

**Mouse Makes**

Some believed Jesus was God's Saviour, the Messiah, but some did not. **What do you believe?** Read these stories from Mark's Gospel - 1:40-45, 4:35-41, 5:1-43 and 6:30-56

**JESUS COMES TO JERUSALEM AS KING**  
 As Jesus and his disciples approached Jerusalem they came to the Mount of Olives. Jesus sent two disciples ahead of him and said "You will find a donkey and her colt, untie them and bring them to me."

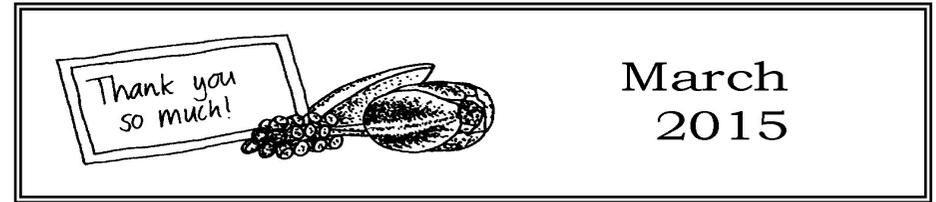
A large crowd spread their coats and branches cut from the trees onto the road in front of Jesus and shouted:

"Hosanna to the Son of David!"  
 "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!"  
 "Hosanna in the highest heaven!"

When Jesus entered Jerusalem the whole city was excited and asked, "Who is this?"

Read this story in Matthew 21:1-11

Colour the picture and draw in more branches



March  
2015

*The Chaplain Writes*

**The Devil's Beatitudes**

**Blessed** are those who are too tired, busy or disorganized to meet with their fellow Christians on Sunday each week – they are my best workers.

**Blessed** are those who enjoy noticing the mannerisms of clergy, choir and servers – I can see their heart is not in it.

**Blessed** are the Christians who wait to be asked and expect to be thanked – I can use them.

**Blessed** are the touchy – with a bit of luck they may even stop going to church.

**Blessed** are those who keep themselves and their time and their money to themselves – they are my missionaries.

**Blessed** are those who claim to love their God at the same time as hating other people – they are mine forever.

**Blessed** are the troublemakers – they shall be called my children.

**Blessed** are those who have not time to pray – they are easy prey to me.

**Blessed** are you when you read this and think it is about other people and not about yourself – I've got you.

**Anonymous**

I read this piece at the beginning of the last council meeting and we all felt caught out. Quite likely you will have fallen into the same trap until you came to the end of this list of *Beatitudes* and realized! It is hilarious and at the same time it will make you think.



## Twente News

### Lent Course

This year the Lent Course is being held on Saturday mornings and the first session was on Saturday 21st February 2015 at 10:30 in the Hut. The course, which is being led by our Chaplain, is based on the book *Finding a Voice: A Lent Course on the King's Speech*. The course has five

sessions and is based the film *The King's Speech*.

The dates of the Saturday morning sessions for the Lent course are: 21st February, [28th February: since Alja was away, the plan was to show the whole film of *The King's Speech*; only extracts are used in the other sessions], 7th March, 14th March, 21st March, 28th March. The sessions start at 10:30 and finish at about 12:30. Although the course has already started, if you would like to participate in the remaining sessions, please contact Alja.

Should you wish to have the book yourself it can be obtained via internet, for example:  
<http://www.bol.com/nl/p/finding-a-voice/1001004011543478/>  
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Finding-Voice-Course-Kings-Speech/dp/0232528934>

### Spectacles for Kenya

Audilia Anyachi (a member of the International Ladies Club), is collecting old spectacles for a foundation in Kenya that supports widows in need in the west of Africa. Old glasses that you don't use anymore, especially reading glasses, can be of value to someone in Kenya. Even an old frame without lenses can be used. If you have some old glasses you or others want to donate, please get in touch with me (Linda ten Berge 0546-868139).

