

(Continued from page 17)

And we also supported each other through the illnesses and passing of our parents and various friends.

Once settled in Vroomshoop, Stephanie worked tirelessly for Darcus, sorting and packing boxes of clothing and food to East European countries in need. Stephanie also worked tirelessly, together with Joop, for Amnesty International, encouraging people to come to the letter-writing evenings. You could often find them on the Amnesty Stand at markets, fairs and churches. Stephanie also worked for some years for the Hospice Home Care, where she relieved carers at home by sitting with the patient through the night. This was a tough job but very rewarding.

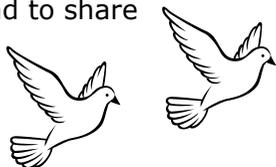
Stephanie also joined in all sorts of activities of the *Gereformeerde Kerk*, of which they were members, also helping out at St Mary's Autumn Fair and Garden Open Day in May. She was also a valuable member of the Patchwork Group that made the wall hangings at the back of Weldam Chapel, and worked on the patchwork quilt that was raffled for a considerable amount for church funds.

Stephanie was not someone to be in the foreground but always actively involved. She was loving, caring, kind, cheerful and fun-loving; and above all she had a deep belief in the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which shone out from her.

I eventually moved away from Vroomshoop to Ruurlo, and Stephanie to Wierden. So we were no longer near one another but kept in contact through visits, phoning, and e-mail mostly. It came as a great shock to hear in November of the seriousness of Stephanie's illness and an even greater shock to hear of her death on the 7th January.

I never heard Stephanie say an unkind word about anyone, or moan – despite the many trials of her own life. As Linda rightly said, "To know Stephanie was to love her". We will miss her greatly, especially her generous loving kindness and her inspiring deep deep faith. It has been a privilege to know you, Stephanie, and to share part of our lives with you.

In loving memory,  
Brenda Pyle



### *The Chaplain Writes* **Money: the root of all evil?**

"Money is the root of all evil" was a line in a pop song years ago. Disagreements quite often have their origin in the handling of money, but murder and violence can equally find their origin in money.

At the beginning of the year the media reported that the financial crisis is lessening and we may look with hope towards the future. However, we still read about people affected by the results of the crisis, and over the last couple of years we have seen drastic measures to cope with the debts and gaps in the national and international budgets.

With all the reports a picture was painted of how we look at society and how it is handled, and money then seems to be the only or the most important guideline when decisions are taken. Money is the guideline when it comes to decisions not only to make ends meet, but also to make more profit and, hence, to make things more efficient.

We risk that our society will in the end only be ruled by profit, efficiency and saving money at the cost of other values – values that will be subjected to the notion that whether something is *affordable* or *efficient* is the only criterion.

To be careful with money is wise. To plan for the future, to make a budget and not exceed it, is a good decision, but to subject all our values to efficiency money-wise could be a disastrous decision.

What are our values as Christians and do we cherish them? Do we think about being kinder, gentler, more honest, with more time for others and so on? Or do we let ourselves be guided by the general ideas of society?

Jesus wants us to be foolish in the eyes of society, and that may mean a different look at the way we handle things!

Alja Tollefsen  
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





# Twente News

## New Organ Installed

On the 3rd December our new organ was installed in the chapel. When I walked up towards the chapel, shortly before two o'clock, sounds from our old organ were welling out to the access path. Opening the door to the chapel, Cor Bosma was playing the last music on the

instrument that had served for such a long time – the last section of the *Toccat* and *Fugue* by J.S. Bach. Shortly afterwards, Louw Talstra arrived, as did Everhard Ottens. After a few minutes, as Louw and Cor were clearing paper sheets from the organ position, the van from Orgelcentrum Andante carrying the new organ rolled up in front of the chapel. The technician, assisted by our organists, quickly disassembled the old organ and took it outside.

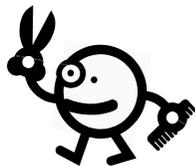
Then the new organ was rolled into the chapel and lifted on to the platform. Shortly afterwards the foot-pedal box was attached and the new bench was positioned. The technician started testing all the keys and functions to see if everything was as it should be, closely watched by Louw and Cor. During the acceptance testing, Count Alfred also appeared and seemed very pleased to see that the new organ had arrived. On Sunday last, he had said that the organ could be paid from money that had been set aside from an Open Day about 20 years ago.

