stall holders looked set to have an enjoyable, productive and profitable day with an English twist that would have made Dickens' Oliver feel at home!

The beating heart of any English Fair is its tea room and Kasteel Weldam provided the ultimate location and backdrop for an army of volunteers to make ready the provisions that would delight, refresh and refuel the weariest of soldiers. The camaraderie, willingness and cordiality to get provisions in order for the arrival of a hungry public was evident throughout the morning. With cakes piped and

"Little girl," I said, "you remind me of an angel, sweet and innocent." She looked at me and smiled; then slowly she got to her feet and said, "Really?" "Yes, you're like a little Guardian Angel sent to watch over all the people walking by." She nodded her head "yes" and smiled. With that she opened the back of her pink dress and allowed her wings to spread. Then she said with a twinkle in her eye, "I am. I'm your Guardian Angel."

I was speechless – sure I was seeing things. She said, "For once you thought of someone other than yourself. My job here is done." I got to my feet and said, "Wait, why did no one stop to help an angel?" She looked at me, smiled, and said, "You're the only one that could see me." And then she was gone. And with that, my life was changed dramatically.

So, when you think you're all you have, remember your angel is always watching over you.

*Contributed by Erica Schotman-Bonting*



### Sounds Familiar?

*In bed it's 6 am. You close your eyes for 5 minutes,  
it's 7:45 am.*

*At work it's 1:30 pm. You close your eyes for  
5 minutes, it's 1:31 pm.*

*Dawn French*

*Contributed by Els Ottens*

### The Guarding of the God of Life

The God of life with guarding hold you,  
The loving Christ with guarding fold you,  
The Holy Spirit, guarding, mould you,  
Each night of life to aid, enfold you  
Each day and night of life uphold you.

*From Poems of the Western Highlanders*

### How Can I Endure?

Lord, how can I endure this life of sorrow, unless you strengthen me with your mercy and grace? Do not turn your face from me. Do not withdraw your consolation from me, lest my soul becomes like a waterless desert. Teach me, O Lord, to do your will, and to live humbly. You alone know me perfectly, seeing into my soul. You alone can give lasting peace and joy.

*A Prayer of Thomas a Kempis (1380-1471)*



diphtheria, once widespread and deadly, are part of medical history. Tuberculosis, or “consumption” as it was often called, has been virtually eradicated, only persisting in its deadly work where poverty gives it shelter. And of course the progress is ongoing. Every month there are reports of new treatments and new drugs – the only problem seems to be paying for them!

I wonder if it could be true that on our amazing planet the Creator has hidden all the tools we need to combat the diseases and afflictions that trouble us – just leaving us to find them, and thankfully put them to their God-given use. Fanciful? Perhaps, but I think there’s a whiff of a profound truth there somewhere.

David Winter

## The Pink Dress

There was this little girl sitting by herself in the park. Everyone passed her by and never stopped to see why she looked so sad. Dressed in a worn pink dress, barefoot and dirty, the girl just sat and watched the people go by. She never tried to speak. She never said a word. Many people passed her by, but no one would stop.

The next day I decided to go back to the park, curious to see if the little girl would still be there. Yes, she was there, right in the very spot where she was yesterday, and still with the same sad look in her eyes. Today I was to make my own move and walk over to the little girl. For as we all know, a park full of strange people is not a place for young children to play alone.

As I got closer I could see the back of the little girl's dress. It was grotesquely shaped. I figured that was the reason people just passed by and made no effort to speak to her. Deformities are a low blow to our society and, heaven forbid if you make a step toward assisting someone who is different.

As I got closer, the little girl lowered her eyes slightly to avoid my intent stare. As I approached her, I could see the shape of her back more clearly. She was grotesquely shaped in a humped-over form. I smiled to let her know it was okay; I was there to help, to talk. I sat down beside her and opened with a simple "Hello." The little girl acted shocked and stammered "Hi" after a long stare into my eyes. I smiled and she shyly smiled back. We talked until darkness fell and the park was completely empty.

I asked the girl why she was so sad. The little girl looked at me with a sad face said, "Because, I'm different." I immediately said, "That you are!" and smiled. The little girl acted even sadder and said, "I know."

sliced, coffee pots primed and tea urns brewing, it bore the hall marks and precision of a military campaign.