Audilia will be going to Kenya this coming July. Nicole Zonnenbeld, Noelle Wang, Carol van Straaten or Dina Boessenkool can also accept them for Audilia.

### A Fishy Tale

I went fishing one morning but after a short time I ran out of prawns. Then I saw a redbelly black with a frog in his mouth. Frogs are good barra bait. Knowing the snake couldn't bite me with the frog in his mouth I grabbed him right behind the head, took the frog, and put it in my bait bucket. Now the problem was how to release the snake without getting bitten. So I grabbed my bottle of Jack Daniels and poured a little whiskey in its mouth. His eyes rolled back, he went limp. I released him into the lake without incident and carried on fishing using the frog. A little later I felt a nudge on my foot. It

Alice Walker was born on 9th February 1944 in Eatonton, Georgia, in the United States, the youngest of eight children. In 1952, wounded in the eye, by the time she reached a doctor a week later, she had become permanently blind in that eye. She became shy and self-conscious owing to the formation of scar tissue and turned to reading and writing poetry for consolation. The scar tissue was removed when she was 14 but she realized this severe injury had had some value as through this she began to "really to see people and things, really to notice relationships and to learn to be patient enough to care about how they turned out."

Growing up with an oral tradition, listening to stories from her grandfather, Alice Walker began writing privately when she was eight years old. In 1982 she published what has become her best-known work: *The Color Purple*. The novel became a bestseller and garnered great critical acclaim, winning her the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction.

This poem, which comes from the collection *Revolutionary Petunias*, was one of three handed out for discussion during a session led by Alistair McIntosh on Iona (the other two being *Be Nobody's Darling* and *While Love is Unfashionable*). In *Expect Nothing* the poetess tells readers not to expect anything from life, then life will appear to be filled with surprises as day after day unfolds. Expecting less from life will result in being free from disappointments because when you expect nothing you get far more than you actually deserve.



## Expect Nothing

*Expect nothing. Live frugally*

*On surprise.*

*Become a stranger*

*To need of pity*

*Or, if compassion be freely*

*Given out*

*Take only enough*

*Stop short of urge to plead*

*Then purge away the need.*

*Wish for nothing larger*

*Than your own small heart*

*Or greater than a star;*

*Tame wild disappointment*

*With caress unmoved and cold*

*Make of it a parka*

*For your soul.*

*Discover the reason why*

*So tiny human midget*

*Exists at all*

*So scared unwise*

*But expect nothing. Live frugally*

*On surprise.*

*Alice Walker*

Please look in your drawers or ask others if they can help. Thank you,

Linda

### Annual Book Sale

On March 8th (rolling over to the following Sunday) we'll have our book sale to benefit the Floral Guild. Any kind of book, subject, hard-bound, paperback, any language – all are welcome. CDs, DVDs and records are also good. Go through your collection to make room for something new! Ask your friends if they have books to donate to St Mary's. For more information contact me: Linda ten Berge, 0546-868139.

### St Mary's Summer Teas

Jan and Theda have been looking through their diaries and come up with the following dates for this year's Summer Teas: 12th July, 19th July, 26th July, 2nd August, 9th August and 16th August. These dates cover the same period as last year and hopefully you have your own diary close at hand as you read this notice. And a pen of course!

### Key Dates

15th March  
29th March  
2nd April  
3rd April  
5th April  
19th April  
14th May

Mothering Sunday  
Palm Sunday  
Maundy Thursday  
Good Friday  
Easter Sunday  
Annual General Meeting  
Ascension Day

### 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.



was that pesky snake again ...



with two more frogs!

### Report

Two beat cops call the Crime Branch to give feedback on a homicide case  
Cop : Hello. Crime Branch?

CB: Yes.

Cop: This is Sgt John. We have a case here. A woman has shot her husband for stepping on the floor she had just mopped.

CB: Have you arrested the woman?



Cop: No sir. The floor is still wet.

Due to recent budget cuts and the rising cost of electricity, gas and oil, as well as current market conditions, the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off.