About 30 minutes later, after discussions about the sound flavour and richness, Louw could sit at the key-boards to experience the power of the new organ as he started with an excerpt of the *Toccat* and *Fugue* by J.S. Bach. Such a coincidence! After some more adjusting, Cor also had a go to get the feel of the performance of the new instrument.

I hope that many beautiful musical pieces and hymns will be played on the new organ by the capable hands of Louw and Cor and that it may serve our chapel for a very long time to come.

## The Haircut

A teenage boy had just passed his driving test. He asked his father when he could start using the family car. His father replied: "First you bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible and get your hair cut, and then we'll talk about the car."



After a moment's thought the boy decided he'd settle for the offer. About six weeks later his father said, "Son, you've brought your grades up and I've observed that you have been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed that

This short poem, which was submitted by **Carla Koomen**, is simple and direct, containing references to Revelations 22:26: "Come, Lord Jesus ..." and to John 14:6, where Jesus is described as "the way, the truth and the life". It is the call of the poet to God, but it is also the response of the poet to a call from God.

**George Herbert** wrote poetry from an early age and after he died a collection of over 160 of his poems was published, and given the title "The Temple". "The Call" has been set to music several times, notably by Ralph Vaughan Williams in his "Five Mystical Songs", written between 1906 and 1911.

Visit:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G6mIKOv377Y> Ralph Vaughan Williams - Five Mystical Songs - The Call (choir of St John's College, Cambridge; solo treble: Oliver Lepage-Deanor  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ThH8pwwqEbK> (choir King's College Cambridge)



## Love

*Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care,  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.*

*By William Blake*

*From Songs of Experience, "The Clod and the Pebble"*



## 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.

**His Glorious Day**  
 He's the Ground of all being,  
 The Spirit of life,  
 The Father of faith  
 And the Mother of love,  
 He's the Christ-child within  
 Who fills darkness with light,  
 He calms our worst fears  
 With the peace from "above"!  
  
 He's the giver of comfort  
 When our spirit is low  
 And source of all courage  
 When faith calls out – 'Go:  
 Go tell all the nations  
 That peace truly comes  
 When God's voice is heard  
 And God's will is done.  
 So follow the Christ-man,  
 Hold fast on his way,  
 Then one day we'll all share  
 His glorious day!  
 by Sam Doubtfire

## The Call

By  
**George Herbert**  
 (1553-1633)



*Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life;  
 Such a Way as gives us breath,  
 Such a Truth as ends all strife,  
 Such a Life as killeth death.*

*Come, my Light, my Feast, my  
 Strength;  
 Such a Light as shows a Feast,  
 Such a Feast as mends in length,  
 Such a Strength as makes his guest.*

*Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart;  
 Such a Joy as none can move,  
 Such a Love as none can part,  
 Such a Heart as joys in love.*



(The new organ is of the type Johannus Opus 25, which is similar to the Johannus Opus 250, which can be seen via the following link: <http://www.johannus.com/nl/collectie/eu/products/opus-opus-250/>. More photos on website.)

Lub Gringhuis

### Christmas Market

We would like to thank everyone who made our Christmas market a beautiful occasion to stock up on English Christmas atmosphere. Much effort had been put into it by many lovely helpers – in baking, decorating, and serving eager, and not so very eager, customers.

We managed to order a good selection of goods from the UK. As no one we knew of was going to the UK shortly before the festive season, we had to pay a lot for excellent quality goods (postage etc.). This is reflected in the end result: we made a net profit of €330. Still, we can look back on a very successful, happy Advent and Christmas event. Enjoying mulled wine and hot chocolate *al fresco* warmed by a romantic fire.

If you plan on going to the UK shortly before next Christmas, please let us know!

Joyce Wigboldus and Jeanet Luiten

you haven't had your hair cut." The boy replied, "You know, Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in my Bible studies that Samson had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, Moses had long hair, and there's even strong evidence that Jesus had long hair." His dad pondered a while and then thoughtfully agreed. Then he added: "Did you also notice that they all walked everywhere they went?"

### Seating Problem



An old man lay sprawled across three entire seats in the theatre. When the usher came by and noticed this, he whispered to the old man, "Sorry sir, but you're only allowed one seat." The old man didn't budge and the usher became more impatient.