Suddenly – action stations! The bell tolls and the eleven o'clock opening is announced, and the first wave of visitors are welcomed to the fair. The tea room bursts into action as hungry visitors appear. Teas and coffees are poured and collected, fondant fancies are eagerly plated and dispatched, an array of cakes, lovingly baked to perfection grace the tables throughout the day and cause chatter and excitement as people refresh and refuel themselves. The clinking of cups and saucers mingles with periodic bouts of Pipe music and Morris men's bells – for several moments throughout the day we forgot this was Holland!

As the afternoon moved towards evening and the crowds departed the stalls were slowly disassembled. Thanks, speeches, heartfelt words of appreciation and a beautiful bouquet of flowers were presented to our gracious hosts the Count and Countess Solms-Sonnenwalde. After a short prayer giving thanks for the day, voices of the volunteers came together in a musical finale to close what was for us our Weldam Fayre baptism in an imaginary little corner of England in the Achterhoek.

'Twas a grand day out!

Elisa Hannan

**BAR CODE**

*If you're drinking to forget ...*

*... please pay in advance*

“Why yes, I did,” he replied.  
 “What year did you sit your exams?” she asked.  
 “1966,” he said.  
 “I was there then!” she exclaimed.  
 “Really?” he said.  
 “What did you teach?”

## Newspaper Headlines

*(that escaped the proof-reader)*



Man kills self before shooting wife and daughter  
 Something went wrong in jet crash, expert says  
 Miners refuse to work after death  
 War dims hope for peace  
 If strike isn't settled quickly, it may last a while  
 Cold wave linked to temperatures  
 Red tape holds up new bridges  
 New study of obesity looks for larger test group

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## Bushcraft

A young man is walking home late at night and sees the dusky and attractive silhouette of a woman in the shadows.

“Thirty euros,” she whispers seductively. The man has never strayed from the straight and narrow before but, feeling rather rakish, says to himself, “Well, it’s only thirty euros.”

He passes over the money and they dive into the bushes together.



The bushes are shaking and rustling violently, when all of a sudden a light beams in on them. It’s the police! “‘Allo, ‘allo, what’s a-going on here?’” demands the



## Message of Thanks

Just a brief few words to thank all members of St Mary's for their beautiful cards, kind messages, phone calls and visits, which have really uplifted me during this time of forced rehabilitation, and absence from the Church.

Having broken my left leg, five weeks ago, and badly damaged my right ankle, I have had to learn how it is to manage without mobility. Very trying to say the least! I am trying to appreciate all the new things, conversations, and indeed people, which have come into my life since this accident. That is more positive! I have learnt new skills with a wheelchair, and how to see things at another level and to look up to people!

I did, however, manage a visit to the Fair and was very impressed by the wonderful set-up, the quality of the stalls, music and atmosphere, and of course St Mary's speciality – the tea room. The Castle grounds looked truly beautiful. And thank you everyone who made a point of coming over to talk to me; it was lovely to catch up, and see familiar faces again.

The Lord works in mysterious ways; we experience this time and again through our lives. There will be a reason why I had this accident, perhaps a lesson in Patience, Trust, and deep admiration for all those committed to a life in a wheelchair, especially the ParaOlympians.

Yours in Christ, and in friendship,  
*Philippa Te West*



piece of story-telling: subtle repetitions (*your son, this brother of yours*), believable characters, drama and profound emotion. There is the older brother, so cynical about his sibling’s alleged reformation; the “prodigal” himself, so hesitant about throwing himself on his father’s mercy after the folly of his earlier behaviour; and there is the father, of course, abandoning the dignity of his role in the family and actually running to welcome his wretched son’s return.

There are more women in Luke’s Gospel than in any of the others, but also more poor people, more lepers, more “sinners” and tax-collectors, more “outsiders” who are shown to be “inside” the love of Christ. This, for many of us, is the great Gospel of inclusion and compassion. Here is a Jesus for the whole world and for every one of us. Thank you, Dr Luke!

*By David Winter*



## Cure-all?

*A doctor said he had been practising medicine for 30 years and had prescribed many things, but in the long run he had found that for most of what troubled people the best medicine was love.*

*“What if it doesn’t work?” he was asked.*

*“Double the dose,” he replied.*

*Reflections for Daily Prayer 2012-2013 (CJP)*

meeting and instructed on the use of a new drug, which had proved effective in several countries in combating TB. On Monday we collected the bottles and pills and began to administer the medication. To our astonishment, and the delight of the patients, the effect was instantaneous and amazing. Within weeks, many of these young men and women were symptom-free. In a month or so they were being discharged from hospital, cured. “Miraculous” was the word we were all using. The drug, of course, was streptomycin.