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## Running Errands

As a butcher is shoeing a dog from his shop, he sees £10 and a note in his mouth, reading: "10 lamb chops, please."

Amazed, he takes the money, puts a bag of chops in the dog's mouth and quickly closes the shop. He follows the dog and watches him wait for a green light, look both ways, and trot across the road to a bus-stop. The dog checks the timetable and sits down to wait. When a bus arrives, he looks at the number, then boards the bus. The butcher follows, dumbstruck. As the bus travels out into the suburbs, the dog takes in the scenery. After a while he stands on his back paws to push the stop bell, and then the butcher follows him off. The dog runs up to a house and drops his bag on the step. He barks repeatedly. No answer. He goes

*(Continued from page 1)*

We are always more understanding towards ourselves than to others. We have a good reason to do this or that, but this quotation hilariously sums up the attitudes that may help us to look at our own frailties.

We are in Lent, just the time to look at ourselves. We are also in a transition time as a chaplaincy, where we need to put our shoulders to the wheel jobwise in order for it to survive on its own. The treasurer has nagged you by explaining that we are not living on water alone – and that is the practical side of the matter. But if we want to be a vibrant church we also need to take stock of how we are doing as Christians. Look at the spreading of the Good News in Jesus' time: people's enthusiasm was enough to attract so many others.

We are a wonderful, warm and happy congregation and sometimes acts of altruism happen that impress and make me smile. However, we need to be alert to ensure we will keep up these good works – like in sport where you need to keep training. So let us use Lent as a training session to build up our Christian life, with a good sense of humour to keep us realistic.

*Alja Tollefsen  
Chaplain of the East Netherlands*



**One of the hardest decisions  
you'll ever face in life,  
is whether to walk away or try harder.**

life there. He kept in touch with several members of St Mary's, wrote articles for our magazine, shared Face-book! And it was with pride that Patrick and Ryan read out one of his poems at our World War 1 remembrance in the summer of last year. So, poet, gifted writer, skilled craftsman, energetic member of the community, caring member of society – a giant of a man who will be very much missed.



Thank you Malcolm for all you did, and were, for us in St Mary's. You set the example, and we will endeavour to follow. You gave us the quintessential English spirit of fun; you showed deep caring for fellow Christians and all peoples. You did not judge. I, and many more, will strive to keep this legacy alive in our community here at St Mary's. You are at rest now, and in a good place, where the busy world is hushed. It is sure that you were welcomed with, "Well done thou good and faithful servant".

We extend our deepest sympathy to Ann, Liesl and David, and wish them strength in these difficult days. Malcolm's memory lives on in the hearts of those who knew him, and we feel blessed to have shared these special years with him and Ann.



*To All Our Friends at St Mary's,*

*I would like to thank you all for your lovely cards and the kind messages that we have received since the day we lost Malcolm. Liesl, David and I have so appreciated this support during this difficult period. And the beautiful floral tribute was yet another reminder of the deep affection with which Malcolm is remembered.*

*Thank you all so very much.*

*With sincere best wishes,  
Ann McBride*





project in the Castle grounds.

In 1992 Malcolm became Archdeaconry Representative, and in 1994 he was elected as People's Warden – Count Alfred being Chaplain's Warden – and he remained in this position until 1999, when he returned to the UK. When Malcolm became churchwarden his dedication was total. He was a committed Christian, and showed endless kindness to those in need. He had great humour, and was very popular with the young. He was full of ideas for all aspects of the Church, and most came to fruition. Malcolm initiated the wonderful Guy Fawkes evenings every November from 1991 until 1994, when Simone took over. He procured permission from Markelo Gemeente so that we could have a firework display, set it up, and organized the bonfire. We burnt a "Guy", had baked potatoes and sausages, and even toffee apples! And Malcolm set up the traditional conker fights. This occasion became one of the most popular social events of our Church at the time for children ... but also for the adults, who reminisced about their own childhood bonfire nights!