“Sir, if you don’t get up from there I’m going to have to call the manager.” Once again the old man just muttered and did nothing. The usher marched briskly back up the aisle, and in a moment he returned with the manager. Together the two of them tried repeatedly to persuade the old dishevelled man to move ... but without success. Finally they summoned the police. The officer surveyed the situation briefly and then asked, “All right sir, what’s your name?” “Bob,” mumbled the old man. “Well, where are you from, Bob?” asked the police officer. Still without moving, Fred feebly replied: “From the balcony.”

### **Just Perfect!**

Once upon a time a perfect man and a perfect woman met.

## **Electoral Roll**

The Electoral Roll is the official listing of the members of our Chaplaincy. People who are on the Electoral Roll are entitled to vote at our Annual General Meeting. Anyone who is not yet on the Electoral Roll and who wishes to have their name included may request and fill in an application form.

In order to be on the Electoral Roll you need to be baptized, at least 16 years of age and to be a member of the Church of England, a Church in communion with the Church of England, or a member of another Church which subscribes to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Also, if you are not a member of the Church of England, you need to have been attending St Mary’s Weldam for at least six months.

Names can be added to the Electoral Roll at any time during the year but it has to be brought up to date and frozen two weeks before the date of the Annual General Meeting. This year our AGM will be on 30th March 2014. Therefore, I need to receive any new forms by 16th March 2014 at the latest, but preferably before 9th March so that the updated roll can be published in the AGM papers. If you would like to be on the Electoral Roll, please see me for an application form.

Please note that being on the Electoral Roll does not involve any financial commitment on your part. However, the annual quota that our Chaplaincy has to pay to the Diocese is based on the number on our Electoral Roll. As already mentioned, being on the Electoral Roll entitles you to vote at the AGM. This enables you to take part in the election of those who represent you on the Church Council and gives you a say in any decisions taken at the AGM. Anyone standing for election to the Church Council must have been on the Electoral Roll for at least six months prior to election.

The Electoral Roll is completely renewed every six years, which we did last year in 2013. If your name was not added last year, please give some thought to having your name included this year on the Electoral Roll of the Anglican Church Twente.

*Simone Yallop*



to visit Stephanie and introduce myself. I think she was rather taken aback to be confronted with an enthusiastic English lady who invited her to various “English things” and to come to her home for tea. She told me that she was still trying to settle her children in and at school. She wasn’t too keen to come immediately but “sometime”. I left her my address and phone number and thought “Wait and see, Brenda.”

Quite a few months later, Stephanie arrived on my doorstep for tea. After that we got to know one another, and actually found that we had quite a lot in common, particularly that we had both trained as nurses in London: Stephanie at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children and I at St Mary’s Paddington. We both loved gardening and particularly loved roses. We both enjoyed cooking and reading, and exchanged many books and recipes. Stephanie’s special favourite was chicken and rice – and delicious it was too!

Stephanie had recently returned with her husband Joop and their three children from quite a long period of living and working on an American Mission Station in Dutch New Guinea. Joop had been teaching there and Stephanie helping at the First Aid Clinic. The children had attended school there. What a contrast to Vroomshoop, a staid conservative agricultural village near Almelo, Overijssel. Joop was now working as an English teacher at the local Christian MAVO.

We shared many aspects of life’s ups and downs, particularly involving the children: working through school, turbulent teenage years, examination nerves, student life, gaining degrees, first jobs, marriages, grandchildren. We shared one another’s family when staying. Stephanie’s family came over regularly, and so did mine. Then we shared meals and tea and coffee visits. Stephanie has a sister, Mary, who lives in Zimbabwe, and a brother, who lives in the UK. Mary has been over on several occasions and we’ve always met up.

One thing we were delighted to do together was to go to the Founding Evening of what was later to become St Mary’s at Weldam. Stephanie and I were very keen for there to be an Anglican Church providing services in English. What joy that was!

*(Continued on page 20)*

*Praise the Lord my soul  
I will praise the Lord  
As long as I live  
I will sing his praises  
As long as I exist*

Psalm 146: 1 and 2

To our great grief, but also grateful for what she has meant in our lives,  
we have had to say our farewells to my beloved wife,  
our caring mother and grandma,

### **Stephanie Prins-Sumner**

Born in Southgate, London, on 22 June 1936

Passed away after a short spell of illness on 7 January 2014  
in Wierden

Joop  
Madeleine and Gerrit  
John and Hanriët  
grandchildren and great-grandchildren

Tichelgaarde 13  
7641 CR Wierden  
[Joop.stephprins@home.nl](mailto:Joop.stephprins@home.nl)

The thanksgiving service for Stephanie's life was held on Saturday 11 January at 11:00 in the Protestant Church, Spoorstraat 5-7 in Wierden.