I think of that experience whenever I collect my regular prescription of medication from the surgery. We take so much for granted in terms of medical advances, but in fact the change - just in my life-time - is spectacular. Diseases like small-pox and

## A Miracle Drug?

Exactly 70 years ago this month researchers isolated for the first time the antibiotic drug streptomycin. Within a few years it was in widespread use as the first effective treatment for tuberculosis, which in my childhood was both widespread and incurable.

In 1949, during my National Service, I was working as a nursing assistant on the TB ward of an RAF hospital. The patients were fed a healthy, nourishing diet and exposed to as much fresh air as possible. That, and linctus to alleviate the constant coughing, was the best we could do for them. As one 19-year-old said to me, 'It's odd when you've barely grown up to know what you're going to die of'. In fact, he was wrong. One Friday the ward staff were summoned to a

## Thank You,

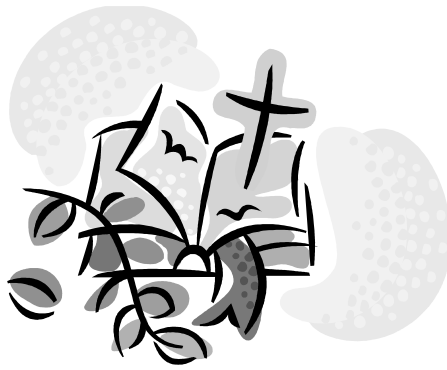
### Dr Luke!

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless the bed that I lie on" – my grandma taught me that one. At least it meant I never forgot the names of the writers of the four Gospels. This month Luke, the writer of the third of them, has his feast day – 18th October.

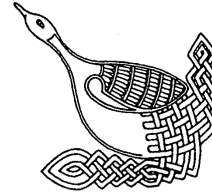
He was, we learn from the letters of St Paul, a "physician" – an educated man and probably the only one of the writers of the New Testament who was not a Jew. In modern terms he was Turkish. Paul took him as one of his missionary team on a long journey around the Middle East, and they clearly became close friends. Under house arrest later in his life Paul could write: "only Luke is with me".

However, it is his Gospel which has established him as a major figure in the history of the Christian Church. Mark's Gospel may have more drama, Matthew's more prophetic background and John's a more profound sense of the mystery of the divine, but Luke offers us a Jesus who is utterly and believably real. This man turned no one away, reserved his harshest words for hypocrites and religious grandees, cared for the marginalized, the poor, the persecuted, the handicapped and the sinful. His Gospel is full of people we can recognize – indeed, in whom we can often recognize ourselves.

He was also a masterly story-teller. Try, for instance, the story of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15:11-32). Read it (this time) not as a sacred text but as a brilliant



## News Update Iona



We were very happy with the good news from the Iona Bookings Office, that thirteen people from St Mary's had been accepted to take part in a week's programme at the Abbey, called "Pilgrimage of Life" from 20th to 26th September 2014.

After the service on 22nd September an information session was held in the Chapel, attended by people who had applied and other interested members. Brenda Pyle gave a most interesting and spirited account of what a week at the Abbey was all about.

Information on travel arrangements and accommodation for the journey to Iona and back was presented and people were given the opportunity to ask questions.

Everyone has filled in their individual booking forms and once these have arrived back in Iona, the trip is definitely on.

*Everhard Ottens*

## Speed Control

How's this for effective speed control? Apparently it's a device being employed in Canada to great effect.

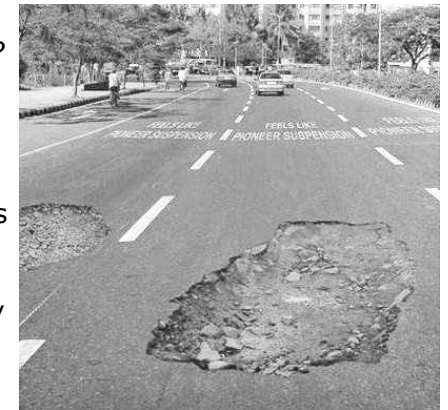
Drivers slow down and endeavour to straddle the hole. Not only smart, this method is also considerably cheaper than speed cameras, radar guns, police officers, and the like, especially

*(continued page 9)*

officer brusquely. "I'm just kissing and cuddling my wife," replies the young man rather annoyed. "Oh, I'm sorry," says the policeman, "I didn't know." "Well, neither did I, till you shone that dirty great light in her face!"