Which of us can remember Malcolm in his most jovial role as Father Christmas? Malcolm performed this task with gusto, and his story of driving from Enschede in full attire, with strange reactions at the traffic lights, amused us all. There was a Christmas party in the Hut for the children, where they received presents from him and he looked the part dressed in red with a white beard and ringing his bell!

One year Malcolm, Ann and I set up a stall to represent St Mary's at a Summer Fair in Aalten on an extremely hot day. Trying to keep the cakes cool with no refrigeration facilities was a nightmare, but selling melting cupcakes half price became a popular stint!

Malcolm was loyal, brave and very proud of his family. When he changed jobs and became the caretaker for Twickel Castle, he was very happy that Ann could also take a part, including cooking for which she was so talented.

Finally, in 1999, they decided to return to England, and it was with regret that we made our farewells. Malcolm and Ann successfully ran a pub for a while, and then retired for good. Malcolm became churchwarden in his local Church, and took great interest in the Church parish

## Message

*Dear Friends,*

*I've now already had my third session of chemotherapy and, as many of you know, fortunately the side effects haven't been as bad as expected – good reason to be thankful.*

*I feel reasonably well and have enough energy to be able enjoy my favourite sport: skating. So roughly once a week I can be found on the ice rink in Deventer. For the rest, I'm looking forward to those rather warmer days when I'll be able to do some work in the garden.*

*Many thanks to you all for the empathy and support that I, and Theda too, find each time that we attend church.*

*With warmest wishes,  
Jan and Theda ten Barge*



## The story behind ... *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind*

This is the nation's second favourite hymn, according to a poll taken by the BBC *Songs of Praise* programme in 2013. But it did not originate in the UK, nor did it begin life as a hymn. It began in the USA, as part of a poem about a drug-induced religious frenzy.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts in 1807. His family was part of a pious Quaker community, and so the young John had grown up in an atmosphere of reverence, of waiting upon God in prayerful silence. Whittier wanted to be a poet, but his father directed him to journalism instead, in order to be sure his son could earn a living. Obediently, Whittier took up his pen and began to write for the papers.

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back down the path, takes a big run, and throws himself against the door. No answer. So he jumps on a wall and barks repeatedly at a window, jumps off and waits at the front door.



Eventually a guy opens the door and starts shouting at the dog.

The butcher runs up and shouts: "What on earth are you doing? The dog's a genius!" "Genius!" replies the owner. "It's the second time this week he's forgotten his key!"



I read recipes the same way as I do science fiction. I get to the end and I think: "Well, that's not going to happen."

### Service Please!

“Heavenly Hotel front desk, how may I help you?”  
“You need to send somebody up to my room immediately. I’m having an argument with my wife and she says she’s going to jump out of the window.”  
“I’m sorry sir, but that’s a personal matter.”  
“Now you listen to me, the window won’t open: that’s a maintenance matter.”

### Cooperation

Two men collide with trolleys in a supermarket.



“Sorry, about that,” says the first. “My fault. I was looking for my wife and not watching where I was going.”  
“What a coincidence, I’m looking for my wife too. Perhaps

## The Way I See It: Five Good Things about Lent

In case you’re thinking at this time of the year that Lent is (as one writer recently described it) “all purple and prohibitions”, here are five good things about it.

1. It only lasts 40 days. Fasts, by their very nature, can’t last forever, but Lent has a very manageable 40 days. (If you’re thinking at six weeks and a bit it’s longer than that, see point 2). New Year resolutions simply stretch off into some impossibly distant horizon, but our Lenten attempts at discipline (chocolate, cigarettes, daily prayers, being kind to the cat) have an end date to them.
2. Sundays in Lent are “as oases”. Sunday is never a day of fasting, but a weekly celebration of the resurrection of Jesus. So – and this is official! – Sundays don’t count in Lent.
3. A bit of self-denial is better than a lot of self-indulgence. We live in a very self-indulgent society. Just for 40 days it’s no bad thing to deny ourselves something that is a minor luxury or a bit of self-pampering – especially if it saves some money which could go to people in the world who have no “little luxuries”.
4. It’s a journey towards Easter. Lent goes somewhere, and that somewhere is the empty tomb of Easter morning. It’s daffodils in the churchyard and new life all around us.
5. The days get longer. The English word for this season is the only one that has no religious significance at all. *Lent* is simply an abbreviation of the Old English word *lencten*, which means *lengthen*. On these islands, where weather is always a major topic of conversation, it’s not surprising that what people noted about the days of Lent was that they got longer – no more of those ghastly dark tea-times. But the *lengthening* is all part of point 4, really – moving