### **In Memoriam A Tribute to Stephanie Prins (22 June 1936 – 7 January 2014)**

*By Brenda Pyle*

I first met Stephanie in 1975/76, when some ladies from the village to whom I gave English lessons told me that another English lady had moved to Vroomshoop. How delighted I was to hear that! They found her address for me and one day I went

### **Lent Course**

Last year we held an Autumn Course on four Saturday mornings. A total of 14 people attended one or more of the sessions. The Saturday morning turned out to be a good choice because many people preferred this to a week-day evening. Several people said they enjoyed the opportunity to discuss their faith together in a group and we should do this more often.

This year there will be a Lent Course, also on four Saturday mornings at 10:30 in the Hut. The dates are 8th March, 22nd March, 29th March and 5th April 2014. (There is no session on 15th March.)

The theme of the Lent Course is "Our Courteous Lord" and will use material for group discussions on the *Revelations of Divine Love* by Julian of Norwich. Some of you, who have been here for a long time, may remember that we did this course many years ago. Julian of Norwich was an anchoress, in the Middle Ages, who lived in a cell at St Julian's church in Norwich. As an anchoress Julian was actually a hermit who devoted herself to prayer and contemplation. Julian prayed for and was granted a vision of the crucifixion. During the vision Julian thought deeply about the questions of evil and suffering and of the infinite love and compassion of God. After the vision Julian wrote about her "showings" from God. In her writings Julian rarely quoted from the Bible, although her book *Revelations of Divine Love* is well grounded in scripture.

At each session of the course we will look at a short text from the writings of Julian of Norwich and at some of the related Bible texts. Julian's writings, based on her vision of the crucifixion, will help us in our preparation for Easter.

*Simone Yallop*

LENT 

After a perfect courtship they had a perfect wedding.



Their life together was, of course, perfect. Now one snowy stormy Christmas Eve this perfect couple were driving their perfect car along a winding road, when they noticed someone at the side of the road in distress. Being the perfect couple they stopped to help. There stood Santa Claus with a huge bundle of toys. Not wanting to disappoint any children on the eve of Christmas, the perfect couple loaded Santa and his toys into their vehicle. Soon they were driving along delivering toys. Unfortunately the driving conditions deteriorated and the perfect couple and Santa Claus had an

**Page 5**

accident.  
**C R A S H!**  
 Only one of them survived the accident.  
 Question: Who?



The perfect woman survived. She is the only one who existed in the first place. Everyone knows there is no Santa Claus and there is no such thing as a perfect man.



\* Women stop reading here: it is the end of the joke.



\* Men may continue.

## Key Dates



A short meeting of all Sunday School helpers will be held in the Hut on Tuesday, 11th February, at 19:30 pm – an opportunity to see how things are going, exchange ideas and gain some input from Alja.

4th March	Visit to Syrian Orthodox Monastery in Glane
5th March	Ash Wednesday
8th, 22nd, 29th March & 5th April	Lent Course
16th & 23rd March	Book Sale
30th March	Mothering Sunday and AGM
6th September	Castle Fair

## A Man after God's Heart

Doctor Who's Tardis is more than just an old fashioned police box! It has the unique quality of being bigger on the inside than the outside! As we look at the life of King David, we see somebody who wanted to grow his inner life: *"a man after God's own heart"* (Acts 13:22). When Samuel anoints David as king (1 Samuel 16) he learns a vital lesson: *"People look at the outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart"* (7). What lessons can we learn from this, as we seek to be used by God?

At a difficult point in Israel's history, when Saul's kingship had failed, God spoke to Samuel: *"How long will you mourn for Saul, since I have rejected him as king over Israel? Fill your horn with oil and be on your way; I am sending you to Jesse of Bethlehem. I have chosen one of his sons to be king."* (1). God always has a plan to achieve his purposes, and he wants us to be part of them! He is always trying to communicate them to us; like Samuel, are we alert to what he telling us?