## No newspaper

I was visiting my son and daughter-in-law last night and asked if I could borrow a newspaper. "This is the 21st century, Dad," he said. "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, you can borrow my iPhone." Let me tell you, that fly never knew what hit it!



## For Men Only

*Ponderings on marriage and having a dog*



The later you are, the more excited your dog is to see you.

Dogs don't notice if you call them by another dog's name.

Dogs like it if you leave a lot of things on the floor.

A dog's parents never visit.

Dogs agree that you have to raise your voice to get your point across.

Dogs like to go hunting and fishing.

If a dog smells another dog on you, it doesn't get mad; it thinks it's interesting.

And if a dog leaves you, it won't take half your stuff.

## St James the Least of All

### On the Perils of Harvest

My dear Nephew Darren,

In the unlikely event of ever being put in charge of designing the course for those being trained for ordination, I would make a few significant changes.

Modules on doctrine, Church history and Greek would all be dropped as unnecessary. In their place I would add courses on how to run a tight jumble sale, ways to keep your church council in order and – especially close to my heart at present – how to negotiate Harvest.

The first skirmish starts in early summer when it becomes clear that the flower arrangers' plans mean that the choir would disappear behind a huge array of chrysanthemums. The choir then retaliate by announcing that their Harvest anthem must take place just when the Sunday School intended to re-enact the parable of the Good Samaritan. They, in turn, raise the stakes by insisting that a stage will be needed for their performance, thus ensuring that I will be separated from the congregation by an impenetrable barricade.

In September, therefore, there is the traditional meeting to iron out all these little difficulties. This inevitably results in the annual act of the verger handing in his resignation, the bell ringers threatening a mass walk-out, and those who organize coffee afterwards demanding that my sermon lasts no more than three minutes so there will be plenty of time for socializing after the service.



hours directly engaged in church activities. This leaves over 100 hours (excluding 56 hours for sleep!) which we spend at home, work or in the community. So this is the primary context for our discipleship, witness and service, which the church *should* be equipping us for!

So a challenge to explore: "Our job, like experienced surfers, is to recognize a wave of God's Spirit and ride it. It is not our responsibility to make waves but to recognize how God is working in the world and join him in the endeavor" (Rick Warren).

*Paul Hardingham*



*And with Iona very much in mind at the moment ...*

### Odran of Iona (died c. 563)

Odran is a suitable saint to remember as Halloween approaches, for his story involves the spirit world.

British by birth, Odran was one of Columba's first companions on Iona. Sadly, he died not long after his arrival on the island. But Columba found comfort, for in a vision he saw Odran's soul ascending to heaven, after being fought over by angels and devils. Christ had redeemed Odran for his own, and so all the devils there ever were could not lay claim to Odran's soul.

In memory of his dear friend, Columba named the graveyard on Iona after him, *Reilig Orain*. An old Irish tradition has an Odran abbot of Meath and founder of Latteragh (Co. Tipperary), and it is probable that these Odrans are one and the same.

*Source: Parish Pump October 2013*

A scarlet thread Rahab hung from her window  
This was the sign and part of the plan  
That all of her family would be saved  
As Joshua's troops invaded the land.

The scarlet thread links us to the cross  
Its redemptive power the years have spanned  
And just like Rahab we will be saved  
We too will enter the Promised Land.

*By Megan Carter*

We rob ourselves of much joy if we forget the loving and caring presence all round about us of the angels of God.  
*- Maurice Roberts*

It's dangerous to try to be number one, because it's next to nothing.

*- Anon*



## Joshua

Joshua sent them to spy out the land  
The two men arrived at Rahab's door,  
She took them inside and hid them there  
This time would be different, not as before.

Their fathers had wandered for forty years,  
Not even Moses had entered the land,  
They could not believe God was true to His word  
They could not rely on His mighty hand.



But God was the God of the second chance  
And now they were ready to take Jericho  
With trumpets and shouting and marching around  
The walls fell down without striking a blow.