## In Memoriam A Tribute to Malcolm McBride

By Philippa te West

It was with great sadness that we received the news of Malcolm McBride's passing, 29th January of this year. He had been unwell during 2014, but it was a shock to hear that he had suffered a fatal

heart attack, while out walking the dog.

How often do we hear when someone is describing a worthy person – “He was a giant of a man” – well, that aptly describes Malcolm. He was indeed a giant of a man in his life, his activities in the Church, in any community to which he belonged.

My family and I very quickly became friendly with Malcolm and his wife, Ann, when we joined St Mary's 24 years ago. Malcolm was so welcoming and enthusiastic; he swept us along, involving us in all sorts of jobs, activities, social evenings – everything to raise funds, enhance services and connect, and get to know all members. Our memories are many and varied – from church cleaning, when Malcolm set up pulleys (Michelangelo style!) to hoist up brushes to attack the rafters, a successful feat in the end! – to producing the ugliest plants to be judged accordingly; an aspidistra won!

Both Ann and Malcolm worked extremely hard for St Mary's in all possible ways. They were founder members of St Mary's and records show that Malcolm was elected onto council in 1987. In August of that year, our Church was visited by people from all over the Netherlands after they had seen the TV programme *Kerkepad*, in which our Chapel was featured. It was open for two Saturdays in a row, and Malcolm was involved in the organization of this.

In 1988 Malcolm took over the organization of the Castle Fair from Henk Berendson. We also had Garden Open Day then, on Whit Monday, so twice a year St Mary's was involved in a fund-raising

## Palm Sunday

Palms and praises  
pointing to victory  
as the King rides on,  
the promised King,  
gentle and riding on  
a donkey.  
Promised of old -  
and given that gift of  
gold, early on.  
Half-recognised in  
his kingdom - signs  
and words,  
kindling hope,  
leading to hosannas,  
to palms and praises.

And then the  
turning,  
as this King shows a  
different  
sovereignty.  
The cries of  
"Crucify",  
the cruel crowning  
as thorns pierce head  
and hearts.

A misunderstanding.  
A misreading of the  
signs, so clear.  
A failure to trust the  
King,  
who was and is and  
always will be  
Truth.

Father, forgive us,  
We know not what  
we are doing,  
Still.

By Daphne Kitching

alter the way in which central church funds are distributed so that the church particularly addresses areas of deprivation and possibilities for growth, plans to increase the number of candidates for ordained ministry by 50%, proposals to simplify the process of church planting, all backed by a significant investment programme from the Church Commissioners.

The February General Synod was a gathering of some historic significance, and it left me with a real sense of hope in the future of our church. But all of us are aware that *renewal* is not something that can be programmed or managed centrally. Renewal happens personally and locally. It is in our local congregations that lives are touched by the love of Jesus. It is through personal friendship and invitation that people come to know and follow the Lord. It is in the gathering for worship of our local communities that minds are challenged and hearts transformed.

This Holy Week, I will be spending Palm Sunday in Naples and Easter Sunday in Florence. I am deeply thankful to all our clergy and lay people who will be involved in the preparation and conduct of worship for Holy Week and Easter. I pray especially for those who will be endeavouring to communicate the Easter message in ways that will connect with regular churchgoers and visitors alike. I hope there will be an expectancy that people will come to faith in Jesus through the welcome and worship we offer. We have a great story to tell and a wonderful song to sing!