Alja said, "I hate to think of a situation where the organ breaks down in one of the Christmas services." That was the signal to start actions to acquire a new organ! After a good investigation and a long afternoon of "try-out", Cor Bosma and I made a proposal and presented that to the Church Council. It was accepted.

The last hymn played on the old organ, the Sunday before it was removed, was no. 362 *Tell out my soul*, and the last piece played at dismissal was a grand variation on *God save the Queen* (by Chr. H. Rinck) for full organ ... and it did not "protest". When, on 3rd December 2013 the old organ was carried out of the chapel, I could not help thinking of Norman. It was after all "his instrument", and this marked the end of that era.



(Photo: Lub Gringhuis)

We now move on and we hope that the new organ may serve the congregation for many years to come!



would help him out and take the organ bench that Sunday, which was a big thing for him.

Even in the old days, general appreciation of the organ and its qualities was rather low – and not without reason. Sometimes large parts of the organ simply stopped working, always unexpectedly of course; there were "undefined, annoying sounds"; stop-labels broke off (over the years I have glued many back on as well as possible), etc. Norman's wife once said to me, after something had gone a bit wrong in the service: *"t'is een rot örgel."* Even years ago, the late Paul Chesmond, then reader, had once handed me a bunch of pamphlets about new organs and asked what I thought of them.

Although his health was going down, Norman unexpectedly passed away in early January 2000. I clearly remember that, when leaving the chapel on the last Sunday of his life, he played (a very simplified version of) the *Grand Choeur* (Grand Chorus, opus 18) of the French organist Alexandre Guilmant. It was his last piece of organ music, a nice piece to end an organist's career I would say. Did he have a feeling perhaps?

Since Norman always left his music books open on the music stand of the organ, the book was still there the first Sunday after his death when I had to play the service, a peculiar feeling ...

After Norman passed away, initially an organist team was built: Barry Golding, David Rowland and me. But since the first two were both professional musicians, they often had other appointments and then rang yours truly and asked whether I could substitute. After a few years Barry and his wife Helga left for New Zealand, and David sadly passed away. Later, when Cor Bosma joined the congregation, he was a welcome addition to the organist team.

Anyway, after getting to know the organ a bit better and how to handle or possibly avoid certain problems, the organ served the congregation for another 13 years! Gradually its condition deteriorated however, just like, for example, an old TV set does, and that was quite audible sometimes.

When discussing the situation in the Church Council, our Reverend



"That's two t's in Matthew", said Osrice

No doubt, Samuel expected choosing a king from among Jesse's eight sons would be easy! However, it was only when the youngest was brought in from the fields that he recognized the one: *"Rise and anoint him; this is the one."* (12). God uses unexpected people as part of his plan, including David and ourselves,

when our heart is committed to him! Even if we feel we have nothing to offer, he can use us in the workplace or with family and friends to make a difference for him.

Finally, we should note that David immediately returned to his flock of sheep, although the Spirit came powerfully upon him. So often God takes us back to ordinary circumstances of life to learn the skills we need to serve him, as well as proving ourselves faithful in the smaller things before he trusts us with bigger opportunities. Whenever we're feeling frustrated about God's timetable don't forget this!

God is still looking for people to accomplish his purposes. When God looks at our heart, what does he see? Does God see a heart which is on fire for him, or are we largely indifferent to him or simply lukewarm? Let's make it our prayer to be *"a man or woman after God's own heart"*.

By Paul Hardingham

So if there is no perfect man and no Santa Claus, the woman must have been driving. This explains why there was an accident. By the way if you are a woman and are still reading, this illustrates another point: *Women just never listen!*

#### Laws of Life



Law of:

**Mechanical repair:** After your hands become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to visit the restroom

**Gravity:** Any tool, nut, bolt, screw, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible corner.

**Probability:** The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act.

## A Naughty One

– Contributed by  
Christiaan Koning

Now who said that  
the Scots are tight?

A Scottish soldier,  
in full dress  
uniform, marches  
into a pharmacy.

Very carefully he  
opens his sporran  
and pulls out a  
neatly folded  
cotton bandana,  
unfolds it to reveal  
a smaller silk  
square hand-  
kerchief, which he  
also unfolds to  
reveal a condom.  
This condom has a  
number of patches  
on it.

The chemist holds  
it up and eyes it  
critically.

“How much to  
repair it?” the  
Scotsman asks the  
chemist.