## Whole Life Discipleship: Where do We Start?



"There's only one thing that's worse than being blind: having sight and no vision," so said Helen Keller, who was both blind and deaf. In terms of our vision there are two key questions which the church needs to ask today:

*What does the church of the future look like? How do we reach people who don't know Jesus?*

We can all come up with answers to these questions, but behind them lays the question we have to face: *How do we make disciples?* Jesus was clear:

"Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age." (Matthew 28:18,19).

The trouble is that we are not good at obeying his command. If we are honest, we spend a lot more time thinking about making church, rather than disciples. "If you make disciples, you always get the church. But if you make a church, you rarely get disciples" (Mike Breen). Most of us are quite good at doing church. We might be able to get people together on a Sunday and perhaps into a small group during the week. However, are we really good at producing people whose lives look like the people we see in the New Testament? Jesus commanded us to make disciples and we need to understand that the church is the *effect* of discipleship not the *cause*.

So how do we fulfil this vision? We are called to make disciples "as we go"! This won't primarily happen in church, but in the places we spend time during the week in the *whole* of our lives. Of the 168 hours in the week, most of us will not spend more than 10

I greet all suggestions with a spontaneous burst of indifference, smile, agree with it all – and do nothing (this incidentally is a good policy for all decision making). Inevitably everything goes ahead exactly as it has always done for the last century.

Come the day, there will be the usual arrangement of eggs round the font, with the strategically placed card saying *Given anonymously by Elsie Jones*, and the pyramid of apples temptingly near the choirboys, so designed that when someone tries to pinch one during the sermon, the whole pile disintegrates as they roll all over the chancel.

On the following Friday, all will leave after the Harvest Supper saying that the entertainment was worse than the previous year and that the absence of red cabbage had quite ruined the hot pot. Everyone therefore has an enjoyable evening.

My Harvest training course would be compulsory and a pass mark of 90% would be needed before ordination could be considered.

Your loving uncle,  
Eustace

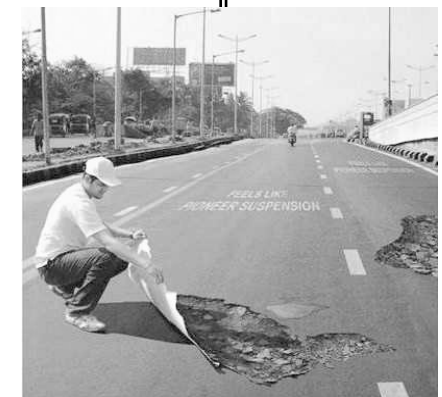
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(continued from page 7)

... when they move them around every day!

Isn't Art wonderful!



## Acid test

Lock your wife and your dog in the garage for an hour. When you open the door, who's pleased to see you?



If you think that time heals everything, try waiting in a doctor's surgery.

## Commentary Box

Sporting Lisbon in their green and white hoops, looking like a team of zebras ...

– Peter Jones

<b>13th October</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Janice Collins</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist with Ministry of Healing</b>	Arjen Haffimans (1) 2 Kings 5: 1-3, 7-15c Jeanet Luiten (2) 2 Timothy 2: 8-15 Gospel Luke 17: 11-19

<b>20th October</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>t.b.a.</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Jeanet Luiten</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Victor Pirenne (1) Genesis 32: 22-31 Brenda Pyle (2) 2 Timothy 3: 14 to 4: 5 Gospel Luke 18: 1-8

<b>27th October</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Elizabeth vd Heide (1) Ecclesiastes 35: 12-17 Maureen vd Heide (2) 2 Timothy 4: 6-8, 16-18 Gospel Luke 18: 9-14

<b>3rd November</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist with All Souls Memorial</b>	Simone Yallop (1) Daniel 7: 1-3, 15-18 Carla Koomen (2) Ephesians 1: 11 to end Gospel Luke 6: 20-31

<b>10th November</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Count Alfred Solms Pauline Talstra</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Els Ottens (1) Jonah 3: 1-5, 10 Philippa Te West (2) Hebrews 9: 24 to end Gospel Mark 1: 14-20



<b>17th November</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Pauline Talstra</b>
	<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Janice Collins (1) Malachi 4: 1-2a Linda ten Berge (2) 2 Thessalonians 3: 6-13 Gospel Luke 21: 5-19