I wish you a blessed and joyful Easter,

+Robert Gibraltar in Europe



towards new life. (Sadly, points 4 and 5 don't apply in Australia and New Zealand. Doubtless they have compensations.)

Given those five splendidly positive things about Lent, which covers the whole of March this year, I trust readers will approach its rigours with joyful hearts.

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(continued from page 5)

He was soon engaged in the fight against slavery, which he called the "national crime". He was frequently abused and criticized for his stand, and found his solace in turning to his first love, poetry. In 1872 he wrote a 17-verse hymn-poem called *The Brewing of Soma*. It was an attempt to depict the futile ways in which mankind tries to engage with God. The story line is of priests of the Vedic religion (close to Hinduism) brewing soma, a sacred ritual drink with hallucinogenic properties. The priests are hoping that Soma will give them an experience of the divine, but instead they simply get drunk. This failure is then compared to some Christians' use of "music, incense, vigils drear, And trance, to bring the skies more near, Or lift men up to heaven!" But all their effort is in vain. It is mere intoxicated folly.

And so the poem runs for 11 verses. Then, in verse 12, the whole scene changes, and we are not using props any longer, but simply looking into the loving face of the God of the Bible. We come to Him in penitence, and are met with grace and love. We encounter Jesus, and follow Him in obedience. The result is peace, stillness, and eternal life.

The poem became the hymn in 1884, when Garrett Horder took the poem's final five verses and made them the hymn we love today. Here in the UK we sing it to the tune *Repton*, by C. Hubert H. Parry. Parish Pump, March 2015

we can help one another. What does your wife look like?" asks the second. "Oh, she's 24, tall with long blonde hair and green eyes. She's wearing white shorts and a skimpy top. What does yours look like?" replies the first. "Never mind," comes the answer. "Let's both look for yours!"

## Where There's a Will ...



I met a fairy today who said she would grant me one wish. "I want to live forever," I said. "Sorry," said the fairy, "but I am not allowed to grant that type of wish." "Fine," I said, "Then I want to die when England wins the World Cup." "Crafty!" muttered the fairy.

## Talking Politics

When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President; I'm beginning to believe it.

*Clarence Darrow*

The problem with political jokes is they get elected.

*Henry Cate, VII*

Why pay money to have your family tree traced; go into politics and your opponents will do it for you.

*Author unknown*

A politician is a fellow who will lay down your life for his country.

*Tex Guinan*

Instead of giving a politician the keys to the city, it might be better to change the locks.

*Doug Larson*

I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts.

*Will Rogers*

A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul.

*George B. Shaw*

## St James the Least of All

### On the Perils of Parking near Church



My dear Nephew Darren,

I cannot be wholly sympathetic because your church car park is now inadequate, only having space for 100 cars. Your solution of advising members of the congregation to park in the adjoining supermarket car park may not have been wise. The maximum time people can stop there is 90 minutes, and as your sermons alone often reach that length, returning to find their cars clamped may not make you universally popular – although it may give your congregation the opportunity of practising Christian forgiveness.

Since the medieval architect who built St James the Least was not overly concerned with car parking, the only space we have is along the road by the church. Inevitably, it gets blocked, which causes us all immense satisfaction when those not attending church but intending to have a morning shopping find themselves unable to get out of the village until Matins is over.

I did once encourage people to walk to church across the fields, but when the present Earl of Stowe started to get his staff to lay waterproof sheeting along the paths so he could avoid getting mud on his shoes, I decided the idea was best dropped.