“Six pence,” says  
the chemist.

“How much for a  
new one?”

“Ten pence,” says  
the chemist.

The Scotsman  
painstakingly folds  
the condom into the  
silk square hand-  
kerchief and the

## St James the Least of All

### On When the Vicar Lands in Hospital

My dear Nephew Darren,

Thank you for visiting me in hospital – although next time, should you once again kindly bring me a bottle of orange juice, would you please empty it at home and re-fill it with gin and tonic. While I know you had dashed from taking a primary school assembly, that still did not excuse you beginning your bedside prayer by telling me to sit up straight, close my eyes and put my hands together.



To fall on ice and break a leg was careless; to do so on the afternoon before a difficult church council meeting has been judged deliberate. After falling in the road and being unable to get up, it was remarkable how many parishioners formed a circle to watch; the magazine editor even had the cheek to take photos for the cover of next month's magazine – although I did draw the line when she suggested I was dragged across the pavement to where the light was better.

As I lay there, immobile, discussion started about who should chair that evening's meeting, whose responsibility it would be to arrange cover for that Sunday's Services – someone even had the gall to wonder if I should be asked to pay for their help, since I was the one who chose to fall over.

I felt obliged to suggest it may be helpful if someone called an ambulance, which someone reluctantly did, while others sympathetically asked me which nursing home I would like to be placed in if I never got mobile again. I was tempted to suggest that they should hold

## Reminiscences: Louw

In a way the arrival of a new organ at St Mary's on 3rd December 2013 was the end of an era – an era in which for many years the old GEM Prelude organ and the person of organist Norman Walker operated as a strong team. Norman played it each and every Sunday, on Christmas Eve in two consecutive Christmas Eve services and at any other special service that was held in St Mary's. He was always present on the organ-bench.

Norman was about 80 when we came to St Mary's (in 1997) and it was clear that he really loved organ-playing, in spite of some "physical handicaps", as Pauline has described above. In the Hut, having a coffee after the service, he loved to have a little chat with a colleague like me ("Did you see last Sunday's *Songs of Praise?*"), and was proud to tell about a hymn-singing event that took place long ago in the Royal Albert Hall in London, in which he was allowed to play that big, big organ and lead hymn-singing to a tune that he himself had especially composed. We used to sing it every now and then in the old days, and we did so once again, in 2010, on the 10th anniversary of his death.

The very first time I was invited to lay my hands on the manuals of the old organ was – totally unexpected – during a service. I had already noticed that the first two hymns did not go so very well, to put it mildly, and before the third hymn, Liesbeth Oosterhof raced up to me and whispered: "Norman has forgotten to bring his glasses and can't read the music; could you please help?" So the very first hymn I had to play at St Mary's was *O Jesus I have promised to serve thee to the end; be thou for ever near me, my Master and my Friend* (no. 538 in *Common Praise*). Still being pretty new to St Mary's I had never seen or heard that hymn tune before (with that peculiar but characteristic modulation in the middle), nor seen the musical setting – plus the organ was unfamiliar. But the congregation, the substitute organist and the organ, all together, got through it in an acceptable way.

Apparently that event kind of paved the way for something else. People later told me that Norman had never ever missed one service in all his years, but at a certain moment he felt free to take one Sunday off and visit relatives in England. He asked me whether I

## ODE to an ORGAN

### In memory of Norman Walker

By Pauline and Louw Talstra

#### Reminiscences: Pauline

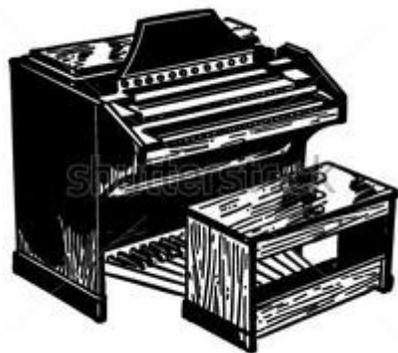
Recently a new organ was installed in St Mary's and this led to lots of reflection by myself and your resident organist, my husband, Louw. Of course these reflections led to fond reminiscences of

Norman Walker, who was the organist at the time we found St Mary's. That was 16 years ago. We were absolutely delighted to have found this beautiful little chapel in the woods and even more elated to have been led to a wonderful warm, inviting (and English-speaking!) congregation. We have never looked back and often wonder at the goodness that this congregation has brought into our lives.