For most, the inconvenience of parking only makes attending church more of a pleasurable challenge; we so enjoy having something to complain about. Major Hastings, however, who has complained endlessly about parking problems, made a point last Christmas by leaving his car in the middle of the vicarage lawn. I was so pleased he happened to park just where I had had a garden pond filled in only the previous week. He

not a god who is far off, but one who in Jesus draws very near. In Jesus, God himself comes among us. As the Church Fathers insisted, "What God has created, only God can redeem". In his bursting from the tomb on Easter Day, God releases new energy into the world. Far from allowing his world to decay, according to a relentless law of entropy, God in Christ initiates a programme of renewal. Beginning with the first disciples a new community is created that exhibits a remarkable degree of joy, hope, and love. 2000 years later, the Easter people is still growing rapidly in number, especially in Africa, in China and in some other Asian countries.

Unfortunately, in the old continent of Europe, the churches (or at least the traditional churches) are generally not enjoying numerical growth. Our own Church of England has been declining at the rate of about 1% per year for many years. On top of this, the average age of our church has increased so that it is now much higher than the average age of the UK population. This means that, even if we manage to replace all those who leave the church, we will still decline as a large proportion of our current membership comes to the end of their lives. Moreover, a bulge in the clergy age distribution means 40% of our clergy are due to retire in the next 10 years.

Faced with this reality, one approach would be to dig our heads in the sand and either pretend that decline wasn't happening or that it doesn't matter. If our God was a God who had simply left the world to decline in its own way, then that might be permissible. But as an Easter people we simply daren't do this!

Aware of the great challenge facing the church, the General Synod at its meeting in February approved a range of reports that constitute an ambitious programme of "Reform and Renewal". At the heart of these is a renewed commitment to personal discipleship across all dioceses. There are plans to

the steady pulse of godly beat, until each day appears the same and Sabbath comes but just in name.

Oh for the best of Sabbath rest, for which our hearts are yearning; Come healing peace, let clamour cease, in Christ, our hearts returning. Come moments of renewing.

*By Canon David Williams*

### Thy Counting Day

O thou King of the blood loyal and true, Exclude me not from thy covenant new, For my unjust misdeeds make me not pay, Overlook me not in thy counting day, Overlook me not in thy counting day.

*From an old Celtic prayer*



**Sabbath Moments**  
*(inspired by participation in a Lent House Group)*

Sabbath Moments are not to be confused with Senior Moments; those maddening occasions when we can't remember what to buy, or go upstairs and don't know why, or wonder where we parked the car or where our keys and wallet are. No, Sabbath Days are much more clear; one in seven throughout the year, like clockwork, one might almost think. But life is ever on the brink of chaos and the unforeseen, of consequence we did not mean, all of which can soon deplete

**Bishop Robert Innes' Easter Message 2015**

*(As you will know, our Chaplain was felled by flu and unable to conduct the service on 15th February. Happily she was sufficiently recovered to lead us in a Service of Holy Communion on Ash Wednesday. Since she had been unable to prepare a sermon, she read out the Easter Message from our Bishop, which you can now share below.)*

**"We are an Easter People and Hallelujah is our Song!"**

The great St Augustine of Hippo wrote these words 1600 years ago and they have spoken to people through the ages down to our own time. Being an Easter people means that resurrection is part of our life experience. Easter celebrates how Jesus dies and rises in each of us – in our personal lives and in the community of the church. Easter celebrates how Jesus is present in our daily work, our relationships, the joys and sorrows of the world.

We are an Easter people, in a Good Friday world. Within Europe, many countries continue to live with the grinding effects of austerity. In the South of the continent, we have a whole generation of young people growing up without work. Eastern Ukraine has faced the misery and devastation of armed struggle. This is in addition to the conflicts in the wider world – in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nigeria, Syria and Iraq – with their tragic humanitarian consequences.

In this kind of world, it could seem that the only God in whom we might believe, or refuse to believe, would be a deist god – that is, a god who may have created the world back in the mists of time but has since then left it alone to run down by itself. Whilst philosophers might find it interesting to debate whether or not such a god exists, the deist god would not make any practical difference to the way the world is.

By contrast, the Christian Easter insists that God is

returned to find that the car had sunk up to the windscreen and needed a crane to remove it. And it would have made a charming garden feature; I could even picture it with garden gnomes on its roof.