Norman Walker we soon discovered was a sort of "celebrity" at St Mary's. He had the most cheery of faces and was full of enthusiasm for his organ playing and full of tales of his time when he had been at the Albert Hall in London and had even played the organ there. He had also composed a hymn tune which we have sung along to at St Mary's.

Sitting alongside my husband in the pews of St Mary's was a wonderful feeling for me. I was soon to learn what happens when an organist of some considerable experience is aware of or hears a wrong note, or senses that the current organist has lost his place. Well he FLINCHES! ... or his face becomes a little contorted! Of course this all led to some discussion on the way home. Lots of digging into the ribs of Louw by myself would occur the following Sundays. We soon realized that Norman had been playing for years and years. It was his whole life, he was playing from the heart; and not only that, he was minus a few finger-parts! To reconcile all of this was a little test for Louw.

We grew to love this man as indeed the whole of the congregation loved him. Indeed Norman loved us all too. St Mary's was his love.



a collection to pay for having me put down. Miss X regarded it as her Christian duty to force a cup of sweet tea on me; I am sure her solution to news of an imminent nuclear strike, meteorite collision, or the arrival of bubonic plague, would be to put the kettle on.

As it happened, one of the ambulance men lives in the village and saw it as the perfect opportunity, while they were placing me on a stretcher, to ask how he went about booking a baptism and seemed mildly disappointed that I didn't happen to have my diary to hand.

Now I have nowhere to hide for the next few weeks: people have realized they know where I am and that I can't get away from them. There have therefore been endless visits and after a brief question about how I am – by which time it is obvious they have no interest in my answer – they launch into questions about the flower rota, who chooses the hymns in my absence and where to get Communion wine.

Should you visit again, would you please bring information about hospitals in another county – possibly even on another continent.

Your loving uncle,  
Eustace

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Tell me, I'll forget.  
Show me, I may remember.  
But involve me, and I'll understand.  
Chinese Proverb

cotton bandana, replaces it carefully in his sporran, and marches out of the door, shoulders back and kilt swinging. A moment or two later the chemist hears a great shout go up outside, followed by an even greater shout. The Scottish soldier marches back into the chemist's and addresses the proprietor, this time with a grin on his face. "The regiment has taken a vote," he says. "We'll have a new one."

#### Vanishing Trick

A man was complaining to a friend: "I had it all – money, a lovely house, the love of a beautiful woman – then, pow! It was all gone."



"What happened?" asked his friend. "My wife found out," he replied.

<b>9th February</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>4th Sunday before Lent</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Count Alfred Solms Pauline Talstra</b>
<b>Sunday School: Caroline Siertsema</b>	Els Ottens	(1) Isaiah 58: 1-12
	Philippa te West	(2) 1 Corinthians 2: 1-12
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Matthew 5: 13-20

<b>16th February</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>3rd Sunday before Lent</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Sunday School: Jeanet Luiten</b>	Blair Charles	(1) Eccl. 15:15-20
	Linda ten Berge	(2) 1 Corinthians 3: 1-9
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Matthew 5: 21-37

<b>23rd February</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>2nd Sunday before Lent</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Janice Collins</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Sunday School: Ingeline or Peter Ribbens</b>	Louw Talstra	(1) Genesis 1: 1 - 2: 3
	Victor Pirenne	(2) Romans 8: 18-25
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Matthew 6: 25-34

<b>2nd March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Sunday next before Lent</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Janice Collins Caroline Siertsema</b>
<b>Sunday School: Elizabeth v.d. Heide</b>	Vivian Reinders	(1) Exodus 24: 12-18
	Joyce Wigboldus	(2) 2 Peter 1: 16-21
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Matthew 17: 1-9

<b>5th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>Ash Wednesday</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens Count Alfred Solms</b>
	Pauline Talstra	(1) Joel 2: 1-2, 12-17
	Els Ottens	(2) 2 Corinthians 5: 20b - 6: 10
<b>20:00 hrs Eucharist and Imposition of Ashes</b>	Gospel	John 8: 1-11

<b>9th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Lent 1</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Sunday School: Jolanda Bestman</b>	Heleen Rauwerda	(1) Genesis 2: 15-17, 3: 1-7
	Louw Talstra	(2) Romans 5: 12-19
<b>10:30 am Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Matthew 4: 1-11