For weddings, a farmer allows us to use the field adjoining the church. While he rarely attends church on Sundays, he is always there the week before – I suspect praying for heavy rain, so he can make a fortune charging to tow out with his tractor those who have got stuck. Perhaps the greatest act of witness your church could perform would be to get everyone attending church to park on the ring road, bringing the entire town to a halt until your three-hour Sunday morning service is over.

Your loving uncle,  
Eustace

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*It's a simple question of priorities!*

**Free for All**

Motor Mike swaggered into a bar and shouted his order to the barman, "Give me a double chicken tandoori and then give everyone the same, because when I eat, I want everyone to eat!"

The barman gave him and everyone else their meals. When they'd finished, Mike shouted for another order, "Give me a bottle of champagne and then give everybody else a bottle of champagne, because when I drink, I want everybody to drink!" Everyone was happy and singing his praises, saying Mike was "The Man".

When Mike had finished his drink, he shouted again, "Give me my bill and give everyone else their own bill, because when I pay for my meals and drinks, I want everyone else to pay for theirs!"

Actually the service was pretty good and the ambulance arrived in under 10 minutes.

<b>8th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Third Sunday of Lent</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Caroline Siertsema</b>
<b>Sunday School:</b> <b>Diane Wesselink</b>	John Bestman	(1) Exodus 20: 1-17
	Dina Boessenkool	(2) 1 Corinthians 1: 18-25
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	John 2: 13-22

<b>15th March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>Mothering Sunday</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Simone Yallop</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Count Alfred Solms</b>
<b>Sunday School:</b> <b>Carol van Straten</b>	Fred Schonewille	(1) Exodus 2: 1-10
	Heleen Rauwerda	(2) Colossians 3: 12-17
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	Luke 2: 33-35

<b>22nd March</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
<b>Fifth Sunday of Lent</b>	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Pauline Talstra</b>
<b>Sunday School:</b> <b>Jolanda Bestman</b>	Victor Pirene	(1) Jeremiah 31: 31-34
	Pauline Talstra	(2) Hebrews 5: 5-10
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	Gospel	John 12: 20-33

<b>29th March</b> <b>Palm Sunday</b>	<b>Celebrant &amp; Preacher</b>	<b>Revd Alja Tollefsen</b>
	<b>Duty Warden</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
	<b>Intercessor</b>	<b>Everhard Ottens</b>
<b>Sunday School:</b> <b>Erica Bonting Schotman</b>	<b>Chalice</b>	<b>Joyce Wigboldus</b>
	tba	Isaiah 50: 4-9a
<b>10:30 am</b> <b>Sung Eucharist</b>	tba	Philippians 2: 5-11
	Gospel	Mark 15: 1-39

*Easter Services*

**2nd April, Maundy Thursday: 20:00 hrs**

Eucharist with the Washing of Feet

Celebrant & Preacher: Revd Alja Tollefsen  
 Duty Warden: Everhard Ottens  
 Intercessor: John Bestman  
 Chalice Assistant: Simone Yallop  
 First Reading: Brenda Pyle; Exodus 12: 1-14  
 Second Reading: Erica Bonting Schotman; 1 Corinthians 11: 23-26  
 Gospel Reading: John 13: 1-17; 31b-35

**3rd April, Good Friday: 20:00 hrs**

Good Friday Liturgy

Led by: Revd Alja Tollefsen  
 Duty Warden: Joyce Wigboldus



**5th April, Easter Day: 10:30 Sung Eucharist**

Celebrant & Preacher: Revd Alja Tollefsen  
 Duty Warden: Everhard Ottens  
 Intercessor: Everhard Ottens  
 Chalice Assistant: Pauline Talstra  
 Sunday School: Carol van Straten  
 First Reading: John Bestman; Exodus 14: 10 to end, 15: 20-21  
 Second Reading: Blair Charles; Acts 10: 34-43  
 Romans 6: 3-11  
 Gospel Reading: Mark: 16: 1-8

